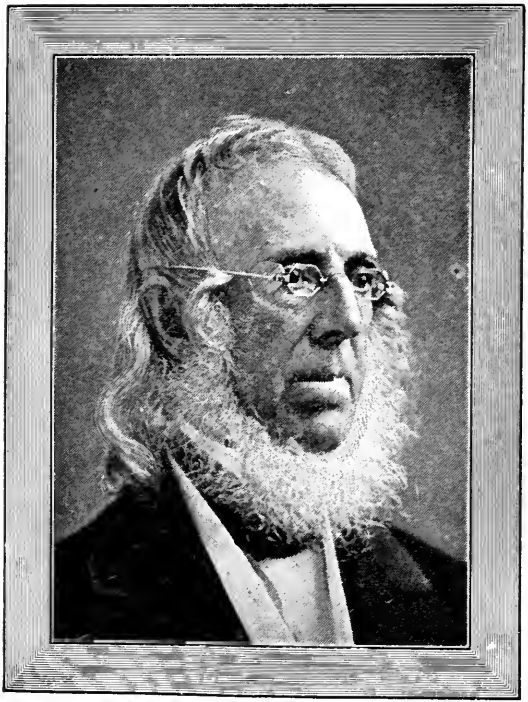
How Success Is Won



PETER COOPER.

HOW SUCCESS IS WON

BY

MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON

WITH PORTRAITS

BOSTON
LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY

TO MY ONLY SON,

Charles,

WHOSE INTEREST IN THESE SKETCHES HAS MADE THE WRITING OF THEM A PLEASURE.

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HOW SUCCESS IS WON.

I. — PETER COOPER.

ON the seventh of April, 1883, the great city of New York was in mourning. Flags were at half-mast. The bells tolled. Shops were closed, and in the windows the picture of a kind-faced, white-haired man was draped in black. All day long tens of thousands passed by an open coffin in All Souls' Church: Governors and millionnaires, poor women with little children in their arms, workmen in their common clothes, and ragged newsboys — all with aching hearts. The great dailies like the *Tribune* and *Herald*, gave six columns to the sad event. Messages of sympathy were cabled from England.

Who was this man whom the world mourned on this April day?

Was he a President? Oh, no. A great general?

Far from it. One who lived magnificently and had splendid carriages and diamonds? Not at all.

He was simply Peter Cooper, ninety-two years old, the best-loved man in America.

Had he given money? Yes; but other men in our rich country do that. Had he travelled abroad, and so become widely known? No. He would never go to Europe, because he wished to use his money in a different way.

Why, then, was he loved by a whole nation? for even the Turks, Parsees and Hindoos talked about him. A New York journalist gives this truthful answer:

> Peter Cooper went through his long life as gentle as a sweet woman, as kind as a good mother, and as honest and guileless as a man could live, and remain human.

Some boys would be ashamed to be considered as gentle as a girl. Not so Peter Cooper.

He was born poor, and always was willing that everybody should know it. He despised pride. When his old chaise and horse came down Broadway, every cartman and omnibus driver turned aside for him. Though a millionnaire, he was their friend and

brother, and they were personally proud and fond of him. He gave away more than he kept. He found places for the poor to work if possible, gave money if they were worthy, and though one of the busiest men in America, always took time to be kind.

His sunny face was known everywhere. His pastor, Rev. Robert Collyer, said this of him:

> His presence, wherever he went, lay like a bar of sunshine across a dark and troubled day, so that I have seen it light up some thousands of care-worn faces as if they were saying who looked on him, "It cannot be so bad a world as we thought, since Peter Cooper lives in it and gives us his benediction."

And how did this poor boy come to his success and his honor?

By his own will and perseverance. Nobody could have more obstacles to overcome. His parents had nine children to support and no money. His father moved from town to town, always hoping to do better, forgetting the old adage, that "A rolling stone gathers no moss." When Peter was born, the fifth child, he was named after the Apostle Peter, because his father said: "This boy will come to something." But he proved feeble, unable to go to school only one

year in his life, and then only every other day. When he was eight years old, his father being a hatter, he pulled hair from rabbit skins, for hat pulp. Year after year he worked harder than he was able, but he was determined to win. When his eight little brothers and sisters needed shoes, he ripped up an old one, and thus learning how they were made, thereafter provided shoes for the whole family. A boy with this energy would naturally be ambitious. At seventeen, bidding good-by to his anxious mother, he started for New York to make his fortune. He had carefully saved ten dollars of his own earnings; a large sum, it seemed to him. Soon after he arrived, he saw an advertisement of a lottery, where if one bought a ticket, he would probably draw a prize. He thought the matter over carefully. If he made some money, he could help his mother. He purchased a ticket, and drew — a blank! The ten dollars gone, Peter was penniless. Years after, he used to say, "It was the cheapest piece of knowledge I ever bought;" for he never touched games of chance afterward.

Day after day the tall, slender boy walked the streets

of New York, asking for work. At last, perseverance conquered, and he found a place in a carriage shop, binding himself as apprentice for five years, for his board and two dollars a month. He could buy no good clothes. He had no money for cigars, or pleasures of any kind. He helped to build carriages for rich men's sons to ride in, but there were no rides for him. It is an old saying, that "Everybody has to walk at one end of life," and they are fortunate who walk at the beginning and ride at the close.

When his work was over for the day, his shop-mates ridiculed him because he would not go to the taverns for a jovial time; but he preferred to read. Making a little money by extra work, he hired a teacher, to whom he recited evenings. He was tired, of course, but he never complained, and made many friends because he was always good-natured. He used to say to himself, "If I ever get rich, I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free." How absurd it seemed that a boy who earned only fifty cents a week for five years, should ever think of being rich, and establishing reading rooms and public institutions. Yet the very

kind and quality of his dreams was an earnest of future success and greatness.

When Peter became of age, Mr. Woodward, who owned the carriage factory, called him into his office. "You have been very faithful," he said, "and I will set you up in a carriage manufactory of your own; you could pay me back for the money borrowed in a few years."

Peter was astonished. This was a remarkable offer to a poor young man, but he had made a solemn resolution never to go in debt, and he declined it, though with gratitude. Mr. Woodward was now as greatly astonished as Peter had been, but he respected his good judgment in the matter.

The young mechanic now found a situation in a woollen mill at Hempstead, Long Island, at nine dollars a week. Here he invented a shearing machine, which proved so valuable, that he made five hundred dollars in two years. With so much money as this, he could not rest until he had visited his mother. He found his parents overwhelmed in trouble on account of their debts, gave them the entire five hundred dollars, and promised to meet the other notes

his father had given as they became due. His father had made no mistake, evidently, in naming him after the Apostle Peter.

Meantime the young man had fallen in love, not with a foolish girl who cared only for dress, and her own pretty face, but with one who had a fine mind and lovely disposition. Sarah Bedell was worthy of him. After fifty-six years of married life, she died on the anniversary of her wedding day. Her husband said, "She was the day-star, the solace and the inspiration of my life." When their first baby was born, he invented a self-rocking cradle for it, with a fan attached, to keep off the flies, and a musical instrument to soothe the child to sleep.

He now moved to New York and opened a grocery store. An old friend advised him to buy a glue factory which having been mismanaged, was for sale. He knew nothing of the business, but he had faith in himself that he could learn it, and he soon made not only the best glue, but the cheapest in the country. For thirty years he carried on this business almost alone, with no salesman, and no bookkeeper. He rose every morning at daylight, kindled his factory fires,

worked all the forenoons making glue, and afternoons selling it, keeping his accounts, writing his letters and reading in the evenings, with his wife and children. He continued to work thus when his income had reached thirty thousand dollars a year, not because he was over economical, but that he might some day carry out the purpose of his life, to build his free school for the poor. He had no time for parties or pleasures, but when the people of New York, because he was both honest and intelligent, urged him to be one of the City Council, and President of the Board of Education, he dared not refuse if he could help his own city. How different such a life from that of a man, who, enjoying all the advantages of a government, does not even take time to vote.

Mr. Cooper's business prospered. Once when his glue factory burned, with a loss of forty thousand dollars, before nine o'clock the next morning, lumber was on the ground for a new building, three times the size of the former. He now built a rolling mill and furnace in Baltimore. At that time, only thirteen miles of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad had been completed, and the directors were about to give up

the work, discouraged, because they thought no engine could make the sharp turns in the track. Mr. Cooper needed the road in connection with his rolling mill; nothing could discourage him. He immediately went to work to make the first locomotive ever constructed in America, attached a box car to it, invited the directors to get in, took the place of engineer himself, and away they flew over the thirteen miles in an hour. The Directors took courage, and the road was soon finished. Years after, when Mr. Cooper had become famous, and the hospitality of the city of Baltimore was offered him, the old engine was brought out to the delight of the assembled thousands.

Mr. Cooper soon erected at Trenton, N. J., the largest rolling mill in the United States, a large blast furnace in Pennsylvania, and steel and wire works in various parts of the State. He bought the Andover iron mines, and built eight miles of railroad in a rough country, over which he carried forty thousand tons a year. The poor boy who once earned only twenty-five dollars yearly, had become a millionnaire! No good luck accomplished this. Hard work, living

within his means, saving his time, not squandering it as some men do, talking with every person they meet, common sense, which led him to look carefully before he invested money, promptness, and the sacred keeping of his word, these were the characteristics which made him successful.

Mr. Cooper was honorable in every business transaction. Once he said to Mr. Edward Lester, a friend who had an interest in the Trenton works, "I do not feel quite easy about the amount we are making. Working under one of our patents, we have a monopoly which seems to me something wrong. Everybody has to come to us for it, and we are making money too fast: it is not right." The price was immediately reduced. A rare man indeed was Peter Cooper, to lower the price simply because the world greatly needed the article he had to sell!

He was now sixty-four. For forty years he had worked day and night to earn money to build his Free College. He had bought the ground between Third and Fourth avenues, and Seventh and Eighth streets, some time previously, and now for five whole years he watched the great, six-story, brown-stone

building as it grew under his hands. The once penniless lad was building into these stones for all future generations, the lessons of his industry, economy, perseverance, and noble heart. In a box in the corner stone he placed these words:

The great object that I desire to accomplish by the erection of this Institution is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of Nature, that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

But would the poor young men and women of New York, who worked hard all day, care for education? Some said no. But Mr. Cooper looking back to his boyhood and young manhood believed that the people loved books, and would use an opportunity to study them.

And when the grand building was opened, with its library, class-rooms, hall, and art rooms, students crowded in from the shops and the factories. Some were worn and tired, as Peter Cooper was in his youth, but they studied eagerly despite their weariness.

Every Saturday night two thousand came together in the great hall to hear lectures from the most famous people in the country. Every year nearly five hundred thousand read in the Library and Free Reading Room. Four thousand pupils came to the night-schools to study science and art.

For many years this labor of love has been carried on. The white-haired, kind-faced man went daily to see the students who loved him as a father. His last act was to buy ten type-writers for the girls in the department of telegraphy. Has the work paid? Ask the forty thousand young men and women who have gone out from the institution to earn an honorable support, with not a cent to be paid for their education. No person is accepted who does not expect to earn his living, for Mr. Cooper had no love for weak, idle youth who depend on their parents and on the hope of an inherited wealth.

The work has now outgrown the building, and another million dollars is needed as a monument to the noble benefactor who gave two millions to found Cooper Institute. Of the fifteen hundred who applied one year for admission to the School of Art for

Woman, only five hundred could be received, for lack of room. The graduates from this department one year, and the members of the following class, earned over twenty-seven thousand dollars in twelve months. Three pupils taught drawing in nineteen of the Public Schools of New York City. One taught twenty-five hours a week, in eight Public Schools, at two dollars an hour. Several engraved on wood for Harper and Brothers, and for the Century Company. One scholar became the head of the Decorative Art Society in New Orleans, with a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a month, earning nearly as much in outside work. Another, with a photographer in Concord, N. H., received twelve hundred a year. The superintendent of schools at Winona, Miss., received one thousand dollars the first year, and she was promised more afterwards. One lady earned twelve hundred dollars a year in a decorating establishment in Boston. One designed in the Britannia works at Meriden, Conn. One, having married a man of means, opened a "Free School of Art," with fifty pupils, to show her gratitude to Mr. Cooper.

Is it any wonder when Peter Cooper died, that thirty-five hundred came up from the Institution to lay roses upon his coffin?

His last words to his daughter, Mrs. Abraham Hewitt, and his son, ex-Mayor Cooper, and their families, as they stood around his death-bed, were, not to forget Cooper Union. They have just given one hundred thousand dollars to it. The influence of this noble charity will be felt as long as the Republic endures. It has given an impulse to the study of art, opened a door for women as well as men, and shown to the world that in America work is honorable for all.

Peter Cooper came to highest honors. The learned and the great sought his home. He was president of three telegraph companies, one of the fathers of the Atlantic Cable, and was nominated for the Presidency of the United States by the National Independent party, in 1876, but he died as he had lived, the same gentle, unostentatious, unselfish man. He said a short time before his death: "My sun is not setting in clouds and darkness, but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament, lighted up by the

glory of God. . . I seem to hear my mother calling me, as she used to do when I was a boy: 'Peter, Peter, it is about bed-time!'"

NOTE.— For many of these facts I am indebted to Professor J. C. Zachos, Curator of Cooper Institute, and to Mrs. Susan N. Carter, Principal of the Woman's Art School.

II.—JOHN B. GOUGH.

IT was a cold Sabbath evening in October. A young man walked the streets of a Massachusetts city — Worcester — shivering and despairing. The windows he passed were warm and golden with the light of home, but he was homeless and penniless. Those who knew him turned away without any token of recognition. His hands trembled, his steps were unsteady, his brain throbbed, he wished he were dead. Later he stood by a railroad track with a bottle of laudanum pressed to his lips; but to take his own life seemed to him, outcast though he was, too cowardly. But what was the cause of this wretchedness? Ah, this young man was a drunkard, loathsome and despised.

And had he expected to be an outcast, a drunkard, at twenty-five? Oh, no; he took at first only a glass of beer with his boyish companions. He

was very social, and he wanted to enjoy life. He could, of course, control himself. He never expected to "form a taste for liquors," as the saying goes. But, as nearly always, the serpent fastened its coils about him, and at last he was helpless.

His life had been a peculiarly bitter one. Born in a very humble home at Sandgate, on the English coast, gleaning with his mother and sister after the reapers, that they might have bread to eat, or cleaning knives and shoes in the gentleman's house where his father was a servant, there was little to make a boy's life bright. When he was twelve, a family offered to bring him to America if his parents would pay fifty dollars for his passage. It was difficult to earn this, but his mother thought, after the manner of mothers, "Perhaps in the New World our John will be somebody." So, with tears, she packed his scanty clothing, putting in a little Bible, and pinning these lines on a shirt:

> Forget me not when death shall close
> These eyelids in their last repose;
> And when the murmuring breezes wave

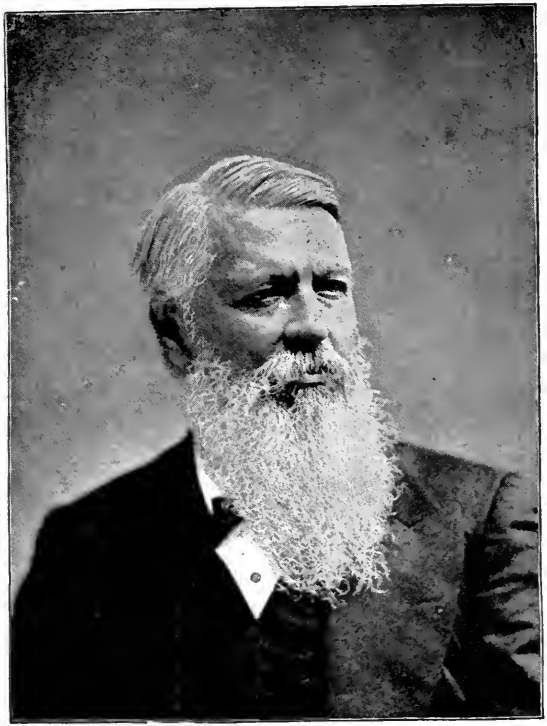
The grass upon your mother's grave,
O then, whate'er thy age or lot
May be, my child, forget me not.

JANE GOUGH.

Then, again and again she pressed her only boy to her heart, and stole out behind the garden wall, that, unobserved, she might catch a last look of the stage which carried him to London.

The voyage was a long one of nearly two months. The little lad often cried in his cabin, and he wrote back, "I wish mother could wash me to-night," showing what a tender "mother's boy" he was. When New York harbor was entered, and he was eager to see his adopted country, he was sent below to black boots and shoes for the family.

His school days were now over. After two years of hard work in the country, he sold his knife to buy a postage stamp, and wrote his father, asking his permission to go to New York and learn a trade. Consent was given, and, in the middle of the winter, our English lad of fourteen reached the great city, with no home, no friends, and only fifty cents in his pocket. Hundreds passed by as he stood



JOHN B. GOUGH.

on the dock, holding his little trunk in his hands, but nobody spoke to him. But at last, by dint of earnestness, he found a place to enter as errand-boy and learn book-binding, receiving two dollars and twenty-five cents a week, and paying two dollars out of this for his board. How his employers supposed he could live on one dollar a month for clothes and washing has never appeared.

The first night he was placed by his boarding-mistress in an attic, with an Irishman who was deathly ill. The second night the man died, and the horror-stricken young boy staid alone with the dead till morning.

Now nearly two painful years more went by. Finally, though he earned but three dollars a week, he sent to England for his mother and sister. When they arrived two rooms were rented; the girl found work in a straw-bonnet factory, and, poor though they were, they were very happy. John was now sixteen, devoted to his mother, and still a noble, unselfish, persevering boy.

At the end of three months, through dullness of business, both children lost their places, and now

began the struggles which the poor know so well in our large cities. In vain they looked for work. Then they left their two decent rooms, and moved into a garret. Winter came on, and they had neither fuel nor food. John walked miles out into the country, and dragged home old sticks which lay by the roadside. He pawned his coat that the mother, who had now become ill, might have some mutton broth.

One day he left her in tears, and went sobbing down the street.

"What is the matter?" said a stranger.

"I'm hungry, and so is my mother."

"Well, I can't do much, but I'll help you a little," and he gave John a three-cent loaf of bread.

When the boy reached home, the good woman put the Bible on the rickety pine table, read from it, and then all knelt and thanked God for the precious loaf.

In the spring, he obtained employment at four dollars and a half a week, but poverty and privation had fallen too heavily, rested too long, upon the mother. One day while preparing John's sim-

ple supper of rice and milk, she fell dead. All night long the desolate boy held her cold hand in his; then, in that Christian city, she was put in a pine box, and, without shroud or prayers, carried in a cart, her two children walking behind it, and was buried in the Potter's Field.

For three days afterwards John and his sister never tasted food. Probably the world said "Poor things!" but it is certain that nobody offered to help them. Bitter at heart, John ceased to attend church. He strolled out in the fields instead on the Sabbath. Occasionally he went to the theatre, a place he shunned when his mother was alive. Step by step he went along the downward road; not in a day, or a month, or a year, did he become a sot.

He took comic parts on the stage, because he was good in mimicry, and his companions were not of the best. Sometimes, it is true, he worked at his trade, for weeks abstaining from drink and other spendthrift ways; then appetite, or the invitation of old friends, beguiled and overpowered him. Once he went on a fishing voyage, laying up consid-

erable money, married and made a pleasant home for his wife; but presently he went back to his old habits, and at the time when she and her baby died, he was lying drunk and unconscious in the house.

It is needless to say that often, in agony, did he lament the taking of a first glass. How easily, but for that, could he have become self-educated and honored; now at last, ragged, and broken in body by delirium tremens, he was walking the streets of Worcester, on that Sabbath evening, absolutely homeless and hopeless. He was thinking, utterly heartsick as it is possible for men to be, of his ruined life, when a hand was laid on his shoulder. He was startled. Nobody had spoken to him in a friendly way for months.

"Mr. Gough, I believe?" said the stranger.

"That is my name," he replied, and passed on.

"You have been drinking to-day," said the kind voice. "Why do you not sign the pledge and protect yourself?" And then the young man, whose name was Joel Stratton, took his arm in a brotherly way, and, as a brother might, asked if he would

not like to be a sober man, go to church once more, and have friends once more.

John Gough answered sadly: "I should like all these things first-rate. Such a change cannot be possible, however."

"If you will but sign the pledge and follow my advice, I will warrant that it shall be so. I will introduce you to good friends who will take a pleasure in helping you to keep good resolutions."

After some pondering, he determined to make the effort. He said:

"Well, I will sign it."

"When?"

"I cannot do so to-night, for I *must* have some drink presently. But I certainly will to-morrow."

That night he drank heavily, and all the next day at his work the longing for drink remained unbearable. But when night came he said, "If it should be the last act of my life, I will keep my promise, even though I die in the attempt, for I believe that man has placed confidence in me."

At the temperance meeting, with almost palsied hand, he wrote "John B. Gough" to a Total Ab-

stinence pledge. After a sleepless night, he went to his work. But the craving for his daily drink was as fierce as ever. His whole body trembled, and his brain seemed on fire. It was the height of torture, of temptation. Finally, as night came on, he said, "I cannot fight this through. I will not yield, but I shall die."

Just then a lawyer, Jesse Goodrich, came in.

"I saw you sign the pledge last night, Mr. Gough. Come in and see me. Keep up a brave heart. Good-by! God bless you."

These words seemed sent from heaven. He repeated them over and over again on his way home. The friendship, the kindliness, the sympathy, seemed divine. For six days and nights, in a wretched garret, without one hour of healthy sleep, without one mouthful of food, John Gough fought the dreadful battle with appetite. Weak, famished, almost dying, he crawled out into the sunlight; but he had conquered.

Hope, the ambitions of manhood came back into his desolate life. The ragged clothes were brushed, and the weekly temperance meetings were

regularly attended. He soon spoke with such intense earnestness, in his gratitude, and his desire to rescue others, that he received invitations to go to neighboring towns, which he accepted, waiting only to earn suitable clothes. He kept his pledge for five months, and then, yielding to physical weakness, broke it. Tremblingly penitent, almost despairing, he went to Mr. Goodrich and others, telling them that he had disgraced them as well as himself, and that he must leave Worcester forever. But they held on to him; they would not let him go, and he re-signed the pledge.

Soon after this, he became a Christian, and then, for nearly forty years, he well honored the name he bore. "If the pledge had been offered to me when I was a boy in Sunday-school, I should have been spared those seven dreadful years," I have heard Mr. Gough say. He was now twenty-six. This year he made three hundred and eighty-three addresses, receiving about three dollars for each, and paying his expenses out of it. With the first money he could possibly spare, he purchased *Rollin's Ancient History*, bent upon self education.

And now there came into his life noble Mary Whitcomb, a teacher, with fine mind and true heart. She has shared alike his poverty and his fame. No life of Mr. Gough will ever be complete without "Mary" written on every page.

For eleven years he spoke eloquently throughout our country, winning thousands upon thousands of signers to the pledge. This public life was by no means an easy one. He was opposed by the liquor interest, and not always aided by those who should have been his friends. In no year did he receive, on an average, over twenty-five dollars a lecture, and, in his zeal and sympathy, hundreds were given without charge.

He was now urged to visit England. Sensitive to an unsuspected degree, never forgetting the stains on his early manhood, he sought the advice of Doctor Lyman Beecher.

"John, my son, don't fear," he said. "I have prayed for you. Go, and the blessing of an old man go with you."

England gave him the greeting she gives to heroes. Exeter Hall, London, where the welcome

meeting was held, was draped with the flags of England and America. For four hours great crowds waited on the sidewalks for the doors to be opened. His brother Englishmen were eager to hear the famous orator who had gone out from them a poor, unknown boy. As he spoke simply yet touchingly, the enthusiasm was unbounded, hundreds weeping with joy. All through Great Britain, crowds, numbering often seventeen thousand persons, came to hear him. On his thirty-seventh birthday he spoke in Sandgate. The village people listened as though he were inspired. Old Mrs. Beattie, who had known him when a lad, hastened to grasp his hand. When he slipped twenty-five dollars into it, telling her he was in her debt, she said, "Goodness me! What for?"

"For a bottle of milk and some gingerbread you sent me twenty-four years ago when I was starting for America."

Inquiring into her needs, he expended money without stint, for coal and groceries, and as long as she lived sent her fifty dollars each Christmas.

Rich and poor alike were moved by the pathos

and eloquence of Mr. Gough, and failing other expression, brought gifts of gratitude; the London Temperance Society, a dinner set of eighteen pieces of solid silver; the poor woman of Edinburgh a handkerchief, saying to Mrs. Gough, "I'd give him a thousand pounds if I had it. Tell him when he wipes the sweat from his face while speaking, to remember he has wiped away a great many tears while he has been in Edinburgh."

One day, while riding to the station, Mr. Gough observed the driver tie a handkerchief about his neck and then lean his face close against the window.

"Are you cold?" asked Mr. Gough.

"No, sir."

"Have you the toothache?"

"No, sir. The window of the carriage is broke, and the wind is freezing, and I'm trying to keep it from you. God bless you, sir! I owe everything I have in the world to you. I was a ballad singer once. I used to go round with a half-starved baby in my arms for charity, and a draggled wife at my heels half the time, with her eyes black-

ened. And I went to hear you in Edinburgh, and you told me I was a *man*, and when I went out of that house, I said, 'By the help of God, I'll *be* a man!' And now I've a happy wife and a comfortable home. God bless you, sir! I would stick my head in any hole under the heavens if it would save you any harm."

At a meeting in Glasgow, to which three thousand "outcasts" came, the worst woman in the city was present. She had been in jail scores of times, and was the terror of the borough. Touched by the story of Mr. Gough's sad life and of his mother, and his rise from despair, she came forward to sign the pledge.

A gentleman said, "She cannot keep it. She will be drunk before she goes to bed to-night; better not give her the pledge."

"If I say I wull, I can," said she simply, and signed it.

Two years afterward Mr. Gough went to her home. "Ah," she said, "I'm a puir body. I dinna ken much; and what little I ha'e kenned has been knocked out o' me by the staffs of the

policemen; but sometimes I ha'e a dream. I dream I'm drunk, and fichting, and the police ha'e got me again; and then I get out of my bed, and I go down on my knees, and I don't go back till the daylight comes, and I keep saying: 'God keep me — for I canna get drunk any mair.'"

She supported herself and daughter by sewing, and gave all her spare time to reading the Bible among the degraded, urging them to reform, following in Mr. Gough's steps afar off, but as nearly as she could.

Soon after Mr. Gough's return to America, Joel Stratton lay dying. He hastened to his bedside, and the man who had moved England by his eloquence embraced tenderly the waiter of the Temperance Hotel who had saved him. "God bless you, Stratton! thousands are thankful that you ever lived."

"Do you think so?" he said feebly. "When I laid my hand on your shoulder that night I never dreamed all this would come to pass; did you?"

After his death, Mrs. Stratton received three

hundred dollars yearly from Mr. Gough, in token of his gratitude.

For the last thirty years of his life John B. Gough worked untiringly on both continents. Though he swayed brilliant and crowded audiences by his marvelous eloquence, he did not forget to visit prisons and poorhouses. Thousands of the lowest wrote to him in their despair, and thousands of the highest in their admiration for his work. His beautiful home at Hillside, Worcester, had no end of choice remembrances from such friends as Spurgeon, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Cruikshanks, Doctor Guthrie, and our own statesmen, and ministers, and poets. His choice library showed his love for books.

The last time Mr. Gough was in England four thousand of the *elite* of that country received him at a garden party in the grounds of Westminster Abbey. Canon Wilberforce, Canon Duckworth, Samuel Morley, the American Minister, and others made addresses. Dean Stanley led him through the grand old abbey. The next morning twenty London papers, some in six columns, gave an ac-

count of this great reception to the great moral hero of his time.

At Sandgate, where he went to lay the corner-stone of the Memorial Coffee Tavern bearing his name, the enthusiastic people removed the horses from his carriage and drew it through the streets. He was invited to dine at the stately homes where fifty years before he had cleaned knives and blacked boots. Public banquets were given in his honor. To his own country each time he was welcomed back with demonstrations no less hearty.

When asked at one time the secret of his success, he replied: "Whether I speak to one or to thousands in my audiences, I always try to do my best." Another secret was his throbbing sympathy for humanity. He was determined to win the erring, and therefore succeeded. He gave nearly ten thousand lectures, and travelled about five hundred thousand miles to accomplish this purpose. Over a million copies of his lectures have been sold, and one hundred thousand of his helpful autobiography. He and his wife reared seven fatherless children, and I know not how many boys

he helped through college. Mr. Gough's hair grew white in his labors, and he passed away in 1886, at the age of sixty-nine. He perhaps did more than any other one man to make temperance an absorbing topic of the time. When he began his work few had taken the pledge; now the signers are millions. States are prohibiting that which works harm to citizens; schools are teaching that beer and brandy poison both blood and brain. But his own personal history, his struggle and his complete victory shall remain to the end of time as personal hope and courage for the most complete outcast.

III.—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I FELT I was in the world to do something, and thought I *must*," said Mr. Whittier, speaking to me of his early years, as we sat in his home at Oak Knoll, Danvers, before a cheerful wood-fire. This consciousness of "must" is the secret of the noble life and noble work which has impressed the very heart of the American people. While no poet has sung more lovingly of our flowers, brooks and mountains, so no other has labored so heroically for the great principles of the American Republic. To free the slave, to give woman an equal chance in the world with man, to make the nations love each other and learn war no more — these are the once unpopular principles which he has fearlessly championed.

"But," says Mr. Whittier, "it is always safe to do right; and the truest expediency is simple justice."

Mr. Whittier, when seventy-six years old, was a

tall, slender man, with dark, kind eyes, winsome smile, and gentle manners. The moment he began to talk, his self-forgetfulness showed, and his kindliness. Probably no one in this country has helped so many young writers, by kind words to editors, or by commendation of a first book. "I read a book with sympathy for the author," he said. "It is easy to tear a volume in pieces by criticism, but I try to find its merits." Many who have come up through struggles to success forget the great crowd of toilers below when they have reached the top of the mountain, but Mr. Whittier never forgot.

His boyhood was passed in Haverhill, Mass., in a lonely farmhouse half-hidden by oak woods, with no other home in sight. Here, he says, on stormy nights —

> We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
> The board-nails snapping in the frost;
> And on us, through the unplastered wall,
> Felt the light-sifted snow-flakes fall.

Besides a brother and two sisters, there were few companions. The father was a good Quaker, one of the selectmen of the town; the mother a re-

fined, dignified woman, fond of reading the best books. She spun and wove the linen and woollen cloth needed in the family, always finding time to teach her children from the Bible. There were only twenty volumes in the home, most of these journals of Quaker ministers; and the only fresh book for the young boy was the yearly almanac! He longed for reading, especially for books of biography and travel; and whenever he heard of a volume, he would walk miles in the snow to borrow it.

When he was fourteen, his first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, brought a volume of *Burns* to the house, and read it aloud. Little John was delighted, begged him to leave it, and lo! forthwith began to make rhymes, and to imagine stories and adventures.

This is not the first time that a book has changed, or swollen the current of a life. Faraday would have remained a bookbinder, perhaps, if he had not read an article on electricity in a book he was binding. Robert Dick became the noted Scottish geologist from reading a book of Hugh Miller's. Between one baking and another, he often

walked fifty and eighty miles, toiling at his scientific diggings and hammerings and spyings, with but a dry biscuit for food, which he moistened in brooks by the roadside.

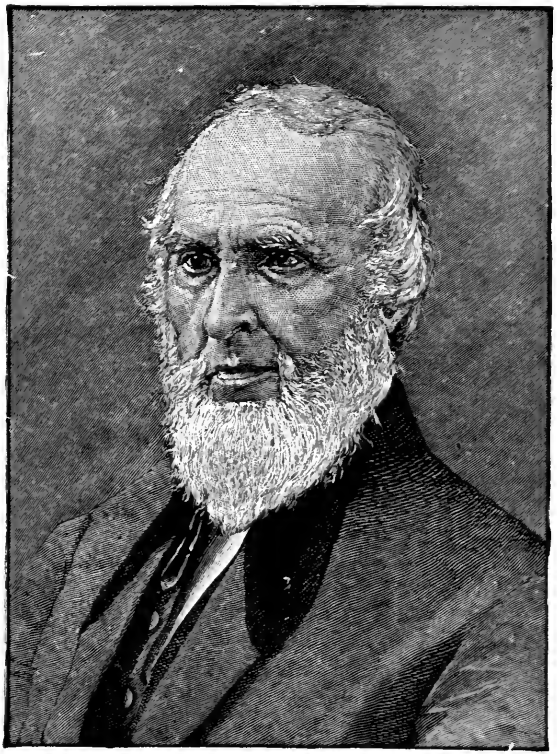
Whittier's elder sister, Mary, encouraged him to write in the spare moments he could save from work on the farm, and errand-going for his mother; and, moreover, she sent one of his poems to the Newburyport *Free Press*, edited by William Lloyd Garrison. Says Mr. Whittier:

> Some weeks afterwards, the news-carrier came along on horseback, and threw the paper out from his saddle-bags. My uncle and I were mending fences. I took up the sheet, and was surprised and overjoyed to see my lines in the "Poet's Corner." I stood gazing at them in wonder, and my uncle had to recall me several times to my work.

Dickens had a similar experience when, as he writes, "my first effusion, dropped stealthily one evening, at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet street, appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by the by — how well I recollect it — I walked down to Westminster

Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street and were not fit to be seen there."

Some time after this Mr. Garrison called at the farmhouse to see the young poet, who was at work in the fields, simply clad — like a true farmer boy — in shirt, pantaloons and straw hat. With beating heart he made himself ready to meet the editor. Mr. Garrison encouraged him, urging his father to send him to school. Young Whittier desired an education, but there was no money to procure it. "Where there is a will, there is *always* a way," and reflecting that the young man who worked for his father in summer, made shoes in winter, he followed his example, and thus earned enough to carry him through a six-months term at the Haverhill Academy. After making provisions for his board, tuition, and books, he had twenty-five cents left in his pocket! This he carried all the term, not spending a cent more than he had planned at the beginning — and this instance of self-denial and self-control, really Spar-



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

tan in a schoolboy, is surely a lesson in the art of success. He was popular at the Academy, for he was, even as a lad, wholly free from conceit, wholly free from egotism — two traits sure to be at once detected and despised by schoolboys. He had a fine, open face, then as now, was witty, somewhat shy, did not [illegible] over much, and was very courteous. His memory was retentive, but from the very first he formed the habit of storing information in note books.

At the close of the term, he taught a school, and thus earned money for another six months at the Academy. After this, for some months, he edited a paper called the *American Manufacturer*, his salary being nine dollars a week; but presently we find him again at work on the farm, and writing whenever he can find time. How little there seems, at first glance, in such a life to inspire rapt or tender moods for the making of verses. His impulse was surely inborn, and from forces and fires of his own nature. Young Longfellow had literary friends with whom he could take counsel. Whittier had only his devoted sister.

He still owned few books, still had little money, and was troubled and depressed by poor health. However, he worked constantly. We find him next invited to Hartford, to take charge of the *New England Weekly Review*, in the absence of the editor, George D. Prentice, afterward so well known in Kentucky. The young Quaker editor showed his sense of high-toned journalism by refusing to engage in personal bickerings or controversies, then the fashion of newspapers. After a year and a half of this life he was called home by the illness and death of his father; and again he "put his hand to the plough," literally, supporting his mother and sisters by labor on the farm, one and all working "to make both ends meet." But if this life was hard it was mellowed by the tenderest home affections. Elizabeth, the younger sister, now wrote poetry, too, thus rendering the companionship more delightful, and already Fame was busy with the name so dear to her now these long years.

Garrison, meantime, poor, setting his own type, and sleeping in his office, was editing the *Liberator*,

and persistently demanding the unconditional surrender of the slave. He had been imprisoned and insulted by the great, mobbed by the ignorant, yet still he kept his eyes on his motto: "I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!" Young Whittier, loving freedom as dearly as his friend Garrison, at last resolved to give up his projects of literary eminence, and join the "despised abolitionists" instead. He wrote and published with his own hard-earned money, an able pamphlet concerning slavery, of which Lewis Tappan of New York, presently had ten thousand copies printed, to be distributed broadcast. It is not at all surprising to learn of a young man so fearless and so true, that he was a delegate to, and secretary of, the first National Anti-Slavery Convention at Philadelphia, in 1833, when he was but twenty-six years old, and that two years later he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. However, few journals desired his ringing poems now. Editors drew back appalled at the impassioned outcries for liberty; for action in behalf of the oppressed four millions of fellow-men.

Soon after this, appearing at Concord, N. H., with George Thompson of England, an eloquent anti-slavery speaker, the twain were mobbed by two or three hundred persons, severely bruised with stones, and barely escaping with their lives. Yet the fearless young Quaker soon went on to take charge of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, at Philadelphia. There his office was broken open by a mob, who carried his books and papers into the large hall of the building, set fire to them, turned on the gas, and then retired to watch their wild work go on, till the building lay a smouldering ruin. For a year longer he worked on the paper, till failing health compelled his return to the farm, but not to silence, or any abandonment whatever of his aims, although he had seen a mob, led by "men of property and standing," drag his old friend Garrison through the streets of Boston, with a rope around his neck, and rescued by the police only to be thrown into jail.

In 1847 Mr. Whittier become the associate editor of the *National Era*, in which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was printed as a serial. For this paper he

wrote nearly a hundred poems. Ten years later, when the *Atlantic Monthly* was established, he was one of its ablest writers. All these years he had earned little money, but he had won enduring fame, and everywhere was reverenced as the champion of every man's inalienable rights. Certain literature may be popular for a time, and find a large sale, but only that which is written to elevate the world, has within it enduring life. Dickens' books are sure of permanence, because in them he showed the rich how wretchedly the poor are housed and fed. Victor Hugo's works will not cease to be read, because they are, one and all, impassioned pleas for liberty and justice.

Whittier's mother died in 1857, having lived to see her son come to his fame and honor. She knew that his voice had thrilled thousands of hearts; and she also knew there must be later a glorious outcome in the nation's life, from his fearless work. To the last, the devotion between mother and son was beautiful.

There has been a glorious outcome. And the poet of high courage, and deep tenderness, sing-

ing always in clear, true keys, has gone on his way from honor to honor, along peaceful and sunny heights now for many a year. On Mr. Whittier's seventieth birthday, Mr. Houghton, the publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly*, gave a dinner in his honor. Emerson and Longfellow, Holmes and Howells, came with tender greetings, while from Lowell, Bryant, Stoddard, Aldrich, and many more, letters were read. The once "barefoot boy" was hailed the poet of the American people. Whittier's life was beautiful with the happiness of noble aims fulfilled — a life that hinged always on that brief law, "*Dare to be true!*" Unmarried, the world often wondered if, like Washington Irving, he did not cherish the memory of some fair, sweet face. An article having appeared some time since, in a Western paper, stating that a lady, recently deceased, was the one whom Whittier loved, the poet wrote a letter to the editor, saying that the article was very interesting, but somewhat imaginative, as he had never seen the person mentioned since she was nine years old.

But doubtless the poem *In School Days* was written from the heart:

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because" — the brown eyes lower fell —
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn in life's hard school
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph, and his loss,
Like her — because they love him.

"I have gotten a great deal out of life; more than most people," he said in his later years. When I spoke of the early struggles, here recounted, he replied, "I did not covet what was beyond my reach. I try to remember only the bright and

good," and added, playfully, "I have forgotten all the mischief I did." He recalled to me the lines in *My Birthday:*

> Better than self-indulgent years
> The outflung heart of youth;
> Than pleasant songs in idle years,
> The tumult of the truth.

He lived in Lincoln's memorable words, "with malice toward none, and charity for all;" he was an outspoken proclaimer of total abstinence; never used tobacco; he was modest, self-depreciative; yet thankful for his poetic gifts. Still so devoted to principle was he, so brightly flamed to the last the early fires, that he said, "I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833, than on the title page of any book."

Thirty-six different volumes have been issued of Mr. Whittier's work; among them biography, essays, and a historical novel, *Margaret Smith's Journal.* For many years, he was not able to read or write for more than a half-hour at a time, yet he still accomplished much.

Although Presidential Elector in 1860 and 1864, voting for Mr. Lincoln, and one of the founders of the Liberal Party, the early form of the present Republican Party, he refused to participate largely in public life. He said, "I have always taken an active part in elections, but I have not been willing to add my own example to the greed of office."

He was once a member of the Board of Overseers for Harvard College, and a Trustee of Brown University. He was greatly loved by his townspeople, both at his home at Amesbury, and in Danvers. His books furnished a comfortable income. He was genuinely fond of children and of animals.

When I saw him last, his dogs came to welcome me, one holding up a bruised paw for sympathy, while the mocking-bird talked so much louder than both of us, that Mr. Whittier was obliged to cover his cage. Such a life of cheerfulness in toil, of perseverance; such an example of unselfish allegiance to duty; such an instance of noble success won through utter devotion to high

principles, is a rich legacy to the children of our country. The close of his life occurred in Hampton Falls, N.H., September 7, 1892.

Some one has well said, "The most valuable gift of a man or woman to this world is not money nor books, but a noble life."

IV.—JOHN WANAMAKER.

IT was about twenty years ago that a poor young man, in Philadelphia, started, in the southwest part of the city, a Sunday-school, in a shoemaker's shop. Saloons were on every corner round about. Rough men fought and stoned each other in the streets, and murders were not uncommon.

"You will probably lose your life!" said his friends, trying to dissuade him.

But that young man had become a Christian. The highest love always renders us heroic, and forgetful of self. Young Wanamaker's sunny face, his warm grasp of the hand, made him immediately seem a friend to the roughest man he accosted.

His school grew in numbers, and was moved into a tent. While the young men of his time enjoyed their leisure, the encouraged superintendent, laboring all day to earn his bread, went on gladly giving his evenings and his Sabbaths to lifting the

lowly; year by year his hope, and his faith, and the school grew. One after another the saloons disappeared. Pleasant homes were built in their places. The years still went on. By and by a beautiful stone structure arose, with these words graven on its front: *A Little Child Shall Lead Them.*

On Sundays three thousand scholars gathered in the spacious assembly room. This room was of itself attractive, with its frescos of blue and gold, and its cool silvery fountain in the centre. Presently, too, the adjoining church was built for the twelve hundred members which had grown up from the Sabbath-school, the poor young man, now a millionnaire, giving sixty thousand dollars as his thank-offering for God's blessing on his work.

The last time I stood in Bethany Sunday-school and heard the exquisite music, and listened to the dying message of one of the boys, "Thank the superintendent for the help he has been to me," I bowed my head in gratitude that here and there, like a beacon light, there shines out an ideal life like that superintendent's to inspire noble aspira-

tions in others — noble aspirations and courage to undertake Christian work.

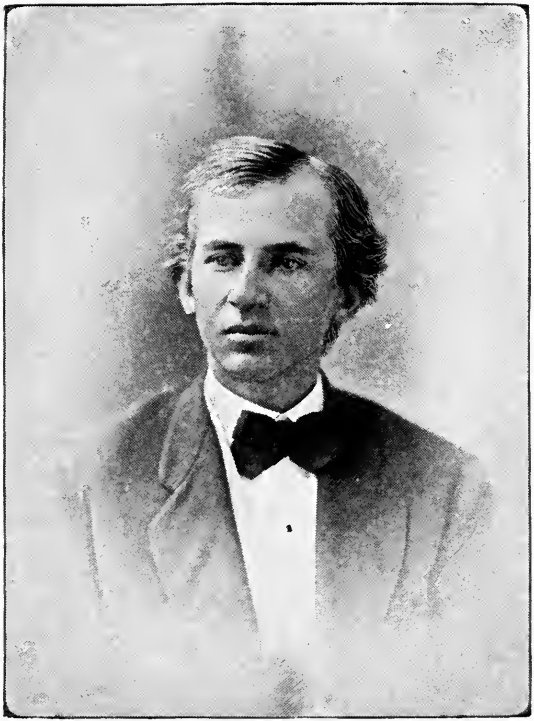
John Wanamaker was born in 1838. His parents were Christian people, but they were poor, and all his early life was a struggle with poverty. Of a summer morning, before school-time, little John turned five hundred bricks for his father, that they might dry in the sun, thus earning two cents each day. When a mere boy, he worked in a bookstore at a dollar and a quarter a week, walking four miles each morning and evening to do it, often buying a two-cent dinner — a cup of milk and a biscuit, that he might save the more money for his mother. A good boy he, be sure, who would undertake four-mile walks and two-cent dinners to earn money for his mother!

"Her smile was like a bit of heaven," he once said to me, "and it never faded out of her face to her dying day." If a kiss from Benjamin West's mother made him a painter, the smile of John Wanamaker's mother gave the inspiration and cheer which have made him the warm-souled "Merchant Prince."

By and by the cheerful lad obtained a place in a clothing store at a dollar and a half a week. There he soon won the approval of his employer, because he determined to be "the best in whatever he had in hand." This sort of ambition has been the keystone of many a bridge over which boys have passed from penury to plenty.

Balzac, the French author, when urged by his father to enter law, because in literature one must be either king or hodman, replied, "Very well; I will be king."

The boy's first intellectual stimulus was from hearing a sermon which he did not understand. Writing down all the difficult words, he looked up the meaning of each in the dictionary, as soon as opportunity offered. Not content simply to sell goods at eighteen, with another lad, he published a paper called *Everybody's Journal*, he soliciting the advertisements and serving the subscribers. The partnership could not be other than harmonious, as he did all the labor. Until he was nearly twenty-three years of age, he worked on in the store, every week carrying his money to



JOHN WANAMAKER.

his parents. Does this seem business folly and weakness to any of you? Well, I have never known son or daughter who obeyed the fifth commandment to go unrewarded.

And now the work of the Bethany Sunday-school was begun. There was but one life to live, and how could he make the most of it? Full of the seething, leaping strength and the unlimited enthusiasms of youth, he was yet deeply meditative and reflective. Should he study for the ministry? He pondered the subject. Then, instead, he considered men like George H. Stuart and William E. Dodge prominent business men who had done honor to Christianity in their daily deeds, preaching a noble and very convincing gospel in all their dealings, great and small. Surely there was as sore need for consecrated business men, on 'Change and in the counting-room, in these days of marvellous commerce with the ends of the earth, as in the pulpit.

On his twenty-third birthday he had decided. It was then, I think, that he wrote over his name the resolutions which have governed his life. He

said, "I will embark in the clothing business, because I understand it, and I will let nobody dissuade me from my purpose." Two of his mottoes were these:

"*He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.*"

"*No man is ever lost on a straight road.*"

And now his life was well ballasted with a purpose. That grand old Scotchman, Carlyle, once said, "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder — a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

Young Wanamaker now began to show his business sagacity. He invested the first one hundred dollars which he was able to save, in an undivided interest in an estate, bought two more shares on credit, settled the matter to the satisfaction of all parties, and cleared for himself a trifle less than two thousand dollars. With this money he began active business. Presently, too, he married a

Christian girl, who had faith in his future, and confidence in him. She might well argue in her heart that a dutiful son would make a devoted husband.

The Civil War had just begun. Many discouraged his enterprise and prophesied failure, but the self-reliant, straightforward young man had no expectation of defeat. He possessed will-power to the degree which Victor Hugo calls genius. He had also *the habit of hard work.* He swept his store, and kept his account books. When a bill of goods was to be delivered, and no one was at hand to do it, he was not too proud to trundle the wheelbarrow along the street. Did he dream, then, that some day Philadelphia would ask him to represent her in Congress? Emerson truly said, "The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also." Canon Farrar well calls labor the girdle of manliness.

Fifteen years passed on. The young merchant had attended closely to business, advertised largely and judiciously, held strictly to one price, given customers the best for their money, chosen men enterprising and sagacious for the heads of his de-

partments, and now, at the end of these years, found himself the owner of three stores, covering nearly seven acres, one of them, the largest retail dry goods store in America, with three thousand employees!

Was this chance? Was this luck? It was consummate ability. It was the work of a mind that thought out large plans and original methods. It was the logical fortune of a man that with quickness of perception knew how to seize opportunities, that could inspire prompt, strong men with his own enthusiasm, that could systematize, and with swift conclusions, few words and bold action, could crowd much into little time; that with genial and polished manners knew how to win friends in the business world, in circles high or low, and also how to hold them — ah! it is his sincerity that has held them.

He might count his honors, his public recognitions, if he would. When the Centennial Exposition was talked of, and Philadelphia looked about for men to aid in the vast enterprise, John Wanamaker was one of the first called to the national work,

He was made chairman of the Bureau of Revenue, and with the aid of the Board of Finance, he raised the first million dollars; he was chairman of the Press Committee that brought the subject before the whole country; and with much labor and judicious management, he stood by and helped carry the enterprise through to its success.

Meantime he had been a leader in every good work. He was one of the founders of the Christian commission. In the Moody meetings, his eloquence and leadership were invaluable; his sympathy and tenderness touched thousands of hearts. Daily and systematic reading had enriched his thought, trained his mind, enlarged his sympathies, broadened his outlook, widened the horizon of all his heights. Said a prominent man to us recently, "I have not read a book for five years, business is so absorbing." But the man who does not daily broaden his mind and heart, goes poor into eternity.

In the later years, Mr. Wanamaker has given one hundred thousand dollars to the Young Men's Christian Association, of which he has been president for thirteen years, has built a church near his

country home, has aided hospitals and orphanages, and, says a friend, "He gives a fortune every year in private charities." Some years ago he established an Industrial College at Bethany, where five hundred boys and girls, under the presidency of Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, study bookkeeping, telegraphy, cooking, embroidery, printing, painting, etc. A mission akin to that of Cooper Institute. Thousands of our future citizens will probably bless him all their lives for having been thus enabled by him to earn their living, and to establish themselves profitably and pleasantly in business.

How does he find time to accomplish these charities, and yet manage his great business interests? He saves the moments, often studying the next Sunday-school lesson as he goes from his business to his home. On his desk I read the words, framed: "*Nulla dies sine linea.* "*No day without a line,*" the motto of the painter, Apelles.

Mr. Wanamaker is still in vigorous health. He has blue eyes, with the light of youth remaining in them, and a frank, manly face, whose sunny smile, like his mother's, one never forgets. Said one

of his employees to me: "I can work better for a week after a pleasant 'good-morning' from him." With a persuasive voice, a magnetic manner, a noble presence, he wins every person with whom he comes in contact, as I have said before.

Unostentatious, he is yet a born leader of men. With the skill of a general, he deploys the seven thousand persons who work for him. Years ago he said to his associates, "I will not lie to sell goods," and he requires no deception nor subterfuge from his clerks in their dealings with buyers. He says, "When a country boy, I was shy about going into fine stores; and I resolved if I ever owned one, that everybody should feel at home in it, and not be urged to buy goods." It is a pleasure to walk through his immense houses, look at beautiful things, or linger in the reading-rooms for rest. Always progressive, he was the first in this country to use pneumatic tubes for carrying money in place of cash boys, and to utilize the electric light.

But this busy, alert, occupied man takes time to carry flowers to the sick-bed of a Sunday-school scholar, and to talk with any person who needs his

help. A man came to the office one morning and asked for Mr. Wanamaker. A score were waiting to transact business with him, involving thousands of dollars. What was his errand? To talk about being a Christian! The great merchant eagerly responded. That hour together they knelt and prayed over this, the most important decision of life.

In his home, he is merry and light of heart. He always entered heartily into the amusements of his children. He plays croquet as though croquet were the one important thing in a man's life. He has often been seen to start off arm in arm with a friend to see who could come out ahead in a brisk mile walk. It is this warm winsomeness of temperament that has kept him young in spirit. He is interested in boys and young men. He says often after the day's whirl of business, "The best thing I have had to-day was a talk with a poor boy."

Does it seem strange now with his upright life, his energy and his attention to his business and good judgment, that he should have won success? Does it seem strange, with his sympathy, his con-

sideration for others, and his cheeriness, that people love and trust him? You must see, I think, that it has not been chance or luck. And is it not inspiring to see a man, still young, so grandly successful in business, so eminent in Christian work, and so joyous and brotherly as to make life for himself, and for those having to do with him, like one of those bright days in spring, when hope, courage, a sense of youth and strength and some gladness to come is in the very air?

V. — HENRY M. STANLEY.

THIRTY years ago, had the wise men of the world been asked who were to be the great explorers of modern times, they probably would not have pointed to a factory boy in Scotland, ten years old, working fourteen hours a day, neither to a homeless lad in a Welsh poor-house — David Livingstone and Henry M. Stanley. But we may well say with President Garfield, "I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat." We all of us naturally enjoy adventure, and admire heroic adventurers. An unexplored region exerts a strange and drawing fascination upon the most sober-minded of us. The world's civilization hinges often upon this element in our natures.

There is a long, royal line of brave and hardy

men who have given money and thought and life to open up new lands and enlighten new races; but through all the centuries of exploration there has remained, until our own years, a vast, unknown country, covering over eight million square miles — Africa, the Dark Continent. To be sure its Egypt had at one time been the centre of the world's learning; its Alexandria, at the mouth of the Nile, was as beautiful as Imperial Rome until Julius Cæsar conquered it, 48 B. C.; but under the rule of the Turks it had gone back into barbarism. To be sure along the east and west coasts the English and the Dutch had opened trading stations, but into the great pagan interior, believed to be inhabited by cannibals, and teeming with natural riches, no traveller had dared venture.

It was about one hundred years ago that England endeavored to send missionaries to the African tribes, but the malarial fevers were invariably fatal to life. This was well known to young David Livingstone, when, in the Scottish cotton factory, he resolved to go into the dark and terrible country as a missionary. He was twenty-five.

He had for years worked from six in the morning until eight at night, his books before him on the loom, that he might study Latin and science while he worked, learning Greek, theology and medicine in his evenings.

For the next sixteen years he gave himself to mission work in behalf of the Afric heathen, and to exploration in behalf of the whole world. Beset by strange hardships through tedious and difficult journeys, he penetrated the country, exploring the Zambesi and the lakes. He never felt fear. His manliness and kindliness won him the friendliness of the terrible and pagan peoples.

He took constant and sensible care of his health. In the greatest hardship he never re-enforced his strength and spirits with stimulants; water was his only beverage.

When he visited home again, England and Scotland awarded the poor factory boy their greatest honors — medals, gold, and the applause of their Scientific Societies. He soon returned to Africa, however, this time sent by the Government and empowered to suppress the barbarous, the brutal

slave-trade in Africa, carried on by Egypt, the Portuguese, and the tribes among themselves. Captured in the interior, these herds of human beings were bound together in gangs, the chains eating into their wrists, and were driven thus to the seacoast to be sold. In two centuries, it is estimated that forty million Africans had been sold into slavery.

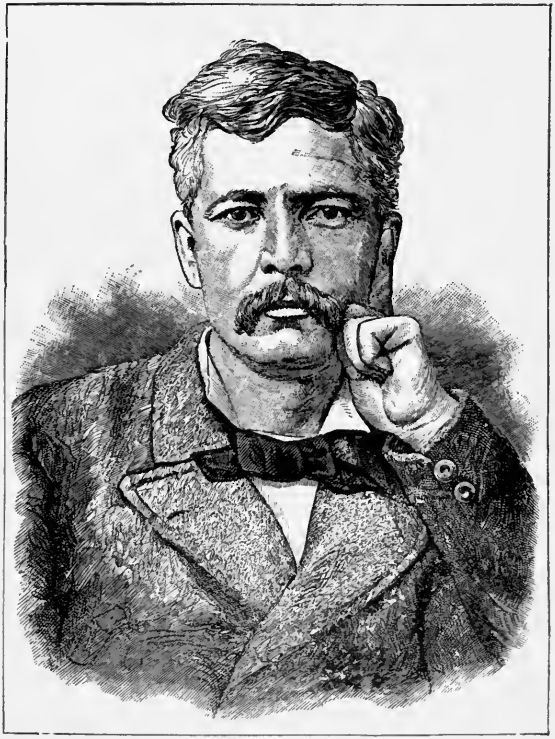
On the death of his wife, the daughter of the Missionary Moffat, Livingstone once more returned to England, where he staid to write his second book, and then started for his last journey in Africa in 1866. He was determined to give the remainder of his life to this mission of Christianity and exploration. He was equipped better than a new man, by every year's experience. His constancy to his youthful purpose never wavered. It was not love of adventure, it was the noble zeal of exploration which had sent him forth in the beginning, the only sort of travel that really benefits the world, and is chronicled by history.

This time, for three years, nothing was heard from him. The whole world grew anxious. At

last, while Royal Societies and Scientific Associ ations were debating, and government was delaying, a generous, energetic American, James Gordon Bennett, the owner of the *New York Herald*, resolved to find Livingstone, be he dead or be he alive. He quietly undertook this at his own expense. The chief question would seem to be, Whom could he send? There was, however, one young man whose dauntless courage and determination he could depend upon. Henry M. Stanley.

And who was Henry M. Stanley?

Born in 1840, in Wales, at three years of age, this Henry M. Stanley was sent to the poor-house. There he remained for ten years. About that time in his life he shipped as a cabin boy, and came to America — to New Orleans. There he sought employment, and he must have shown some very good qualities, energy and ambition, probably, for he was adopted by a merchant named Stanley. However, a restless nature asserted itself, and presently he was off to see the world. He stopped for a time in Arkansas, living in a log



HENRY M. STANLEY.

cabin, and supporting himself in Thoreau-like simplicity, no doubt, as he had no settled occupation. His friends supposed him dead, when suddenly he appeared among them, having come down the Mississippi on a flat-boat. His adopted father died soon after, without having made a will, and the adopted son was again penniless. He now sought his fortune in California, among the miners and the Indians, and at twenty, having lived at the South, he naturally entered the Confederate Army. Soon taken prisoner, and enjoying the stir of battle, he joined the Union Army, and was put on board a man-of-war, where he rose to the position of acting ensign.

The war over, and feeling no disposition for a civilian's life, he resolved to join the Cretans, who were trying to throw off the Turkish yoke. It was at this point in his career that he had the good fortune and the good sense to engage himself to the *New York Herald* as its correspondent. He now travelled widely in the East, showing both daring and good judgment in all his moves and adventures. Returning, he took in the poor-house

in Wales on his way, and gave the inmates a good dinner and a friendly talk.

The next year, still turning his love of travel and adventure into business, he accompanied the English army against Theodore, king of Abyssinia, writing graphic letters to the *Herald*, and making a reputation for himself by sending news of victory to the English press before it was conveyed officially. The following year he was sent to report the civil war in Spain, where he showed the same triumphing will, the same quickness of decision, the same despatch, the same pluck and fearlessness, and always the same masterly common sense; whatever he attempted he was *sure* to accomplish.

One day as Stanley was sitting in his hotel in Madrid, he received a telegram: "*Come to Paris on important business.*" In two hours he was on the cars. There he met Mr. Bennett. Mr. Bennett said, "Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and so on, but FIND LIVINGSTONE."

What a tribute it was, that command! A laurel branch, a ribbon of honor. Mr. Bennett knew all the promising young men of the day, and he had chosen him!

On the sixth of January, 1871, Stanley reached Zanzibar, an island off the east coast of Africa. From this point, he started off into the unknown country. He knew that money would be useless in the heart of Africa, as the natives do all their trading by exchange. He had, therefore, purchased three hundred and fifty pounds of brass wire, twenty sacks of various colored beads, and nearly four thousand yards of three different kinds of cloth, to barter for food and service. These goods, with his boat, etc., weighed six tons. With this baggage, his train comprised twenty donkeys, and one hundred and ninety men. He found his progress a proceeding of quite as much peril as he had counted upon. The roads were mere foot-paths. Trees were felled to make bridges across the streams. Now they waded to their necks in swamps filled with alligators, and now, often on their hands and feet, crept through miles of

matted jungles, noisome with decaying vegetation. Whenever they halted for rest, loathsome flies, white ants and reptiles, crawled over them; while on the march, elephants, lions and hyenas were too plenty and too near for comfort. The water was so impure, also, that the donkeys died from drinking it.

What strange, ignorant, warlike peoples they found! Most of them lived in huts of mud and grass, crawling in through a single opening. They were naked. The women wore great coils of brass wire about their necks, wrists and ankles, while their bodies were smeared with red paint and grease. Some of the men inserted the neck of a gourd in each ear; in these receptacles they carried tobacco and lime, obtained by burning shells, while the women pierced their upper lips, gradually enlarging the opening till they could insert a shell. And each tribe spoke a different language, and most were at war with one another.

When they agreed to become friends they made a slight gash in the hands, or right cheek and fore-

head, and tasting each the blood of the other, become "blood relations!"

Sometimes these tribes fled at the approach of Stanley and his men; sometimes they gathered in great crowds to gaze upon them; and again, in war paint and feathers, with bells on their ankles and knees, flourishing battle-axes and assegais, they attacked the travellers like packs of wolves.

For eleven months the determined Stanley had led his men, sometimes coaxing the weary, half-starved ones, and sometimes whipping the insubordinate. The feet of some were bleeding from thorns, and others had fallen by disease. Not one word had yet been heard of Livingstone. Once the young explorer, alone with savages, was well-nigh discouraged, but he wrote in his journal: "No living man shall stop me — only death can prevent me. But death — not even this; I shall not die — I will not die — I cannot die! Something tells me I shall find him and — write it larger — FIND HIM, FIND HIM. Even the words are inspiring."

One day a caravan passed, and they asked the

news. The reply was that there was a white man at Ujiji or Lake Tanganika—he had just reached there.

Stanley's heart beat at the announcement.

"Is he young or old?" he asked.

"He is old. He has white hair on his face, and he is sick."

With enthusiasm, yet hardly daring to hope, Stanley pushed on, travelling night and day until they came in sight of Ujiji.

"Unfurl the flags and load the guns!" shouted Stanley, his nerves for the first time quivering with excitement. The Stars and Stripes floated out with the Zanzibar flag, and fifty guns thundered over the plain. They were immediately surrounded by hundreds of Africans, who shouted "*Yambo, yambo, bana!*" These were words of welcome.

Suddenly from the crowd a voice called out, "Good morning, sir!"

Startled by English words, Stanley replied, "Who the mischief are you?"

"I am Susi the servant of Doctor Livingstone!"

Then a thrill went through Stanley's soul. The fatigues and the perils of the long year were as though they had not been.

Susi ran back to his master, and soon the worn, gray-bearded Livingstone and the young American stood before each other. They clasped hands warmly, a strange tie uniting them at once.

"I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you," Stanley uttered from his heart.

"I feel grateful that I am here to welcome you," was the response of the white-haired man, who, without wife or children, receiving no letters for years, with food only for a month, was hoping against hope for aid.

For four months these two fearless men talked and planned and explored together, the one recounting his privations and disappointments, the other feeling that he must take up the work which the noble Livingstone would soon lay down forever. At length the day of parting came, for the great traveller could not be prevailed upon to go home, feeble though he was. His journals, in waterproof canvas cover, were sealed and given

to Stanley. His letters written, supplies left him for four years, and then the two men wrung each other's hands in silence, and Stanley, with choking voice, gave the word to his men: "Right about face! March!"

Livingstone never looked upon a white face again. For a year he struggled on, fording the rivers on the shoulders of his men, till, too weak to walk, he was carried on a litter to the village of Illala. At four o'clock in the morning, May 1, 1872, Susi entered the doctor's tent to see if he might need something. The latter was kneeling by the bedside, as if in prayer, his head buried in his hands on the pillow, but quite cold and dead. For two weeks his faithful servants dried the precious body in the sun, and then, enclosing it in a bark case, daubed with tar (pretending to bury it, as the superstitious people would not let a dead body pass through the land), they carried it on their shoulders for nine long months, one thousand five hundred miles, over rivers and through swamps to the seacoast, where it was taken to England and buried in Westminster Abbey. The great of the

earth gathered at that funeral. Among the pall bearers was the negro lad who had borne the body over the sea, Jacob Wainwright, and the young American, Stanley, but for whom Livingstone would probably have been buried on African soil.

Meantime Stanley had reached England, to find that after all his hardships, his statements about Livingstone were disbelieved. The delivery of the journals and the letters, however, proved the truth. The Royal Geographical Society then presented him with a gold medal, and the Queen sent him a gold snuff box, with "V. R." set in brilliants on the top.

But Stanley's work was far from completed. To his joy, the *London Daily Telegraph* now united with the *New York Herald* to send him again to Africa to continue Livingstone's work. He at once bought one hundred and thirty books relating to that country, determining to know all that had been written concerning it. November 17, 1874, with eight tons of baggage, horses, dogs, and three hundred and fifty-six men, Stanley started, with his mind made up to cross the Dark Continent

from shore to shore, and to solve that question of the centuries, What is the source of the Nile? A beautiful boat, the *Lady Alice*, was carried in eight sections on the shoulders of the men, and in the train was borne every appliance that could lessen or shorten the labors of their long progress.

And now began one of the most heroic, yet most painful marches in history. Losing their way, wandering in jungles and swamps, stealing aside to die in the brush, the company was reduced soon to less than two hundred. Once, when near starvation, two cubs were killed in a lion's den, and Stanley made a soup in a sheet iron trunk in which he used to carry baggage, giving each of his men a good bowlful of lion broth apiece.

About four hundred miles inland, they were attacked by the natives, and twenty-five of the men killed. At Uganda, on the contrary, they were received with great state, and a present was made them by King Mtesa of fourteen oxen, sixteen goats, thirty-six fowls, and one hundred bunches of bananas. This man was a powerful, half-civil-

ized emperor, governing two million people, with tens of thousands of soldiers. Four thousand five hundred women were attached to his household as servants. His palace was an immense, barn-like structure on the top of a mountain. Stanley translated the ten commandments for him, and through these he professed to accept the Christian religion instead of Mohammedanism.

In exploring Lake Victoria Nyanza, the treacherous natives persuaded the travellers to land, by holding up sweet potatoes as a sign that they were friendly. The moment the boats touched the beach they wrested the oars, and pointed their spears at Stanley's head. They then retired, saying they would speedily return and put him to death. Pulling some boards from the bottom of the boat, his men used these as oars, and rowed away just as the furious savages came yelling back to the shore. On a second exploring tour, to punish them, Stanley put their king in irons, killed forty natives, and wounded scores of others.

For over a year, sometimes in peace, sometimes in war, Stanley explored the inland lakes, learning,

meantime, all the horrors of the slave trade — naked creatures driven into pens like cattle, and half-starved; their villages burned that they might be the more easily captured. Next he explored the Lualaba River, which Livingstone believed to empty into the Nile. Stanley found it to be none other than the Congo, ten miles broad at its mouth.

Stanley knew he had now reached the region inhabited by cannibals. But he did not quail among the monsters. Hiring four hundred more men, he commenced his journey. At first they could scarcely pierce the jungles; now they felled huge trees, and dug them out for canoes, now, unable to pass the falls, they cut their way four miles through dense forests, sometimes over mountains one thousand feet high; now exhausted, they sank down in the wilderness to die, watched by huge serpents. For four months they gained only about a mile a day, yet the intrepid leader toiled on, inspiring his heart-sick followers.

So superstitious were the natives, that, seeing him writing in his notebook, they said such black

marks will bring disease and death upon the people, and the book must be burned. Stanley was now really aghast. Destroy the records of nearly three long years, and his maps! He could not fight now, for the great company had become reduced by death to only one hundred and fifteen, and nearly half of these were ill. He bethought himself of a similar book he had with him, and hastening into his tent, brought out a volume of Shakespeare, which he burned before their eyes, to their intense gratification.

And now the long journey across the Continent was nearly over. When Stanley announced to the half-starved company that they were nearing the ocean, one poor fellow went crazy with joy, and shouting, "We have reached the sea; we are at home!" plunged into the forest, and was never seen again. As soon as tidings of their distressing condition could be sent, food was brought them from the coast. On landing, every kindness was shown them, and Stanley, true to his promise, took his natives back to Zanzibar, around Cape Town. When they reached home, they knelt on the beach,

and cried "Allah! Allah!" as they bent their faces to the sand. When Stanley returned to England, the devoted fellows shoved his boat into the sea and then bore him on their shoulders out into the surf to reach it.

Well, the boy of the Welsh poor-house had come to world-wide fame! He had made that journey of over seven thousand miles in the heart of Africa, which he had planned; he had discovered that the Shimeeyu River, four hundred miles long, is the true source of the Nile, making it the longest river in the world; and he was prepared to show that this great land with its teeming millions was to be invaluable to the world's commerce.

Europe hailed him now. Humbert, King of Italy, sent him his portrait; Victor Emanuel, his father, bestowed a gold medal; the Khedive of Egypt decorated him with the grand commandership of the Order of the Medjidie; the Prince of Wales sent his personal congratulations; London, Paris, Italy and Marseilles sent gold medals from their Geographical Societies; a dozen other cities, like Berlin and Vienna, made him an Honorary

Member of their largest associations; and best of all, he says: "The government of the United States has crowned my success with its official approval, and the unanimous vote of thanks passed in both Houses of the Legislature has made me proud for life of the expedition and its achievements."

Mr. Stanley went back to Africa; and under the International African Association, with Leopold the Second, king of the Belgians, at its head, built a good road from the mouth of the Congo, or Livingstone River, inland, in order to open the country to trade and civilization. He returned in triumph, and after a notable lecture tour in the United States, married happily and settled in England, where he secured political honors. He died suddenly in London, May 10, 1904.

Africa will have a great future, doubtless, and the boy of the Welsh poorhouse, by his indomitable will and courage, hastened the day by many and many a year.

VI. — JOHNS HOPKINS.

WE are living in an age of remarkable wealth, and remarkable business successes, and of equally remarkable gift-giving and benefactions. Mr. Otis of Connecticut gives a million dollars to carry the gospel to the heathen; Mr. Slater, of the same State, a million to educate the colored people at the South; Mr. Durant a million to Wellesley College for the education of young women; Leonard Case, of Cleveland, Ohio, a million and a half to a School of Science; Mr. Rich two millions to Boston University, where young women share equally with young men the benefits of higher education.

But Johns Hopkins gave more than all these princely men to found in Baltimore the University and Hospital which bears his name. When asked for money during his life he generally refused;

doubtless his reply often seemed somewhat enigmatical: "My money is not mine. I did not make it. It has merely rolled up in my hands, *and I know what for.* I must keep to my own work."

And who was this munificent giver?

He was a farmer's boy; later, a clerk in a grocery; still later, the owner of a little shop; by and by, a bank-president; at last, a money king.

Johns Hopkins, so named from the family name of his ancestor, Margaret Johns — Johns being an early form of the word Jones — was born May 19, 1795, and was the eldest of eleven children. His father, Samuel, was a Quaker farmer, kind and conscientious, but rich only in his large family. His mother was a superior woman, both in intellect and will; so notably superior, in fact, that it is said she guided not only the Yearly Meetings of the Friends, but many matters of the county as well. Such a mother would naturally impress her strength of character upon her sons. There were too, probably, fine forces latent in the father's blood; Governor Edward Hopkins of Connecticut

and Bishop Ezekiel Hopkins of Londonderry, men of mark, were among his relatives.

Little Johns worked on the farm in summer and received whatever education was possible in winter. He was an active boy, both in body and mind, getting and reading every book in the county within his reach. He enjoyed Shakespeare, he enjoyed history, and especially did he enjoy biography; it probably stimulated him, even in boyhood, to find that men had begun at the foot of the ladder and climbed, rung by rung, to the top.

When he was seventeen, a wealthy uncle, Gerard Hopkins, came to pay his parents a visit. He was at once interested in the intelligent boy, and he persuaded the mother to permit Johns to go back with him to Baltimore, and there to learn the wholesale grocery business. Doubtless the boy's heart at once stirred with ambition, perhaps thrilled with pleasure at the thought of life in the fine city. This Baltimore uncle was an eminent minister among the Friends, and his company was much sought after, so that the country lad had opportunities to meet intellectual and well-bred people.

The aunt was a most cheerful woman, and very kind to the young new-comer. If he were awkward, she did not appear to see it, but always contrived that he should feel at ease.

For two years Johns worked steadily; the victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work. The uncle, about this time, was appointed by the Baltimore Friends to go far out to the State of Ohio, to attend the Yearly Meeting. Who should be left in charge of the store, the business, and the family? Mr. Hopkins called his nephew Johns to him. He spoke to him gravely:

"I am going on this long journey, and thee is but a youth. *Now, I want thee to put an old head on young shoulders;* and as thee has been faithful to my interests since thee has been with me, I am going to leave everything in thy hands. Here are checks which I have signed my name to; there are upwards of five hundred of them. Thee will deposit the money as it is received, and as thee wants money thee will fill up the checks which I leave with thee. Buy the goods and do the best

thee can. Be attentive at the house, and see after our little children, whom we leave behind in thy care and a female relative."

A company of five, including his aunt, started on this long journey. There were no railroads. There was often no pathway save the trail of the Indians. They traveled on horseback, fording deep rivers, and threading their way through dense forests. Well, the lad Johns did his part nobly during their absence. It was a time of great excitement, disturbance and anxiety, for the country was engaged in the War of 1812 with England. The British had entered Washington, burnt the Capitol, and were marching up the Chesapeake. The people of Baltimore were fleeing in every direction. Johns might well have been nearly frantic, not daring to leave the children, and yet obliged to care constantly for the store. Finally, three days before the bombardment of Fort Henry, the uncle and aunt arrived home much to his surprise and relief. It proved that he had done better than the uncle supposed he could. He had, during the absence, evidently mastered the detail

of trade, had visibly increased the business, and won many friends.

Five years after this his uncle again called him aside. This time he said, "Johns, would thee like to go into business for thyself?"

"Yes; but, uncle, I have no capital. I have saved only eight hundred dollars." (He had been willing to work hard for seven years to save this eight hundred dollars.)

"But that will make no difference. I will endorse for thee, and this will give thee credit; and in a short time thee will make a capital; thee has been faithful to my interests, and I will start thee in business."

"I will endorse for thee." That was a profound compliment, a tribute most uncommon for so young a man to win from an old, clear-headed business man. Johns's habits were well known to his uncle; it was of course taken into consideration that he never wasted his evenings, that he did not spend his money carelessly or foolishly, that he did not make unwise bargains, that, as a rule, he showed good common sense in his dealings.

Starting for himself, he rented a small store, formed a partnership with another young man, and began business unostentatiously. He soon found that better than his uncle's endorsement was the credit in the community which he had gained through his devotion to his uncle's business.

For twenty-five years, a quarter of a century, Johns Hopkins labored untiringly, late and early. His business grew and extended into other States. He was invariably temperate, and his word was as good as his bond. While other firms failed in seasons of financial depression, his house always maintained the highest credit. While other men drove fast horses, gave entertainments, attended parties, he devoted his time to his business and to reading. There is probably a connection between these two series of facts. Bishop Jeremy Taylor said, "Men will find it impossible to do anything greatly good, unless they cut off all superfluous company and visits."

Mr. Hopkins may have been called unsocial; he never was called ungrateful. He never forgot his uncle. He said when nearly eighty years old, to

JOHN HOPKINS.

his cousin, Gerard Hopkins, now living in Baltimore, "If not for him, I would in all probability have remained a boy on the farm."

And now came the time when he retired from the grocery firm, leaving it to his two brothers, who also had come to Baltimore, and two of his clerks. Did he sit down to luxuriously enjoy his wealth? Did he spend it in travel, or in fine social pleasure? Oh, no; accustomed to systematize monetary affairs, he was at once chosen and elected president of the Merchants Bank, and he accepted the position and held it until his death.

Here he had many opportunities to do favors for young business men. These he gladly aided, provided they had shown the three sterling qualities: diligence, good sense, and integrity. In times of panic, when notes were brought before the directors of the bank for consideration, Mr. Hopkins, unsolicited, would often endorse them, thus helping worthy but unfortunate business men when they most needed it. But for lazy people, or for those who seemed to have no aptitude or

tact in making a place for themselves in the world, he had very little sympathy.

Mrs. Caroline H. Dall tells of a Baltimore firm, that, having hung his picture in their office after his death, were thus interrogated: "What was Johns Hopkins to you?"

The reply was this: "We began with very little. We were his tenants; the rent was heavy; he exacted it to the moment, and we lost many an opportunity because we dared not risk a dollar after it became his due. One day he came in himself to look after it. 'Why don't you do a larger business?' said he. 'You are prompt; you ought to get on.' We told him candidly, and he wrote us a check for ten thousand dollars on the spot, and told us not to hurry about paying it! When we were able to repay him, he returned the interest. From that day we prospered."

They had never regretted the hard way in which they earned his respect, and they warmly cherished his name and memory.

His giving was usually along this line of industry and energy and promptness. He delighted to

reward and recognize their qualities. For instance, five persons gave each a hundred dollars to buy goods for a poor widow. At the end of two years she returned the sum with interest. Mr. Hopkins refused his share. He said, "I don't want it. Keep it, and lend again in the same way."

He was interested in all commercial enterprises, especially those which concerned his native State. Once when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad came near to failure, he boldly pledged his great fortune in its behalf, and thus inspired confidence to such a degree that men of wealth immediately invested in it and saved its future. He was made a director of the road, then chairman of the finance committee. and in 1873 furnished the company with nine hundred thousand dollars, which enabled it to pay its interest in cash. He was now the possessor of two million dollars' worth of stock, owned one hundred and fifty warehouses, was director in five banks, treasurer of a large insurance company, and large stockholder in various coal and other companies. But it was by the same pluck and same patience which enabled him to save

up eight hundred dollars dollar by dollar through seven long, slow years of drudging detail work, that he gained and managed and kept and increased his millions.

"What will this rich man do with his money, as he is unmarried?" the people of Baltimore began, by and by, to ask about the white-haired old millionnaire. He had given three thousand dollars to help build a Quaker meeting-house, but this was little to the public, thought the world, for a man worth his millions. "Make your will," said his friends.

"I am not ready," was the enigmatical reply. "I have got something to do, and I shall live till I have done it."

Absorbed in business, he still felt the early training of that mother with a gift for administration whose constant thought was how to wisely help the world. "Such a remembrance," says Lamartine, "is a North Star to any wanderer." Randolph said, "I should have been an atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother

used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, *Our Father which art in Heaven.*" Certain it is that Johns Hopkins, as the years went on, felt more and more the actuating power of his mother's spirit. He pondered well the disposition of his vast property. He determined to place it where it would do constant good; where it would carry on his favorite work of aid to those who were working their way up as he had done! Not by money itself; they must earn that for themselves — it was necessary to the development of mental and moral muscle. But he would give them knowledge, which Daniel Webster said, at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, "Is the great sun in the firmament; life and power are scattered with all its beams." His heart went out, too, toward the sick, and toward orphan children, because these could not earn for themselves.

Therefore it was, that at his death, December 24th, 1873, when his will was read, it was found that he had left *seven million dollars* to found Johns Hopkins University and Hospital. It was a grand

Christmas gift to a city, to the world at large. Broad and wise in his giving, he made no conditions, save that the principal should not be used for buildings; these were to be erected out of the income; and there was a request that there be several free scholarships for poor students from three States — Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina; and in the Hospital, which should be built only after careful investigations of similar institutions abroad, there should be a training-school for nurses; and on another piece of land, he provided for an asylum for four hundred destitute or orphan colored children. Plans of the Hospital, which will be one of the working schools of the great University, are hung in the halls of Oxford and Cambridge, for the whole world is looking to see what the seven million dollars of the grocery boy will accomplish.

And what have they already accomplished? The trustees, whom Mr. Hopkins had selected and appointed, looked about the country for a president, and the choice fell upon the youthful leader of the University of California, who had married

the daughter of President Woolsey of Yale College. When Doctor Gilman came to Baltimore, Johns Hopkins's sister said to him, "I had thought of an older man." He replied with a smile, "It is a fault which will mend daily. I assure you, madam, I will be as old as ever I can."

A letter recently received from one of the professors in the University says: "Johns Hopkins's knowledge of men was superb. He knew by a kind of instinct whom he could trust. But the wisest choice he ever made was that of Board of Trustees, and the Board has shown its sovereign sense in the choice of President Gilman."

The best professors possible have been secured: Professor Sylvester, to whom the Royal Society of London gave its highest scientific distinction, the Copley Medal, for the chair of mathematics; Professor Martin of Cambridge University, Biology; Doctor Haupt of Göttingen, only thirty years of age, for Hebrew, Arabic, Assyrian, Ethiopic and other languages — in short, there now are forty-one able scholars on the academic staff. Students, most of them already graduated from other

colleges, soon began to gather here for higher education in special lines of work. Of all who have studied at Johns Hopkins University, less than one-tenth have gone into business; a large proportion have become professors and instructors. Perhaps Johns Hopkins planned even better than he knew, when he threw his great pebble into the ocean of knowledge; the circles will go on widening forever.

The spirit of its founder certainly pervaded the institution. Six valuable journals are maintained by the University; in Mathematics, Chemistry, Philology, Biology, Historical and Political Science, and Logic. Much has been done in original research. Says a recent writer, "An idler is an *unknown* bird at the Johns Hopkins University. Its members are here, not for boating, base-ball playing, and hazing, but for work." The atmosphere is scholarly. For many years there has not been reason for any officer to censure a student for disorder or discourtesy.

Each year twenty Fellowships of five hundred dollars each are given to as many scholars of

marked ability who are fitting themselves for a life-work of study. Among these recipients are Mitsura Kuhara and Kakichi Mitsukuri of the University of Tokio, Japan. Another is from the University of France. Eighteen Honorary Hopkins's scholarships are distributed among those under-graduates who show great merit. The present college buildings are plain, but fine ones are to be permanently built at Clifton, a Baltimore suburb, with grounds several hundred acres in extent. This estate was Mr. Hopkins's country seat, where he walked and thought and saved and planned for his grand beneficence. He might have reared a magnificent granite shaft to himself; he might have lived in costly ease, but he has preferred a monument which will proclaim his name throughout the world. To be simply rich, is to be forgotten like thousands of other millionnaires; to give wealth like Johns Hopkins is to be remembered with honor and gratitude forever. Generations of boys will grow to be men, and their children's children will come into this busy world and go out, but the work of this "seven millions" will never be finished.

VII. — WILLIAM M. HUNT.

THERE is no royal road to art. The ascent of the glittering ladder is no whit easier than the exploration of the wilds of Africa, by a Stanley, or the accumulation of seven millions by a Johns Hopkins. The essentials of a success, persistent work and indomitable will, have never been other since the days of Adam. Certain, too, is it that the story of most artists is the old story of long poverty and long struggle, before victory.

Giotto, the "regenerator of Italian art," was the son of a herdsman, and he tended sheep near Florence, using his spare time in drawing pictures of his flock on flat pieces of slate with a pointed stone. One day the great painter, Cimabue, saw the unlettered boy of fourteen, intently at work, and he asked him if he would like to go home to learn his art with him. Giotto's father

consented, and by and by the shepherd-boy surpassed his master. Pope Boniface VIII. summoned him to Rome, and kings were eager to purchase his paintings. He created a new school of art, built the famous Cathedral Tower at Florence, which Longfellow calls "The builder's perfect and centennial flower," and of which Ruskin says, "Power and beauty in the highest degree exist, as far as I know, only in *one* building in the world — the campanile of Giotto. It is the model and mirror of perfect architecture."

Dannecker, the great German sculptor, was the son of an ignorant stable-keeper, but he had a refined and aspiring mother who fostered her boy's artistic tastes. He worked in the stable till he was thirteen, but whenever he could, he stole off to the yard of a stone-cutter and there he staid and covered the marble slabs with his designs, although he well knew he should be beaten by his rough father for what would be considered idleness. At last, he set forth into the world and walked to Paris, and there, always hungry and always meanly clad, he worked for two years in

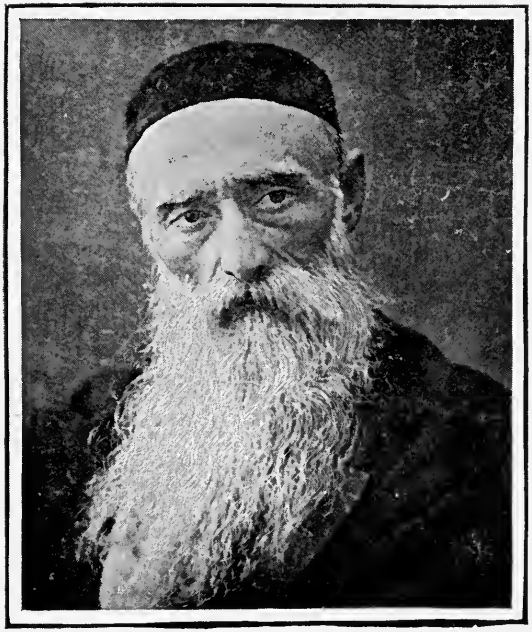
the Louvre. Thence he walked on to Rome; and though often discouraged and heartsick, he devoted himself untiringly to his art. At fifty years of age, he made his celebrated Ariadne, a beautiful woman reclining on the back of a panther, a masterpiece of sculpture, which draws thousands every year to Frankfort. Fortunes have been offered for it, but money cannot buy it from Germany. For eight long years too, Dannecker worked upon his famous statue of the Christ, which was purchased by the Empress of Russia for her son Alexander I. Goethe and Canova were proud to become the intimate friends of the man who was once a stable-boy.

Thorwaldsen, the great Dane, was the son of a poor wood-carver and a peasant mother, and he had the same bitter struggle with poverty. It is the old story: shy and melancholy, teaching drawing and working with his father; going to Rome on an academy pension of ten dollars a month; sending his work back to Copenhagen for sale, which nobody wanted because he was not famous; carving his Jason with the Golden Fleece, and

breaking the cast because people only admired and did not buy; at last, after nine weary years at Rome, selling his humble furniture to go back to obscure wood-carving in Denmark — when, lo! the tide turns — a rich man from England sees his work, orders a Jason in marble, and Thorwaldsen is thenceforth famous. Now the academy at Copenhagen sends him five hundred dollars as an expression of pleasure in his work. How much more he had needed it when he lived, half-starved in his comfortless studio! But the world has few smiles for the struggling, but ah, how many smiles when the struggles are over. Many a poor fellow fails just at the border-land of success, when a little more self-reliance and faith in self, and persistent effort, would have won!

Hiram Powers, in our own country, is another remarkable instance of hard-earned success. His story, too, runs the old way: He was born on a bleak Vermont farm, the eighth among nine children, his family removing to Ohio where, by the death of the father, all the children were obliged to work for their own support; he himself was

first a clerk in a hotel reading-room, then in a produce store; then he collected debts for a clock maker; afterward, for seven years, he took charge of wax figures in a Cincinnati museum; then he learned to model in plaster from a German — working, trusting, hoping, in this fashion till he was thirty. Then the long path of toil turned, but it turned as it usually does, only by his own determined effort, to tread a new way. He resolved to go to Washington, and try his hand at modelling busts of distinguished men. But for such bold venture, he might have spent his life among the wax figures. Two years later, with a little money laid by, and some aid from Mr. Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, he started for Florence. In one year his statue of Eve was finished, which Thorwaldsen said was a work any sculptor might be proud to claim as his masterpiece. Not long after, his Greek Slave made him famous. The first copy is in the gallery of the Duke of Cleveland; the second is in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington; the third belongs to Earl Dudley, and a fourth was purchased by A. T. Stewart of



WILLIAM M. HUNT.

New York for eleven hundred dollars. His bronze statue of Webster in the State House grounds, is familiar to all Boston boys. I went to his beautiful home in Florence, as to a shrine, but alas the great artist had gone out from its doors forever.

Without the struggle of poverty, to be sure, but amid the struggle of absorbing, tireless, enthusiastic work, another artist came to occupy the foremost position in American art, William M. Hunt. Boston knew he was a great artist while he lived; she will be constantly confirmed in this belief as the years go on, and the great world will finally acknowledge a master. We are so busy a people, making great fortunes and building elegant homes, we are so eager to discover a new oil well or a new coal or silver mine, that we have little time to discover a genius, even though he live next door.

Fortunately, the boy, Hunt, had a mother of great — yes, remarkable talent — perhaps it would be difficult to find a great man whose mother was not a superior woman. Mrs. Hunt, it is believed,

would have been a famous painter also, had not her father, like others in those days, thought it unwomanly for a girl to be an artist, and forbade her, absolutely forbade her, to touch the brush. She married early, and after four sons and a daughter were born, her husband died, leaving to her the education of the children. An Italian artist coming to the town, she took him into her home, and mother and children began to study art together and in earnest.

William, at twelve, carved small heads in marble, and later, in shell cameos. Fond of music, at fifteen he played on the piano and violin. His brown eyes were full of fun, and his sensitive, joyous nature, with his deep sympathy, won hosts of friends. At sixteen he entered Harvard College, but failing in health, yet not discouraged, at nineteen left the University and went to Italy. Here he made the determination to become a sculptor, and for two years, part of the time in Dusseldorf, he studied drawing and the anatomy of the human body. Later, in Paris, he became the pupil of Thomas Couture. There he worked long and pa-

tiently with the brush. He doubtless thought with Turner: "I know of no genius but the genius of hard work."

Years after, he said to his class in Boston: "You don't know what persistent effort is! Think of the violin student in the Paris Conservatoire, who was more than a year trying to bend his thumb as he had not been taught to do in the provinces!

"When I was a little boy I wanted to learn the violin, but a certain man discouraged me. 'Don't learn the violin! It's so hard!' I could kick that man now." So annoyed was he that anybody should shrink from hard work — it seemed to him the most fatal of all weaknesses.

At another time, he said: "Be earnest, and don't worry, and you will learn twice as fast. If you could see me dig and groan, rub it out and start again, hate myself, and feel dreadfully! The people who do things easily, their things you look at easily, and *give away* easily!

"What if Michael Angelo had done his work in the Sistine Chapel easily! An artist one day

called upon Grisi, found her upon a sofa, weary and forlorn. He expressed his surprise at her appearance, declaring that she was the one mortal whom he had envied, such was her strength, buoyancy and joyousness. He had not thought she could find life a burden. 'Ah,' said she, 'I save myself all day for that one bound upon the stage. Not for worlds would I leave this sofa, which I must keep all day that I may be ready for my work at night.'

"Inspiration is nothing without work. What we do best is done against difficulties. Work while your brain is full of the picture before you. Work is a stimulus to work, and loafing a stimulus to laziness."

While in Paris, he became enthusiastically fond of Jean Francois Millet who was then struggling with poverty.

"For years," said Mr. Hunt, "Millet painted beautiful things and nobody looked at them. They fascinated me, and I would go to Barbison, his home, and spend all the money I could get in buying his pictures. I brought them to Boston.

'What is that horrid thing?' 'Oh, it is a sketch by a friend of mine.' Now, he is the greatest painter in Europe."

When Mr. Hunt was thirty-one, he came back to America to live. He had then painted his great painting of the Prodigal Son, leaning on the breast of his father, his exquisite Marguerite plucking leaves from a daisy, and several other works now well known. There was less art culture among our people then than now, but he had courage and hope. He opened a studio in Newport, and for seven years painted portraits mostly. His standard was high. He lived in his art; was wedded to it. He said, "You want a picture to seize you as forcibly as if a man had seized you by the shoulder! Strive for simplicity; not complexity! Don't talk of what you are going to do! Do IT." There is a man for you who was building his fame upon the foundation of thorough work.

Once, when asked by a lady how long it had taken to draw a charcoal picture, he replied, "I think it took me an hour or two; but I suppose I

ought to say that it took me forty years, as I've been drawing about that length of time."

Witty and brilliant in conversation, kind to everybody, especially to young artists, he became the centre of a circle of charming and earnest people. He hated shams and affectations. Once when asked what he thought of a young painter of foppish appearance, he replied, "I don't know him. I know his clothes. I can have nothing to do with such a man when I meet him; I look right through, and beyond, and around him." But he criticised all work tenderly as all great masters do, saying, "Don't look too hard except for something agreeable. We can find all the disagreeable things in the world between our own hats and boots."

He was as genuinely simple, too, as he was genuinely great. One morning as he came out of his studio on Tremont street, he met an old woman on the stairs carrying down a big box of ashes. He at once assisted, and together they placed it on the sidewalk, quite to the surprise of some of his kid-gloved admirers.

When our artist was forty-three, and fame and wealth had both been won, and time was precious, he gladly opened his best studio to teach a large class of women. How it broadened and beautified the lives of those learners! How small seemed the round of shopping and making calls, after studying with such a master! His presence was magnetic, raying out inspiration. One of his ablest pupils (Miss Helen M. Knowlton) now a well-known artist, used to jot down on bits of paper in the class-room some of his brilliant words and suggestions; and so important were they that in book form they have been heartily welcomed both in Europe and America. Indeed the volume is used as an art text-book in some of the normal schools.

Five years after this, the great Boston fire swept away much of the tangible labor of his lifetime, but he met his loss bravely, and began work afresh, toiling harder than ever. He said, "Painting, for me, is the only work worth doing, and there is no other play." "Draw whatever fascinates you. Love something and paint it," was often his ad-

vice. Sometimes envious people spoke of him as the one-man-power in art in Boston." But in his modesty he has been heard to say, "I've been at painting all my life, and I don't feel to-day that I know anything. I'm not sure that I can go on with a single one of these portraits that I have begun."

He studied incessantly. Veronese, Michael Angelo, Titian and Velasquez were his teachers among the old masters, and Millet, Delacroix, Corot and Turner among the modern. Of the latter he said, "One hundred years from now, Turner will be counted the greatest painter who ever lived. His color is wonderful! His color is iridescent. The Venetians could get such color only by painting transparently, but Turner is solid, clear, throughout."

In 1878 he was asked to paint two large pictures upon the walls of the grand State House at Albany, N. Y. He accepted, though shrinking from it, and for five months, before beginning the work, wrought at his plans. One of these great mural paintings represents the Goddess of Night in

her cloud chariot; before her three restive horses, and behind her a sleeping mother and child. In the other, is depicted Columbus, standing in a boat in mid-ocean, with Hope at the prow and Fortune at the helm. So careful was he in the execution of these paintings that thirty charcoal drawings were made, also twenty oil paintings, and the colors were tested on stone sent from Albany. Then for fifty-five days, Mr. Hunt and his assistants painted on the walls from early morning till late at night standing on scaffolding.

When completed, in coloring and finish, the pictures were a triumph of art, but the artist had broken down in health. He sought the Isles of Shoals, hoping to find renewal of strength from the bracing and restful ocean breezes, but it was too late. One September morning the country was shocked to hear that the great artist was found lying peacefully in a little pool back of the cottages, dead. It is supposed that he missed his footing, and no hand was near to help.

He died in the prime of life, at fifty-five; but his work lives on after him and is to live.

Whether he painted Niagara or Gloucester Harbor, the Street Musician or the Drummer Boy, the Bugle Call or the Bathers, each of the paintings was like himself, strong, refined, instinct with life and feeling. Over four hundred of his pictures, those owned by friends and therefore not burned, were exhibited after his death, yet these probably did not constitute one third of his work. Among his best known portraits are those of Chief Justice Shaw, Governor Andrew, Charles Sumner and James Freeman Clarke.

It is to be noted that Mr. Hunt always honored, never debased, his art. Being shown a picture, very fine in technique, by a Munich artist, of a drunken man holding a half-filled glass of wine, he said, "It's skilfully done, *but what is the use of doing it?* The subject isn't worthy of the painter."

It is to be remembered, too, that he never wearied in his unselfish efforts to encourage and develop art. "An *inclination* to draw evinces talent," he often declared. "I saw a beautiful sunset last night, and I would have given worlds for the power to put it upon canvas, even in a mod-

est manner. That desire indicates talent. Will you use your talent or smother it? . . . Children should be encouraged; not flattered. With no help and encouragement, the child gradually loses its desire to draw." He persistently taught artists to be individual in their thought, not copyists, not followers after the manner of any school.

More than other American teachers, more than any other American artist, he has left his impress upon the working art talent of the time. His name is spoken reverently by earnest young artists. His paintings are sought and studied by art students who never saw him. Pictures often are characterized as belonging "to the Hunt school of art," and his influence is most surely to survive in art.

Surely, his successful life emphasizes what Sidney Smith said of greatness: "There is but one method, and that is hard labor."

VIII.—ELIAS HOWE, JR.

THE inventors of the world have been, with rare exceptions, very poor men. The stories of Palissy, the Potter, of Stephenson, the Father of Railways, of Goodyear, and of Elias Howe, are as pitiful as they are inspiring. History scarcely furnishes a more pathetic picture than that of Bernard Palissy of France, working sixteen years to discover how to enamel pottery; his furnaces for burning his earthen ware were built with brick carried upon his back, because he was too poor to hire a horse to draw them; the floors of his house were torn up for fuel; the doors even taken off their hinges, and used to shut out the driving storm from his workshop; his six children died primarily from starvation it is believed; his wife, in rags, was in despair over her husband's folly; Palissy himself was worn to a skeleton by

privation, and he gave his clothes to his assistant because he was unable to pay him in money; he was despised by his neighbors for what they considered his suicidal obstinacy; he was always hoping, but always failing. At last success came. He did discover the secret of one of the great industries of the world. Then he was made "Bernard of the Tuileries," he received the patronage of kings and emperors, he wrote books, he opened a school of philosophy, and he was honored by the disciples of art and science everywhere. Had he been living in ease and luxury, he would perhaps have never made those long, weary efforts; but in his poverty, he was ever saying to himself: "If I find out the secrets of pottery, my wife and children will live in plenty. Now it is starvation — by and by, it shall be wealth and fame."

George Stephenson, unable to read the alphabet till he was eighteen, working in the coal pits for six pence a day, and mending the boots and patching the clothes of his fellow workmen in the evenings to earn a few extra pennies that he might attend a night school, is another good illustration

of what a poor and ignorant boy may become. Never idle, never above doing the commonest work, never an ale drinker, as was the custom among miners, he showed the fine quality of his nature by giving the first money which he ever earned, one hundred and fifty dollars, to his blind father, that he might pay his debts.

When he became an engineer, and projected a railroad between Manchester and Liverpool, the people said, "He is a madman! His 'roaring steam engine' will set the houses on fire with its sparks, the smoke will pollute the air, and carriage-makers and coachmen will starve for want of work." The excitement following his public proposals was intense. For three days he was questioned by a large committee of the House of Commons. This was one of the questions: "If a cow gets on the track in the way of an engine travelling ten miles an hour, will it not be an awkward situation?"

Very soberly answered George Stephenson, but with a twinkle in his eye: "Yes, varry awkward indeed for the coo!"

One Government Inspector said that if a loco-

motive ever went ten miles an hour, he "would undertake to eat a stewed engine wheel for his breakfast." Stephenson's "Rocket," a clumsy engine, but a wonder at the time, and now to be seen at the Kensington museum, made the trial trip at an average speed of fourteen miles an hour, and so the Inspector had the opportunity of keeping his promise. During the next ten years, being employed to open up railroads in every direction, Stephenson became wealthy and renowned, the friend of Sir Robert Peel, the owner of a large country seat, and the pride of England. He declined the honor of knighthood. His famous son Robert said of him, "His example and his character made me the man I am."

Charles Goodyear, of New Haven, Conn., for eleven years struggling to make India rubber of practical use, imprisoned for debt, pawning his clothes and his wife's trinkets, his children gathering sticks in the fields when he was no longer able to buy wood for fires to melt his rubber, often with neither food nor fire in the house, once with a child dead and no means to bury it, and five others

nearly starving — this great inventor furnishes another instance of heroic struggle. He was derided by his friends; one would say to another: "If you see a man with an India rubber cap, an India rubber coat, India rubber shoes, and an India rubber purse in his pocket, with not a cent in it — that is Charles Goodyear!" But these same friends lived to see his vulcanized rubber applied to five hundred uses, to see sixty thousand persons annually producing eight million dollars worth of merchandise from it. It surely shall be counted no mean part of a great success that the daily welfare of thousands of people is involved and provided for — that daily work and daily wages are secured for multitudes.

Elias Howe's life, like the others, is the old fairy story of poverty and toil, ending with the grandest success. In the town of Spencer, Mass., in 1825, a boy six years old, somewhat lame, might have been seen any day working with several little brothers and sisters at sticking wire teeth into leather, to make cards for combing cotton. The father was a miller by trade, but from sawing boards,

or grinding corn, there came scarcely enough to support a wife and eight children. It followed presently that somebody must go out from the big family and earn food for himself; therefore at the age of eleven, the cheerful, good-tempered Elias was sent to a farmer's to "live out" till he was twenty-one.

For a year he worked steadily; but naturally weak in body, the hard labor proved too severe, and he went back to his father's mill. At twelve years old, most boys are in school, with little knowledge or thought of how some other little fellows work from morning till night, with no opportunity for either study or play.

Elias was, as you see, one of these unfortunate "other little fellows," but he was ambitious, and having heard of Lowell and its mills, at sixteen he obtained the consent of his parents to go there. It was a risk; he might make a permanent and profitable place for himself, or he might be wrecked by the bad habits of many about him. However, the boy who could not at sixteen say "no," when asked to drink, or go into other sins, probably

would not have the backbone to say "no" at twenty-one. For two years he labored faithfully; then the mill closed, and he was obliged to go elsewhere. Under the shadow of Harvard University, he found another situation in the machine shop where was employed his cousin, afterward Major-General N. P. Banks, and they both boarded in the same house. At twenty-one we find young Howe with an inventor in Cornhill, Boston, earning the munificent sum of nine dollars a week. This would have provided a fair support for one person, but as he had married, and soon had three little children to feed and clothe, life of course became again a struggle for bread. In poor health, he was now so often very weary, that he said "he longed to lie in bed forever and ever."

Liking machinery and curious about inventions, he was always asking himself if he could not "think out something" which would give more money to his family. At last, as his wife sewed, he fell to wondering why some machine could not be made to take fifty stitches while she was taking one. This idea presently took possession of him. For

months he pondered over it. He experimented in a simple way, with a needle pointed at both ends and eye in the middle, and finally, by a rough model of wood and wires, he convinced himself that a sewing machine was a possibility.

But how was the money needed for the construction of a machine, to be obtained? Nine dollars a week left no surplus for such a purpose. Possibly he might earn more if working in a shop of his own, he thought; so he moved his lathe and a few tools into his father's garret in Cambridge. Day after day he thought over his invention, but nothing came of it. But it is a long road which never turns, and by and by the way seemed open to succeed. He found an old schoolmate George Fisher, who believed in him and his invention, and who took him and his family to his own home, gave him a small garret for a workshop, and five hundred dollars with which to experiment. This was a foothold indeed for the young mechanic. Satisfied that his family would have enough to eat for a time at least, he threw off care and set himself diligently at work on his machine, and in six

months had completed one; it was only about one foot and a half long, and equally high; but to his great delight it would actually sew seams.

Now he had visions of luxury for his wife and babies. For of course, the world would eagerly purchase a thing so valuable in saving labor and time. He took it at once to Boston, and the tailors all looked at it; but nobody would buy. Indeed they probably felt like breaking it in pieces, as the miners did Watt's engine. They saw the curious wizard thing that would take their sewing out of their hands, and therefore they resolutely opposed it. Besides the machine would cost five hundred dollars, and few were able to pay that sum if they so desired. By the help of Mr. Fisher the machine was patented in Washington; but the months went slowly by, and there was no purchaser.

Want stared Elias Howe in the face, and he felt that he must go back again, for the sake of his family, to daily work. Through a relative he became engineer on one of the roads leading out of Boston, but his ill health forced him to abandon it. Out of work, owing George Fisher nearly two

ELIAS HOWE, JR.

thousand dollars, with little prospect of ever paying it, he moved his family back into his father's house in Cambridge.

He did not however lose his hope, for he believed that if America did not care for his invention, England would see the value of it. His brother Amasa therefore took passage in the steerage of a sailing vessel, carrying the precious, but apparently profitless machine to London. There William Thomas, of Cheapside, with possibly some previous knowledge of Yankee shrewdness, caught the idea of the inventor, and was much sharper than a Yankee in making a bargain. He bought the machine for twelve hundred and fifty dollars, with the right to make and use as many others as he chose; and he offered the inventor fifteen dollars a week if he would come across the ocean to operate it.

After four months Amasa returned. The money he brought was soon used in paying debts, and as nothing else opened in the way of work, the brothers started again in the steerage, cooking their own provisions. It was a cheerless journey, but it is, as we have seen repeatedly, grim necessity

that forces men to heroic effort. For eight months Elias worked for Mr. Thomas, and he sent for his family; but after the machine was in good working order, the inventor evidently was not wanted longer. And now what should he do in a strange country? He borrowed a few tools and tried to make another machine, but this did not secure daily bread. He pawned his clothes, raised a little money, and again sent his family back to his father's house in Cambridge.

Now alone, and penniless, he borrowed money to pay for his scanty food — often beans — which he cooked in his shop — and toiled on. A man less brave than Elias Howe would probably have drowned himself in the Thames, or attempted to drown his sorrows in drink, but he still believed in the great utility, in the great public benefit of his invention, though the world, as ever, thought him an idiot, a crazed dreamer, for his pains. With no work, no friend to lend him any more money, he sold the machine which he had spent four months in making for twenty-five dollars, pawned another, drew his baggage in a hand-cart

to an out-going vessel, found a place as cook in the steerage, and set his face toward America.

His hopes had not been realized abroad. He had come back in utter penury, but he was thankful that he should see the dear ones whom he loved. What was his amazement, his grief, when he landed in New York, to hear that his wife, worn with the privations incident to being the companion of an inventor, was dying of consumption. He had but sixty-two cents in the world, and could not possibly go to Cambridge. At once he sought employment in a machine shop, hoping in a few days to earn enough to take him to her bedside, but fortunately he received ten dollars from his father, hastened to her, and received her dying words of love and encouragement.

Borrowing a suit of clothes to attend the funeral, for his own were too shabby, for the first time the hapless inventor looked and felt discouraged and desolate. With his wife's companionship and cheer, fragile though she was, he had ever been strong, and he had always believed that he should earn enough to make her comfortable, nay, to surround

her with luxury and beauty! To render his circumstances still worse, the ship in which were stored all his household goods, had gone to the bottom off Cape Cod. Perhaps now his visions of success vanished; certain it is that he at once went back into a shop at weekly wages—his friends thought him a "sadder, yet a wiser man."

Meantime other men in America had been reading about Howe's invention, and they were thinking out and working out similar projects. One man in New York State exhibited a "Yankee Sewing Machine" as a curiosity, at twelve and a half cents admission. Ladies came eagerly and carried home pieces of the work as a marvel. Elias Howe read of this. He knew that all this success belonged to him; but how could he begin a suit for his rights, with his only machine in pawn across the seas? Again and again he begged men to take up the matter, striving to convince them that they would make money for themselves, eventually; but those who believed in him, were without funds, and those who had funds were unwilling to risk their money in so novel an uncertainty. At last one

person was found who promised to coöperate provided that Howe's father would mortgage his farm to him for security. This Elias himself felt was a great risk in behalf of an invention which had thus far brought only disappointment to its originator. But the father consented, and for four years the weary lawsuits dragged along.

The most important was with Isaac Singer, an actor, who having seen Howe's machine, determined to make one, and in eleven days, working twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four, had succeeded. At once, with great energy, he had advertised, and had began to send out agents. The real inventor now notified him that he was infringing, and by and by, too, the courts decided in Howe's favor.

It was now nine years since the first machine was made; nine years of exceeding bitterness and of hope deferred. He was thirty-five when the long looked-for day of success dawned. Many machines were made, and sold both here and abroad, and Elias Howe's income soon increased, and swelled to the large sum of two hundred thousand dollars yearly! The mechanic was no longer cook in the

steerage, no longer subsisting upon a few beans, cooked and eaten in his dingy workshop. In thirteen years he had received two million dollars from this, the thought of his own brain. He was recognized as a benefactor to labor, to commerce, and to women in every station in life.

When the civil war began, Mr. Howe was ready to leave his prosperous business and help save the Union. Did he enter the war as an officer? No; the millionnaire considered himself no better than any other true-hearted private. The following incident shows well his character:

At the moment when Mr. Howe avowed his determination to enlist, his coachman had entered the building to witness the proceedings. He was a warm-hearted Irishman, named Michael Cahill, past the age of military service as determined by law. Upon hearing his employer's speech, he rushed forward, and clambering upon the platform, he cried out: "Put my name down too. I can't bear to have the old man go alone." So down went the name of Michael Cahill, coachman, next to that of Elias Howe. Laughter and cheers mingled in about equal proportions. For four months after the Seventeenth Connecticut entered the field, the Government was so pressed for money, that no payments to the troops

could be made. One day a private soldier came quietly to the paymaster's office in Washington, and as there were several officers there to be attended to, he took a seat in the corner to await his turn. When the officers had been disposed of, Colonel Walker turned to him and said: "Now, my man, what can I do for you?"

"I have called to see about the payment of the Seventeenth Connecticut."

The paymaster, a little irritated, told him bluntly "that a paymaster could do nothing without money, and that until the Government could furnish some it was useless for soldiers to come bothering him about the pay of their regiments."

"I know," said the soldier, "the Government is in straits, and I have called to find out how much money it will take to give my regiment two months' pay, and if you will tell me, I am ready to furnish the amount."

The officer started with astonishment, and asked the name of the soldier, who was no other than Elias Howe. On referring to his books, Colonel Walker found that the sum required was thirty-one thousand dollars. Upon receiving the information, the private wrote a draft for the sum and received in return a memorandum, certifying the advance, and promising reimbursement when the Government could furnish the money. A few days after, at Fairfax Court House, the regiment was paid. When Mr. Howe's name was called, he went up to the paymaster's desk, receiving twenty-eight dollars

and sixty cents of his own money, and signed the receipt therefor, "Private Elias Howe, Jr." After rendering all the services a man in his physical condition could render, he reluctantly asked a discharge and returned home. He used to say to the soldiers:

"I have got to leave you, boys. I'm of no use here; but never mind; when your time is out come to me at Bridgeport; I'm building a large sewing machine factory there, and I shall have plenty of work for those that want it."

Many of his comrades took him at his word, and until his death were at work under him in various capacities.

Three years after the war closed, in 1867, Mr. Howe received a gold medal for his sewing machine at the Paris Exposition, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor; a personal distinction to a great inventor. What was there left for him to ask? He had wealth, he had honors. He had overcome ill health, poverty, and the schemes of men to rob him of his inventions. He had held steadily to one purpose in life, and through all he had been uniformly just, kind, and never had he been in an ill temper at the indifference of the world. That man only has learned to live rightly, who takes with a smile the world's praise or blame, and with

steady head and hand goes straight on with the work he has in hand.

In one sense, his was a completed life; and that same autumn in which he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, he took cold, and was soon quite ill. Still in early middle life, only forty-eight, his friends felt that he must recover; but one Thursday afternoon, October 3, as the sun was setting he sank peacefully away.

The sewing machine companies of the country passed resolutions of sorrow and respect for "an inventor of genius and ability, a business man of industry and integrity, a benevolent and kind-hearted friend, and a citizen of liberality and patriotism."

Such a life as that of Elias Howe is surely full of encouragement to those who, lacking money and education, are yet determined to make the most of themselves, who are determined to be true to the ideas they believe in; it is by these plucky men the race is helped forward to its great achievements.

IX.— ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

IN a Georgia cornfield, might have been seen, some years ago, a feeble little boy dropping kernels for the colored "hands." The hills were four feet apart, and by quick, faithful work, he could cover ten acres a day. This little lad's lovely and intelligent mother had died when he was a baby, three months old. He had one "own" brother and sister, and there were five half-brothers and sisters. This family was poor, but its young members were devoted to each other.

At eleven this slight boy was holding the plow; strange work for a child much smaller than boys of his age, but children do not hesitate at impossible undertakings when love rules the home. It was the next year, I think, that a Sunday-school was started in the little Georgia town, and Alexander — this was the name of our child plowman —

who had read no books excepting the New Testament and spelling-book, was invited to attend. He undertook to read Genesis by the light of a pine-knot fire, after the day's work was over, and soon sat up till midnight fascinated with the story of Moses and Joseph. The taste for reading was formed those nights — the delight, the solace of a long lifetime.

Three years later, the father and the step-mother both died within the same week, and the family was broken up and scattered. Alexander went to the home of his mother's brother. His father had been a good, kind man but with no genius for making money, yet his death was a sad blow for his helpless flock. Intelligent and sympathetic, his pure life had been a great moral force in the home. The actual work for each child would be no harder now than it had been, perhaps; the great woe of it was that each must go his own way, alone. Alexander knew that he should not be strong enough for farm work. He hoped to obtain education sufficient to enable him to become a merchant's clerk. For nearly a year, by means of

the pittance left by his father, he attended school, and then at fifteen regretfully bade good-by to the schoolroom and carried home his books. The next week he was to set forth. He meant to go to a neighboring town and seek a place in a store.

Sabbath morning, with a heavy heart, he started for his last day in the Sunday-school class. The superintendent, Mr. Mills, asked how he was prospering in his studies.

"I have finished school," was the low answer.

"What are you going to do?"

"Try to find a place in a store, and save some money, if I can, for further study."

Mr. Mills asked whether he would not like to go to college, and study Latin.

If a great hope stole into the lad's heart for a moment, he resolutely put it away. "I should like it," he said quickly, "but I have no means."

And then came the unexpected words:

"I will lend you the money."

Alexander was too astonished to accept the proposal. He said, at last, that he would talk the matter over with his uncle and aunt. He went home

heart and brain in a tumult. The uncle said little. The aunt argued how much he could accomplish in the world with an education; she said he ought to accept at once, thankfully. She made the boy a few new clothes, freshened up his old ones, and with a woman's enthusiasm encouraged him, as he started into the untried life.

Young Alexander pondered much the first few days. He could not bear to be dependent but since it seemed to be needful, he would strive to make friends, to be manly, to give Mr. Mills reasons to be proud of him. The Sabbath-school had turned his mind toward the pleasures and benefits of reading, furnished him a benefactor, and opened his way, perhaps, toward usefulness and greatness. Doubtless years after when, as Horace Greeley said, Stephens stood the most eloquent man in Congress, he would have said with Senator Frelinghuysen: "*To go from the Sunday-school to the Senate of the United States, I consider no promotion.*"

College life covered a happy, joyous period in the life of this earnest Southern boy. He boarded with a clergyman by the name of Webster, who,

he afterwards learned, had made the suggestion to Mr. Mills to advance the money for his education; and so fond did he become of this man that he adopted his middle name, and ever after wrote his own, Alexander *Hamilton* Stephens.

His first Latin book was *Historiæ Sacræ*, and here his Bible study so helped him, that he soon stood at the head of his class. He became exceedingly popular with both his instructors and his fellow-students. A letter to a friend shows how well he deserved it:

During the four years that I spent at college, I was never absent from roll-call without a good excuse; was never fined; and, to the best of my belief, never had a demerit mark against me. No one in my class, at any examination, ever got a better circular than I did. . . . . In my rooms we talked, laughed, told stories, more than in any room in college. But there was never any dissipation in it; neither liquor nor cards were ever introduced; nor were indecent stories or jests ever allowed. I "treated" as much in the way of fruit, melons, and nicknacks in season as any other boy in college; and yet my average annual expenses were only two hundred and five dollars. Tobacco was not on my list. What I saved in hats, shoes and clothes, I spent in this

way. It was not to gain popularity, only to give pleasure to those about me.

These are helpful suggestions to boys that have an ambition to stand well with their fellows, while they also push ahead, and a boy without ambitions rarely comes to true greatness.

College days ended at last, and now came the struggle with the world. Everybody comes to this struggle in one way or another. Perhaps it is to secretly overcome various temptations; perhaps it is to openly earn bread; perhaps to patiently seek chances to earn.

Young Stephens had already engaged as assistant in an academy. Teachers, patrons, students, were strangers to him. He missed the college friendships. The work wore upon his nerves. He had no money and was of course in debt for his education. He walked his two miles in the early morning before the principal was awake. He wrote in his journal:

In these walks, I poured forth my griefs to myself, and often wept. . . . . A classmate called to see me and

told me in a jocular way of a pleasure trip to the Springs, which had cost him from five hundred to one thousand dollars. Little did he know my feelings at the relation. They were those of a destitute child, almost starving, yet too proud to beg or steal.

He was a fine teacher because he was naturally a good disciplinarian and was also genuinely interested in the progress of his pupils; but at the end of four months, with broken health, he accepted a position in a private school.

Ah! But we have indeed, to relate that there was another reason for his leaving, untold for forty years, and then only to a single friend. In his school was a girl of charming disposition, whom he could not help but love. He had reason to believe that she was equally fond of him. Poor, with no profession, so frail in body and health, with death as he thought in the near future, he could not ask her to be his wife. Neither could he stay where she was, and see her day after day; so crushing all the new and inspiring helps of a pure affection, he hastened away, travelling all night, breaking his own heart, to render her prospects in

life brighter, he believed, than he could hope to make them.

In the private school there were thirteen pupils, for whose tuition he was to receive five hundred dollars yearly. Ignoring his fragile health, he admitted several poor lads to the school, without charge, remembering his own longing for an education. The next year, so much did his patrons like him, he was offered a salary of fifteen hundred dollars; but his health completely failed, and he was obliged to return home.

What now was before him? A little money remained to him and he resolved to study law as soon as he should become stronger. Some of the townspeople "made fun" of this resolution; he was so small and boyish — he weighed but seventy pounds.

This stung him to the quick, but he wrote in his journal:

My soul is bent upon success in my profession.

You will see he conquered by resolution; not by chance, nor by dash, but as Wellington and Napo-

leon and Washington and Grant conquered — by the steady exertion of an iron will. And says he:

No one can imagine how I worked, how I delved, how I labored over books. Often I spent the whole night over a law book, and went to bed as the dawn of day was streaking the east.

He was too, by nature, ambitious. He wrote:

I have a restlessness of spirit and ambition of soul which are urging me on. My desires do not stop short of the highest places of distinction. I feel the ragings of ambition like the sudden burst of the long smothered flames of a volcano.

He longed, too, for companionship. "I do wish I had an associate — a bosom confidant, whose tastes and views were similar to my own, and whose business and pursuits were the same," he said once; but the student did not find him, and he turned and bent himself to his solitary work.

The day for examination came, a hot July day, under a Southern sun. He was nervous, anxious. But when it was over, the chief lawyers declared they had never witnessed a better examination,

and the leading lawyer of the county offered him a partnership, which he declined because he loved the old home and determined to succeed there.

The first step had been successfully taken; but still he knew that for days and weeks he might not have a case, or an item of legal business. He was living most frugally on six dollars a month! But the young lawyer who had his first opening into a fair future from the Sunday-school, did not forget to whom to look for help; for we find in his journal, July 24:

> And now, in the beginning, I do make a fervent prayer that He who made me and all things, and who has heretofore abundantly blessed and favored me, and to whom I wish to be grateful for all His mercies, may continue them toward His unworthy servant; that He may so overrule my whole course that a useful success may attend all my efforts.

The next week he attended court some distance away. He walked ten miles to the house of his uncle, carrying his saddle-bags on his shoulders, and there borrowed a horse for the rest of the journey. When near the town, he stopped in a pine forest, changed his travel-stained clothes for

a pair of white cotton trousers which might pass for linen, and appeared among his brother lawyers, fresh and trim, only able, however, to tarry one day. For his first address in court he received the munificent sum of two dollars in silver!

But presently came his first real case, where a mother asked the restoration of her child which had been stolen from her by its grandfather. The Court House and yard were full of people. The boyish lawyer was unknown and uncared for, but he had not only carefully thought out his arguments, but had declaimed them on a lonely hillside. He spoke with all the pathos, tenderness and conviction of one who having lost a mother, intuitively knows the depth and power of a mother's love and her desolation when she is bereaved. His great brown eyes filled with tears, his voice quivered. Even the five judges wept, as they restored the child to its mother, and "little Aleck Stephens" took his rank as one of the first orators of Georgia. Some one there remarked that "Stephens would go to Congress in ten years;" but he went before the time they prophesied.

But you may be sure that the honor came through resolution and work. He wrote to his warm friend, Richard M. Johnston, who has published a valuable biography of Mr. Stephens:

> My time was occupied almost constantly on week-days in reading, studying and office business. I never lounged about with village crowds.

At twenty-four, he was elected to the State Legislature. Here he spoke rarely; but whenever he did he commanded attention by his eloquence and by his knowledge of his subject. The next year he was prostrated by illness — consumption was feared. However, he rallied, and five years later, he was elected to the State Senate.

Meanwhile he was sending his half-brother, Linton, through college, loving him almost with a mother's tenderness, and writing most frequently. He tells him:

> No day passes but you are in my mind, and you do not escape from my dreams by night.

And then he gives wise counsel:

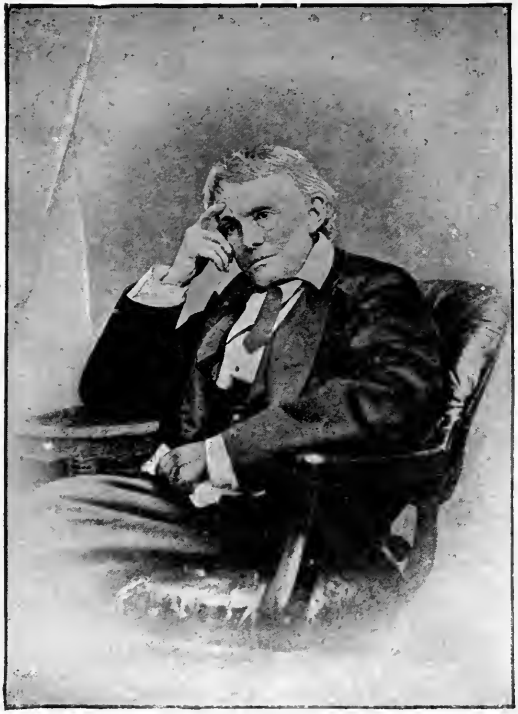
Always look up; think of nothing but objects of the highest ambition which can be compassed by energy, virtue, and strict morality. In all things do nothing on which you could not invoke the divine blessing. Never condescend to notice small offenses. Be above them.

Again he writes him:

To be a scholar requires energy, resolution, time, self-denial, patience and ambition. He that possesses them can control not only his own destiny, but that of others.

Alexander Stephens had now reached the age of thirty-one. His college debts were paid and he was helping others as he had been helped. Persuasive in speech, profound in argument, Georgia had sent him to the Congress of the United States. He had no money to buy votes, no influential friends to help, but his genius and his moral character, winning the people, won the position. He could now turn back to his journal where he wrote years before, "My soul is bent upon success," and write after it, "I have succeeded."

In Congress, Mr. Stephens took fearless positions upon all great questions. At one time he



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

incurred the displeasure of several Southern politicians by opposing the acquisition of California and New Mexico, and Judge Cone called him a traitor. Mr. Stephens was aroused, and threatened "to slap his face." Demanding a retraction of the threat, Cone met him on a hotel piazza, threw the man scarcely half his size to the floor, and thrust a dirk knife eighteen times into his body, one gash coming within the sixteenth of an inch of his heart. Once, as the knife was aimed at his throat, Mr. Stephens grasped it in his hand, which was literally cut to pieces. He recovered, against the expectations of everybody, and years after, looking at his withered hand, said, "Poor Cone! I'm sure he'd be sorry if he knew what trouble I have to write with these stiff fingers of mine."

For sixteen years, much of the time a great sufferer, Mr. Stephens continued his honorable and brilliant record in Congress. Meantime the question of Slavery had become an all-important issue. Naturally believing that slavery was legal and righteous, from his life-long education and habits, he yet fought earnestly against the secession of any

State from the Union. However, when Georgia would follow the example of South Carolina, he felt it his duty to stand by the State which had so long honored him with important trusts. He was made Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, yet so anxious was he that a reconciliation should be brought about, that he, with two other Southern men, met President Lincoln and Secretary Seward at Hampton Roads in 1865, for a conference; but no terms could be agreed upon. At the downfall of the Confederacy, when urged to go abroad rather than be imprisoned and perhaps executed, he replied, "I would rather die in this country than live in any other. I will remain and accept whatever fate has in store for me."

He was soon after taken, a prisoner, to Fort Warren, Boston, where he remained some months, treated, however, with kindness and respect; for the North heartily honored a man who could say, "*I never departed from principles* — I NEVER SHALL." He was above bribery. "When I went to Congress," he said, "I made a covenant with myself, signing it the day before I took the oath of office:

'Except my pay, I will never make a dollar in Washington, while a member of Congress.' I have collected for others, I suppose, half a million of dollars, and I would never take a cent of it."

While in Washington, a lady called upon the great lawyer, asking his aid to save an imperilled estate belonging to herself and three daughters. He befriended her, chivalrously, and when she offered to pay him, he refused it, but reminded her of having given a "cup of cold water" on an August day to a lad who was walking forty miles to college! She was astonished to learn that the weary lad and the famous lawyer were the same person.

During all these years of anxiety and excitement he wrote almost daily to Linton. Now it is of mighty matters of State, now he tells of the illness and death of his pet dog, Rio:

He sleeps at my feet in the day [Mr. Stephens was ill], and at night before I go up stairs to bed. . . . . During the night he repeats his visit several times. Poor fellow, he is blind. He barks incessantly if I leave him. He keeps close after me and follows the sound of my feet. I usu-

ally carry a cane, and let that drag along behind, for him to hear it more distinctly than he can my tread. I find more pleasure in thus exercising Rio, and witnessing the pleasure it affords him, than I ever did in the enjoyment of all the honors this world has ever seen fit to bestow upon me. . . . . It is all over with poor old Rio. His strength failed just at my room door, then he fell and died without any struggle. He lay in the library all night. Next day he was put into a box or coffin, and buried in the garden. Over his grave I shed a tear, as I did over him frequently as I saw nature failing.

After the war he wrote his *Constitutional History of the Rebellion;* it was able and candid. He received from the sales, thirty-five thousand dollars. Four years of this time, afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, he did not leave his house. He wrote often in great pain, while propped up in his bed by pillows. Invited now to the Professorship of Political Science and History in the University of Georgia, he was obliged to decline. But during this seclusion at his home in Georgia, which he called Liberty Hall, "because," said he, "I do as I please and all my guests are expected to do the same," he had five law students in his office, to

whom he made no charge either for books or instruction. During his life he aided over one hundred and twenty young men and women to go through college, a large number of whom entered the ministry.

And now came a great personal trial in the death of his brother Linton, who had become a prominent lawyer. Mr. Stephens said bitterly, "The light of my life is extinguished. Why am I here hobbling about and Linton gone?"

He was soon after elected to the United States Senate. None of us who have seen him seated in his chair on wheels before the Speaker's desk — for he could not walk, save with two crutches and but feebly with them — will ever forget that pale sad face, those clear, brilliant eyes; his great mind and his emaciated body. When Carpenter's picture "Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation," was given to the Government by the beneficence of a woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, who paid twenty-five thousand dollars for it, he who had been the Vice-President of the slave-holding States, was asked to make an address in conjunction with

General Garfield; and eloquently did he speak of Abraham Lincoln, and of the future of a reunited country.

Yet once again Georgia longed to show her pride in her favorite son; and in 1883 he was made Governor. Savannah soon celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the coming of Oglethorpe, and Mr. Stephens, now seventy-one seated in his chair, brought in glowing review the history of the State, before the assembled thousands. But the effort, the excitement, the enthusiasm, was too much, and on March 4, he died at the Executive Mansion. Governor Stephen's last official act, after fifty years of service, was to grant a pardon.

Nearly eighty thousand persons gathered to look upon the beloved leader as he lay in state, at the Capitol. The flowers brought by friends covered numerous tables, and the roller-chair, now vacant, was hung and cushioned with their beautiful bloom. Throngs of the colored people walked many miles to look upon the man who had always treated them with protective kindness. A dozen bands played

the "Dead March" and thirty military companies headed the procession, two miles long, to the grave. At sunset they laid the Governor to rest, and just as one bright star came out, the great, silent company departed.

The general mourning, the sense of loss and bereavement will linger with the present generation. The people at large loved him! The small man was their hero. He furnished them with an ideal. His kindness could no more be hidden than the sun. Like the sun, it shone for all. Some one said to him, "Governor, I am told you keep a room for tramps at Liberty Hall."

The reply was characteristic: "Yes; I feel it my duty to try to make everybody as happy as I can."

X.—THOMAS A. EDISON.

ONLY a few are remembered in the history of a nation; these, because they have been associated with some great event, or have given forth some thought helpful to the world, or have called into form some universal benefit. The name of Lincoln shall endure because he freed four millions of human beings; the name of Faraday, who though elected to seventy scientific societies, and offered nearly a hundred titles, said he "would remain plain Michael Faraday to the last;" of Morse, because he rendered the telegraph practical, after years of disheartening hindrances; of Stephenson, because he wedded nations by his railroads; and of Edison — he already ranks as one of the world's few great and original inventors.

Like Garfield, like Grant, General Sherman, Howells, and many another prominent man, Thomas

Alva Edison comes from Ohio. Like the majority of those who have gained renown, his life has been a battle with poverty; one long work-day, with little recreation, no leisure. He was born February 11, 1847, in Milan. In this small canal town there was nothing whatever to inspire a boy with dreams of usefulness and greatness; yes, he had one help — a loving and ambitious mother. She had been a conscientious schoolteacher; and for her son, her chief desire was that he should love and long for knowledge. His mind was quick, inquiring, experimental, dwelling upon detail. One evening it is humorously related that the parents missed their six-year-old boy. Search was made everywhere. At last, he was found in the barn, sitting on a nest of goose eggs, his dress-skirt spread out to keep them warm, in the hope of hatching some goslings. He had placed food near by, that he might remain as long as need be at his task. He had witnessed, it seems, the surprising results obtained by the sitting of the mother-goose, and saw no reason why he could not accomplish the same. To his regret, the nest was broken up by his amazed

parents, and the young incubator quickly transferred to the house.

He had only two months at a regular school. His father and mother were his teachers, the former paying him for every book he read, in order to encourage him. The boy needed little stimulus, however, for he devoured every volume which came within his reach. At ten he was deep in Gibbon's *Rome*, Hume's *England*, Sear's *History of the World*, the *Penny Encyclopædia*, and had also read several books on chemistry. Especially did he enjoy reading of great men and their deeds. His play was in the direction of building plank roads, digging caves, and exploring the banks of the canal.

At twelve it became necessary for him to go out into the world to earn for himself; a mere child, he was; but all the same he must encounter roughness and selfishness in the eager rush for money. He obtained a place as train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad in Central Michigan; selling apples, peanuts, song books and papers. With his sunny face and his natural insight into business, he soon succeeded to an extent that he had four

boys working under him, in the fig, vegetable ivory, and prize candy trade.

This was not sufficient to occupy his energies, however. He had not lost his interest in chemistry. He found or made an opportunity to exchange some of his papers for retorts and other simple apparatus, and to procure a copy of Fresenius's *Qualitative Analysis*, and then he proceeded to turn an old baggage-car into a laboratory. Here he used every spare moment in experiments, which were much to his wonder and delight. For fear that somebody might touch his chemicals, every bottle was labeled "Poison."

Another business was soon added to our train-boy's list. Three hundred pounds of old type were purchased from the *Detroit Free Press*, and with a little knowledge of printing, gained by using his eyes when buying his papers, he started a brand-new three-cent paper, called the *Grand Trunk Herald*. This journal was twelve by sixteen inches in size, and it was filled with railway gossip, changes and general information all likely to be of use or interest to travellers. The literary matter was contri-

buted by baggage men and brakemen. So popular did it become, that George Stephenson, builder of the great tubular bridge at Montreal, ordered an extra edition for his own use. The London *Times* spoke of it as the only journal in the world printed on a railway train.

These enterprises came to grief in a singular manner. The jolting of the car tumbled a bottle of phosphorus to the floor, setting the compartment on fire. Of course all was in confusion, at once. The conductor rushed in, threw all the chemicals and type out of the car, and gave the young chemist a "thrashing." A "sadder but a wiser" boy, he gathered up the few scattered materials which remained and put them in the basement of his father's house at Port Huron, Mich., whither the family had moved.

In a short time, however, he was issuing another small journal, called *The Paul Pry*, but larger and finer than the *Herald*. Soon a contributed article gave great offence to a subscriber. The indignant man shortly after met the editor on the margin of the St. Clair River, and without ceremony, picked

him up and threw him in. Being a good swimmer, Thomas safely found his way out, but with his ardor for editorial pursuits forever dampened. During the four years in which he was train-boy, he had earned two thousand dollars, giving it all to his parents. He had slept at home nights, a great help for any boy in keeping his good habits. At the Detroit end of the line, as often as possible, he had visited the library, at one time making the laughable decision to read all the thousand of volumes in course, just as they ranged on the shelves. After reading a space fifteen feet in length, which included Newton's *Principia*, Ure's *Scientific Dictionaries*, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, he concluded that a man must needs live to the age of Methuselah to read a library through, and he gave up the plan. He now took up *Les Miserables*, which he has read a dozen times since then, Jules Verne, and whatever especially pleased him — a natural rebound.

During the early part of our civil war, when he was fifteen, he conceived the idea of telegraphing the head lines of his papers to the next station, that by thus whetting the appetite, passengers would

be led to buy. It was not only a good business scheme, but it served to develop more and more his interest in the wonders of the telegraph. He finally bought a standard work on electricity, and presently the basement of the Port Huron house had other attractions and recreations than a printing press. Common stove pipe wire was strung across and out of the room, connecting with the residence of a boy friend. This wire was insulated with bottles placed on nails driven into trees. The magnets used were old wire wound with rags, with a piece of brass serving as key. If the other children had been like the irrepressible Thomas, the Port Huron house would not have held them, but the mother, proud of anything that looked toward knowledge in action, counted neither old bottles, lines of wire, nor presses as nuisances.

And now an act of heroism made a turning point in his life. The station agent who was also the operator, at Mount Clemens, near Port Huron, had a little boy two years old, who one day crept on the track before the incoming train. Quick as thought, young Edison rushed on the scene,

and, periling his own life, of course, saved that of the child. In gratitude, the father offered to teach the boy the art of telegraphy. This seemed a great boon, and after laboring all day, each night on reaching home, Edison would return on the freight train to Mount Clemens to study at his new work. In five months, though hardly sixteen, he became operator at Port Huron at six dollars and a quarter a week. Here he worked almost night and day, perfecting himself in his delightful employment. He took hold of each detail with a will, and labored so patiently and constantly, that his devoted and encouraged mother might well dare to say that the world would hear from her boy sometime. All in six months, he was at work in Canada, in Adrian, in Fort Wayne, in Indianapolis; at the latter place, though not yet seventeen, he invented his first telegraph instrument, and automatic repeater, which always has been considered an important achievement for one so young. We next find him at Cincinnati, and at Memphis, caring little for dress, liked by his associates, but dubbed "luny," because absorbed in experiments which were con-

sidered impracticable. His services were finally dispensed with, as they had been several times before, on account of his having "such a thinking mind!"

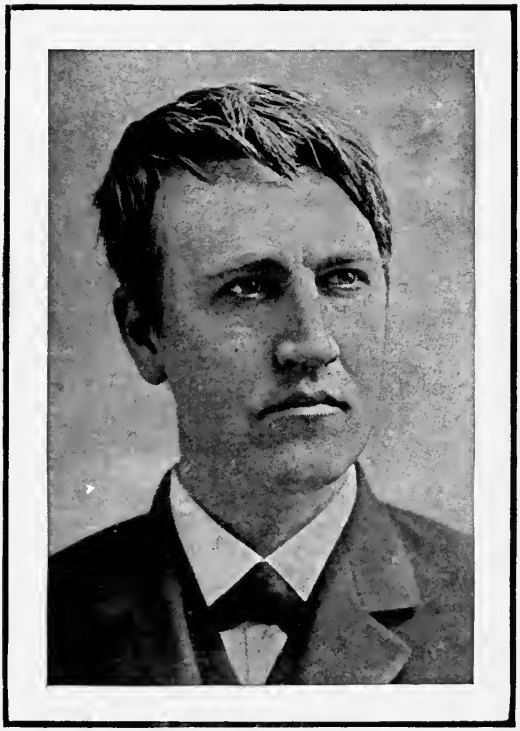
Without money, and scantily clad, he took his way to Louisville, walking much of the journey, probably with no very cheerful thoughts about the encouragement given to inventors. Here he remained two or three years, till an unfortunate accident ended his connection with the firm. Under the new telegraph rooms was an elegant bank. One night, in his experimenting, he tipped over a whole carboy of sulphuric acid, which ran through the floor, spoiling the ceiling, the brussels carpet, and the handsome furniture. At once another man was engaged, one who would try no experiments!

Wending his way again to Cincinnati, he soon lost the place he there obtained, because he spent too much time in the Mechanics' Library, poring over books on electricity. At twenty-one, being really a skilful operator, he secured a position in Boston; but he presently abandoned it thinking he

could make more money in inventions, and opened a little shop. He was always hoping for good things, but, for a long time, the good things did not come. He made a chemical vote-recording apparatus, but the Massachusetts Legislature did not adopt it. He developed various inventions and improvements, but for lack of money, they were not successful. Still he kept on thinking. Invited to speak before a company, he forgot the appointment, and when called for, was at the top of a house putting up a telegraph line. He went directly from his work, and was abashed to find himself in the presence of a room full of elegant ladies, but he was familiar with his subject, and spoke impressively. This shifting life, the constant struggle to make of use the thoughts within him, was wearing. He was restless, too. He resolved to try New York. Here for three weeks, he walked the streets looking for work, penniless and despondent. Nobody wanted an experimenting operator! Many would have given up in despair, but only those win who persevere. By chance, he stepped into the office of the Gold Reporting Tel-

egraph Company. Their instrument was out of order. His offer to repair it was received with incredulity, but he was permitted to try. He succeeded, and was at once given an excellent position. Shakespeare says: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;" and this tide had come to our inventor at twenty-three. Henceforward there were to be no discharges for "luny" experiments. Henceforward the world was to sing his praises, and fortune was to pour into his lap a half million dollars in the next ten years; the results of his "thinkings."

The Western Union Telegraph and the Gold and Stock Companies paid him a handsome salary, with the provision that they might have the first opportunity to buy any of his inventions. A large electrical manufacturing establishment was opened with this in view at Newark, N. J. With his force of three hundred men, he soon had forty-five inventions and improvements in hand, and was described by the United States Patent Commissioner as "the young man who kept the pathway to the Patent Office hot with his footsteps."



THOMAS A. EDISON.

For some time, it had been a dream of his to perfect the duplex system of telegraphing. He believed that two messages could be sent at the same time over the same wire — a plan which the world had heartily laughed at. But now, to the astonishment of everybody, he invented the quadruplex system by which *four* messages go at *once* over the same wire! The world ceased to laugh, and woke up to the fact that the very troublesome young experimentor was "not only the greatest inventor of the age, but a discoverer as well;" in fact, that the Grand Trunk train-boy was a genius!

When he was twenty-six, a new force came into his life, a love for an intelligent, sweet-tempered girl, Mary Stillwell of Newark. There was no time for a wedding journey, only an hour or two for a quiet ceremony, and then the thinker went back to his shop to work far into the night. A friend returning from the Western Union Telegraph office in New York, seeing a light in the laboratory, climbed the stairs. "Hello!" said he. "What are you doing here this late? aren't you going home?"

"What time is it?" asked Edison.

"Midnight, easy enough. Come along."

"I *must* go home then. I was married to-day," was the reply of the man as absent-minded as Sir Isaac Newton, who is said to have stirred the ashes in his pipe with the finger of his lady love, who refused him in consequence.

Three years later he removed to Menlo Park, a barren place, twenty-four miles from New York, where he hoped to work in quiet, which however was not permitted him; and he remarked jocularly to a friend: "I am considering the idea of fixing a wire connecting with a battery that knocks over everybody that touches the gate." And yet, with a pleasant smile, he gave kindly explanations to any one really desirous to understand his work. Sometimes his listeners were intelligent; sometimes stupid. Once after he had explained the telephone most carefully, the visitor said, "Yes, I comprehend perfectly; simple enough. I understand it all, except how the sound gets out again!"

"You can imagine how I felt," says Mr. Edison. "I gave him up."

At Menlo Park he built a laboratory twenty-eight feet by one hundred, and filled it with batteries, magnets, etc., the machinery run by an eighty horse power engine — the Port Huron basement on a larger and grander scale.

Here all the world came to see the wonderful phonograph, the "talking machine," into which a person can sing or speak, and by turning a handle, the same tune or words be reproduced; a blunt steel pen or stylus is made to press against a sheet of tin foil by the vibrations of a plate set in motion by the voice; when the pen is replaced at the end of the groove which it has traversed, the sound is given out again. Of this instrument, Edison says: "I have invented a great many machines, but this is *my baby*, and I expect it to grow up and support me in my old age."

Here too was the carbon telephone, used in various parts of the United States; the tasimeter, which measures the heat even of the far-away stars; the aerophone, by which the sound of the voice is magnified two hundred and fifty times; the electric pen for multiplying copies of letters and drawings,

over sixty thousand now in use in this country; the automatic telegraph, which permits the transmission over a single wire of several thousand words per minute; the incandescent electric light — all these inventions and many others were at the great wonder house at Menlo Park.

The public interest centres now in the electric light, called Mr. Edison's "crowning discovery." The first method of illumination by electricity was by the voltaic arc, discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy; the electric current passing between two carbon points. In 1862 Faraday introduced the electric light into a British lighthouse. The second method was an arch, inside of a glass globe, brought to white heat by the friction of an electric current. Drexel, Morgan and Co., New York bankers, and some others, put one hundred thousand dollars in Mr. Edison's hands, that he might experiment to make the light of practical use. He is said to have tried two thousand substances before deciding upon fibres of bamboo for the arch in the vacuum of his glass globe. As the United States has four hundred million dollars invested in gas,

and England five hundred million, the wealth in this light of the future will be seen readily. In ten cotton factories in Fall River, Mass., forty-five hundred Edison lights are used, much to the joy of the workers, where gas-heated rooms formerly injured sight and health. Over sixty thousand lamps are now in use, burning six hundred hours before the bamboo is replaced by a new one.

Perhaps most interesting of all is Mr. Edison himself, who has been called the Wizard of Menlo Park. Five feet ten inches high, with boyish but earnest face, light gray eyes, his dark hair slightly gray falling over his forehead, his hat tipped to the back of his head, as he goes ardently to his work, which has averaged eighteen hours a day for ten years, he is indeed a pleasant man to see. You perceive he is not the man to be daunted by obstacles. When one of his inventions failed — a printing machine — he took five men into the loft of his factory, declaring he would never come down till it worked satisfactorily. For two days, and nights and twelve hours — sixty hours in all, he worked continuously without sleep, until he had

conquered the difficulty; and then he slept for thirty hours. He often works all night, thinking best, he says, when the rest of the world sleeps.

He is the very embodiment of concentration and perseverance. When developing his automatic telegraph, says his friend:

> Edison sat with a pile of chemistries and chemical books that were five feet high when they stood on the floor, and laid one upon the other. He had ordered them from New York and London and Paris. He studied them night and day. He ate at the desk and slept in the chair. In six weeks he had gone through the books, written a volume of abstracts, made two thousand experiments on the formulas, and had produced a solution — the only one in the world — that would do the very thing he wanted done — record over two hundred words a minute on a wire two hundred and fifty miles long. He has since succeeded in recording thirty-one hundred words a minute.

Yet with all this devotion to work, he greatly enjoys fun. He said one day to his old friend of whom he learned telegraphing, Mr. Mackensie, "Look here — I am able to send a message from New York to Boston without any wire at all."

"That is impossible."

"Oh! no. It's a new invention."

"Well, how is it done?" asked Mr. Mackensie.

"By sealing it up and sending by mail," was the comical answer.

He cares nothing for display, and when tendered a public dinner, declined, saying, that, "one hundred thousand dollars would not tempt him to sit through two hours of personal glorification." In his home, he finds his recreation, with his family to which he is devotedly attached; one child, Mary Estelle, is nicknamed "Dot," and another, Thomas Alva Edison, Jr., "Dash."

But this modest man has received honors from all the world. At the great Electrical Exposition at Paris in 1881, two salons were devoted to his inventions; these halls were lighted, as well as several others, by his beautiful lamps. The Royal Society of London has exhibited his works with pride. Union College has made him Doctor of Philosophy. From scientists he receives over one hundred and fifty letters daily, in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Turkish.

Already he has taken out several hundred patents and is as enthusiastic, as absorbed, in his work as ever. Only middle-aged, his life seems but just ripening into its wonderful fruitage. Electric engines are much in his thought. He said recently, "Anything is possible with electricity. A new discovery may be made any day."

That Mr. Edison has genius nobody will deny; but probably he would have accomplished little without his broad reading, and well nigh unparalleled devotion to work.

XI. — DR. WM. T. G. MORTON.

WHEN William Murdock, of Birmingham, invented lighting by gas, he was ridiculed all England over. After using gas satisfactorily in his own house and shop, the lighting of a town was suggested, but Sir Humphrey Davy scornfully inquired whether it was intended "to take the dome of St. Paul for a gas-holder!" And when the subject was brought before Parliament, one of the members exclaimed, "Do you mean to tell me that it will be possible to have a light *without a wick?*"

"Yes, I do, indeed," said Murdock.

"Ah, my friend," replied the educated legislator, "you are trying to prove too much!"

And when gas pipes were first placed in the House of Commons, the members put their gloved hands very carefully upon them, supposing that the

gas passed along the iron tubes, on fire. No patent was obtained for the invention, Boulton and Watt, whose works Murdock superintended, being overwhelmed with their own lawsuits over the steam engine, and too busy to assist him. He died unrewarded for his great discovery.

When Doctor Edward Jenner of England, first discovered vaccination, and after many satisfactory experiments had been made upon his own little six-year-old son, the medical societies forbade his speculations upon the subject at their regular meetings under pain of expulsion, refused to try his process, accused him of an attempt to "bestialize" men because the vaccine was taken from a cow, and many clergymen pronounced it "diabolical." A few years after, when the method became popular, and Parliament voted him fifty thousand dollars for his boon to humanity, small-pox having been a dreaded scourge heretofore, and one hundred thousand dollars later — then several physicians claimed the honor of its discovery themselves!

Similar, in many respects, reads the history of another of the greatest benefactors of our race, the

man who discovered anæsthesia, or a way to render persons insensible to pain while undergoing surgical operations or in other form. In hospitals and on battle-fields, a few years ago, when limbs were cut off, the patients often died in the excruciating agony. Now, this dread aspect of human woe is changed. Under the influence of ether, pain is not felt.

For *this* blessed alleviation, the world still owes a great debt to Dr. Wm. T. G. Morton, an American physician, whose life was the same pathetic, heroic struggle as that of most thinkers and inventors.

Born in the little village of Charlton, Mass., August 9, 1819, Willie Morton, as he was called, a sunny affectionate lad, passed his early life like other New England farmer-boys, tapping maple-trees in the sugar orchard, mowing hay, shearing sheep, and getting such education as the town afforded. His mind seemed naturally to turn toward medicine, his young mates calling him "doctor," because he experimented upon them with bread pills, carrying them about in little vials made from elder branches. This

early practice soon came to an inglorious end, when he nearly caused the death of his baby sister, by administering his "medicine" when she lay asleep in her cradle, whereupon he was severely administered to in another manner.

His father, always feeling keenly his own lack of collegiate education, determined that his son should have opportunities for study, and, at thirteen, sent him to Oxford Academy, where he made his home with a well-known physician. Here he could spend his leisure in poring over medical books, and in talking to Doctor Pierce of the pleasure he should some day have in his profession. The grave man would shake his head and say, "You hardly know what you talk about, and how hard I have to work." Later, he went to Leicester, using all his time in an eager search for knowledge; while other boys were deep in the sports natural to their years, he was peering and pounding among the rocks for minerals, or studying natural history.

It was when he was at Leicester that there came the first great sorrow of his life. His father, in an unfortunate business partnership, lost his money,

and as a consequence William, at seventeen, must abandon his plans for an education, and at once go out into the world to earn his daily bread. This to a boy whose one ambition was study and research was a test-trial of the elements in his character.

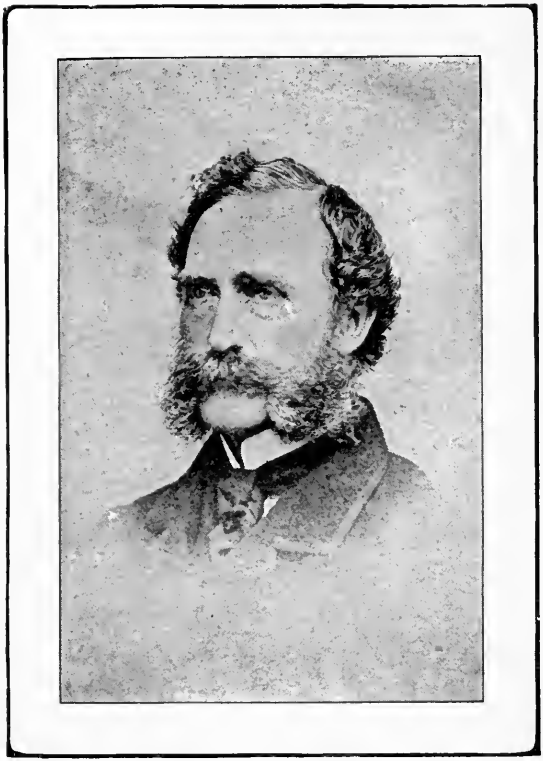
And then, what could he do! His mother, a woman of unusual practical good sense set out with him for Boston. There she succeeded in placing him in the publishing house of Mr. James B. Dow, a man of sterling integrity. As was the custom at the time, the boy lived in his employer's family. Mrs. Dow, a noble woman, tried to make him contented, but he was so genuinely homesick that at last, fearing for his health, as it seemed impossible to overcome his despondency, he was returned to his father's house, where he remained for some time, learning as he had opportunity, and saving as much as he could for future schooling.

About the time he reached his twenty-first year, a college of dental surgery was opened in Baltimore. Other young men had made money in the practice of dentistry; perhaps he could earn enough, should he learn this business, to carry him through

a medical course. For eighteen months he studied diligently, using a small sum of money left him by an aunt, and then boldly opened an office in Boston, where he made many friends, and did his work well.

Two years of earnest labor passed, and then from Farmington, Conn., one of the prettiest towns in New England, he brought a lovely bride of eighteen, Elizabeth Whitman, to share thereafter with beautiful devotion, his struggles and his fame. It was about this time also, that he entered the Medical School of Harvard University. At last, eight years after his school life had been so rudely broken up, he had reached the goal of his hopes.

With what delight he attended clinics in the wards of the Massachusetts General Hospital is well remembered by many; and it is recorded by Ben: Perley Poore, the journalist, that such was his devotion to his profession, that "a skeleton was kept in his bridal chamber, and that rising long before sunrise, he used to prepare himself for the anatomical studies of the coming day." Late in the evening, he would be found last at the dissecting tables.



DR. WM. T. G. MORTON.

His sympathetic nature shrunk from the agony he had often to witness in the hospital. He asked himself a thousand times if nothing could be found to deaden pain. One day in applying sulphuric ether to a sensitive tooth of one of his patients, he observed that the surrounding parts became benumbed. At once he began to question whether the whole body could or could not be benumbed in some manner. But how, with safety! Sir Benjamin Brodie, a well-known scientist abroad, had written, "I have given ether to guinea-pigs, and it killed them!"

The young medical student determined to experiment upon — himself. If he died, the world would at least only say, "he was foolish." It took courage of a high order to mix, in the interests of science and humanity, morphine, opium and ether in a retort, put a hot towel around it, and slowly inhale it. But headaches so terrible resulted, that he was obliged to discontinue experiments for a time. Like James Watt when working upon his engine, he scarcely knew whether he ate or slept; now experimenting with animals, and then again upon himself with pure ether. Finally, so firm became his faith in the knowl-

edge he believed himself to have gained, that he calmly soaked his own handkerchief in this liquid that killed guinea-pigs and deliberately placed it over his mouth and nostrils. As regards the natural question as to whether he would ever come out of the sleep into which he knew he must enter, he said afterward :

I looked at my watch, then soon lost consciousness. As I recovered, I felt a numbness in my limbs with a sensation like nightmare, and would have given the world for some one to come and arouse me. I thought for a moment I should die in that state, and that the world would only pity or ridicule my folly. . . Gradually I regained power over my limbs and full consciousness. I immediately looked at my watch, and found that I had been insensible between seven and eight minutes.

The young student was overjoyed at the result, and impatient now to try the effect upon others. Toward evening, September 30, 1846, a man came into the office nearly frantic with toothache, and ready to try anything in his pain ; he inhaled the ether, and the tooth was removed before he was conscious of it. Young Morton was now fully confi-

dent that he had found the great "pain destroyer" of the world, and he at once began to consider how he should bring the knowledge to the public use. He wished that he might give one trial before the renowned physicians at the Massachusetts General Hospital. How else would they believe that a young student had found that for which learned men in all ages had been seeking — an annihilator of pain? And yet, what if by any possibility the experiment should prove a failure, and he should meet with ridicule? What if, indeed, the patient should die, and he be arrested and thrown into prison?

He called upon Doctor Warren, the senior surgeon, who expressed much interest; he said he had always hoped for the discovery, and that he would immediately give an opportunity for the test upon one of the inmates of the hospital. As the time drew near, young Morton applied himself night and day to continued investigation and continued test, and to the perfection of his instruments for inhalation. The night previous to the experiment at the hospital, he worked till four o'clock in the morning, to make sure that all was in readiness. His young

wife of nineteen, who had watched every step in the progress of the discovery, was unable to sleep from her anxiety, and she met him as he came home, and implored him for the sake of herself and her little son, to give up the engagement. "You will ruin yourself;" she said. "You will be the subject of universal ridicule." He playfully rallied her failing courage, and then with solemnity and in tones of assurance said, "I will not fail. To-morrow the world will greet my success." With a reassured heart, but sleepless, she waited, while he, saying he had but two hours to sleep, almost immediately fell into profound slumber. At six he arose, and without breakfast, hastened to the instrument-maker's, and thence to the hospital. The large amphitheatre was filled with distinguished surgeons, physicians, students and others invited to witness a difficult surgical operation to be undergone without pain. The patient, a young man of twenty-five, suffering with a tumor on the mouth, was brought in.

"Are you afraid?" said Morton to him. "No, I feel confident, and will do precisely as you tell me," was the reply.

Grave, but with perfect self-possession, the young student began his work. In four or five minutes the patient was soundly asleep, and then, in a silence like the tomb, with surprise and amazement growing on every face, Doctor Warren cut out the tumor, saying slowly and emphatically, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug."

When consciousness returned, the patient said, "I have experienced no pain, only a sensation like that of scraping the part with a blunt instrument."

At once, doubt among the spectators gave place to joy and congratulations. The student had become in one brief hour, not only sure of fame and honor, but also the benefactor of every race, through unending ages, and those learned men recognized these facts

Meanwhile the young wife was waiting at home in suspense almost unimaginable. About one o'clock he came, his bright, enthusiastic face tinged with sadness, as though he saw in the distance the hard fate and the long struggle to come. He seemed lost in thought as in a dream, and embracing her tenderly, he simply said, "I have succeeded."

But that meant that surgery had been forever robbed of its terrors, and good news of escape from pain was to go out over all the world from this memorable day, October 16, 1846.

Mr. Robert Hinckley, a distinguished artist in Paris, is now at work upon a large picture representing this impressive scene; the surgeons and physicians of the Massachusetts General Hospital grouped about the patient, and in the centre the manly face of young Doctor Morton, then only twenty-seven years of age. After the exhibition of the painting in the Paris Salon, and in this country, it will probably be hung in the same room in the hospital where this never-to-be-forgotten demonstration was made.

The new discovery was talked about everywhere, presently, at home and abroad. Said Doctor Warren: "It will awaken the gratitude of the present, and of all coming generations;" said Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes: "The deepest furrow in the knotted brow of agony has been smoothed forever." English journals were eloquent it its praise: "It is a victory not for to-day nor for our own time, but

for another age, and all time; not for one nation, but for all nations, from generation to generation, as long as the world shall last."

Doctor Morton understood well the value to the world of his discovery, and he spared no pains to spread the knowledge everywhere. Pamphlets were published at his own expense, giving examples of the safe use of ether; agents were sent into all the larger cities and towns to instruct people in its use, and with proper instruments. Says his lawyer, Richard H. Dana, jr., the author of *Two Years before the Mast:* "Doctor Morton hardly knew a full night's rest, or a regular meal, for three months."

But he had but just begun his struggles, his bitter experiences. Several dentists at once issued a "circular," to physicians and to the newspapers, setting forth the alarming effects of ether, and upbraiding him for announcing the discovery of a "humbug." Some of his medical brethren, too, seemed to be envious, and hoped "no one would be reduced from the high professional path of duty, into the quagmire of quackery!" Even some religious teachers called it "a decoy of Satan," because

God had condemned man to suffer pain, and "it would rob him of the deep earnest cries which arise in time of trouble for help!"

All this incited the young physician to greater energy. Having already been at so much expense to introduce the new agent and defend it, his friends advised that he apply for a patent, that he might reap some necessary pecuniary benefit from his discovery. This was granted; but the Government soon using ether in the Mexican War, yet paying no regard to the patent, contracts made with other parties were boldly broken, and much loss fell upon Doctor Morton. At once prominent men, among them Doctors Warren, Bowditch, Bigelow, Holmes, Parkman and others, asked Congress to reward the author of this great boon to his country. It had given the heirs of Robert Fulton over seventy-six thousand dollars for his improvement in the steam-engine; to S. F. B. Morse, eighty thousand dollars for the telegraph; to one firm twenty-five thousand dollars for the right to use the improved method of refining gold bullion; to another twenty thousand dollars for elevating and point-

ing heavy cannon; surely the Government would give generously to him, whom Lecky declares in his *History of European Morals*, "has done more for the real happiness of mankind than all the moral philosophers from Socrates to Mill."

But now came the most disheartening trial yet, the same which had confronted Jenner and Watt and Morse and Harvey: several men came boldly forward and declared themselves the discoverers of the way to produce insensibility to pain! One said he had known it in his laboratory for five years. To this Doctor Jacob Bigelow well replied: "If he did make the discovery, as he asserted, he stands accountable for the mass of human misery which he has permitted his fellow creatures to undergo," during all this time. Another said he had used nitrous oxide in extracting teeth and deserved to be considered the discoverer, though he had gone out of dentistry, and given up experimenting. Others still claimed to have had this knowledge—only they had failed to make it known.

Immediately the contest against Doctor Morton became bitter and personal. As a result, the bill

to give him one hundred thousand dollars, which had been passed by the House, was lost in the Senate.

This was a bitter disappointment, a most bitter experience. That any person could lay claim to this discovery, which he had worked out with almost infinite labor, hazarding his life and reputation with fearlessness, or say, as did one physician, "I told it to him," seemed to Doctor Morton unexplainable. He had spent all he had earned and more in his work, was deeply in debt; and now, when only twenty-nine, he became ill from nervous prostration.

He could not solve the problem — while lavish sums were spent on every new invention for slaughter, there was not a penny for the man who by his discovery had saved thousands of lives, and prevented incalculable suffering.

When partially restored to health, friends furnished the means for a second petition to Congress. Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Rufus Choate, Governor Marcus Morton were among his warm supporters, but while the Legislators said of a de-

cisive report, "Doctor Morton is entitled to the merit of the discovery," in the rush of the closing session, no appropriation was made.

Once more, well, cheerful and hopeful, sustained by his devoted wife and friends, though the new claimants published their claims both at home and abroad, Doctor Morton, ten years later, with an immense amount of testimony from the highest in the land, made his third application to Congress. It would seem that there could be little doubt about the sequel now, since two select committees of the House of Representatives had reported in his favor; the Military and Naval committees were on his side; and the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, with one hundred of the leading men of Boston, had sent him one thousand dollars, with their autographs, in a silver casket, with the words:

"In honor of the Ether Discovery, September 30, 1846. . . He has become poor in a cause which has made the world his debtor."

But no sooner was the subject broached in Congress, than different members argued the claims of their constituents; one branch of the Government

passed a bill only to have it rejected in the other, until everybody was worn out with the discussion, and the matter was allowed to drop unheeded. Doctor Morton went home dispirited, and was attacked with a severe illness. For eight long years, with loss of business and failing health, he had fought this battle for his rights in vain.

There had been one joy in all this disappointment and depression and defeat; one bright spot in the darkness; at Etherton cottage, Wellesley, Mass., where lived his wife and four pretty children, he had always come home to rest and peace and love and perfect trust and sympathy. Close to his home was that of his tenderly loved mother, whom he visited regularly every night after his return from business in the city; and there he could forget for the time the indifference, the heartlessness, and the selfishness of the world. But now misfortune came even to Etherton. The home with its fine library, its perfect collection of surgical instruments which he had spent years in gathering, had to be mortgaged and its treasures sold.

Feeling how sadly his country had wronged and

neglected him, such noble men as Doctors Bigelow, Bowditch and Holmes, Robert C. Winthrop and Longfellow, and leading physicians in every city, started a Morton Testimonial, which by generous contributions should show how deeply indebted the whole world really was to this one man. All gave heartily; but the Civil War soon absorbed the thought of the country and prevented the raising of a large amount.

Fourteen years had now gone by since his discovery of ether. Doctor Morton, at the wish of the Government, had hastened to our battle-fields, and sometimes after a single battle had given ether or chloroform to two thousand wounded men, before the surgical operations were performed. At the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House, with General Grant, where twenty thousand were wounded, he had given anæsthetics, at the rate of three minutes to the man, without a single failure. The hospitals of London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin were all using this wonderful blessing. One can but pause again and again and reflect upon this instance of national ingratitude.

One year after Doctor Morton discovered the use of ether in destroying pain, Doctor Simpson of England had brought out another agent, chloroform, which though valuable, is dangerous, and its use forbidden in most hospitals. For this England, proud of the discovery, knighted him, and at his death buried him in Westminster Abbey. For Doctor Morton — who discovered an inhalent safe as well as powerful and in use nearly the world over before chloroform was discovered, what has his country done? Absolutely nothing, save to leave his family in want, and himself unrewarded. Once more, wounded soldiers, Generals, Doctors, College Presidents and Medical Societies united to ask Congress for an appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars for Doctor Morton. Doctor Willard Parker of New York said, "He has laid the civilized world under an infinite obligation, and exhausted his means by so doing;" President Chadbourne of Williams College said, "In my judgment he has been grossly wronged in the preposterous claims of others, and in the long neglect of the American people to make him some

compensation for the honor he has conferred upon us." The old opposition was at work, however, and Congress did nothing.

Such injustice could not but have its effect upon the strongest body and the most courageous heart. True, he had reached the best success, that of imperishable fame as a benefactor, and had received the largest gold medal of the Institute of France; the "Order of St. Vlademis" from Russia, the first, it is said, ever bestowed by Russia on an American; the "Order of Le Vasa" from Sweden; but anxiety for the welfare of his family, a sense of wrong treatment and unfair dealing, broke his health and his heart. One year after, Doctor Morton was buried in beautiful Mount Auburn, Doctor Jacob Bigelow writing these expressive words, now upon his monument, erected by the citizens of Boston:

Born Aug. 9th, 1819.
Died July 15th, 1868.

W. T. G. Morton. Inventor and Revealer of Anæsthetic Inhalation. Before whom in all time Surgery was Agony. By whom Pain in Surgery was

averted and annulled. Since whom Science has Control of Pain.

In the attractive Public Gardens of Boston, stands the Ether Monument, of granite, the gift of Thomas Lee, with a fine bas-relief on each side, and the words: "*To commemorate the discovery that the inhalation of ether causes insensibility to pain, first proved to the world at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, October*, 1846."

Mrs. Morton, with her five children, was left at her husband's death, to struggle on, as best she might. Doctor Sims of New York, for many years her husband's warm supporter, now suggested that he would try to secure from Congress two hundred thousand dollars to be equally divided between Mrs. Morton and the widow of another claimant. Though her beautiful home was in the market for sale, in order to obtain means to support and educate her children, though her own health was shattered, though before her was the probability of poverty while life lasted, she said to a friend, "The prospect of one hundred thousand dollars gained by the sac-

rifice of my husband's just claim, or indeed any amount of money, presented to me not the slightest temptation," and she of course declined Doctor Sims' proposal. And a little later the lovely home at Wellesley was sold.

The children are now grown-up, grown up to a heritage of honor and to honor in turn the famous name they bear. The oldest son, Doctor William J. Morton, graduating from the Boston Latin School at seventeen with the first prize, from Harvard University at twenty-one, later from the Medical Schools at Harvard and Vienna with honors, practising for two years in South Africa, stands now one of the leading men in his profession in New York City; President of the Neurological Society, a member of the medical department of the University of the City of New York, and Professor in Vermont University. The youngest son, Doctor Bowditch Morton, named for his father's devoted friend, a graduate also of Harvard, is universally esteemed for his ability and successes already won; Mrs. Morton lives in the happy home of her oldest son.

But though America has never paid Doctor Mor-

ton the debt she owes him, though he died in sadness, count his life a success — the imperishable good of it is secured to humanity. His patience and perseverance, his courage and hope, his indomitable will and unflagging energy, under the most trying obstacles, in the light of his achievement, remain also a legacy almost as priceless of inspiration to those who are struggling unaided, either in the development of science, or the progress of philanthropy.

XII.—REV. JOHN H. VINCENT, D. D.

THE success of successes is won by that man who, sinking self in his noble plans, builds highways for the people toward a general enlightenment and prosperity. We have seen that many men of wealth recognize this at last, and leave their riches to be used for the diffusion of knowledge. But occasionally there is born a man with that warm brotherly nature which prompts to immediate and constant personal toil in behalf of others; in conjunction with a great organizing brain, the result of this broad and brooding sympathy is like the creative blessing of sun and shower. Such a man there is of our own day and nation. He is not dead, but he has founded his university. He is but in middle life, yet his name is a household word, spoken with respect and love. His success is bound up with that

of multitudes. Each day he directs the studies, the aspirations, the hopes of masses of the American people — he has opened for them beautiful gates and avenues else probably locked for their generation. Surely this is the success of successes. Let us look at the work of this man.

In Central New York, fourteen hundred feet above the sea, is a beautiful sheet of water, twenty miles long, bordered by rich green foliage which covers the surrounding hills. Pretty villages dot the shore, and a score of steamers give life to the charming landscape. The Indians called the lake Juduqua, which in time became Chautauqua. On the west bank, in the midst of one hundred and fifty acres laid out in parks, walks and drives, is the "People's University," with its great auditorium for six thousand persons, its Museums, Schools of Language, and Hall of Philosophy. Every year nearly one hundred thousand people gather there, some to study literature, some art, and some the sciences, to listen to lectures and to music, enjoying nature the while, and gaining health and rest with knowledge.

Who was it laid this successful plan for the culture, not of one town, nor of one city, but of a continent? Two friends, still in early middle life, Lewis Miller and John H. Vincent; of the latter I write at this time:

In Tuscaloosa, Ala., the land of orange blossoms and magnolia groves, John Heyl Vincent was born, February 23, 1832, descended from the noble Huguenots of France. His father was a man of character, a great reader, an admirable talker, highly conscientious, and devoting his best energies to the careful education of his children. The mother was a woman of singular beauty of nature, patient, amiable, living as though she belonged to Heaven rather than earth. Her father, Captain Bernard Raser, of Philadelphia, who died at Batavia, Java, on one of his voyages, was a man of elegant and refined manners, which his daughter inherited. This grace of behavior, coupled with the grace of a sunny, self-sacrificing life, made Mary Vincent the idol of the community. Often at the twilight hour, especially on Sundays, after the family circle had joined in prayer and in sing-

ing, she would take her children to her own room, and there sweetly and tenderly tell them about the life to come, and point out plainly their faults and spiritual needs. The noble yet somewhat stern type of character in the father commanded honor and respect; the gentle winsomeness of the mother won enthusiastic love.

The eldest child who survived infancy, John, with a fine physique and impulsive nature, would naturally have inclined to the boisterous sports natural to boyhood, and to athletic feats, but this early training made him serious and reflective. Before he was six years old he would gather the colored children of his father's place and of the neighborhood, and then, while with a whip he ensured their sitting still, he preached the gospel to them. How much good such preaching did them, it would be difficult to say. His eagerness for the performance of public service in due form went so far that on one occasion he tore in pieces a valued red morocco hymn-book — the gift to him of his pastor, giving each of his congregation a few leaves. He forgot the reception he would surely have from his

father, when he had finished these services, and brought away the dismembered hymn-book, for Mr. Vincent, senior, did not "spare the rod and spoil the child."

The lad seems early to have had conceptions of the value of a college education, for when three years old, with a little next-door neighbor, now the wife of Bishop Hargrave of the M. E. Church South, he walked a mile to the University of Alabama, where the aspiring couple were picked up by one of the professors, an intimate friend of the families, and taken care of until a servant arrived in quest of the runaways.

The family moved North in 1838 and settled near Milton, Penn., where the father purchased a large farm, and built a mill on the Chillisquaque Creek, which empties into the Susquehanna a few miles above Northumberland. Here, when our young public speaker was between thirteen and fourteen, we find him at a play missionary meeting one afternoon; the schoolhouse was full of children, and some one suggested it become a temperance meeting. John was asked to make a speech, which

he did for three quarters of an hour, and it is said there was great fun and enthusiasm, and quite likely some of the fun was at the young orator's expense.

Under a governess he fitted for, and entered, Milton Academy. An eager reader, before he was fifteen he had read many of the standard works in his father's library: Addison's *Essays*, Rollin's *History*, Gibbon's *Rome*, Pitkin's *Civil and Political History of the United States*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Shakespeare, Burns, Young, Pollock, and such biographies as the lives of John and Charles Wesley and John and Mary Fletcher. The simplicity and beauty of Addison's style delighted him, while the story of the Wesleys was an inspiration to a youth who believed he should do something in his life too for the good of the world. This faith, this resolve, was doubtless both shaped and strengthened by the society of the ministers and other educated people who shared the hospitality of the Vincent home. Here no denomination was unwelcome, and young John Vincent, though a Methodist in belief, grew to manhood with a Christian

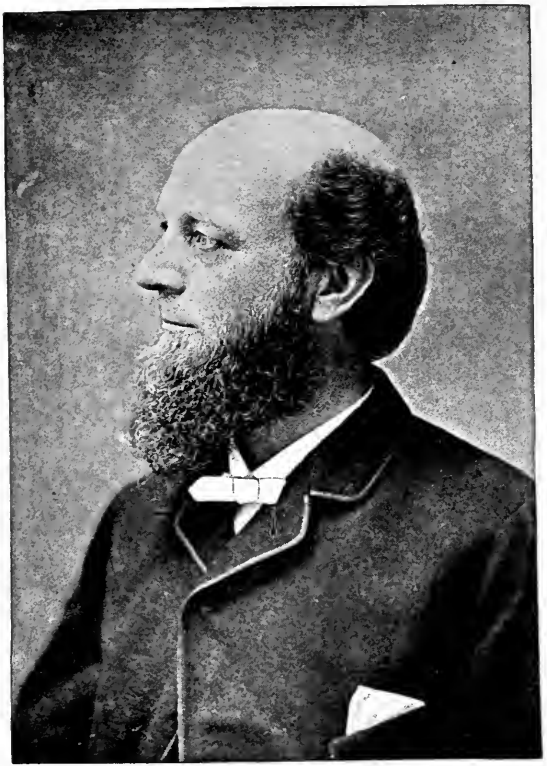
love broader than any sect and wider than any section.

At fifteen he was asked to teach a country school near his father's house. Desiring work, and believing that he should enjoy teaching, he accepted, and performed his newly chosen duties with great enjoyment. The next year he took charge of another school, and later still taught on the Juniata, some distance away. This was his first genuine absence from home. He dreaded the going. The time came at last for him to start at midnight. The dear mother tried to make the home even brighter and cheerier than usual. The house was gayly lighted, the younger children sat up till the tired eyes could keep open no longer, there was smiling cheer on every hand. "Do not cry when I am leaving," John had said to his mother; but when the hour came, with pale face, and with tears on her cheeks that could not be kept back, she put her arms about him, but she could only say, "My son, live near to God; live near to God." The boy of sixteen went out into the world with these words ever before him in letters as of fire.

So early as this the genial bents of the educator asserted their strength. One of the schoolhouses in which he taught was on the edge of a grove, and there he constructed rustic seats for his pupils, where on every pleasant day the school studied out of doors — a miniature Chautauqua.

During four years of teaching he had continued his own studies, and finally registered at Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa. It of course had required unusual will and perseverance to teach all day, to hear private pupils in the evening, and at the same time to study so systematically as to be ready for college. He must have been tired often, often like other boys longed for recreation and freedom, but h never lost sight of his aim or let go his hold of his self-appointed task.

But now came an unexpected turn of plan. Having joined the church when a Sunday-school scholar, he hoped some time to become a preacher. "Why not enter the ministry at once?" argued some clergymen who were friends of the family. "The world needs to be saved, and there is no time to be lost." Young Vincent knew, yet not so



REV. JOHN H. VINCENT, D. D.

well as a man knows it in later life, how necessary is a college training for one who has resolved to become a leader of thought; yet on the other hand, with unfortunate haste, he was anxious to be at his work as soon as possible. After some debate he took the advice of these unwise counselors, abandoning his plans for immediate collegiate education, and at twenty years of age, on horseback, with a pair of saddlebags, started out to preach, on a thirty-mile circuit, over the mountains and through the valleys of Luzerne County, Pa. Sometimes he developed his sermons as he rode, often for miles without a single house in sight, speaking to the echoing forests; sometimes he read Dante, and Comte's Philosophy, and committed to memory portions of Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope.* Wherever he stopped the people gave him welcome, for he was interested in their home life and in all their plans. Children were glad when his bright face was seen in their midst. He never shook hands with the tips of his fingers, nor preached dry sermons.

He usually spoke three times each Sunday, and so eloquent was he that he was sometimes called

the "Young Summerfield," after the brilliant preacher who died in New York in 1825, only twenty-seven years of age.

The fame of the boy-preacher grew apace in the limited circle of his earliest ministry, but he was not spoiled by the praise, for his discreet father had told him that as he had great facility of speech, he must be careful not to confound ideas with words, nor think because he could talk easily that he was edifying people. "Many young ministers are spoiled by praise," he had said to his son, "and you must compare your efforts with the best standards, and try to feel how great is the contrast between these and your own thought and expression."

About this time the precious mother whose pride and delight in her son gave zest to his life, died, to the great grief of all who knew her. Says a well-known minister: "She was one of the loveliest Christian women I ever knew. Nothing seemed ever to disturb the equanimity of her spirit, or displace the smile from her countenance. Her death was a personal bereavement to hundreds

beyond her own family and kindred." Her children have often said, "We never once knew her to speak a quick or impatient word."

Life seemed now more serious than ever to young Vincent. He spent a year at the Wesleyan Institute of Newark, having joined the New Jersey Conference in 1858. Says Rev. George H. Whitney, D. D., President of the Centenary Collegiate Institute at Hackettstown, N. J., who was at this time Secretary of the Newark Institute:

Tall, slender, graceful, genial, with a kind and intellectual face, with abundant brown hair, but beardless, I was struck with his manly appearance. We became fast friends. At that early age he showed a mastery in controlling places, people, and the dozen minor pulpits under his control; always mild in manner, strong in purpose, and equal to the occasion. After school he usually walked with me for one or two hours. It was his custom to commit to memory many stanzas and couplets of poetry of wide range, repeat them as we talked, and challenge me to equal him if I could. Daily, in our walks, he would say, "Give me a text, and let me analyze it." Quick as a flash he would produce *first, second, third, finally*, and ask me to criticise it. I have never met his equal in analytic power. He was full of sparkle and

cheer as now. All said "I see in this young man elements of future greatness." Yet he was always modest and unassuming; true, pure and noble. He was a fine speaker in those days, and popular everywhere.

He became pastor, for two years, at North Belville, N. J., and for the following two years at Irvington. It was now, not satisfied with pulpit work alone, that he developed an educational plan. Every Saturday afternoon pastor and people came together, imagining themselves a band of tourists in Palestine. Bible History and Geography were studied. Every scholar was personally examined, and as he or she had made progress, was promoted by grades to "Pilgrim," "Explorer," "Dweller in Jerusalem," and "Templar." During a later pastorate, where a similar class had been organized, the pastor wrote weekly letters for the village paper, and so graphic and interesting were they that many believed there was an actual excursion. Meantime he had pursued the four years' course of theological study required by his church.

His father having moved to Chicago to take charge of large business interests, young Vincent

was naturally drawn to the West where he preached several years in Northern Illinois. In Joliet, Mt. Morris, Galena and Rockford, the Saturday afternoon Palestine classes were crowded by old and young, and from all denominations.

Although so busy and engrossed, he was not too busy to fall in love; but he wisely waited till he was old enough to be certain what kind of wife he wanted. When he was nearly twenty-seven, he married Elizabeth Dusenbury, from Western New York, whose father was a Presbyterian elder, honored and beloved by everybody. The daughter had a fine mind, unusual strength of character, and good judgment, with a delicate sense of propriety and steadiness of purpose. Well may Doctor Vincent say, "I owe more to my wife than to any other human being save my mother." Into his plans she entered heartily, and became a counselor and helper. Four years after his marriage he spent a year in Europe, traveling over Egypt and Palestine, thoughtfully surveying those countries which he had taught thousands to love. He returned home refreshed, to enter upon still wider

activities. He had always been deeply interested in Sabbath-school work. How could he reach the children of America so that they would love Bible study, and how help the teachers to make this study interesting?" He decided to start a paper devoted to that end. This was the *Northwestern Sunday-school Quarterly*. He had before that organized the first Sunday-school Institute in the country, and a little later, in 1866, he originated and edited the *Chicago Teacher*, from which has come the International Lesson System now used among Protestants throughout the world.

He was now only thirty-four, yet the foremost leader in Sunday-school work. He was made agent of the Sunday-school Union of Chicago, and a little later the Secretary of the Sunday-school Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to which position, for the fifth term, of four years each, he was re-elected in Philadelphia last May. The mother's prayers and beautiful life were surely having their influence in the Christian energy and patient, far-reaching power of her eloquent son.

When appointed to the Secretaryship, he removed

to Plainfield, N. J., where his home became a centre of social and intellectual activity. Says a leading clergyman:

> Doctor Vincent preached in the Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist, and other churches in Plainfield, many times. His name crowds any church on any occasion, in a hard rain or a hot night, and this has lasted for sixteen years! Doctor Vincent has few peers in the American pulpit. He is a princely preacher.

All these years he had recognized, for himself as well as for others, the necessity of collegiate education. Though his hands were full of work, he had continued his studies alone, carefully taking up higher mathematics, science, metaphysics and classics, till he had mastered the college course, receiving his A. B. degree after a regular examination.

The absorbing question with him then became, "How can the great world catch the 'college outlook?'" He reflected that few of the vast number can afford the means. Tens of thousands are too busy earning their daily bread.

What seemed a grave mistake in his early life — the neglect to secure a college training — in his treatment of it became a blessing to the world. "Some way must be opened for old and young to become educated," resolved the earnest minister; but still it was not opened for some years.

In 1874, Mr. Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, a wealthy and generous man who loves Sunday-schools, suggested the idea of a large gathering at Chautauqua, where Christian people could enjoy lectures, science, literature and theology. The plan was perfected; Mr. Miller was made President, and Doctor Vincent Superintendent of Instruction. The place soon attracted large numbers of visitors, and has been the parent of all other Sunday-school assemblies.

Four years later, while Doctor Vincent was crossing the ocean homeward, after a resting-time at the foot of the Alps, the old idea of a College Reading Course for the people was matured. Doctor Vincent calculated that by reading at least one hour a day, for four years, as long a time as many tired fathers and mothers could spare, a fair knowledge of liter-

ature, history and science could be obtained. But would the people of this country take hold upon the idea? Time would tell. He laid the plan before President Warren of Boston University, Doctor Howard Crosby, Doctor J. G. Holland, William Cullen Bryant and others, and all gave it their hearty endorsement.

On August 10, 1878, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle (C. L. S. C.) was inaugurated at Chautauqua in the huge tent where the Amphitheatre now stands, and more than seven hundred joined at once. A college president was the first to give his name. The class of the first year numbered eight thousand people, and the demand for the needed books exhausted the entire stock of the publishers on the first day! ah, yes, the people were anxious to learn.

A circle with three hundred members was formed at Cleveland, Ohio, one with five hundred at Pittsburg. Letters came from all over the country. One wrote:

I am so grateful to you that I can't express what I feel. I am a hard-working man. I have six children, and I work

hard to keep them in school. Since I found out about your Circle I am trying my best to keep up, so that my boys will see what father does, just for an example to them.

Another:

I am a night-watchman, and I read as I come on my night rounds to the lights.

A Mississippi captain wrote that the course was of value to him, "because," he says, "when I stand on deck stormy nights, I have something to think about."

President Garfield, not forgetting how he had hungered for an education, studying his open book as he drove the mules along the tedious path by the Erie Canal, spoke earnestly before the assembled thousands at Chautauqua, urging the value of this plan of study:

You are struggling with one of the two great problems of civilization. The first one is a very old struggle; it is, "How shall we get leisure?" That is the problem of every hammer stroke, of every blow that labor has struck since the foundation of the world. The fight for bread is the first great primal

fight, and it is so absorbing a struggle that until one conquers it somewhat, he can have no leisure whatever. So that we may divide the whole struggle of the human race into two chapters — first, the fight to get leisure; and then comes the second fight of civilization, what shall we do with our leisure when we get it? And I take it that Chautauqua has assailed this second problem. Now leisure is a dreadfully bad thing unless it is well used. A man with a fortune ready made, and with leisure on his hands, is likely to get sick of the world, sick of himself, tired of life, and become a useless, wasted man. What shall you do with your leisure? I understand that Chautauqua is trying to answer that question, and to open out fields of thought, to open out energies, a largeness of mind, a culture in the better sense, with the varnish scratched off, as Brother Kirkwood says. We are getting over the business of varnishing our native woods and painting them. We are getting down to the real grain, and finding whatever is best in it, and truest in it; and if Chautauqua is helping to garnish our people with the native stuff that is in them, rather than the paint and varnish and gewgaws of culture, they are doing well.

The delightful work goes on, always making new channels, and always broadening all its old ways. About sixty thousand persons are studying the Chautauqua Course, several hundreds of these in

Canada, and some in India, South Africa, Japan and the Sandwich Islands. One half the required readings for the members are published in the *Chautauquan*, a magazine edited by Rev. Theodore L. Flood, a man in whom every good cause has a true and able advocate. Ten or more Chautauquas have been organized in various States.

Out of this work has grown the Chautauqua University, chartered by the State of New York, conducted by well-known professors through written examinations. The "Young Summerfield," who rode over his mountain circuit in Pennsylvania at twenty, has become its chancellor, known and honored throughout America. Still he has found time for other labors, as those know who have listened to his lectures on *Reading*, *The Model Husband*, *Egypt and the Pyramids*, *That Boy*, *That Boy's Sister*, *Sidney Smith*, *The Witty Dean*, *The Every Day College*, etc.; he has written a manual of Bible History and Geography, entitled "*Little Foot-prints in Bible-lands*," a volume on the Church School, small books on Sunday-school work, and several text books for the Chautauqua course; and

he has spoken at innumerable famous gatherings, like the Sunday-school centenary at Guildhall, London, and preached in such far-off places as Jerusalem and Damascus. One secret, I think, of his remarkable success is that his enthusiasm and sympathy never fail. His humor, his genial face, his magnetic manner, his sunny outlook, his confidence in work to achieve anything and everything for a man, make him the idol of his audiences, while his energy, his own capacity for endless work, and his executive power fit him for this leadership.

Another secret is, that while the details of his varied labor is something unparalleled, his home life is joyous and refreshing.

The Vincent home at New Haven is like the father's, in the early days, most hospitable. Dr. Vincent and his only son have from the latter's earliest boyhood been like brothers, counseling together. I heard him say once, "My boy is my only 'pet.' I like birds—in the free air of heaven. I like dogs—in my neighbor's yard. I like cats—in pictures and at somebody's else fireside. I like horses—when somebody else drives them."

Another secret is that both in his study, and on the wing, Dr. Vincent is a great reader, marking his books, and re-reading the things he likes. He says: "I get strength, breadth, out of general reading, and put them into my work. The best service of a book to me is not the ideas I get out of it, but the force intellectual, and the breadth of view it gives, which force and breadth I can use in producing my own ideas and plans." He has the excellent and orderly habit of jotting down random thoughts, always having a memorandum-book with him while riding on the cars, or in his office, and at night often makes note of a fugitive thought, caught and caged while flitting through his mind. A good talker himself, he broadly makes it a matter of duty to draw people out on a subject, not for the sake of argument, but that he may modify his own views, or get a better chance to modify theirs. Some of his best sermons have grown out of stirring conversations with people, especially skeptics, or those holding different views from himself.

Another secret is that he is a *careful* worker, depending upon both accuracy and finish; often

re-writing the outline of a sermon a dozen times, always maturing each detail of a plan.

In this grand work going on so noiselessly and so closely all around us that we can hardly get the "distance" from which to survey its noble outlines, its projector may sometimes feel fatigue, but exhaustion never. It yields him, as all work of pure beneficence always does, new ideas, new aims, new hopes for the advancement of the people. Does it yield him *dollars?* some one asks. No; he receives no salary from Chautauqua. His reward, his "support" comes in the consciousness of the love of thousands, in the consciousness of the "lift" Chautauqua has given to the family life of the people and the better "start" thus secured for the sons and daughters of these happier homes.

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