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THE LITERARY HISTORY OF PHILADELPHIA

BY

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TO THE MEMBERS

OF

The Franklin Inn Club,

WHO LIVE AND LABOR FOR THEMSELVES, THEIR CRAFT, AND THE LAND
WHICH IS HALLOWED BY THE MEMORY OF THEIR LITERARY SIRES, THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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INTRODUCTION

The old lady of Boston of classical memory, who going a little way afield to be asked by a benighted person what kind of a place Boston was, replied, "Bless you! Boston is not a place; it is a sentiment," might just as well have been nurtured in the proud lap of Philadelphia. There are Brahmins in the Quaker City. Indeed, it is doubtful if there is another place in which sentiment is a stronger force; a place which its people leave with so many pangs and yearn for so deeply while absent, until they can find a way to return to its streets and homes, and its sedate and wholesome pleasures. Afflicted though it be with unclean streets, paved with round stones, now happily a provincialism of the past; vile water and politics; a climate hot and cold, wet and dry, by sudden turns of natural fate, its history and its present state are beloved by its citizens. No community in America has the same compelling power over its inhabitants. Nowhere else does pride of race, family, house, demesne, vocation and religion unto the earliest generations call up such recollections, furnish material for so much social converse, or so deeply influence each daily thought and action as in Pennsylvania's great city and the flourishing counties and towns that stretch away on every side.

Singularly enough, with this pride boasting has never had companionship. There is something of disdain in the mood of the Philadelphian meeting one who does not know and love his city even as he himself knows and loves it,— just as the Englishman in silence scorns a scoffer. The true Philadelphian understands the strength of his attachment for his own little earthly coign; he knows that out of his city have come men great and valuable in the service of the nation and of mankind, in every branch of human doing. The city has had its statesmen, soldiers, jurists, scientists and its literary men — poets, philosophers and novelists. It is still contributing its fair portion to the literature of the country. But with the spirit of the place, what its people have done may be forgotten in the rivalries of Boston and Indiana, and Philadelphians themselves, although inwardly convinced of an honorable history, may sometimes lack exact knowledge of the cause of their secret boast.

It has been my pleasant task in these chapters to indicate by rather rapid sketches what has been achieved by the writers and publishers, the book writers and book makers, of a city which with its environs in the early time was the seat of so many active dissenting theologies; which for years was the capital of all the American colonies and later of the young states, being the birthplace of two writings that will always rank as the first of national documents — the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; and which afterward for long was the unquestioned literary centre of the republic. It is everywhere agreed that Philadelphia was the focus of literary interest in this country during the later colonial time, the Revolutionary period, and subsequently, until the capital was removed to the city of Washington for which axemen had laboriously hewn a place in the new District of Columbia. It is commonly forgotten that in the first half of the nineteenth century, Philadelphia was the principal American publishing centre, both for books and periodicals, if its native writers were fast being eclipsed by those of New York and New England. This was the time when Poe, Whittier, Lowell and other authors were led to the city to swell today the interesting memories of its literary past.

That New England, as is frequently asserted in Pennsylvania, had the important advantage of cohesiveness which has always been lacking in Philadelphia, it is necessary to admit. The people were more homogeneous than those who followed Penn to his wilderness. They understood, sympathized and supported each other. In Pennsylvania, on the other hand, there were stubborn and crotchety religionists, not of one but of many kinds, of many races and speaking many tongues. Nothing but Quaker toleration could have kept the colony on the banks of the Delaware and the Schuylkill on an even keel; indeed the peace-loving disposition of this goodly people was at times most sorely tried. From such an admixture of races with their various religions, political notions and social standards, has the Pennsylvanian come, but he has a character today that is all his own. The Quakers in their broad brims, and the drab Quakeresses in their long pleat-bonnets and gowns guiltless of ruffle or furbelow, are little seen upon the city's streets, even at Yearly Meeting time when the surrounding towns send their delegates to increase its Friendly population. Even in West Chester, Wilmington, Haddonfield and outlying places in which the Quaker long predominated, he seems to be disappearing to return no more forever. Nevertheless he lives in the hearts and homes of the Pennsylvania people. Fused with the German sectarians, religious free thinkers and dissidents like the Quakers; the tempery and belligerent Scotch-Irish and others Gaels; the more formal Church of England men — there has been developed a type of American who loves his home, cherishes his ideals, writes of what he has seen and learned and lived through in his own neighborhood. He does not look upon the outsider as a barbarian, but he knows that he is where he ought to be and that his traditions are the traditions of his place and his people.

I have not deceived myself in the thought that I have made a complete record of the literary activity in two centuries and a quarter in and about the city, and names which should have been included may not be found here. The writer of the eighteenth century would not have loomed very prominently in the nineteenth, and conversely those who can receive no mention in the nineteenth may not have been the inferiors of those who seemed to shine so brilliantly in an earlier age. Achievement is a relative thing and where there are few to write at all, even those who do it ill attain much prominence.

"As it is the commendation of a good huntsman to find game in a wide wood, so it is no imputation if he hath not caught all," we are told by Plato and this thought may excuse my study for its incompleteness at many points. Nothing has of course been said of Philadelphia writers who are still living and a full share of attention may not have been given to some recently dead, whose place in our letters is still enveloped in obscurity. The reader will perhaps agree, however, that enough have been found to create a numerous galaxy and to establish the city's claim to a higher place in American literature than is usually accorded it, even in the house of its friends. What its future position may be it is vain to prophesy, but in the echoes and footprints of the past may perhaps be found some augury of returning grandeur.

The reader will agree, too, if he follow the book to its end, that no local attachment or pride of soil has tempered the writer's criticisms, though these introductory words may promise much sounding phrase to the advantage of a particular neighborhood.

E. P. O.

THE LITERARY HISTORY OF PHILADELPHIA

CHAPTER I

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

It is declared by those who have had experience in the writing and publishing of biographies of the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, that his life is not a matter of marked interest to the present generation of book readers. Philadelphia boasts few recollections of William Penn except as a wealthy lord proprietor of virgin American land which he sold and leased to all men on liberal terms, setting up and administering here what was for its time a most wise and tolerant system of government. We know of the homes in which he dwelt, the barge in which six oarsmen propelled him to the city from Pennsbury Manor, his estate upon the banks of the Delaware five miles above Bristol, and the pomp and display of his life so irreconcilable with the social customs and outward forms later observed by the members of his religious sect. We have the streets and squares he gave us and many of the names of our places and thoroughfares are of his selection. His scholarly attainments are recognized ungrudgingly, but few perhaps are ready to believe him a master of a clear, forceful, literary prose style.

William Penn's writings all taken together, and including his letters and public papers, as they have been selected for publication, fill several large volumes. These for the most part have lost their savor, although his " Fruits of Solitude," admirable reflections written out while languishing in an English prison, abundantly deserves the attention of readers today. Robert Louis Stevenson on his way around the world to recover the physical strength needed to keep the lamp of genius burning within his frail frame, carried with him in his pocket all through the streets of San Francisco, this book of Penn's, perusing and re-perusing it in street cars and ferry boats when he was " sick unto death." " While just now we are so busy and intelligent," said Stevenson, " there is not the man living, no, nor recently dead, that could put with so lovely a spirit so much honest kind wisdom into words." *

" Never marry but for love," wrote Penn, " but see that thou lovest what is lovely. If love be not thy chiefest motive thou wilt soon grow weary of a married state and stray from thy promise to search out thy pleasures in forbidden places. Let not enjoyment lessen, but augment affection; it being the basest of passions to like when we have not what we slight when we possess."

Of such wisdom and morality, becomingly expressed, are Penn's " Fruits " of a term in an English prison cell.

Landing with the Quaker founder, or soon afterward, on the present site of Philadelphia, then without a house where a million and a half abide today, William Bradford was introduced to Penn's colony. Bradford brought with him a press, type, or " letters " as he

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* Stevenson's Letters, Vol. I, p. 232.

called them, and all the apparatus necessary at that day for printing on white paper. He was born in Leicestershire, learning his trade in London with Andrew Sowle, a prominent bookseller and publisher during the Commonwealth and the Restoration, and married his employer's daughter in the way of the diligent young man in the Sunday School tale. He came out to America to find fortune, and set up his press in the neighborhood of Philadelphia,— Burlington, Byberry or Chester (accounts vary) — establishing himself in the city proper about 1688. The first employment for one of his guild in such a colony at such a day, was in printing the proceedings of religious bodies, the tracts of religious controversialists, and the charters and laws of the young government. Bradford was a Quaker and soon made a number of contracts with the Meeting that were lucrative to him, though not without repeatedly threatening to take himself and his press back to England if support were not accorded him more generously. He early projected an American edition of the Bible, but most of the Friends, being men of substance had brought this book with them to the colony and gave no encouragement to the undertaking.

Shortly, he became involved in the unhappy contention that arose in the early history of the Society of Friends between George Keith and the other leaders of the Meeting in America. Keith was a Scotchman, brought up a Presbyterian. For some reason he joined the Friends, and came to America to settle first in the Jerseys whence he was called a little later to become head master of a school which the Quakers had recently established in Philadelphia, existing still today in Twelfth Street as the William Penn Charter

School. He was able and aspiring and it was thought that at George Fox's death in 1690 he desired to wear the founder's mantle. At any rate, some of his enemies charged him with cherishing such an ambition. Embittered in spirit, he attempted to lead a separatist movement. While the question will always be in dispute, it will occur to impartial investigators that the schism Keith attempted to create was not very different from that effected by Elias Hicks's exertions in the nineteenth century, a less able but a more sincere man, whereby unhappily the Society was split in twain even as to neighborhoods and families. When Bayard Taylor's Quakeress secured her father's consent to marry her lover —

> " Indeed, 'twas not the least of shocks,
> For Benjamin was Hicksite and father Orthodox."

Keith, however, aimed to incline the Society to greater orthodoxy while Hicks used his influence in the other direction. It was charged of Keith that he "preached two Christs," and that he questioned the "sufficiency of the light," the guiding principle in Quakerism, demanding a " confession of faith " and other religious forms of the older churches. The Quakers of the day would have none of this; they controlled the government of Pennsylvania which was a complete theocracy, and he was commanded to preach no longer, being formally disowned both in this country and England. Keith carried his controversy to the stage of print and found attention at the hands of Cotton Mather and the New England tractarians as well as in Philadelphia.

Bradford printed his friend's appeal to the Yearly

Meeting, which was declared to be "a malicious and seditious paper." He was clapped into jail, his type was seized and an innkeeper who offered for sale a few copies of the pamphlet was arrested also, quite in the manner of modern Germany. The most opprobrious epithets were uttered upon both sides, by Keithians and anti-Keithians, while Bradford lay for months in his cell, awaiting trial at the hands of Quaker judges and a Quaker jury.

Prior to this experience, Bradford had incurred the displeasure of the government for publishing Daniel Leeds's almanac which was said to contain "light, foolish and unsavory paragraphs," not becoming to the colony, and he had been compelled to surrender all unsold copies of the publication for destruction by the authorities, after being paid £4 as a *douceur*. Now he had very much more painful proof of the illiberality of the government of the Quaker province toward the press, and being released from custody through a change of administration (the jury had disagreed though left for long by the court in a cold room without food or tobacco) he made his way in good time to New York, where he became crown printer and an honored citizen. So greatly valued were his services that the city to which Philadelphians banished him found the opportunity in the midst of our absorbing Civil War, on May 18, 1863, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of his birth, replacing his old and broken tomb in Trinity church-yard with a new stone, amid ceremonies which included a procession of surpliced priests and choir boys, with invocations and a chant at the grave. All traffic ceased for a time in Broadway by order of the city authorities and there were orations and receptions, Pennsylvania being represented by a suitable delegation sent out by its active and useful Historical Society.

As for Keith, he went home, joined the Church of England in 1700, and afterward came out to America as a missionary to convert the Quakers to his new faith. In this work he failed and his reward seems to have been about as great as was Benedict Arnold's for another kind of apostasy.

For a few years after Bradford's departure from an ungrateful community, Philadelphia had no printing press, which the Friends sorely regretted. They soon adopted measures to secure another and one which should be under their own management. They engaged a Hollander, Reynier Jansen by name, to manage the machinery and type imported from England, but their patronage was not valuable. The Friends were never as disputatious in matters theological as the adherents of many sects; for example, the writers of which the Mathers were the chief in Massachusetts. Nor were they vigorous as missionaries. It was their object to worship in peace in their own way and they sought not to impose their doctrines upon other men unwillingly. The essential feature of their faith being the idea that man could secure all that was good for him to have through an inward flash, they were at first not very friendly to books or schools, and had complete distrust of hired and ordained ministers learned in theology. Indeed, the scholars among their converts tried to rid themselves of their knowledge in a curious effort to make themselves "empty vessels," ready to receive the word and do the bidding of the Lord.

But the doctrines of George Fox, regarding the inward light and the need of turning the left cheek to him who should smite the right, were not entirely sufficient to prevent the writing of tracts and books by the Friends. These were descriptive of the colony, designed to entice others into the Quaker wilderness, and of a religious nature. The most prominent of the early Quaker writers was Caleb Pusey, who wrote defending the Society of Friends against Keith, and upon other questions. He was a native of Berkshire, England, and originally had been a Baptist. He settled in this country in 1682 and was visited by Penn in his little stone house, still standing on Chester Creek near old Upland, now the city of Chester, the first Quaker settlement on the Delaware. Today in Delaware County, it was earlier in Chester County and from Pusey, literary historians of that county, so prolific of distinguished names in American science and letters, trace the record of a kind of Athenian grandeur through Benjamin West, Bayard Taylor, Thomas Buchanan Read, George Lippard, Daniel G. Brinton, William Darlington, and other authors and scientists. He had a prominent part in administering the theocracy created under the Penn charters and died near Kennett Square, in the confines of the Chester County of today, in 1726 at the age of seventy-six. His publications are of no conceivable interest at this day and his chief claim to our attention is the work he performed in assembling much of the material later incorporated in Robert Proud's History of Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania's first contributor of a vital writing to that body of literature which makes up the Quaker theology, in so far as the Society can be held to have one, is Thomas Chalkley. He came first to Maryland in 1700, whence after a winter he reached Philadelphia, long his home except for his frequent adventurous, even perilous, journeys by land and sea as a missionary, and his absences in pursuit of his worldly calling as a merchant and ship-captain. He often combined his business with the preaching of the Word of God. He visited the Southern colonies and travelled unarmed, alone or with but one or two companions, among the Indians of New York and New England at the time waging relentless war upon the settlers. On such occasions he was never molested, being recognized by the savages as one apart from other white men. He visited the Barbadoes and the Bermudas, and died on the Island of Tortola, one of the Virgin Islands, while engaged in missionary service. His home in the later years of his life was near Frankford on the banks of the Delaware. He lived at first in an old-fashioned brick house with a hipped roof on Frankford Creek, then in "Chalkley Hall" nearby, a fine large edifice long occupied by Mrs. Edward Wetherill until it was despoiled as a country home by the erection of the Pennsylvania Railroad's Delaware River bridge. It was of this "old Abraham of Quakerism," as Whittier called him, that the Quaker poet wrote after visiting the "Hall" in 1838:—

> "Far away beneath New England's sky,
>   E'en when a boy
> Following my plough by Merrimac's green shore,
> His simple record I have pondered o'er
>   With deep and quiet joy."

Chalkley's journal, which is an interesting account of his travels, was published with some religious essays in a fat volume, by order of the Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends, by Benjamin Franklin in 1749, and it has been reprinted repeatedly. The moral austerity of this famous Quaker preacher was not excelled by any of New England's early Puritans. He denounced the playing cards, which have amused men for so many centuries, as " engines of Satan " and declared with the Waldenses that " as many paces or steps as the man or woman takes in the dance, so many paces or steps they take toward Hell."

The descriptive writers of most note at this early period were Jonathan Dickenson and Gabriel Thomas. Dickenson's work is strongly religious, as is abundantly indicated by the name of his best known writing, " God's Protecting Providence Man's Surest Help and Defence in Times of the Greatest Difficulty and Most Eminent Danger." He was an English Quaker of parts who sailed with his family and slaves for Pennsylvania by way of Jamaica, being wrecked upon the Florida coasts. He finally reached Philadelphia, himself and retinue intact, escaping the " devouring waves of the sea " and the " devouring jaws of inhumane cannibals," later to become Chief Justice of the province. His moving narrative has been reprinted many times and it has been translated into at least one foreign tongue, the Dutch.

Gabriel Thomas was the representative of another type of Quaker, not too drab of color, probably the first Pennsylvania humorist. After living in Philadelphia for seventeen years he visited London and published in 1698 " An Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and Country of Pennsylvania and of West Jersey." It is a very seductive description of "this noble spot of earth" to which Penn and his friends had come, where the air was found to be as "delicate, pleasant and wholesome" as in France. Thomas discovered here the bull frog which "makes a roaring noise hardly to be distinguished from that well known of the beast from whom it takes its name;" and "that wonder of stones, the salamander-stone, found near Brandywine River, having cotton veins within it which will not consume in the fire though held there a long time,"— a bland description of the peculiar properties of asbestos ore. The social state of the new colony did not escape his attention. "Of lawyers and physicians I shall say nothing," our writer explains, "because this country is very peaceable and healthy. Long may it so continue and never have occasion for the tongue of the one or the pen of the other, both equally destructive of men's estates and lives."

Of many Englishmen in the colony in the early time whose literary activity was confined to the reading of books, translation from the classics, verse-making and the writing of essays and private journals, there were none so worthy of note as Thomas Lloyd and James Logan. Lloyd was an Oxford graduate and reached Philadelphia in 1683, being Penn's principal representative in the colony for several years. He it was to whom the founder wrote on shipboard, when returning to England in 1684, this parting message for communication to the colonists: "And thou Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province named before thou wert born, what love, what care, what service and what travail has there been to bring thee forth and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee."

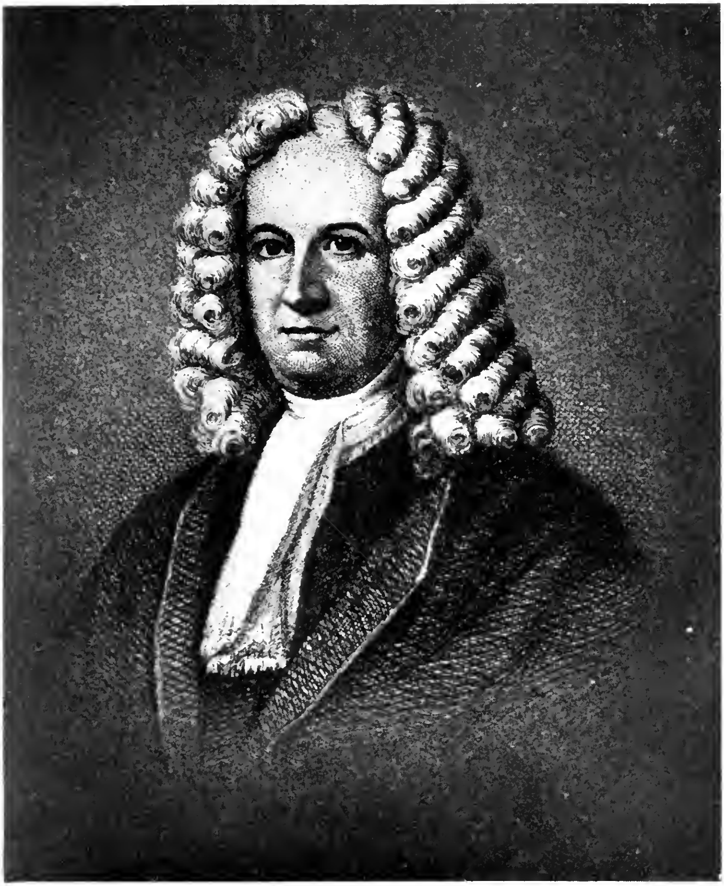
Lloyd with Penn had the city's greatest good at heart and combatted all defilement by those not nursed at the breast and baptized in the spirit of the place. He became involved prominently in the proceedings taken against Keith and died in 1694.

Logan was born in Ireland of Scotch parents and although without the university training of Lloyd, he had been well schooled in Greek, Latin and Hebrew while still a young boy. He came out as Penn's secretary in 1699, on the founder's second visit to the colony, and was left in charge of the proprietor's interests in America. Right faithfully and well was his task performed. Logan was entrusted with many high offices by the people of Pennsylvania and he became a citizen of great value to the country. Breaking a thigh bone when still not an old man, he was crippled for life and retired for his literary pursuits to his estate of five hundred acres, five miles outside the town, at Stenton, the mansion upon it near Wayne Junction in Germantown being still today one of the principal points of historical interest in Philadelphia. There he received large deputations of Indians who camped for days at a time upon his estate, made treaties, leased and sold lands, and conferred with his fellow lawgivers of the province. He corresponded with the principal scholars of Europe in English and Latin interchangeably; accumulated many books, the foundation of the Loganian Library, now a part of the Philadelphia Library; interested himself in the natural sciences; published treatises on serious subjects in America and Europe and translated several classical writings. His published work in the classics includes his rather famous rendering of Cicero's "Cato Major, or Discourse on Old Age," printed by Franklin, and his translation of "Cato's Moral Distichs" into English verse. Much of his work which was not published has been handed down to us in manuscript.

His grandson, Dr. George Logan, of Stenton, who was for a term a United States Senator from Pennsylvania, a sympathizer with the French revolutionists, and a democrat of the most radical and fervent variety, being as much of a people lover as his grandfather was an aristocrat, married Deborah, a granddaughter of Penn's friend, Isaac Norris. It was for Debby Norris that Sally Wister wrote the sprightly and entertaining journal which is so much enjoyed by readers of this day.

It was reserved for Deborah Logan to rescue James Logan's letters and manuscripts from rats, the mould and general oblivion. At great pains this remarkable woman copied thousands of pages which she found in the cubby-holes and other garret rooms at Stenton, interpolating many personal remarks and explanations. This manuscript is now in safe keeping in the fireproofs of Philadelphia libraries and is an enduring monument to the name of Logan in Pennsylvania.

Although we are anticipating, it may here be noted that Mrs. Logan's services as an historian were considerable, and to verify facts and secure reminiscences of people and events of the past, John F. Watson, the annalist, who lived in Germantown, long made daily visits to the mistress of Stenton, then in the autumn of her life. Deborah Logan wrote some verse which



JAMES LOGAN

would have rung well in the century in which her grandfather lived, so little prolific in America of good or even mediocre poetry. She enjoyed the sonnet, a form, however, she remarked, which seemed "to put the muse into corsets." Imitative in her style in a striking degree and without much fancy, this good old Philadelphia Quakeress, gifted in an unusual way with an interest in literary affairs and the love of truth in research, and as a commentator, left much by which she will be remembered in her own city, if not in a larger field.*

The Quakers, if their leaders really wished to censorize the issues of Bradford's press and drive him to more favoring neighborhoods, were not long to be rid of him, for in 1712 his son Andrew, a young man who had been born in Philadelphia, returned to that city with the encouragement and pecuniary support of his father, setting up a press which enjoyed the direction of members of the Bradford family until we were well forward in the nineteenth century. In addition to the printing and selling of books, pamphlets and tracts Andrew Bradford began in 1719 the publication of the "American Weekly Mercury," the first newspaper to be issued in the Middle Colonies and the third in the British Provinces in America. Andrew Bradford's operations on several occasions were censorized, as his father's had been, and once his home and printing office were searched and he was put into prison for some harmless criticism uttered against the government.

For a time, near the end of his life, he had associated with him in his business his nephew William

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* Mrs. Logan was the first woman to be elected to membership in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Bradford. The latter's aunt, Andrew Bradford's wife by a second union, was an ambitious matchmaker and desired to marry him to one of her young kinswomen. Such an alliance being against the youth's inclinations, he soon went to England, visiting the Sowles, his relatives in London, who were still engaged in the publishing business, a season of experience and observation of vast value to him in his future career in Philadelphia. This William Bradford became the most prominent and useful of the name in Pennsylvania. His uncle dying, his aunt carried on the business for a time as Cornelia Bradford; but to William the trade of the house descended. His book-shop and printing-office were situated first in Second Street between Chestnut and Market Streets, and then at the corner of Front and Market Streets, opposite that interesting centre of trade, gossip and information, the London Coffee House. In this neighborhood all the printing houses and publishing offices of the time were situated.

In 1742 Bradford began the publication of the "Pennsylvania Journal," which soon outdistanced Franklin's "Pennsylvania Gazette," already established for thirteen years, both by reason of its quality as a newspaper and the business energy of its editor and proprietor, who numbered among his subscribers before and during the Revolution the leading planters, merchants, statesmen, soldiers and literati in all parts of America. This paper in the hands of himself and his descendants lived for nearly sixty years and its publication was continued into the nineteenth century by a member of the family as the "True American."

While the Bradford press secured much Quaker patronage, the Society gave not a little of its favor to

Samuel Keimer, an odd, adventurous and entirely preposterous person, who began to print in Philadelphia early in the eighteenth century. By some he is regarded as the city's first publisher, others who preceded him being dismissed as mere printers. He reprinted Steele's " Crisis " and issued a translation of Epictetus on Morals which is thought to have been the first published translation of a classical writing in the colonies.

The Society of Friends early in the twenties invited Keimer to reprint Sewel's " History of the People Called Quakers " which had just appeared in England. They had first suggested the work to Bradford, but he hesitated and decided at length to import the book. Keimer meantime received the contract, sought subscriptions, procured new type and finally, after nearly five years, put his book upon the market to find that Bradford had supplied it with the English edition, that Franklin had maligned and sneered him out of public confidence and respect; wherefore, his money gone, he left the city for the West Indies. Franklin soon procured the newspaper Keimer had established in 1728, the " Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette," and converted it into the " Pennsylvania Gazette " to become a better newspaper than the colony had yet known, but one to which he never gave much of himself. For this reason its rivals soon compelled it to occupy a secondary place among the journals of Philadelphia.

It has not been fair in the past, nor is it just today to leave out of account the intellectual activity of the Germans, who so soon followed the Quakers to Pennsylvania. Through the recent researches of industrious antiquarians * justice is being done to the memory of men like Pastorius, Kelpius, Beissel, Sower and Christopher Dock. They spoke, wrote and printed in another and a despised language. Indeed, many of them were fluent masters of several languages, Latin, Greek, French and other tongues as well as of their own German (they were the flower of the Continental universities); wherefore they were not understood by the English colonists, for the most part men of less erudition. There was a vast amount of ignorance among the German immigrants, but some of the leaders of the sects that had come here because of the religious freedom to be enjoyed in Pennsylvania, were scholars of uncommon talent. Their interest was chiefly given to hymn books, Bibles and devotional works, but they issued controversial tracts and sermons, and in the development of the printer's and bookbinder's art, were at first not behind their English rivals. Their well-educated leaders died and they later became a people noted for much stupidity, losing their command of a written language, and indeed being satisfied to communicate with each other through the medium of a hybridized German-English dialect; but they began well and by their services to letters in Philadelphia and its neighborhood are entitled to place in any record of the city's literary activities.

The earliest of the German immigrants, also the most deserving of our remembrance in the history of the city's literary past, was Francis Daniel Pastorius, Whittier's "Pennsylvania Pilgrim," who settled in Germantown soon after the "Welcome" brought the

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* For what is said here about the Pennsylvania Germans, the writer is principally indebted to the studies of Samuel W. Pennypacker, Julius F. Sachse and Oswald Seidensticker.

first Quakers up the Delaware. He came hither on the same ship as Thomas Lloyd with whom he conversed in Latin, likewise writing verses which were dedicated to the English Quaker's winsome daughters who accompanied him to America. Beyond question, Pastorius had greater literary attainments than any Englishman who came to settle in the colony at that early day. His grandfather, a man of education and social position, was driven out of Erfurt, Germany, by Gustavus Adolphus, dying of the exposure and brutal flogging administered to him and his family by that Northern crusader. A son, Melchior Adam, the father of Francis Daniel, graduated as a Doctor of Literature in Rome and gave his children the best educational opportunities afforded to young men of that day upon the continent. Francis Daniel studied at the Universities of Strasburg, Jena and Basle, graduating in law at Altdorf. He came to Pennsylvania by the usual route — via Cologne, Rotterdam and London — in 1683 when thirty-two years of age, attracted to the colony by reason of Penn's travels beyond the Rhine. He represented a German land company and was the founder of that actively intellectual and now truly beautiful suburb of Philadelphia, Germantown. That employment being little lucrative and later failing him altogether, he became a conveyancer, legal scrivener and teacher. In 1688, in disgust with his learning and the Philistinism of the world through which he must pursue his way with what often seemed to him to be very useless baggage (it all sounds very modern) he wrote to a friend in Germany: "I myself would give one hundred rix dollars if the time I wasted upon learning the Sperling physic and metaphysics and other unnecessary sophistical *argumentationes* and *arguitiones*, I had devoted to engineer work or to book printing, which would have been useful and valuable to me and to my fellow Christians, rather than to physics, metaphysics and Aristotelian Elenchi and Sylochismi by which no savage or heathen can be brought to God, much less a piece of bread can be procured."

Pastorius composed verses in Latin, German and English, and it is said could also speak, read and write Greek, French, Dutch, Italian and Spanish. Before the Friends in Philadelphia had yet become aroused to the evils of slavery he, with some of his neighbors in Germantown, protested against the "traffick of mens-body," especially as it concerned the selling of Indians to planters in the Barbadoes. Pastorius left in all seven printed writings, among them a primer, the first school book to be prepared by an American writer and published in the colonies. His unpublished works numbered forty-three, including the manuscript of the famous "Alvearium" or "Bee Hive," a vast encyclopedic collection of matter in many languages, compiled for the benefit of his children, of which Whittier wrote:—

"At evening, while his wife put on her look
Of love's endurance, from its niche he took
The written pages of his ponderous book.

"And read in half the languages of man
His 'Rusca Apium,' which with bees began
And through the gamut of creation ran."

This work is still in the hands of his descendants, having lately been deposited with the University of

Pennsylvania, and local historians have suggested the printing of it in a number of volumes. "Honey is money," Pastorius said, for which reason he committed the writing to the attention and reading of his children,— observing that "a bee may gather honey and spider poison from the same flower"; that "the drippings of the house eaves in time make a hole in a hard stone," and that "it is very bad cloath that by often dipping will take no colour." This book is a proof of the industry and diligence of the author, if it testify little as to the literary value of his work. He was, however, a strong and forceful writer upon many subjects. He was observant; he had humor, sincerity and remarkable range. The feeling and strength which he could impart when upon a religious subject is evidenced by an extract from a letter to a friend he had left behind him in Germany. After describing some of the discomforts of life in the wilderness as compared with the pleasure of stone houses and the "agreeable food and drink" of Germany, he continued:—

"If these above-mentioned considerations do not seem too hard to you, then go, the sooner the better, out of the European Sodom and think then of Lot's wife who indeed went forward with her feet but left behind her heart and inclinations. Oh, worthy friend, I wish indeed that with this eagle's plume [he wrote with a quill from an American eagle] I could express to you the love I feel for you and indeed convince you that it is not a mere lip-love but one which wishes more good to you than to myself. My heart is bound unto yours in a bond of love. Let us now grow together like trees which the right hand of God has planted by streams of water so that we bring forth not only leaves but fruit at the proper time — the fruit of repentance, the fruit of peace, the fruit of justice. For of what advantage is such a useless tree? Although the Gardener spares it for some years longer, digs and works about it with all care, he at last, when it shows no improvement, cuts it down and casts it into the fire."

Pastorius was a vigorous advocate of his "Germanopolis," as he called his settlement in the new world, and looked not back as did the wife of Lot. He had left the "German land" with others, as he wrote in Latin in the Germantown Grund und Lager-Buch, Whittier translating it:—

"And where the wild beast roams
In patience planned
New forest homes beyond the mighty sea,
There undisturbed and free
To live as brothers of one family."

Two of the noblest architectural monuments of colonial Philadelphia, Old Swedes' Church (Gloria Dei), overlooking the shores and wharves of the Delaware in a southern portion of the city, long ago abandoned as a place of residence by the intellectual and the fashionable; and Christ Church on Second Street, near Market Street, are remarkable today for their great age. When Evangeline landed in Philadelphia —

"Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While intermingled with these across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco."

But those edifices had not yet been built and there were only Quaker meetings in Philadelphia when a number of oddly clad Germans in long coarse robes, leaning upon their pilgrim staffs, appeared in the streets of the city. They were objects of a vast amount of curiosity. Their leader, Zimmerman, had died before they had embarked for America and Johannes Kelpius became their *magister*. Proceeding to Germantown they found Pastorius and his settlers too worldly for their tastes and sought homes among the steep cliffs and dark glades overstrewn with boulders and upgrown with hemlocks, in the valley of the Wissahickon, now penetrated by the most beautiful public drive in the environs of any city in the world. The pilgrims found their tastes gratified here in the wildest solitude —

> " Where thy sweetly murm'ring river
> In its glad play
> To the woods that round thee quiver
> Weaves a fond lay.
>
> " Where the wild bird loves to listen
> On its still wing
> As thy silvery waters glisten,
> And sweetly sing." *

These Germans called themselves " The Contented of the God Fearing Soul " and were usually known to other men as " The Society of the Woman in the Wilderness," a name which was derived from the twelfth chapter of Revelation. They reached Philadelphia in 1694 and confidently awaited the Millennium, which they believed would arrive in 1700. These German mystics, Kelpius, Köster, the Falkners, Dr. Christopher Witt and others, for a time had a kind of cloister or tabernacle upon the western bank of the Wissahickon in what they already called " Rocksborrow."

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* Miss Waterman on " Revisiting the Wissahickon " in " Gentleman's Magazine " Vol. III, p. 166.

" A mound-like hill covered with a strange edifice built of stone with steep roofs and many windows and a garden blooming far down into the glen. That is the monastery in which the monks of Wissahikon long ago worshipped God without a creed." Thus in " The Rose of Wissahikon " wrote George Lippard, the novelist, who used to wander lovingly over the ruins of this strange house. Leaving their cloister the pilgrims repaired often to caves and cabins where in prayerful solitude and some physical suffering they awaited manifestations of the Divine will. From Whittier we hear of

" Painful Kelpius, from his hermit den
By Wissahickon, maddest of good men."

But Kelpius may not have been as mad as he seemed, since he and many of his associates were men of university training and great erudition. They knew several languages and experimented in the sciences. Their folly was religious and the Pietists were but a few degrees farther advanced on the way of strange worship than the members of other sects that arose in such numbers in Europe, rapidly to send their representatives to the shores of America. The Wissahickon mystics cultivated herbs in their gardens, practiced medicine, experimented in alchemy, seeking an elixir of life, studied mathematics and astronomy, and, without cost, imparted education to the children of Germantown. Kelpius died at thirty-five, having contracted consumption while seeking communion with God in his cold cave. The community was dispersed, a few members continuing for years to occupy their lonely cabins and becoming widely known among unbelievers as the " Hermits of the Ridge." One of their number, Dr. Christopher Witt, removed to Germantown, where he planted a botanical garden, enjoying the friendship of John Bartram, and noted botanists in Europe. He also manufactured clocks, viewed the stars through a telescope and cured disease with his herbs and quicksets. Unlike Kelpius, the regimen seemed to favor him and this old ascetic lived to be ninety years old.

When the effects of these curious men were distributed, many of their old tomes upon ancient and mediæval learning found their way to Christ Church, where they are still to be seen in a room in the tower, having survived the search for gun wadding by British and Revolutionists and the insects that in other centuries as in this have been no respecters of books.

A rival body of German mystics, seceders from the Dunker church, early established a community at Ephrata in Lancaster County. These men, led by Conrad Beissel, an ignorant man (he had been a journeyman baker in a small town in Germany), sought spiritual regeneration in monkish life in what they called " The Community of the Solitary." Beissel, whatever his limitations, had the power to lead, preach and write, and he numbered in his group hymnists, linguists, printers and bookbinders. A cloister was built, the remains of which are still to be seen, and the religious experiment concerns this narrative only as it served to develop literary interest on this continent both independently and in connection with the leaders at Germantown. A friend of Beissel's in Germany, Christopher Saur (soon spelled Sauer and later Sower), had come to this country and after briefly visiting Philadelphia, also settled in Lancaster County, where he became a farmer. Sower's wife left him to join Beissel's mystics, who were of both sexes, and deprived of her aid, he gave up the life of a frontier husbandman, removing in 1731 with his ten-year-old son Christopher to Germantown, to earn his living at a trade. He became a clockmaker, but had various vocations, as the place was then too small well to support him at a single pursuit. He affiliated with the Dunkers in whose little meeting house on the Main Street a brass tablet to the memory of the first and second Christopher Sower was placed in 1899. His religious friends urged him to set up a printing press. He procured type in Europe for a German "Buchdruckery" and was soon well furnished with the facilities for publishing tracts, almanacs, newspapers and books. The Sowers became to the Germans what the Bradfords had been and still were to the English colonists.

On account of his relations with the Ephrata community, the Germantown printer was commissioned to publish a collection of 650 hymns, many of them composed by Beissel and the Ephrata brethren, and christened incomprehensibly (to all Englishmen at least) the "Weyrauchs Hügel" (literally Mountain of Prayer). This work was successfully accomplished, though not without unhappy disagreements, since Sower thus early attempted to exercise the publisher's privilege of censorizing his author's manuscript, the beginning of a dispute that led to the establishment of a separate press at Ephrata.

Sower, following the example of the English publishers, soon had his almanac, and on August 20, 1739, began to issue the first successful German newspaper in America, a small publication of four pages, " Der Hoch Deutsch Pensylvanische Geschicht-Schreiber," a name afterward changed to the " Pensylvanische Berichte," and still later " Die Germantauner Zeitung." Franklin had started a German paper in 1732, but the undertaking failed, like many of the enterprises of so active a projector and organizer, although today we are prone to suppose that his association with any movement meant its immediate success. This paper, called " Die Philadelphische Zeitung," was to be an edited translation of Franklin's English paper, the " Gazette," by Louis Timothée, afterward the first librarian of the Philadelphia Library. It had a very brief life and the field was ripe for the harvest when Sower, seven years later, asked the support of the German colonists for his journal.

Sower's greatest performance, however, was his Bible. He issued three editions, in 1743, 1763 and 1776, before there was another reprint of the Scriptures in any European language upon this continent. Then in 1782 Robert Aitken, also a Philadelphia publisher, issued the first American edition in the English tongue. It is true that William Bradford, as early as in 1687, had proposed an edition to the Friends; but his suggestion came to naught, and to Sower must the credit be given for what was, for the time, a very important achievement in publishing. He advertised his undertaking in his almanac and newspaper, and spread prospectuses through the country by the teamsters, as they travelled the Pennsylvania roads past the German farmhouses. Each subscriber was to pay a half crown in advance, since because of a lack of capital he was compelled to "borrow," as he expressed it, to carry on his ambitious work. He explained that the paper alone would cost seven shillings six pence for each Bible. The book when completed would be sold at twelve shillings, unbound, with an extra charge for the binding, according to the kind of leather used and the quality of the workmanship. Bradford, it is to be noted, had proposed to sell his Bible at twenty shillings to subscribers and twenty-six shillings to other purchasers.

Sower began printing in 1742, having imported much new type from Frankfort-on-the-Main. The work was carried on, it is said, in a building behind his home on the site now occupied by a house numbered 5253 Main Street. The paper, which was an item of cost of so much importance, was at the time difficult to procure. There were but two or three paper mills in the colony, the oldest of these having been established by William Ryttinghuisen, a Mennonite preacher from Holland and the grandfather of David Rittenhouse, the ingenious inventor and astronomer of the Revolutionary period. It stood in a little glade, the path of a rivulet called "Paper Mill Run" that trickles into the Wissahickon through what is now a part of Germantown and near the spot where the hermits had their caves, but upon the other bank of the stream. Each sheet of paper must be made separately from rags pounded to a pulp by trip hammers in stone mortars. Three men in a day could produce only four and a half reams of sheets measuring twenty by thirty inches. Being scarce, Franklin not seldom monopolized the supply and other printers must pay him an exorbitant price. Sower, it is said, solicited rags from the people for at least some of the paper needed for his Bible. He made the ink from linseed oil expressed at Ephrata, which was mixed with soot from the chimneys of Germantown, boiling the ingredients in a vat in a meadow where the fumes would not offend the sense of smell of the citizens. Four pages were laboriously printed at a time upon a handpress, the paper being then hung from poles to dry. The work was a quarto of 1267 pages and it was finished in one year and a half. As he saw his work ended, it is said that the pious old Dunker publisher crossed his hands over his breast, raised his eyes, and exclaimed, "Thank God, it is finished."

The book was no sooner completed than Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the prominent Lutheran leader, sent out from Halle, usually called the "Patriarch" to distinguish him from his three sons who were also well-known divines, attacked it, charging that Sower had interpolated a number of theological observations of his own. This dispute raged hotly and it was nineteen years before the first edition of 1200 copies was sold. The first Christopher Sower was then five years dead and ensuing issues were made by his only son Christopher Sower 2d.

Soon the Sowers printed in the English language, as well as in German. They made a reprint in 1749 of Thomas á Kempis. The motto of the house, "To the Glory of God and for the Good of Mankind," appeared upon many publications, and its service to American letters in the eighteenth century in Pennsylvania is not to be estimated lightly.

The Dunkers were non-combatants and their course in the Revolutionary War caused them to be regarded with suspicion by zealous patriots. Christopher Sower 2d, who was a bishop of the church, was arrested as a spy in 1778, smeared with paint, prodded with bayonets and taken before the Provost Guard. His life was spared him only because of the intercession of General Washington, his property was confiscated, and he died in poverty, a dependent upon the charity of his friends, near Norristown, Pa. His sons followed the British army upon its departure from Philadelphia, Christopher Sower 3d becoming for a time a king's printer in England, and later enjoying a lucrative office in connection with the post-office in Nova Scotia. After the war the house was reorganized and Charles G. Sower, in the direct line in the fifth generation, in 1844 entered the business. As Sower and Barnes, Sower, Barnes and Company, Sower, Barnes and Potts, Sower, Potts and Company, and since 1888 the Christopher Sower Company, under which name the business is still conducted at 614 Arch Street, the firm gained much repute in the school-book trade. It is held to be the oldest publishing house in America.

Many of the Ephrata brethren lived for long periods in Germantown while Sower was issuing the great Hymn Book. They supplied some of the paper for the Sower Bible and bound many copies of the book for subscribers in Lancaster County. Because of disputes, however, and for other reasons, Beissel and his monks determined to establish a printery of their own. It was about 1740 that they set up in their cloister a press adapted to the use of both German and English types and added a paper-mill and a book-bindery to their little group of industries. Their issues are now the most valuable of all American imprints. The largest of the undertakings of these Lancaster County mystics was "Der Blutige Schauplatz oder Martyrer Spiegel," the great Martyr Book compiled by Van Bragt, a Dutch theologian. It was a more or less complete and entirely horrible record of the devastations committed upon Christians by flame, knife, rack, pinion, screw and other instruments of torture. In the moral view of the time of Mennonites and Dunkers, the young were improved by a reading of such literature, and the Ephrata brethren determined to translate the book from the Dutch into High German. Fifteen monks under Beissel's direction were assigned to the task and the work of translation, printing, binding and sale was performed in about three years. The book was published in 1748 and 1749. There was an edition of some 1200 or 1300 copies and it was finished as a massive folio of 1512 pages on thick paper in large type. This was a greater achievement than Sower's printing of the Bible, and altogether the most noteworthy performance in the early history of publishing on the continent. The Martyr Book was not only the largest book published up to that time in America; it was the largest to make its appearance until after the Revolution.

In still another field were the Germans of Philadelphia and its neighborhood pioneers. They have to their credit the first book upon the subject of education. It is entitled "Schulordnung" or "School Management," and was written by Christopher Dock, the schoolmaster of the Skippack. Dock, a pious Mennonite, came to America about 1714 and opened a school on the Skippack in what is now Montgomery County, teaching too for a time in Germantown. The treatise was written in 1750, but through delays occasioned by the author's aversion to having it printed and the publisher's misfortune in losing or mislaying the manuscript, it was not issued until 1769. The essay was several times reprinted, as recently as in 1861. This little work, together with some articles upon the same subject in Sower's magazine, affords interesting insight into the system of school-keeping in vogue at the time among Pennsylvania's "back inhabitants." The rules of conduct for Dock's children may be read to-day with unalloyed delight, both for their practical shrewdness, and the quaint mode in which they are expressed. Some of them follow:—

"Dear child, accustom yourself to awaken at the right time in the morning without being called, and as soon as you are awake get out of bed without delay."

"The bones or what remains over do not throw under the table; do not put them on the table cloth, but let them lie on the edge of the plate."

"Picking the teeth with the knife or fork does not look well and is injurious to the gums."

"It is not well to put back on the dish what you have once had on your plate."

"Do not stick the remaining bread in your pocket, but let it lie on the table."

"Learn not to be delicate and overnice or to imagine that you cannot eat this or that thing. Many must learn to eat among strangers what they would not eat at home."

The leaders of the Moravians, who came first to Philadelphia and later settled at Bethlehem, Nazareth and other places in the interior, were men of large intellectual endowments and they had a zeal for their work in excess of anything that had been seen in the colony up to the time of their arrival. They found Pennsylvania full of "infidels, scoffers and self-righteous saints," and under Augustus Gottlieb Spangenberg, for a time a professor in the University of Halle, and Count Nicholas Louis von Zinzendorf, upon whose estate in Saxony the Moravian refugees had congregated for their migration and who came out to America himself in 1741, a new and fiery zeal was lent to religious discussion in Pennsylvania. Zinzendorf, of a prominent noble German family, wealthy and of good repute, soon put himself at the head of the sect in Germany. He was radical to unwisdom and was banished from his home to become a missionary of more energy than efficiency. Arriving in Philadelphia incognito, it was soon discovered that he was no other than the famous German reformer. He then determined to change his name by legal process. After a hearing before Governor Thomas, to whom he made his application in Latin, in the presence of James Hamilton, William Allen, William Peters, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Willing and other prominent officers and citizens, he received the privilege of using the name of Lewis von Thürnstein. It was his desire to unite all the German sects in America upon common ground, on the theory, however, that "your 'doxy must be my 'doxy," if it were to be anything like orthodoxy. He called and presided over a number of general meetings or synods, most of which were held in Germantown, with a diminishing representation from other churches when his designs were fully comprehended. In a little while he became the pastor of a Lutheran congregation, founded in Philadelphia in 1730, which met in a barn in Arch Street. The leaders at Halle, learning of the havoc he was making among their people in America, sent out the first Muhlenberg, who vigorously denied the Count's right to act as one of them and take charge of Lutheran flocks.

Zinzendorf, before his return to Germany in 1743, made a number of trips into the wilderness to convert the Indians and was involved in many religious controversies, wherein unfortunate language was employed upon both sides, the warfare being particularly active between him and the Calvinists. He published a number of tracts on Philadelphia presses which called out other broadsides in reply. Failing to unite the sects his own became a distinct and separate establishment, organized upon an odd communal plan, the tasks of the sisters being made easy by the poetry of Spangenberg:—

"Spin and weave, compelled by love;
Sew and wash with fervor,
And the Saviour's grace will make
His servants glad forever."

They were reconciled to their sufferings for lack of sufficient food by the muse of their leader also:—

"If we can serve our Lord and King
E'en in the very meanest thing,
It is indeed to us so sweet
That we do feel it drink and meat."

"Nowhere else," wrote Spangenberg of the Moravians in America, "have been composed such beautiful and edifying hymns for shepherds, ploughers, threshers, reapers, spinners, knitters, washers, sewers and others as among them and by them. They would fill a whole farmers' hymn book."

The intellectual influence of the Germans in Pennsylvania now begins to wane. Many of their leaders are dead; others have returned to Europe. The children of the ablest and most talented have learned the English language to take a part with credit in the general development of Pennsylvania as an English province, in that manner always in the past and still today characteristic of the German when he meets the Anglo-Saxon in a contest for racial supremacy. His absorption began in the first half of the eighteenth century and was soon put in the way of becoming definitive and complete.

CHAPTER II

THE AGE OF FRANKLIN

As the eighteenth century advanced and the people of Pennsylvania entered its second half, a very material change came over the thought, the intellectual interests, the writings, and the issues of the printing houses of the colonists. Angry religious disputants, although of these Pennsylvania never had a large or even her full share, were passing out of the range of popular attention, the uncompromising advocates of theological doctrine having their views fused and modified in a crux of generous dimensions. Broad, catholic and receptive was this meltery and the spirit which permeated the entire mass when the colony had passed through this intellectual change was more liberal than that reigning in any other American colony, and without a counterpart anywhere in the world except in France at the height of the political frenzy which brought on the Revolution. Fortunately the time was passing when calumny of one religious sect by the adherents of another was the predominating note in the output of the Philadelphia presses. It needed the absorbing issues of the War of Independence to make an end to this most unchristian literary exercise, but already the joy in common abuse and scurrility was diminishing among writers of the king's English in Pennsylvania.

There were to be several powerful pulpit orators and religious writers in Philadelphia before the Revolution broke over the heads of the colonists, albeit they were for the most part larger minded and more liberal men than the sectarian leaders who preceded them. Zinzendorf, the Moravian, had come and gone. It remains for us to mention George Whitefield (pronounced Whit-field), who visited Philadelphia six or seven times beginning with 1739, preaching to multitudes from the Court House steps, from balconies in Germantown, and in the fields and forests, one of the most powerful of eighteenth century evangelists. A crowd followed him from place to place, denominated by Dr. William Smith as "Whitefield's mob." David Hume after listening to a discourse by the great preacher said it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him. Many in Pennsylvania went even farther, and in the neighborhood of Harrisburg he had such an influence over the farmers that they neglected their crops to attend his meetings, thereby suffering severe pecuniary distress that called for charitable relief the next winter. At some places thousands sat on horseback in the rain to listen to Whitefield's sermons.

This remarkable preacher by his persuasive manner and resounding voice could bring vast audiences, estimated sometimes to contain 25,000 people, to any improvised rostrum from which he chose to speak, packing the streets, windows and housetops in all directions. Once at the Court House at Second and Market Streets the assembly stretched away to the river-side and many listened from boats on the Delaware River. In his first sermon in England (he preached no less than 18,000 during the thirty-four years of his ministry) complaint was made to the bishop that he had driven fifteen people mad. That churchly man in a manner suggestive of Lincoln's later remark concerning General Grant, expressed the hope that their madness would not abate until the next following Sunday.

Whitefield knew no sect, although he had begun as an Episcopalian. In a sermon preached in Market Street he cried out: "'Father Abraham, whom have you in Heaven? Any Episcopalians?' 'No.' 'Any Presbyterians?' 'No.' 'Any Baptists?' 'No.' 'Have you any Methodists there?' 'No.' 'Any independents or seceders?' 'No, no.' 'Why, whom have you there?' 'We don't know those names here. All that are here are Christians — believers in Christ — men who have been overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of his testimony.' 'Oh, is this the case? Then God help me, God help us all to forget party names and to become Christians in deed and in truth.'"

Whitefield's hearers were often melted to tears and many had the experience of Franklin, never accused of being a sentimental man. "I silently resolved he should get nothing from me," he relates in his "Autobiography." "I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that and determined me to give the silver and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

Franklin published a number of the great evangelist's sermons which also found their way into German, through Christopher Sower.

Henry Melchior Muhlenberg came out in 1742 to take his place at the head of the Lutheran Church, leading a useful life in Philadelphia and its neighborhood, principally at the Trappe in Montgomery County, where his old church still stands and where his three distinguished sons were born. They were educated together at the German universities, returning to America to become preachers little less renowned than their father. The eldest, Peter, declaring when the war broke out that " there is a time for all things, a time to preach and a time to pray; but there is also a time to fight and that time has now come," joined the Continental Army, to return to civil life as a major-general. His brother, Frederick Augustus Conrad Muhlenberg, abandoned pastoral for political life, becoming the first Speaker of the national House of Representatives.

The third brother, Gotthilf Henry Ernest, preached for many years in Philadelphia, and attained international distinction as a botanist, his life coming to an end in 1815 while he was in charge of a Lutheran church in Lancaster, Pa.

A family of theologians little less remarkable than the Muhlenbergs was that of the Tennents, so long and prominently identified with the Presbyterian Church. The first of the name in this country was William Tennent, an Irishman, a graduate of the University of Dublin, who arrived in this country in 1718, being attracted here, it would seem, by James Logan, whose kinsman he was. For twenty years, or from 1726 to 1746, he lived at Neshaminy in Bucks County, about twenty miles north of Philadelphia, where he established his famous Log College, by some regarded as the starting point of Princeton University. At this academy, visited by Whitefield, to whom it seemed to resemble " the school of the old prophets, for their habitations were mean," many preachers of great eminence in the church were imbued with its master's zealous spirit. It is sometimes called "the cradle of the Presbyterian Church in America." While no trace of the college remained, the anniversary of its foundation was celebrated in an open field on the old William Tennent farm near the village of Hartsville on September 5, 1889, in the presence of President Benjamin Harrison, who, to attend the ceremonies, was driven under arches and past hurrahing crowds which lined the wayside, the occasion leading to expressions of much interest and enthusiasm.

William Tennent had three sons in the Presbyterian ministry: Gilbert Tennent, the best known of all of the name, who long occupied the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia and wrote many disquisitions on religious subjects; John Tennent, who died at the age of twenty-six while a pastor at Freehold, N. J.; and William Tennent, Jr., who succeeded his brother at Freehold, where he preached for forty-four years, widely known for a cataleptic fit or trance described in a memoir by Elias Boudinot. Narrowly escaping burial alive, he was at length resuscitated to return to consciousness in the ignorance of a child. Even his letters he was obliged to learn anew, and while in his fit it always seemed to him as though he had been for that time enjoying the glories of Heaven.

Gilbert Tennent was a touring preacher in America, especially in his youth, of little less power than Whitefield, assisting that man in one of the greatest revivalistic movements which ever swept over the country. Whitefield after hearing him said: "Never before heard I such a searching sermon. He went to the bottom and did not daub with untempered mortar. . . .

Hypocrites must either soon be converted or enraged at his preaching. He is a son of thunder and does not regard the face of man." Dr. William Smith called him "Hellfire" Tennent and this was the name by which he was long popularly known. Because of the famous Nottingham sermon in 1739, in which he castigated his fellow ministers who went not outside their own congregations to save men's souls, calling them "caterpillars who labor and devour every green thing," he was compelled to leave the regular synod with a group of his radical friends called the "New Lights." Such preaching as Tennent's made a great sensation and his sermons were printed and circulated up and down the colonies. In "A Passionate Perswasive to a Marriage with the Lamb of God," a sermon first preached at New Brunswick in 1735, this daring revivalist said:—

"Those that are rich are wont to be coy in courtship. But what madness is it for you sinners to be coy when the rich and all sufficient Jesus makes court to you who are as poor and beggarly as sin and death can make you. Would not you count it a piece of unaccountable rudeness and folly if a beggarly scullion girl who had scarce clothes to her back would show much coyness and backwardness when a great prince of noble blood and great wealth made repeated earnest suit to her, offered to advance her to royal dignity and clothe her with cloth of gold? O unhappy sinners, this is your foolish practice. Christ offers you great things on your compliance with the terms of marriage. Though ye have lain among the smutty pots of sin yet if ye will be espoused to Jesus you may be clothed with gold of Ophir and all your garments made to smell of myrrh, aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces. You may be adorned like the dove whose wings are covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

Later he burst out into a most violent assault upon the tepid and but half redeemed in his audience as follows:

"You halvers in Christianity, who do something and suffer something but not enough, ye first or second table Christians who cry up the positive duties of Divine worship and in the meantime for all your pharisaical show, grimace and ceremony, neglect morality and the duties you owe to your neighbor. For all your show of Christianity you would bite and cheat your neighbors if you could do it handsomely so as to escape discredit. O ye wretched, fair-faced, smooth-tongued but foul, false-hearted hypocrites, you are the bane and pest of Christianity. O ye whited sepulchres. It's you who under a pretense of friendship wound religion to the heart and leave it bleeding and gasping for life. Pull off your paint and masks, ye hypocrites, and appear like what ye are, incarnate devils; it's better for the people of God to have roaring raging devils than devils in disguise; what can such as ye expect but to be cut asunder by the sword of God's justice and sunk in the damnation of hell?"

These extracts fairly well illustrate the literary, or it should be said, unliterary manner of Gilbert Tennent, when he was a young man in the revival meeting. After he settled in Philadelphia at his new church at Third and Mulberry (Arch) Streets, he composed his sermons deliberately. They were more polished in style and were often read from the prepared manuscript, which led at least one who sat in judgment to say that

Mr. Tennent "was never worth anything after he came to Philadelphia."

In 1753 this vigorous preacher went to England with Rev. Samuel Davies to seek pecuniary aid for Princeton College. It is very likely that Davies was the most brilliant pulpit orator of his day in America. Well educated, polished, rhetorical and eloquent, he was a force of value in the Presbyterian Church. He received his classical training at Samuel Blair's famous school at Fogg's Manor in Chester County, but early left Philadelphia and its environs for Virginia, where his fame resounded over the country. In 1759, while still but thirty-six years old, he succeeded Jonathan Edwards as President of Princeton College, although he lived to occupy that office only two years. His sermons fill three large volumes and they are reprinted and read to this day. In the pulpit it is said that "he looked like the ambassador of some great king." Most carefully prepared, for he would not "speak nonsense in the name of God," his discourses were manifestly for declamation rather than for quiet reading at the fireside in unimpassioned print. It is the orator rather than the writer whose presence is felt in these passages from his sermon on "The General Resurrection":

"They shall come forth. Now methinks I see, I hear, the earth heaving, charnel houses rattling, tombs bursting, graves opening. Now the nations underground begin to stir. There is a noise and a shaking among the dry bones. The dust is all alive and in motion and the globe breaks and trembles, as with an earthquake, while this vast army is working its way through and bursting into life. The ruins of human bodies are scattered far and wide and have passed through many and surprising transformations. A limb in one country and another in another; here the head and there the trunk and the ocean rolling between. Multitudes have sunk in a watery grave, been swallowed up by the monsters of the deep and transformed into a part of their flesh. Multitudes have been eaten by beasts and birds of prey and incorporated with them; and some have been devoured by their fellow men in the rage of desperate hunger or of unnatural cannibal appetite and digested into a part of them. Multitudes have mouldered into dust and this dust has been blown about by winds and washed away with water,— or it has petrified into stone or been burnt into brick to form dwellings for their posterity; or it has grown up in grain, trees, plants, and other vegetables which are the support of man and beast and are transformed into their flesh and blood. But through all these various transformations and changes not a particle that was essential to one human body has been lost, or incorporated with another human body so as to become an essential part of it. . . . The omniscient God knows how to collect, distinguish, and compound all those scattered and mingled seeds of our mortal bodies. And now at the sound of the trumpet they shall all be collected wherever they were scattered; all properly sorted and united, however they were confused, atom to its fellow atom, bone to its fellow bone. Now methinks you may see the air darkened with fragments of bodies flying from country to country to meet and join their proper parts. Then, my brethren, your dust and mine shall be reanimated and organized."

Divines much calmer in their outlook upon life were the leaders of the Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania, such as Dr. William Smith, Dr. Richard Peters, and Rev. Jacob Duché (pronounced Dou-shay), and some of the Quaker preachers and writers, foremost among them being John Woolman, the author of a journal.

Dr. William Smith, who was a more actively intellectual factor in the Philadelphia of his time than any one except Franklin, though in an opposite sense, may better be considered as a writer upon general subjects, and as the distinguished patron of literature in the colony that he was, rather than in any narrower theological connection.

Dr. Richard Peters, an Englishman, who had taken orders after studying law, came to this country in 1735 when about thirty years of age. While very young he had been married unhappily and sought comfort of mind in a new land. For a little while he was assistant rector of Christ Church but soon resigned to accept an office under the proprietary government. His brother, William Peters, whose mansion at Belmont was long a brilliant social centre in the colony, and William's son, Judge Richard Peters, also honored the name in Philadelphia. In 1762 Rev. Richard Peters returned to the ministry as rector of Christ Church, dying in July, 1776, a few days after Independence was proclaimed. His whole life, says an admiring student of his career, seems to have been "a series of kind, hospitable, and beneficent acts to people around and about him." For years he was President of the Board of Trustees of the college which later became the University of Pennsylvania, active in the spread of Christian charity that knew no congregational bounds and in the encouragement of education, art, science and poetry.

First an assistant rector to Dr. Peters and then his successor, Jacob Duché, of Huguenot stock, though a native of Philadelphia and a classmate at the College of Philadelphia of Francis Hopkinson (whose sister he married), was known as a polished preacher and writer and the maker of the opening prayer in the first Continental Congress in Philadelphia in 1774, for which he was publicly thanked, and of which John Adams wrote to his wife that even his Boston minister had "never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such earnestness and pathos and in language so elegant and sublime." Afterward he was known to fame principally as the author of a letter to General Washington in 1777, urging him to seek a reconciliation with England, which was misunderstood by the Pennsylvania Jacobins and led to a confiscation of his estates and his prolonged exile in England. As a writer, Duché should be better known than he is at this day through his "Caspipina's Letters," published first in America and later in England — polished, clean, entertaining comment in epistolary form, by one "Tamoc Caspipina,"* upon Philadelphia and Philadelphians. To a correspondent in Oxford, England, he writes that "the new world is indeed launched forth and has proceeded more than half way to meet the old." "I am now sitting in a window," he continues, "that overlooks the majestic Delaware, compared with which our Isis and Cherwell, though immortalized in song, would appear but little babbling brooks. The woods along the opposite shore of New Jersey are clothed in their brightest verdure and afford a pleasing rest and refreshment to the eye

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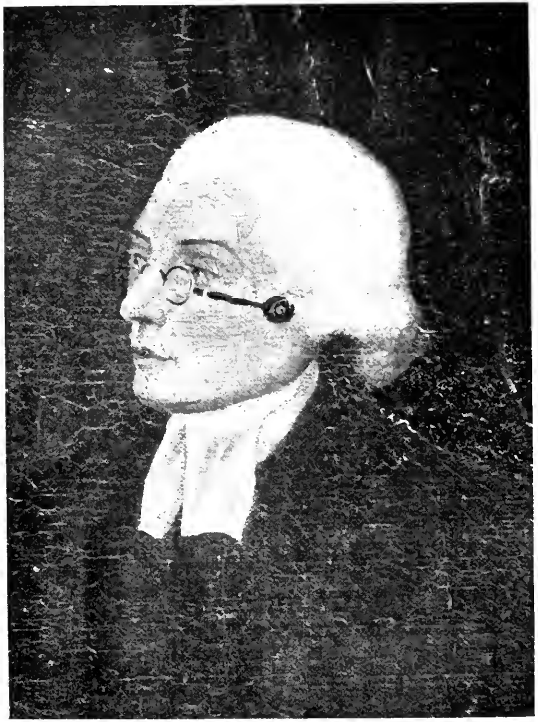
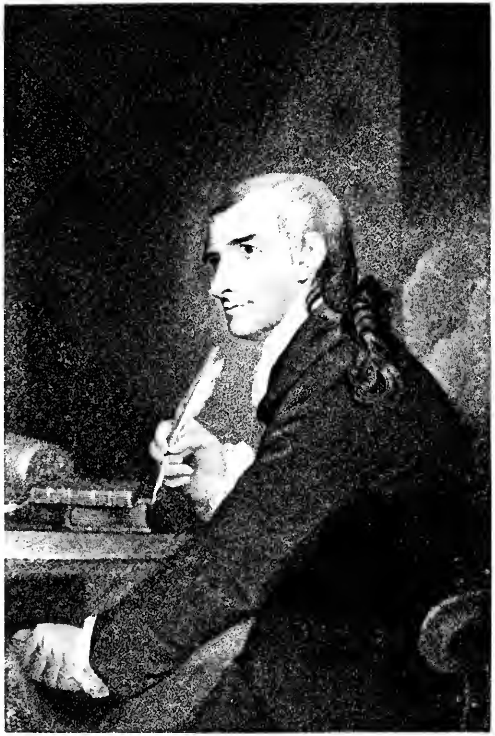
*The first letters of the words composing the title of his religious office, "The assistant minister of Christ Church and St. Peter's in Philadelphia in North America."



JACOB DUCHÉ



Fra: Hopkinson

after it hath glanced across the watry mirror. Whilst I am writing this three topsail vessels wafted along by a gentle southern breeze are passing by my window. The voice of industry perpetually resounds along the shore; and every wharf within my view is surrounded with groves of masts and heaped with commodities of every kind from almost every quarter of the globe."

John Woolman was a minister among Friends, self-instructed but of rare natural gifts. The "Journal" of his life and travels has been published many times, being edited affectionately in 1871 by the poet Whittier, to revive the interest in a piece of remarkably simple and lucid writing. Admired by all English critics, to some, as to Robert Louis Stevenson, it made the warmest appeal. Charles Lamb recommended everyone "to get the writings of John Woolman by heart." An illiterate tailor, "his religion was love," as one admirer explains. "His whole existence and all his passions were love."

He was born in Burlington County, N. J., in 1720, and while employed in Mount Holly as a clerk to a shopkeeper, who asked him to write out a bill of sale for a negro woman, made his vows against slavery. Dressed in undyed homespun he preached Abolition upon his journeys made on foot through the Southern states. At the monthly and yearly meetings in Philadelphia and its neighboring counties, he industriously bore testimony against the "dark gloominess overhanging the land." He lived while at home in a small two-story, white-washed wooden house in Mount Holly and died in 1772, in Yorkshire, England, whither he had gone on a religious visit, being buried in Friends' ground in York.

While religious discussion was continued actively, the leaders were being chastised by the rod of a larger world, their religious tempers were being sweetened, and their opinions of other men liberalized by contact and experience. Peters and Duché marked a great advance over George Keith; Woolman over Thomas Chalkley; Muhlenberg, Davies and even Gilbert Tennent over Kelpius, Conrad Beissel and the early sectarians and priests. Now there were printed and offered for sale such works as "The honor of the gout, or a rational discourse demonstrating that the gout is one of the greatest blessings which can befall mortal man, that all gentlemen who are weary of it are their own enemies, that those practitioners who offer at the cure are the vainest and most mischievous cheats in nature"; and "The temporal interest of North America, showing the causes and cure of the many distractions, wants, poverty and ill-will to each other which we are exposed to in a country wherein we might live as happily as any people in the world if it were not our own fault."

In truth, the city had entered the age of Franklin, when men were ready to renounce the prudery of their fathers, see some brightness and joy in the world that God had spread out about them, and with a little humorous honesty attribute to their own mistakes the evils and misfortunes they were earlier prone to explain by some austere reading of the Scriptures. If the reaction were too great, as many believed, and Franklin's influence was distinctly atheistical, the transition was not immediate, nor was it ever complete.

Franklin's fame seems to grow and extend as each generation of birthdays passes over the stone that marks his last resting place in the little acre of God at Fifth and Arch Streets in Philadelphia.

We read his bland account of the "errata" of his life in his "Autobiography," his half-proud allusions to his love intrigues that attest to the immorality of his youth, and his foolish fondness for adulation in his old age, not without blushes for the honor of our eighteenth century civilization, if he be set up as its highest type. We know of his duplicity in his business and political relations and couple his name with that of some of the vulgar masters of party management in modern America. To this day there are probably Philadelphians who would disown Franklin and let him revert to the New England from which he came.

His shrewdness is said to be Yankee; but it is as distinctly German or recreant Quaker. Franklin might not have been else than what he was in any other surroundings, but it is very clear that he was deeply influenced by the life he faced in Pennsylvania, and he is a product of the conditions existing in the city which he entered by way of Market Street at seventeen years of age with a bread roll under each arm, while munching a third to relieve the hunger he had accumulated on his journey from Boston by way of New York, a runaway printer's apprentice. Think and say what we will, his fame is secure and his hold upon the age in which he lived was firm. He was a patriot, but so were two other Philadelphians, Robert Morris and James Wilson, about whom infinitely less is known, although in statecraft they were as sound as Burke, while Franklin was almost as wrong as Paine and Mirabeau. He founded a college, a library, a newspaper, a magazine, a learned society, a hospital, a fire company, and designed a new stove and the lightning rod; but it is for his literary services and his philosophy that his career is to be examined in this volume. It is for what he wrote and for the spirit which his work breathed that he is to be considered in this record of Philadelphia's intellectual life.

If we are asked exactly to state what Franklin did to lead David Hume to declare him the first writer in America to attain an international reputation and to be honored in France beyond Voltaire, Rousseau and Turgot, the task is not an easy one. We are referred to the incomplete autobiography which has been printed in so many languages (a translation into the Servian recently coming into the possession of the Franklin Inn), remarkable alike for its lucidity and its humor. We are also urged to consider the wise saws of Poor Richard.

The almanac very early made its appearance in Pennsylvania, and Philadelphia in the eighteenth century was the principal centre in America for the publication and circulation of these indispensable household companions of the poorest colonists. What a magazine is to a modern publishing house, the almanac was to the printer of that day, a medium for the advertisement of his business. In truth, it was an annual magazine and it was hung in the chimney corner in January to be thumb-marked and dog-eared by much reading and consultation until the next December. The almanac-makers not only supplied the public with the calendar of months, weeks and days; they added a vast amount of more or less wise information about the motions of planetary bodies, the time of the sun's rising and setting, the rising, setting and southing of the moon, with many prognostications as to the probable state of the weather upon distant dates, based upon popular experience with the equinoxes and other not too reliable determinators. This information was greatly valued by men and women who sowed and garnered their grains, planted herbs, gelded and sheared sheep and were themselves purged and bled according to astrological "signs." In addition, there were tables of kings, curious directions for curing many common kinds of disease with simples and other natural medicines, the dates of county fairs and the meetings of courts; while other matter useful or perhaps only entertaining was introduced at the will of the compiler. From the earliest times verses, and maxims, and wise sayings were inserted in the almanacs at the convenience of the editor and the printer.

The leading almanac in the field in Pennsylvania before Franklin entered it with " Richard Saunders " was undoubtedly Leeds's, first conducted by Daniel Leeds, then by his son Titan. Afterward there were a host, among them Taylor's, Birkett's, Jerman's, Poor Will's, Poor Robin's, Thomas More's, Thomas Godfrey's, Matthew Boucher's, Grew's, Andrew Aguecheek's and the almanac of A. Weatherwise, Gent., sometimes called Father Abraham's.

It was a tradition very well established that the calendar for each month should be set under a number of original, that is to say, bad verses. In 1718 Titan Leeds remarked in his almanac:—

" Because 'tis common to put verses on the top of the months therefore many people expect it; yet if I knew whether the major number of votes would be against it I would insert other things more useful to some," A slave to the system, the almanac-maker wrote for May, 1727: *

> " Now the pleasant time approaches;
> Gentlemen do ride in coaches,
> But poor men they don't regard
> That to maintain them labor hard.
> Birds do sit on every splinter
> Singing as 'twould ne'er be winter.
> If lawyers' pleading should refrain
> A little while, they'll to 't again;
> Let what weather come what will,
> Strife brings grist unto their mill."

Franklin first issued his " Poor Richard's " Almanac in 1733, introducing some innovations and improvements that soon developed into marked literary originalities. The verse is better:—

> " She that will eat her breakfast in her bed,
> And spend the morn in dressing of her head,
> And sit at dinner like a maiden bride,
> And talk of nothing all day but of pride;
> God in his mercy may do much to save her,
> But what a case is he in that shall have her."

The maxims for which " Poor Richard " became famous were not slow to make their appearance. The first issue of the Almanac brought forth many that have long been identified with the name of their author:—

" A fat kitchen, a lean will."

" He that drinks fast pays slow."

" Take counsel in wine but rejoice afterwards in water."

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* Jerman's.

"He's the best physician that knows the worthlessness of the most medicines."

"He that lies down with dogs shall rise up with fleas."

"Keep your mouth wet, feet dry."

"Tongue double brings trouble."

Occasionally "Richard" abandoned the maxim in favor of some other medium, as when he told his readers what were "the mental and personal qualifications for a wife":—

"A good person but not perfectly beautiful.

"With regard to complexion not quite fair but a little brown.

"Young by all means.

"Old by no means.

"In spelling a little becoming deficiency; and in the doctrine of punctuation (or what is generally called stopping) by no means conversant.

"A proper knowledge of accounts and arithmetic; but no sort of skill in fractions.

"No enthusiasm for the guitar.

"To tea and coffee no objection.

"An acquaintance with domestic news, but no acquaintance with foreign.

"Decently but not affectedly silent."

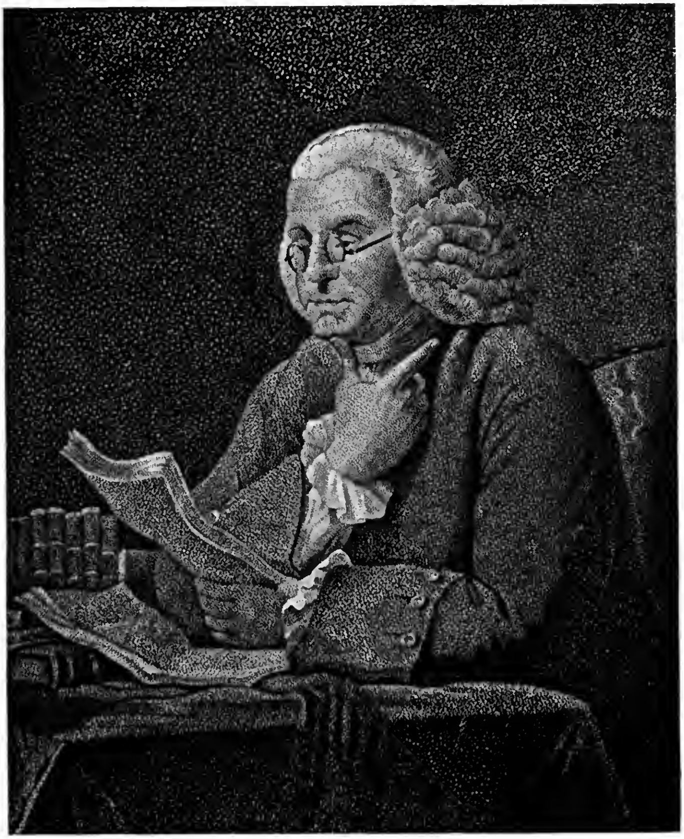
Franklin's position as a literary man was gained by and rests to-day upon no one specific writing. It is rather the general result of a vast variety of activities, epistolary and pamphletary, in the proceedings of learned societies, parliamentary records, in newspapers, magazines and almanacs — a sum that is large as we know from the voluminous editions of his works. In all that he did he breathed a new spirit that caught hold of the fancy of men long held in the strait jacket of absolutism in their politics and morality. As the living type and a prophet of a newer and happier philosophy, honors were showered upon him at home that were accorded him the more gracefully and unquestioningly when it was seen what a veritable demi-god he was become abroad, especially in France, where the Mississippi Bubble and Mesmer dethroned men's reasons in a scarcely more remarkable way. To no man was the rise and peculiar vogue of Franklin in this country and Europe, both insular and continental, so puzzling as to John Adams, and few were better entitled to a judgment on a question so generally interesting. "His reputation," says Adams, "was more universal than that of Leibnitz or Newton, Frederick or Voltaire, and his character more beloved and esteemed than any or all of them. Newton had astonished perhaps forty or fifty men in Europe; for not more than that number probably at any one time had read him and understood him by his discoveries and demonstrations. And these being held in admiration in their respective countries, as at the head of the philosophers, had spread among scientific people a mysterious wonder at the genius of this, perhaps the greatest man, that ever lived. But this fame was confined to men of letters. The common people knew little and cared nothing about such a recluse philosopher. Leibnitz's name was more confined still. Frederick was hated by more than half of Europe, as much as Louis the Fourteenth was, and as Napoleon is. Voltaire, whose name was more universal than any of those before mentioned, was considered as a vain profligate and not much esteemed or beloved by anybody, though admired by all who knew his works.

But Franklin's fame was universal. His name was familiar to government and people, to kings, courtiers, nobility, clergy and philosophers as well as plebeians to such a degree that there was scarcely a peasant or a citizen, a *valet de chambre,* coachman or footman, a lady's chambermaid or a scullion in a kitchen who was not familiar with it and who did not consider him a friend to human kind. When they spoke of him they seemed to think he was to restore the golden age. . . . He was considered as a citizen of the world, a friend of all men and an enemy to none. His rigorous taciturnity was very favorable to this singular felicity. He conversed only with individuals and freely only with confidential friends. In company he was totally silent. . . . Throughout his whole life he courted and was courted by the printers, editors and correspondents of reviews, magazines, journals, pamphleteers and those little busy meddling scribblers that are always buzzing about the press in America, England, France and Holland. . . . If a collection could be made of all the gazettes of Europe for the latter half of the eighteenth century a greater number of panegyrical paragraphs upon 'le grand Franklin' would appear, it is believed, than upon any other man that ever lived."

Adams, never very friendly, continuing, observes that Franklin was of all religions to all men,— Roman Catholic, Church of England, Presbyterian, while the Friends thought him a kind of wet Quaker. His lightning rods stuck their iron points into the sky to commemorate his name wherever there were shrinking women and timorous children. Adams ended by confessing that he was totally unable "to develop the complication of causes which conspired to produce so singular a phenomenon," and expressed the opinion that it would require a complete history of the philosophy and politics of the eighteenth century which if it should ever be written would be a more important book than "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

From his first coming to Philadelphia, Franklin had been given to the democratic association with other men, displaying a distinct talent for organization and leadership. He stood aghast before no higher presence and early started on his way to make himself the great man of the province. His interests were as infinite as the stars above his head and the blades of grass beneath his feet. About them all he inquired and reasoned according to his lights. At an early age he was revising the Lord's Prayer. For "give us this day our daily bread, and forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors" he proposed to substitute, "provide for us this day as thou hast hitherto daily done. Forgive our trespasses and enable us to forgive those that offend us." He performed this task with the same unruffled temper with which many years later he permitted the women of France to place laurel wreaths upon his brow at Versailles.

He was early known as the friend of the common man, with whom he esteemed himself not too good to associate or sympathize. His first companions were Charles Osborne and Joseph Watson, who were clerks in the law and conveyancing office of Charles Brockden; and James Ralph, employed in a mercantile house. With these young men Franklin spent his Sundays among the trees on the sloping banks of the Schuylkill, where with heads on mossy hillocks or fallen logs, they read to one another from books, composed doggerel



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

From the Martin portrait

odes, and argued momentous questions of literature and statecraft. Ralph went to London with Franklin to live for a while on the young Pennsylvania printer's money and to become in the end a poet, playwright, satirist and pamphleteer on Grub Street, his chief distinction coming from a two-volume "History of England during the Reigns of William, Anne and George I," of some real value, and the verses dedicated to him by Pope in "The Dunciad":—

> "Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls
> And makes night hideous. Answer him, ye owls!"

After his return to Philadelphia and his entrance upon life in serious earnest, Franklin in 1727 formed the Junto, an organization which for nearly forty years met about at the houses of its members and in the city inns and coffee-houses to discuss curious questions after the manner of a village debating society, and of which Franklin did not hesitate to say that it was "the best school of philosophy, morality and politics that then existed in the province." To the meetings of the Junto came Joseph Breintnal, who wrote bad verse; Thomas Godfrey, a glazier, with whom Franklin boarded for a time, the future inventor of the mariner's quadrant; William Parsons, William Coleman and other young men as ambitious and inquisitive as Franklin himself. They solemnly asked one another whether "elementary fire" and the electric fluid were one and the same thing, what becomes of all the water that flows into the Mediterranean Sea, and many other questions not now remembered.

While in association with these men Franklin originated many of his humanitarian projects. One, the

American Philosophical Society, the oldest learned society in the country, was the direct outgrowth of the Junto. Its hall, filled with books, manuscripts, pictures and relics, is situated behind the State House on Fifth Street. The society was formed in 1743 when Franklin was thirty-seven years old. Conceived in his practical spirit " for promoting useful knowledge among the British plantations in America," it was to be a kind of clearing house for information about plants, animals, stoves, plows and phosphates. The president was Thomas Hopkinson, a lawyer and an experimenter in electricity (like Franklin and Ebenezer Kinnersley) the father of Francis Hopkinson, the Revolutionary poet and the grandfather of Joseph Hopkinson, who wrote "Hail Columbia." Franklin himself was the secretary and a number of men were delegated to take charge of the different departments into which it was conceived at the time that philosophy might be divided. John Bartram was to serve as botanist, Thomas Godfrey as mathematician, Dr. Thomas Bond as physician, Samuel Rhoads as mechanician, William Parsons as geographer, and Dr. Phineas Bond as general natural philosopher.

Of these Bartram and Godfrey gained the distinction of having their names remembered in another century. As early as 1728 Bartram, whom Linnæus described as the greatest natural botanist of the age, had begun his garden, which is still preserved, though in some dilapidation, on the west side of the Schuylkill near Gray's Ferry. He travelled from the Great Lakes to Florida, studying and collecting slips and seeds of all kinds of indigenous trees which he described for the advantage of the botanists of Europe. It is said of him, too, that he built three houses with his own hands, even blasting and hewing the rock, sometimes being seen at work in the moonlight. He died a few days before the battle of Brandywine, in fear that the British army would lay waste to his beloved gardens.

Thomas Godfrey was a natural genius of another kind. He was a glazier, of a humble position in the world, which is not exalted very greatly by Watson's reminding us that glaziers of the time did not fit glass panes into wooden sash, but soldered them into leaden frames. To the editors of the " American Magazine " he seemed to be " one of the most singular phenomena that ever appeared in the learned world." One day, while at work at his trade in Mulberry Street, a young girl came to a pump and filled a pail with water, which was left upon the sidewalk. The sun's rays were reflected from Godfrey's pane to the pail of water and then to his eye, thus completing a triangle, which is said to have suggested to the glazier's mind the idea that in 1730 became the basis for the double reflecting sea quadrant. Prior to this time English mariners had been using Davis's Bow to ascertain their latitude and longitude while at sea, but it could not be adjusted in a storm. Godfrey gave the subject his careful study, taught himself Latin in order to read Newton's " Principia," which he borrowed from James Logan, and endeavored with the latter's assistance to have the value of his invention recognized in England. Meantime he determined to have the device tested on a ship bound for the West Indies where, in Jamaica, it was exhibited or presented to an English sea captain. Thus the important discovery came into the possession of Hadley, a mathematical instrument maker in London, whose name it usually bears, in spite of the prolonged exertions of influential Americans in the eighteenth century to have Godfrey's claims established and honored.

But with all these men in his group, Franklin's Philosophical Society failed like his German newspaper, his magazine and his first plans for the establishment of a college. Twenty-five years passed before the suggestion bore important fruit, when two rival societies entered the field, being consolidated fortunately in 1769 under the presidency of Dr. Franklin. For twenty-one years, or until his death in 1790, he continued to hold the office and the Transactions of this old society of philosophers, then only another name for the curious regarding all subjects, are an expression of that practical, utilitarian and inquiring spirit which is typical of Franklin and his age. The scientist to-day chuckles at such science, but the association soon numbered among its members Americans eminent in many fields, while its president's growing reputation in France brought it distinguished correspondents in Europe and spread its fame widely. Franklin himself, while coming home from France, was diverted in calm weather by writing his letter to the philosophers "on the causes and cure of smoky chimneys," which he explains are chimneys that instead of "carrying up all the smoke discharge a part of it into the room, offending the eyes and damaging the furniture." He also describes in the Transactions of the society a new stove for burning pit coal, while Thomas Jefferson's interest in husbandry is evidenced by his model of "a hand threshing machine," invented by a Virginian, and his communication in regard to a new plow-share.

Natural history had many devoted students. America was a great boneyard which, before the fertilizer companies despatched their agents everywhere, afforded much that was of curious concern to naturalists. Skeletons of strange animals, tusks, antlers and "grinders" came pouring into the society's museum. Jefferson described "certain bones of a quadruped of the clawed kind," found in western Virginia. Another member offered an Indian legend about "the big naked bear." He reported that the bear, naked all over except for a spot of white hair upon its back, was the most ferocious of American animals. It devoured man and beast and was so large that an Indian or a common bear served it for but a single meal. Its heart was so small that the arrow could seldom find it. It could be slain only by a blow deftly dealt upon its backbone, and many who went forth to hunt this terror of the forest primeval did not return.

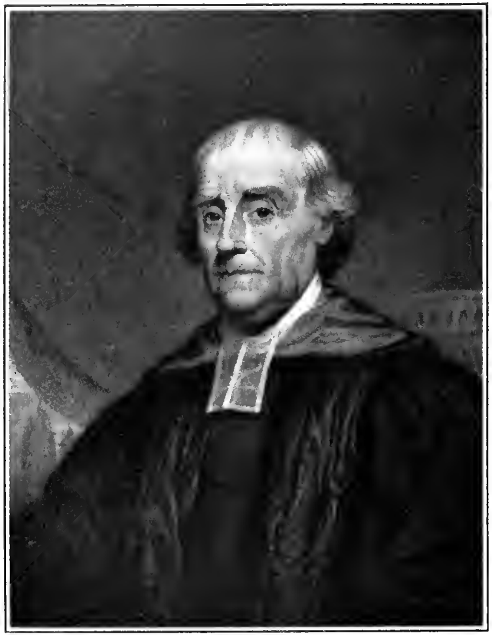
Other philosophers interested themselves in living objects and we have luminous accounts of "amphibious serpents," "one partridge with two hearts," "the numb fish or torporific eel" and "a living snake in a living horse's eye." This horse had been placed on exhibition in Philadelphia by a free negro who endeavored to profit by the popular curiosity for disagreeable sights.

More scientific and more useful were the society's services in encouraging silk worm culture, in surveying a route for a canal which should join the bays of Delaware and Chesapeake, and best of all were the observations of the transit of Venus it so successfully made through telescopes mounted in the State House yard and at David Rittenhouse's near Norristown, which called out the warm praises of European astronomers. At all times it was the embodiment of practicality, an agency hostile to aristocracy in government, finality in religion, art, science and invention — indeed, to settled tradition in any field. After Franklin's death, in the hands of David Rittenhouse, Thomas Jefferson and Peter S. Duponceau, it was still a centre of radical expression, and it is for its part in interpreting the dominating spirit of the age that it deserves such extended consideration in this connection.

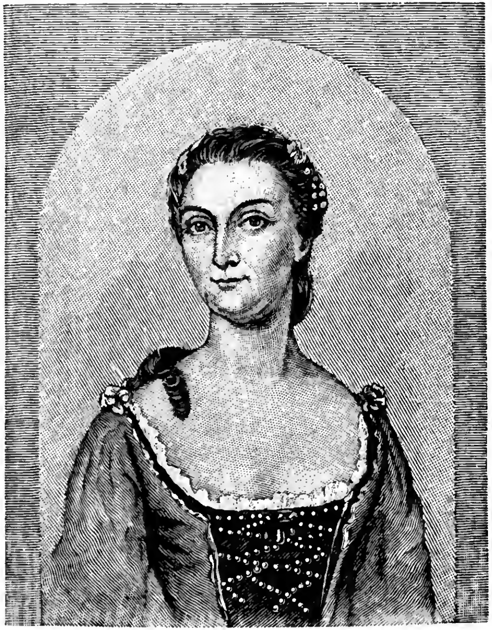
In this strong current of materialism, there were left by good fortune a few insular points at which beauty and sentiment still reigned. Idealism could thrive only sparingly; it was remarkable that it prospered at all. Franklin had originally intended that the college he had it in his mind to establish should be in charge of Rev. Richard Peters, who was then out of employment. Mr. Peters had other plans for himself, and at length two or three useful masters were secured. The Academy, for at first it was not more than this, found a home in a great building which had been erected in Fourth Street, near Mulberry Street, as a meeting place for the crowds that came to hear Whitefield preach. It was used by the great evangelist while yet there was no roof over it, and at his going it was appropriated for the purposes of the school. In 1751 a young Scotchman, William Smith, lately graduated at Aberdeen, came to America as the tutor of two boys who had been traveling in England and were returning to their home on Long Island. Upon arriving in New York he published a pamphlet entitled "A General Idea of the College of Mirania," an idealistic plan for a seat of learning which he hoped might be established in that city. Copies of this publication falling into the hands of Richard Peters and Benjamin Franklin, the latter wrote to Smith that they had in Philadelphia the Mirania; their task now was to find the Aratus, the fictitious personage whom Smith had named as the head of his college. The young Scotchman was soon invited to come to Philadelphia, but first returned to England late in 1753 to take holy orders in the Episcopal Church, being inducted as Provost of the Academy, which became a college with the power to grant degrees in May, 1754, the beginning of a long period of loyal service to the intellectual interests of the colony.

Smith's relations with the educational centres of Great Britain were close, as was shown by his soon receiving the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Aberdeen, Oxford and Dublin. He made himself a tower of influence in a great variety of ways,— moral, social, political, scientific and pedagogical, and as a patron of *belles lettres*. He was the intimate companion of his pupils as well as their teacher, and was soon graduating such boys as Jacob Duché, Francis Hopkinson, Paul Jackson and Nathaniel Evans, who had a new understanding of the meaning of life. John Adams described Dr. Smith as "soft, polite, insinuating, adulating, sensible, learned, industrious, indefatigable." He was also a man of the most decided opinions upon the greatest variety of subjects, and belligerent to a fault when he believed his cause was just. The press in Pennsylvania was not yet free. William Bradford had felt the force of public displeasure and his son Andrew was severely admonished in 1721 for printing a paragraph in the "Mercury" as seemingly innocent as the following: "The prodigious fall of South Sea stock has ruined thousands. Several gentlemen who kept their coaches before they dipt into South Sea are now forced to walk on foot. By the same turn of Fortune's wheel footmen and cookmaids loll in their gilded chariots and smile at the fate of their quondam masters."

In 1758 William Smith, taking sides against the Quakers in their attitude of non-resistance, while Germans and Presbyterians were being scalped by Indians on the frontiers, was conducted to the Walnut Street prison for publishing in the newspaper with which he aimed to instruct the German inhabitants of Pennsylvania, the address of William Moore of Moore Hall, Chester County, harshly criticizing the Assembly which had prepared and published " a most virulent and slanderous address," as Moore alleged, charging him " in the bitterest terms with divers misdemeanors and corrupt practices." The document forming the basis for the legal attack upon Smith stated that the address against which the appeal was directed appeared " to agree well enough with the motives of its authors and abettors. It is from beginning to end one continued string of the severest calumny and most rancorous epithets, conceived in all the terms of malice and party rage exaggerated and heaped upon one another in the most lavish manner." For causing such language to be published Smith was sent to prison, where he continued to teach his pupils who went thither to receive his instruction, and later he took passage for England to enter an appeal in his own behalf before the higher British authorities. He married the daughter of Mr. Moore of Moore Hall on the strength of an acquaintance so oddly begun and had a number of children, one of whom, Williamina, remained in the city during British occupancy with her aunt, Mrs. Phineas Bond, being one of the young ladies greatly admired by Major André and the British officers at the famous Meschianza ball; while the rest of the



PROVOST WILLIAM SMITH



MRS. ELIZABETH FERGUSON

From an old miniature *(See page 76.)*

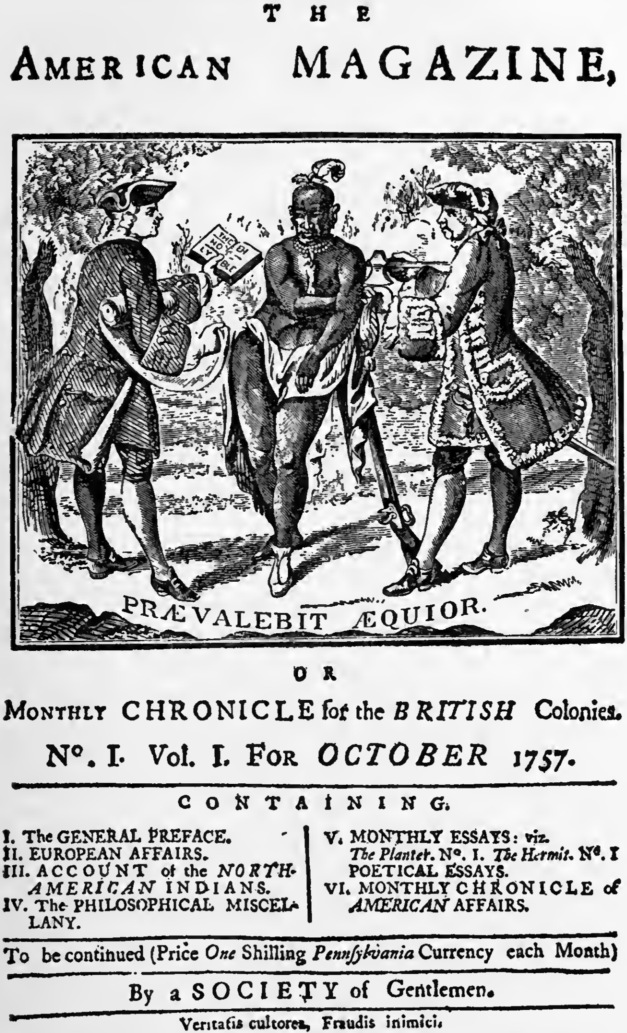
family resided on Barbadoes Island in the Schuylkill opposite Norristown, within sight of Washington's army at Valley Forge, a picturesquely situated piece of land lately taken by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad for the piers of a steel bridge. He returned to the city upon its evacuation by the British and reopened his college.

Suspected of Tory sympathies, which he no doubt felt, Dr. Smith was hotly pursued by the Pennsylvania Dantons and Robespierres. Accused of disloyalty to the cause of independence and of servility to the Church of England, the school was closed in 1779, to make way for a new institution called the University of Pennsylvania, and after twenty-six years' residence in the city he was obliged to betake himself and his large family to Maryland, where he assumed the charge of a parish for six hundred bushels of wheat per annum. In 1789 he returned to Pennsylvania and succeeded in getting back the charter and estates of the College, which two years later was united with the University, still the object of general ridicule, as an educational establishment, the University of Pennsylvania of to-day being the direct descendant of the union.

Smith had not long been Provost when his practical interest in intellectual affairs in the colony was manifested in an effort to found a literary review called "The American Magazine and Monthly Chronicle for the British Colonies." It was printed by the Bradfords, presumably for "a society of gentlemen," which in truth consisted of Dr. Smith and several of his pupils in the College. Pennsylvania had not yet had a successful magazine. Franklin had proposed one in 1740 with John Webbe as the editor. Before it appeared, Webbe carried the idea to the Bradfords and in February, 1741, the first number of " The American Magazine or a Monthly View of the Political State of the British Colonies " made its appearance in the field. Franklin, not to be outdone, put on sale three days later his " General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for all the British Plantations of America." Neither of these periodicals lived long or had cause for existence. Bradford's was published for about three months and Franklin's for six. They contained little that was not given in the newspapers, chiefly excerpts from the English parliamentary debates in regard to America, and poems and articles reprinted from British reviews or perhaps extracted from editions of the works of British authors.

Smith's " American Magazine " made its first appearance in October, 1757, and continued for a year, when it was given up, less, it seems, because of its unprofitableness than because of its editor's dispute with the Assembly, which sent him first to prison and then to England. It had the distinct stamp of America, being filled with original material,— poems, essays, scientific articles, etc., written by Smith himself or by the young men whom he drew about him at the College. In this magazine many of the poems of Thomas Godfrey, Jr., were printed, to be copied appreciatively by the British reviews, and substantial support was given to a group of truly sincere literary people of much poetic feeling and of lofty intellectual aim, the chief of whom after Mr. Godfrey were Nathaniel Evans and Elizabeth Graeme Ferguson.

It may be said unequivocally that Pennsylvania had no poets prior to the appearance on the scene of this



THE

AMERICAN MAGAZINE,

PRÆVALEBIT ÆQUIOR.

OR

MONTHLY CHRONICLE for the *BRITISH* Colonies.

N°. I. Vol. I. FOR *OCTOBER* 1757.

CONTAINING.

I. The GENERAL PREFACE.
II. EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.
III. ACCOUNT of the *NORTH-AMERICAN* INDIANS.
IV. The PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANY.
V. MONTHLY ESSAYS: viz. *The Planter*. N°. I. *The Hermit*. N°. I POETICAL ESSAYS.
VI. MONTHLY CHRONICLE of *AMERICAN* AFFAIRS.

To be continued (Price *One* Shilling *Pennſylvania* Currency each Month)

By a SOCIETY of Gentlemen.

Veritatis cultores, Fraudis inimici.

Printed and Sold by WILLIAM BRADFORD, at the Corner-Houſe of
Front and *Market-Streets*.

TITLE PAGE OF DR. SMITH'S "AMERICAN MAGAZINE" interesting group.* Antiquarians have found several claimants, such as Taylor the almanac-maker; Breintnal of the Junto; and Keimer, the long-bearded printer who anticipated the poet of this day whose muse sometimes works at the typewriter. He was composing verses at his case without the medium of pen or paper when Franklin stopped in to ask for employment at the printing trade. The subject of Keimer's poetic interest was an elegy to Aquila Rose, who was clerk of the Assembly, a reputed poet and the proprietor of a ferry across the Schuylkill River at Market Street. In the spring of 1723, the waters being high, he lost his boat and waded in the " chilling flood " when " a cold ill humor mingled with his blood." Death resulted from this experience, the young man being greatly mourned by the citizens, who attended his funeral numerously on foot and horse. Keimer wrote:—

> " In sable characters the news is read,
> Our Rose is withered and our Eagle's fled
> In this that our Aquila Rose is dead."

While it was further said of Rose that he was

> " A lively poet whose sweet, fragrant name
> Will last till circling years shall cease to be
> And sink in vast, profound eternity,"

we have little to remember him by today except the slender volume published in 1740 by his son, Joseph Rose, who laments that by this time many of his father's " best pieces " have been " lent out " by his mother " to persons who have forgot to return them." With charity for those that were not in the editor's hands, it may be said of the verse included in the little volume that it does not attest very highly to Rose's character as a poet, or to the critical sense of the people of that age in Philadelphia by whom it was so cordially admired.

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* See the articles by Joshua Francis Fisher and Francis Howard Williams in the Publications of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

Thomas Godfrey, Jr., had few more cultural opportunities than his father, the glazier, who invented the mariner's quadrant. The two, the younger man's friend Nathaniel Evans said, are "to be ranked among the natural curiosities of Pennsylvania." Thomas Godfrey, Jr., born in 1736, had no education that he did not gain in the common schools, but he early read the English poets industriously and aspired to portrait painting. Unable to indulge his tastes in that direction, he was apprenticed to a watchmaker, but was soon cultivating the muse. A poem called "Invitation," which was sent to the "American Magazine," met the editor's favor, and Dr. Smith drew the young man into his circle, introducing him to Francis Hopkinson and Benjamin West. To the latter Godfrey was much attracted because of his own natural interest in art. West had just come up to the city from Chester County to be pronounced by Smith in the magazine "an extraordinary genius" who unaided had acquired "such a delicacy and correctness of expression in his paintings, joined to such laudable thirst of improvement that we are persuaded when he shall have more experience, and proper opportunities of viewing the works of able masters he will become truly eminent in his profession." Godfrey and West wandered together on the banks of the Schuylkill or angled in the pools formed by the windings of the river. They could enjoy the meaning of Evans's lines:—

"Often with care opprest, I pensive stray
Where Schuylkill winds her solitary way.
Beneath some mountain's wild, romantic brow,
Whose pendent cliffs alarm the flood below,
I lay me down — t' indulge the solemn hour
And yield myself to contemplation's pow'r."

It was through Provost Smith's influence that Godfrey in 1758 secured a lieutenant's commission for the expedition against Fort Duquesne, returning from which he went to North Carolina, where he found commercial employment for three years. There, while still only twenty-three years old, he finished "The Prince of Parthia," a poetic tragedy of lively promise which was acted on April 24, 1767, by the stock company then playing at the new South Street Theatre in Philadelphia. This was the first play by an American writer to be presented on any American stage, and it was "no inconsiderable effort," said his friend Evans, "towards one of the sublimest species of poetry." Upon the death of his employer in the South, Godfrey came back to Philadelphia, but was soon away again with some commissions to be executed in the island of New Providence. After a few months he determined to return to his home, but first stopped with his friends in North Carolina, where, taking a ride in the country on a hot day in August, 1763, he contracted a fever, of which he died after but a short illness.

His friend and fellow poet, Nathaniel Evans, and his patron, Dr. Smith, edited his writings which were published in 1765, most of the prominent men of the city being numbered among the subscribers — Governor John Penn, Benjamin Franklin, Joseph Galloway, Robert Morris, Professor Kinnersley, Richard Peters, Benjamin Rush, the Allens, Bonds, Hopkinsons and Chews. Dr. Smith, as well as other critics of the time, found in Godfrey a deficiency of classical learning, a rather important item in the equipment of a poet who was so fond of classical themes. Many of the Provost's objections seem trivial and hypercritical, however, as when complaint is made of these lines in "The Prince of Parthia":—

> "Droop, droop, ye groves; ye plains in silence mourn,
> Let nought be gay 'till Alexis return."

The accent is not thrown upon the proper syllable in the word Alexis, but the mistake, small at most, seems the more forgivable when it is known that the word is rightly accented elsewhere. What prevents Godfrey from being an American Keats is no such imperfection in poetic craftsmanship, but a lack, when his work is taken in the large, of original fancy, a defect which it is reasonable to suppose might have been overcome had his life been prolonged past the years that to other men are usually a period of apprenticeship to literature. In "The Court of Fancy," in which the "American Magazine" said that he "shone in all the spirit of true creative poetry," may be found much of Godfrey's best writing. Here he says:—

> "Astronomy with proud, aspiring eye
> Gaz'd on the glowing beauties of the sky.
> Her vest with glitt'ring stars was spangled o'er
> And in her hand a telescope she bore;

With this she marks the rolling planet's way
Or where portentous comets dreadful stray."

In the same poem appears a description of the vanity and emptiness of fashionable life:—

"The next to her approach'd a reverend dame,
In trophies great, from insects torn, she came;
With stately step she trod the plain along
And threw her treasure 'mid th' admiring throng.
Forward with joy each curious mortal sprang,
This caught a gaudy wing and that a pointed fang."

Godfrey could also tread a lighter measure, as in his "verses to a young lady asking for a cure for love":—

"From me, my dear, O! seek not to receive
What e'en deep-read experience cannot give.
We may indeed from the physician's skill
Some med'cine find to cure the body's ill,
But whoe'er found the physic for the soul?"

He continues:—

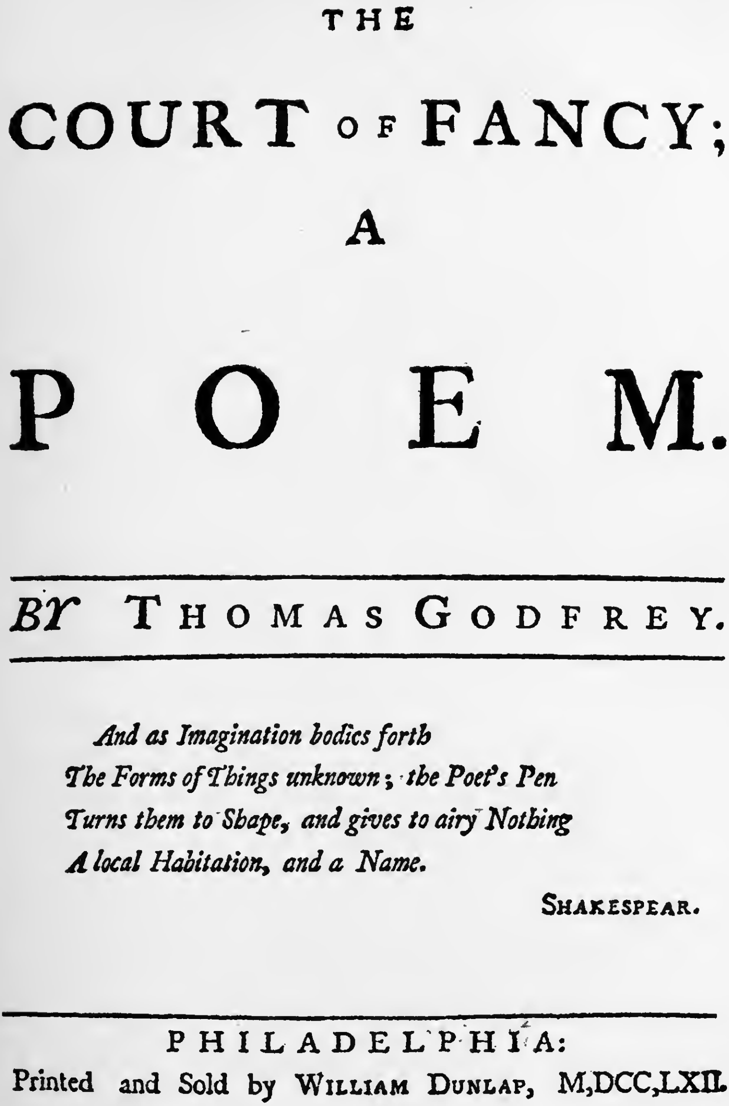
"Reason, 'tis true, may point the rocky shore,
And shew the danger, but can serve no more;
From wave to wave the wretched wreck is tos't,
And reason's in th' impetuous torrent lost."

His lines "To Sylvia" begin:—

"Then hear me, proud Sylvia, nor boast your bright charms,
Which ev'ry fond bosom so pow'rfully warms [sic],
While thus like an image of life, but a show,
You're swayed by no passion, no pleasure you'll know."

It has been said that he correctly expressed the judgment on his own career in "The Court of Fancy":—

"Bold Fancy's hand th' amazing pile uprears,
In every part stupendous skill appears;



THE

COURT OF FANCY;

A

POEM.

BY THOMAS GODFREY.

And as Imagination bodies forth
The Forms of Things unknown; the Poet's Pen
Turns them to Shape, and gives to airy Nothing
A local Habitation, and a Name.

SHAKESPEAR.

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and Sold by WILLIAM DUNLAP, M,DCC,LXII.

TITLE PAGE OF THOMAS GODFREY'S "COURT OF FANCY"

In beautiful disorder, yet compleat,
The structure shines irregularly great."

Nathaniel Evans had more classical polish and more reason for it, but he undoubtedly possessed less natural genius than Godfrey. He also died very young, before he could exhibit his art at its best. He was born in Philadelphia in 1742, being therefore six years the junior of his friend. He was the son of a merchant, and after six years in the Academy, where he endeared himself to Provost Smith, he was put into a counting-house. This life being uncongenial to him, he returned to the College, where, in 1765, he got his A.M. without having previously taken his bachelor's degree. Going to London, he received holy orders in the Church of England and returned to become a missionary to Gloucester County, New Jersey, his home being at Haddonfield. He was to continue at his post only two years, for in 1767 he died of consumption in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

In 1772 Provost Smith edited Evans's poems, which like Godfrey's, were sold by subscription to the patrons of literature and the public-spirited merchants in Philadelphia. "He was my pupil," said the Provost in his preface to the book, "and truly dear and affectionate to me in his whole demeanor." Pecuniary assurances were also received from other quarters, since fifty copies went to a bookseller in Charleston, S. C., fifty copies to New York, twenty-five copies to Quebec and thirty to the Barbadoes, while the name of Oliver Goldsmith appears upon the list of subscribers.

This volume presupposes a comical ignorance among those into whose hands it might come, founded perhaps upon its editor's experience with poetry in America.

When the poet speaks of "the unerring archer blind" we are bade to look down the page and learn that Cupid is intended. Again, a star to the line, "O Wolfe on Abram's purpled plain," calls our attention to the fact that Wolfe routed the French on a battlefield called the Plains of Abraham, near Quebec.

Philadelphia's literary men of that early day made a commendable effort to utilize the scenes that lay near to their hands, and loyally sought to encourage and support each other. Evans was a boy of only sixteen when he wrote his "Pastoral Eclogue," beginning with these lines:—

"Shall fam'd Arcadia own the tuneful choir
And fair Sicilia boast the matchless lyre?
Shall Gallia's groves resound with heav'nly lays,
And Albion's poets claim immortal bays?
And this new world ne'er feel the muse's fire;
No beauties charm us, or no deeds inspire?
O Pennsylvania, shall no son of thine
Glow with the raptures of the sacred nine?"

Proceeding the young poet wrote:—

"Fired with the thought, I court the sylvan muse,
Her magic influence o'er me to diffuse,
Whilst I aspire to wake the rural reed
And sing of swains whose snowy lambkins feed
On Schuylkill's banks with shady walnuts crown'd,
And bid the vales with music melt around."

In this poem one of young Evans's shepherd swains declares:—

"The breeze that shakes the spangl'd dew-drops 'round,
The swelling floods that burst the meadows' bound,

Are not more wav'ring than the female mind!
Wild as the waves, unstable as the wind."

These young poets of the eighteenth century in America felt that they were singing to a cold and unappreciative audience. In an ode Evans writes:—

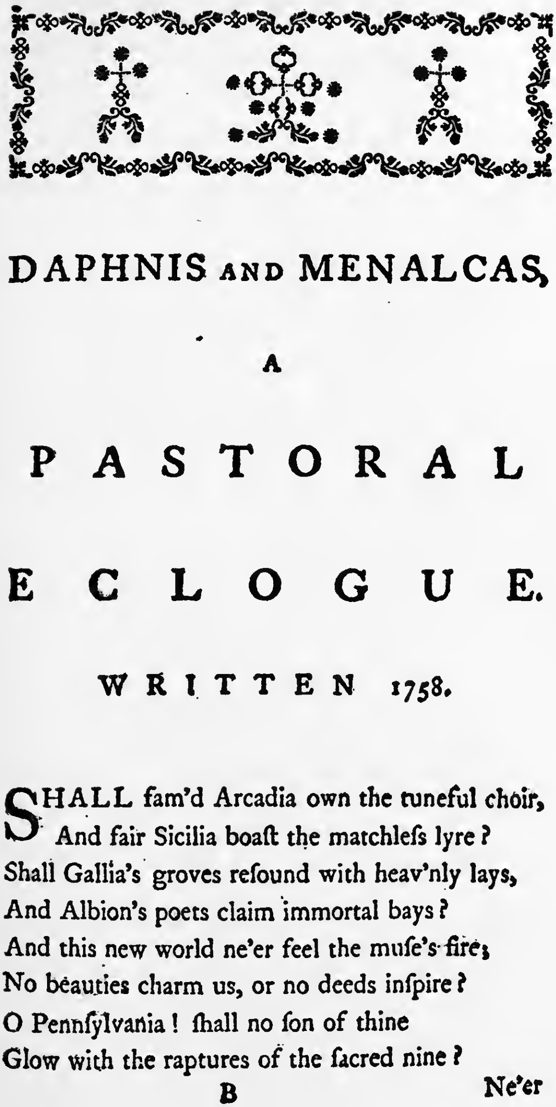
"Let wretched misers clasp their ore,
And vulgar breasts in sense delight;
The muse shall purer joys explore,
And wing a more exalted flight."

To Godfrey he wrote when his friend was afar off, fortune hunting:—

"While you, dear Tom, are forc'd to roam
In search of fortune, far from home,
  O'er bogs, o'er seas and mountains;
I, too, debar'd the soft retreat
Of shady groves and murmurs sweet
  Of silver prattling fountains,
Must mingle with the bustling throng
And bear my load of cares along,
  Like any other sinner;
For where's the ecstasy in this,
To loiter in poetic bliss
  And go without a dinner?"

He argues that poetry might have had appreciation in another land, in another age:—

"But, dearest Tom, these days are past
And we are in a climate cast
  Where few the muse can relish;
Where all the doctrine now that's told
Is that a shining heap of gold
  Alone can man embellish."



DAPHNIS AND MENALCAS,

A

PASTORAL

ECLOGUE.

WRITTEN 1758.

SHALL fam'd Arcadia own the tuneful choir,
And fair Sicilia boaſt the matchleſs lyre?
Shall Gallia's groves reſound with heav'nly lays,
And Albion's poets claim immortal bays?
And this new world ne'er feel the muſe's fire;
No beauties charm us, or no deeds inſpire?
O Pennſylvania! ſhall no ſon of thine
Glow with the raptures of the ſacred nine?

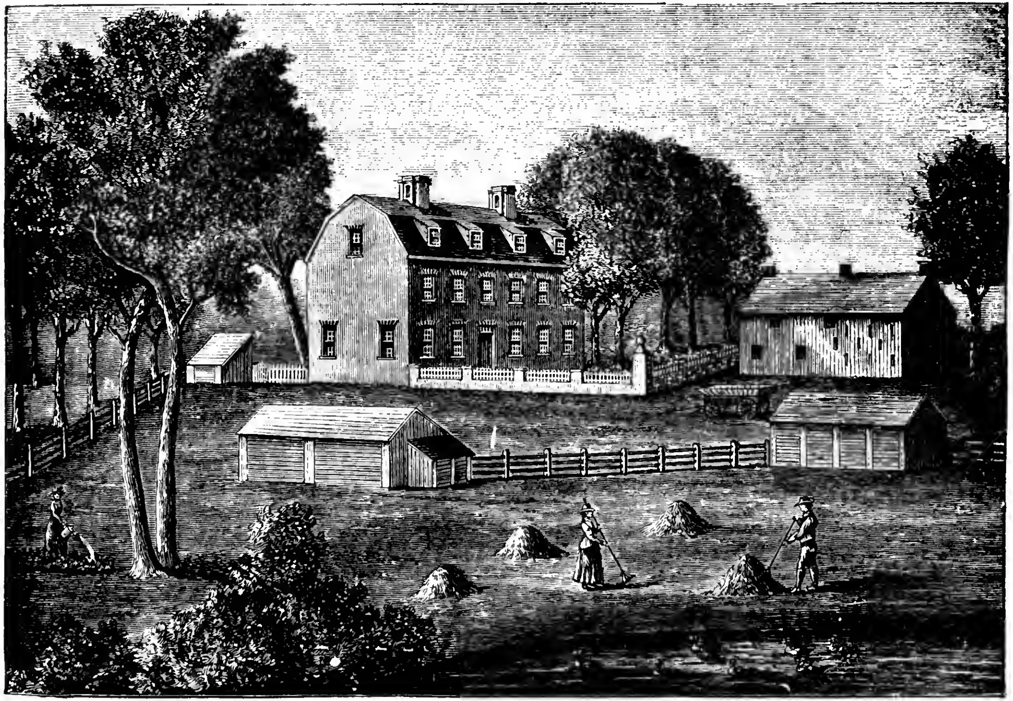
B Ne'er

A Page from Nathaniel Evans's "Poems."

Evans had the most exalted ideals for poetry. "There is," said he, " a pleasing *je ne scay* [sic] *quoi* in the productions of poetic genius which is easier felt than described. It is the voice of nature in the poet, operating like a charm on the soul of the reader. It is the marvellous conception, the noble wildness, the lofty sentiment, the fire and enthusiasm of spirit, the living imagery, the requisite choice of words, the variety, the sweetness, the majesty of numbers, and the irresistible magic of expression."

The prose writer, he said, might " warm his reader, but the poet's it is to wrap him in a flame, to dissolve him as it were in his own rapturous blaze."

From Evans it is an easy step to Miss Graeme, afterwards Mrs. Ferguson, his " Laura." She resided, in summer at least, at Graeme Park. Sir William Keith, a Scotchman, who was the Governor of Pennsylvania from 1716 to 1726, purchased an estate of 1,200 acres for £500 in a forest near the Old York Road in Horsham township, about three miles above Hatboro, and built upon it a fine manor house, today one of the most interesting of the state's colonial landmarks. Keith married a widow, Ann Diggs, whose daughter Ann, the belle of his household, became the wife of Dr. Thomas Graeme, a very distinguished leech in Philadelphia in his day, Port Physician, and Justice of the Supreme Court. To Graeme the Horsham estate finally passed and it was laid out with parks, lakes and vistas of shrubbery and trees, being stocked with birds, fish, flocks of sheep and wild game animals until it suggested the country seat of an English nobleman. The most important folk of the time visited at Graeme Park, and the Doctor's daughter, Elizabeth, enjoyed social op-



GRAEME PARK

The Home of Mrs. Ferguson *From an old painting, supposed date about 1755*

portunities denied to most other women of the period. Fragile, reflective and romantic, the girl very early had an unfortunate love affair and was sent to England in the care of Dr. Richard Peters for a change of scene. That goodly man introduced her to the King and to many of the leading personages in the London of that day, from whom she received much deserved attention. Returning she was the companion on shipboard of young Nathaniel Evans, who seems to have been the means of causing her to forget some of the bitterness of her unhappy romance, though they scarcely were lovers, despite a common belief. They addressed verses to each other upon their return home, he to live in Haddonfield, N. J., in the midst of his flock, and she at Graeme Park. Under the name of "Laura" she had written a parody upon one of his poems. He replied:—

"If the happiness, fair maid,
That soothes me in the silent shade
Should in your eye appear too great,
Come take it all, and share my fate."

To this sally, so plainly in the spirit of fun, Miss Graeme answered:—

"While youthful joys around you shine,
Haste not to bend to Hymen's shrine;
Let friendship, gen'rous friendship, be
The bond to fetter you and me,
Vestal, platonic — what you will,
So virtue reigns with freedom still."

Evans, with a philosophy that scarcely indicates the disappointed swain, wrote:—

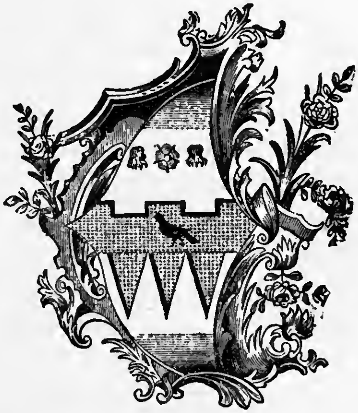
"None, I trust, shall e'er discover
In me aught like the whimp'ring lover;

The falt'ring voice, the sigh of care,
The languid look, the dying air.
When abject thus behaves the muse,
May I kind Laura's friendship lose."

Elizabeth Graeme at thirty-three yielded to the entreaties of a young Scottish adventurer ten years her junior, Hugh Henry Ferguson. It is said that they were married secretly. At any rate the husband was unworthy and remained with her no long time. He joined the British forces in the Revolution, and, making his way at last to Flanders, where he fought in the wars, rendered to her no future account of his movements. Unheard like many another humane, poetic, cultivated, reasoning mind, she was condemned as a Tory by the radicals of Pennsylvania because of the course her husband had taken and the ill fortune she had to be an intermediary on two unhappy occasions: once in bearing the Rev. Jacob Duché's letter to Washington, urging the commander-in-chief to use his influence in favor of peace and save himself, probably, from the hanging reserved for traitors to the crown; again in delivering to Governor Joseph Reed of Pennsylvania an offer from the British peace commissioners, which afforded him the opportunity to utter his famous boast that the King of England was not rich enough to buy him and shake his fealty to his country.

Mrs. Ferguson, often called Lady Ferguson, because of the favor accorded her by the King while in London, had a kind of salon at her winter home in Philadelphia. On Saturday evenings men and women of an exclusive literary refinement gathered about her, when " her body seemed to evanish and she appeared to be all mind." While at Graeme Park she lived closely with nature and was an indefatigable pedestrian, frequently walking the eighteen miles which separated that handsome estate from the city. She died at the age of sixty in a farm-house near her beloved Graeme Park, and was buried in Christ Church-yard in Philadelphia. This extraordinary woman, it is said, transcribed the Bible from end to end to impress it upon her memory.

One of her most interesting works is a poetical version of the Psalms. This was a labor of consolation and love which was begun in 1766. Almost overwhelmed with grief by the death of her mother and sister, she retired to Graeme Park, believing that the writing "might prove both a rational and pious service to a pensive mind; for I had long known," she observes, that, "the mind was never so wretched as without a pursuit and a prey to unavailing sorrow." By way of explanation of her interest in the work she says:—



Elizabeth Graeme's Book-Plate

"The Psalms of David have ever been a very favorite subject of my meditations. When I was very young my worthy mother frequently made me read the Psalms to her, and I so early imbibed a fondness for them that like all other first impressions they are like to be lasting, for there appears to me as great a difference between scenes laid in youth and maturity as between painting in crayons and carving in sculpture. The statuary's stroke of chisel no length of time can efface, while the chalky pencil flies off at every brush and touch."

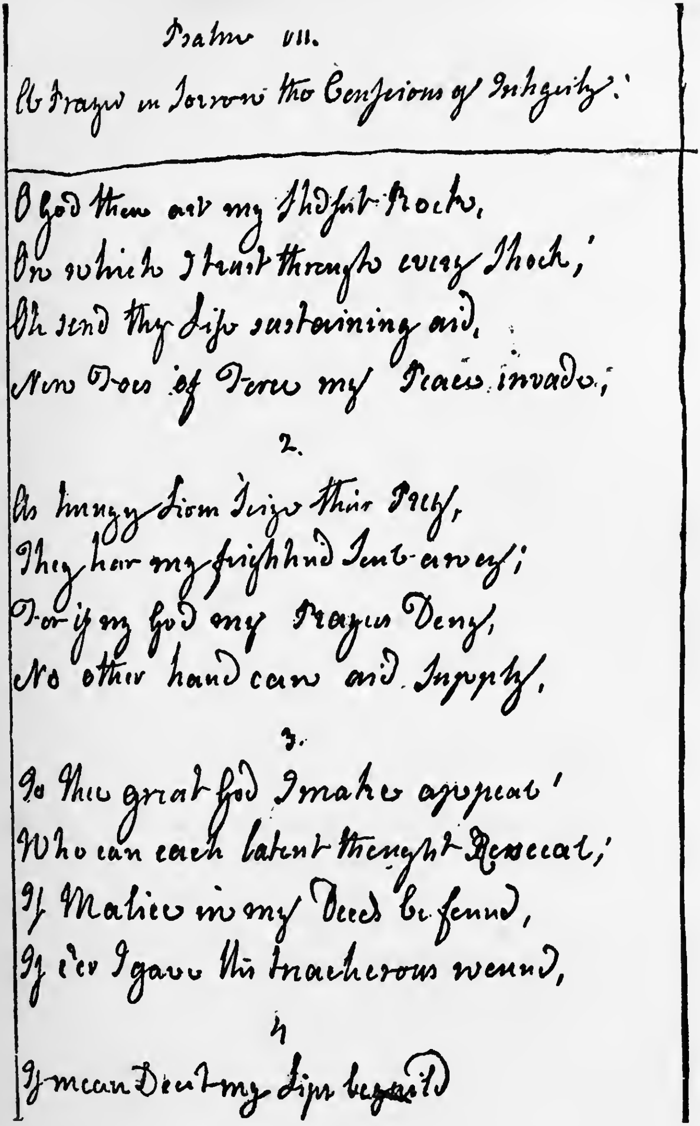
The volume containing the Psalms, which is in manuscript in the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, is dedicated to Dr. Richard Peters, with many warm expressions of friendship and gratitude for his favors and kindnesses, among them being his conducting her to England. "Did you not by a thousand kind and attentive acts," she asks, "make me think light of those inconveniences which must have been the result of a young woman leaving her native country and friends had she gone unaccompanied, by such a guide as you were to me?"

The ninth verse of the Fifth Psalm, "For there is no faithfulness in their mouth, their inward part is very wickedness; their throat is an open sepulchre, they flatter with their tongue," Mrs. Ferguson rendered as follows:—

"Far, far from truth my foes are fled,
To every sweet instruction dead;
For sin makes its supream abode
Where man's a stranger to his God.

"As yawning graves vile dust contain
Tho' o'er them polished stone remain,
So they false character convey;
They smile, deceive, and last they slay."

She also translated Fenelon's "Telemaque" into pleasing English verse, the manuscript of which, in two thick volumes bound in red leather, is preserved in the



Psalm VII.

A Prayer in Sorrow tho Conscious of Integrity:

O God thou art my stedfast Rock,
On which I trust through every Shock;
Oh send thy Life sustaining aid,
Now Foes of Force my Peace invade;

2.

As hungry Lions seize their Prey,
They tear my frighted Soul away;
For if my God my Prayers Deny,
No other hand can aid supply.

3.

To Thee great God I make appeal
Who can each latent thought Reveal;
If Malice in my Deed be found,
If e'er I gave the treacherous wound,

4

If mean Deceit my Lips beguil'd

A Page from Mrs. Ferguson's Metrical Version of the Psalms, in the Library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society

Philadelphia Library. In her preface to this work she explains that "Telemachus" was a favorite book with her from childhood, and she "having a little turn to rhyme entertained herself with endeavoring at a translation of it from the French into English heroic verse." This was a monumental work. It was begun in 1769 and the metrical narrative opens as follows:—

"No dawn of comfort could Calypso find,
No balm to soften her distracted mind;
Eternal life her tortur'd bosom pain'd
And immortality her anguish chain'd.
A length of years appeared a train of woe,
A dreadful channel for her griefs to flow.
Ulysses gone, no place affords delight,
The absent hero haunts her anxious sight.
Her voice mellifluous echo'd not around,
No floating air return'd the silver sound.
In solemn silence her fair band attend,
And slowly at an awful distance bend.
Alone and pensive she oft trod the ground
Where the green turf her sea-girt island bound."

Mrs. Ferguson wrote in 1787 upon hearing of a new stellar discovery by Sir William Herschel:—

"Whether the optic's piercing eye
  Has introduced to view
A distant planet in the sky,
  Bright, wonderful and new?

"Or whether we are nearer thrown
  To the great fount of light,
And from that source each mist be flown
  That wrapt that star in night?"

The poetess was also an adept in satire when her aristocratic sentiments were outraged by the revolutionary expressions of Thomas Paine, for instance, and other violent men of her own country and of France. She wrote verses on the massacre of priests in the Abbé at Paris in September, 1792, which began:

> " Down with the Bastile! 'Tis too small a place,
> For we'll imprison half the Gallic race.
> Since the sovereign people rule the land
> And deal forth justice with unerring hand,
> Be those first slaughtered who're most fit to die."

CHAPTER III

THE WRITERS OF THE REVOLUTION

The literary development of the country, as a matter of course, was rudely interrupted and very disastrously affected by the dispute between the mother country and her colonies which soon reached the stage of war. That the taste for good reading and the appreciation of literature of greater value than that which reached the people through the newspaper and the almanac were growing is clearly indicated by the changes effected in the character of the publishing trade in Philadelphia. Franklin, Bradford and the other printers of newspapers, pamphlets and almanacs, rarely issued a work that might be held to possess true literary merit. With the addition of Robert Bell, James Humphreys, Andrew Steuart and Robert Aitken to Philadelphia's group of publishers, the situation in a literary way underwent a marked improvement.

Bell, who was a Scotchman, was a particularly valuable acquisition to the list, being incessant in his activity in reprinting for distribution in the colonies works of proven success in England. In 1768 he brought out Johnson's "Rasselas," which was followed by Robertson's "History of Charles V" in three volumes; Blackstone's "Commentaries" in four volumes; Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," "Paradise Lost," Lady Montagu's "Letters and Poems," "Robinson Crusoe," Adam Ferguson's "Essay on the History of Civil Society," and many popular English novels. Even while the war was in progress he was enabled to reprint Voltaire, De Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," Young's "Night Thoughts," and other standard works. He was "always attentive to the desire of the public and ever willing to gratify the growing taste for the advancement of literature in America," said Bell. His doctrine was that "the more books are sold the more will be sold," and this he declared was "an established truth well known to every liberal reader and to every bookseller of experience." With this object in view, he conducted book auctions in Philadelphia. "After waiting two or three years for the expected purchasers," he said, in justifying himself as an auctioneer, "the bookseller is convinced he was mistaken in the calculation of his customers, and then he determineth, according to the mode practised in all other countries when an edition hath been overprinted, to sell them by auction to those inhabitants who choose to purchase in that way. These sales by auction, although at an under price, realizeth dead stock into live cash and will sooner enable him to repair with ready money to the paper manufacturer in order to make another attempt upon some celebrated author, whose sublime works might diffuse universal knowledge to every corner of the American continent."

Later, during the war, Bell travelled from Charleston to Boston, holding his auctions in many cities. He became quite celebrated as a bookseller and died in Richmond in 1784 while on a business trip to South Carolina.

It was said at the time that nearly as many copies of Blackstone were sold in America as in England, and

English authors witnessed with dismay the popularity their pirated works enjoyed in the colonies.

At least two more experiments in magazine editing were made in Philadelphia before the Revolution. John Webbe's (Bradford's), Franklin's, and Dr. William Smith's failing, Lewis Nicola, in 1769, issued his "American Magazine," the third to bear that name in Pennsylvania. Nicola was born in France and educated in Ireland. He contributed to the proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, wrote military treatises, and later attained some eminence in the Continental Army. In his salutatory to the public he discussed the relative merits of newspapers and magazines. "Magazines," said he, "as their names import, may justly be considered as store-houses wherein are deposited such pieces of humor, short tracts on various subjects, etc., as from their size could not be easily conveyed to the public, nor expect a long existence in flying sheets; but here, like the bundle of twigs, they acquire strength by their union and mutually support each other."

Nicola seems very well to have lived up to the standards which he set for magazine editors. The choice of his articles displays a tenderness of feeling toward science, but some poetry taken from the British reviews was inserted, and he gave each month a summary of "Foreign Intelligence," strongly suggestive of the same department in the weekly newspapers. Nicola's monthly ceased to appear after an existence of about a year and Philadelphia was again without a magazine until Robert Aitken, the publisher and bookseller, began his "Pennsylvania Magazine and American Monthly Museum," usually called the "Museum." It had a number of excellent writers among its contributors, and no periodical of the kind previously published in the colony was so deserving of success. Not seldom the pages were illustrated in a creditable way. Appearing first with the year 1775, its fortunes were ill starred. "Those whose leisure and abilities might lead them to a successful application to the muses," said Mr. Aitken, "now turn their attention to the rude preparations for war. Every heart and hand seems to be engaged in the interesting struggle for American liberty. Till this important point is settled the pen of the poet and the books of the learned must be in a great measure neglected. The arts and sciences are not cultivated to advantage but in the fruitful soil of peace." For this reason the publisher was compelled to discontinue his magazine in 1776 and in its fate we have the index of the course of literature during the period now under review.

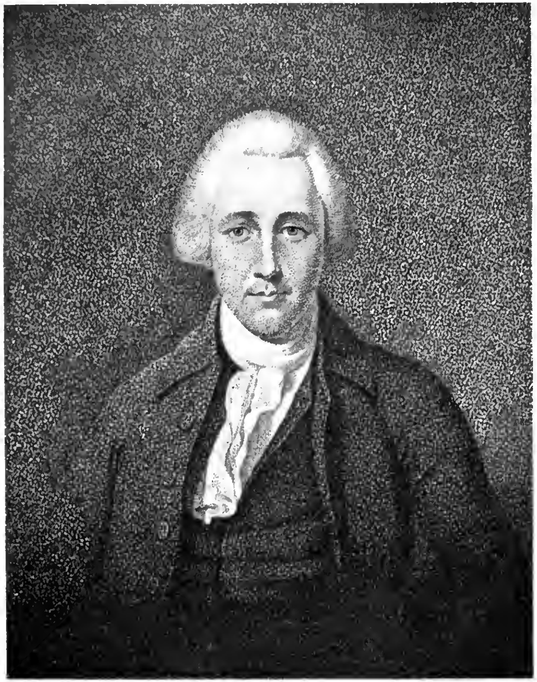
To the list of newspapers published in Philadelphia three rather notable additions were made by the establishment of the "Pennsylvania Chronicle," the "Pennsylvania Packet or the General Advertiser," and the "Pennsylvania Evening Post."

The "Post" was published three times in the week, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by Benjamin Towne, beginning in 1775. It was the first evening paper to be issued in Pennsylvania. The editor led an unusually varied life in that he was Whiggish before the war, a Tory while the British occupied the city, and again a Whig afterward. By his political tergiversations he was enabled to continue the publication of his paper until 1782.

The "Packet" was founded in 1771 by John Dunlap, an Irishman, a nephew of William Dunlap, a Philadelphia bookseller, to whose business he succeeded when his uncle took holy orders and settled as the rector of a parish in Virginia. He had a most exemplary reputation as a journalist. After the war he established a partnership with David C. Claypoole, who looked like and was said to be descended from Oliver Cromwell. The "Packet" appeared daily after 1784. It was the first daily newspaper in the colonies, acquiring much celebrity in the eighteenth century as "Claypoole's American Daily Advertiser" and subsequently for nearly forty years as "Poulson's Daily Advertiser" under Zachariah Poulson, the son of a Dane who had learned the printing trade with Christopher Sower. At length it was merged with the "North American" and came into the hands of Morton McMichael, one of the ablest and most useful journalists which the city has produced.

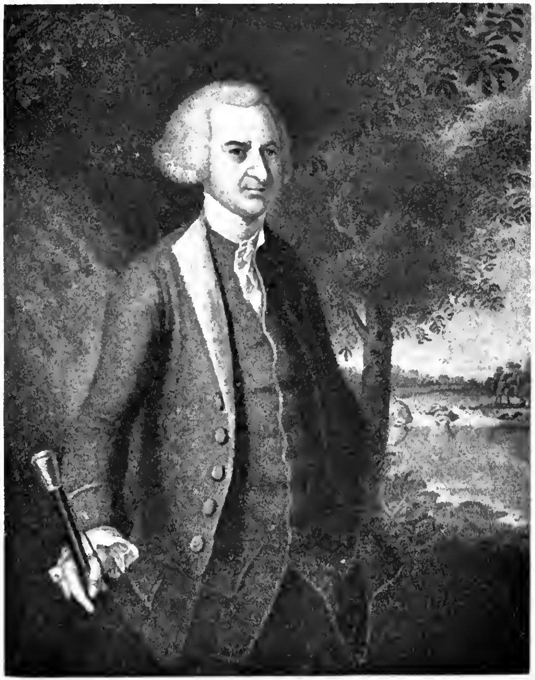
The publication of the "Pennsylvania Chronicle" was begun in 1767 by William Goddard, a New Englander who came to Philadelphia in the preceding year. It lived until 1773 and was the best newspaper issued in Pennsylvania prior to the Revolutionary War. It performed a very notable service in introducing to the public the first great political writer of the period of literary rank, John Dickinson. His "Farmer Letters" began to appear on December 2, 1767, and were published weekly for fourteen weeks.

Dickinson came of a Quaker family and was born on his father's plantation of Croisia-doré in Maryland in 1732. Removing to Delaware, he was educated under private tutors, later studying law in Philadelphia and London. He settled in Philadelphia in 1757 and



WILLIAM BRADFORD, II

(See page 14.)



John Dickinson

soon became closely involved in the politics of Pennsylvania and the three lower counties of Delaware, on the conservative side. Like Dr. William Smith, he was the opposite of Franklin in his political views, but he was aroused upon the great tax question, and in the discussion of the legal aspects of the contest between England and her American colonies displayed the depth of his learning and his cogency in written argument. He knew English history and English law and believed in them, unlike the uneducated and visionary in political philosophy, who were ready to sweep away all tradition and precedent. The letters, for the soundness of their learning, suggest Burke, and they won attention instantly.

"I am a farmer settled after a variety of fortunes near the banks of the river Delaware in the province of Pennsylvania," the first letter began. "I received a liberal education and have been engaged in the busy scenes of life; but am now convinced that a man may be as happy without bustle as with it. My farm is small; my servants are few, and good; I have a little money at interest; I wish for no more; my employment in my own affairs is easy; and with a contented, grateful mind (undisturbed by worldly hopes or fears relating to myself) I am completing the number of days allotted to me by Divine Goodness. Being generally master of my time I spend a good deal of it in my library, which I think the most valuable part of my small estate; and being acquainted with two or three gentlemen of abilities and learning who honor me with their friendship, I have acquired, I believe, a greater knowledge in history and the laws and constitution of my country than is generally attained by men of my class."

An example of Mr. Dickinson's style when in some heat, omitting the italics, capitals and double caps in which he so freely indulged, is found in the concluding passages of his seventh letter: "These duties which will inevitably be levied upon us — which are now levying upon us — are expressly laid for the sole purpose of taking money. This is the true definition of taxes. They are therefore taxes. This money is to be taken from us. We are therefore taxed. Those who are taxed without their own consent expressed by themselves or their representatives are slaves. We are taxed without our own consent expressed by ourselves or our representatives. We are therefore slaves.

Miserable vulgus.
A miserable tribe."

As soon as they appeared in the "Chronicle," the letters were reprinted in the other Philadelphia newspapers; in fact, in all the journals published in the colonies except four. They were at once issued in pamphlet form in Pennsylvania, passing through a number of editions. They were thus printed, too, in New York and Boston and there was an edition for France, the translation being made by Franklin's friend Dubourg. Dickinson's recognition was immediate. He was thanked by a Boston town meeting and he received an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Princeton College, being called the "Pennsylvania Farmer" in his diploma. He was regarded by the liberals of America and France as one of them, and great was their disappointment when they discovered that his motto was "defence not defiance," in relation to the events which followed each other so rapidly, leading up to a declaration of independence and a war for separate national existence. Dickinson opposed the radicals who took control of the government in Pennsylvania. He refused to sign the Declaration of Independence, but followed the majority, if a little tardily and reluctantly, in forwarding the war.

"Tall and spare, his hair white as snow, his face, uniting with the severe simplicity of his sect, a neatness and elegance peculiarly in keeping with it; his manners a beautiful emanation of the great Christian principle of love," as an admirer described Dickinson, in his last years, he was active in works of philanthropy. He was the founder and a large benefactor of Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pa., when the College of Philadelphia was under a cloud which it seemed might never pass. He offered money to the Society of Friends with which to establish the rather famous secondary school still in existence at Westtown in Chester County, and died at Wilmington, Del., in 1808, to be buried in the Friends' graveyard in that city.

No conservative influence could prevail to retard the movement which Franklin had led against intellectual absolutism. From a narrow, uncomfortable religion, a devotion to kingly and other ancient forms, the pendulum was swinging widely to the other extreme, and nowhere so widely as in Pennsylvania and France. There was no stopping it. What Rousseau had begun with his philosophy, which pleaded for "a return to nature," was bearing fruit full of vast meaning for the world. In France there was Voltaire, the chief of all the liberals in literature in Europe. Around him revolved lesser men, steeped in the same philosophy of protest and revolution,— Condorcet, Turgot, Dubourg, Le Veillard, Philip Mazzei, Abbé Raynal, the Duke de La Rochefoucauld, Diderot, D'Alembert and the Encyclopedists; Dr. Quesnay, the elder Mirabeau, and the members of that curious sect, the Economistes. What Voltaire was to the movement in France, Franklin was considered to be in America, and his influence was greatest in his own city and state.

In this country appeared a host of men more or less possessed of the same views, such as Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, and in Pennsylvania Thomas Paine, David Rittenhouse, George Bryan, Timothy Matlack, and many others whose names are unrecognizable at this day. The step is not long from Rousseau and Voltaire to Danton and Robespierre; from Franklin to liberty-crazed fellows who tarred and feathered Tories on circumstantial evidence, engaged in the Fort Wilson riot, attacked Robert Morris for selling merchandise at ruling market prices, and later danced about liberty poles, wore the cockade, mobbed the British consulate in Philadelphia, and aimed to involve the republic in a sympathetic war with the revolutionists of France against England. It is not far from liberty to license, from liberalism to illiberalism and tyranny, and in Philadelphia events led inevitably from tolerance of view to violence of word and action.

The state had its bitter factional disputes, which were largely due to the tripartite character of the population. The Quakers had settled in Philadelphia and the southeastern counties; the Germans in the north and northwest, chiefly in the hills, while to the west toward the Susquehanna lay a country more recently occupied by a hot-headed and belligerent body of emigrants from the north of Ireland. Beyond the river were wild Indians, inflamed by the constant encroachments upon their ancient domain. At this time, perhaps not more than a fourth part of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania were Quakers, nearly one-half Germans, and the other fourth Scotch-Irish.

The Quakers had a secure hold of the government through restrictions upon the suffrage and an apportionment of representatives in the legislature which was made before the Germans and Irish had come to the state. The Germans for the most part were peace-loving, and their favor was eagerly sought in the political contest which soon ensued between the Scotch-Irish in the west, who by reason of their geographical situation and their racial temperament, sought military protection, and the Quakers who wished to live at peace with the Indians.

Once in 1763 the feeling rose to such a height that a mob of westerners led by the " Paxton Boys," who had killed in cold blood, in Lancaster, several Indians under the care of the Moravian missionaries, marched upon Philadelphia to attack other members of the tribe, removed for safety to the city, and seize the symbols of the government. The Quakers for once buckled on their swords and the dispute threatened to assume grave dimensions before it was composed.

In this situation it was easy for a few eager spirits to overset the aristocratic proprietary Quaker government, as soon as the difficulty with Great Britain reached the stage of war. Associators, minute men and members of self-constituted committees called a convention in 1776, extending the franchise without legal authority. The war fervor and the popular sentiment in favor of liberty were depended on to justify all things.

The convention chose Franklin as its president and adopted a constitution. This instrument of government, fantastic and weird to the last degree, had the doubtful advantage of originality. Its authors, said to have been Thomas Paine, George Bryan and James Cannon, who were not members of the convention, and Franklin, to whom the credit for the work was universally given without his denial of the impeachment, were restrained by no precedents. They would have a president and no governor, since that name smacked of monarchy. They would have but one house of legislature, which should appoint the judges of the courts and exercise other dangerous powers without hindrance, other than that which might come from the unrestricted suffrage of members of the war party and the action of the Council of Censors to meet every seven years to consider the acts of the legislature and reprimand it in gentleness for any violation of the charter of its authority.

The government was with difficulty organized under such a constitution. Against it were arrayed all the men of substance and of conservative learning in the colony, such as James Wilson, Robert Morris, Thomas Willing, Thomas McKean, F. A. Muhlenberg, George Clymer and John Dickinson; and many times in the thirteen years during which it was in force, bloodshed was narrowly averted.

This constitution is worthy of attention because it was at once heralded in Europe as Franklin's, and as the new world's practical experiment with Jean Jacques's philosophy. To Voltaire Pennsylvania was the hope of the human race, and in the intellectual orgies of the time, when men wished to abolish their ancestry and live according to new rules of their own making, Franklin and his constitution were the centre of interest and discussion.

At home, where our investigation now confines us, the most violent of the literary representatives of the new philosophy was Thomas Paine. He had come to America from England through Franklin's instrumentality, just as that man had taken James Ralph to England fifty years before to lead more or less the same kind of a life in London that Paine was destined to live in Philadelphia,— as a pamphleteer for statesmen and ministries and a general literary starveling and handy man. The advantage on balance is not great on either side. By admirers Paine has been called the "Great Commoner." He arrived in Philadelphia in 1774 in the nick of time and almost immediately found employment on the "Pennsylvania Magazine," for which Aitken, its publisher, was to have much difficulty in securing the material that he had engaged the Englishman to furnish him. He used to relate that Paine could never write except with a decanter of brandy beside him. The first glass warmed him, the second illuminated his intellectual system, and when he had taken the third glass it is said that he wrote "with great rapidity, intelligence and precision, his ideas appearing to flow faster than he could commit them to paper." The time was ripe for one of his radical views, and his cleverness in composition was evidenced early in 1776 by the astonishing success gained by his pamphlet, "Common Sense," which was published by Robert Bell, who could not secure paper to print it fast enough to supply the demand. It was a vehement plea for independence, even at the price of war, and was reprinted and discussed in all parts of America and Europe, bringing its author votes of thanks and compliments of many kinds, suggestive of the public uprising which ensued upon the issue of the "Farmer Letters" eight years before. There was this difference: one was an historical and legal argument, the other empty rhetoric; one was addressed to men's reason, the other to their passions; one was the work of a substantial citizen of Pennsylvania of deep and sound learning, with a sense of responsibility for his utterances, the other of an intellectual adventurer.

Paine stated in his pamphlet that before the battle of Lexington he had warmly wished for a reconciliation. Afterward, said he, "I rejected the hardened, sullen-tempered Pharaoh of England forever; and disdain the wretch that with the pretended title of Father of his people can unfeelingly hear of their slaughter and composedly sleep with their blood upon his soul." He concluded with this appeal: "O ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every sport of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted around the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive and prepare in time an asylum for mankind."

Throughout the war Paine issued "The Crisis," a pamphlet published from time to time to invigorate the people and forward the contest. He was frequently a supplicant for office and often smote the hand which gave him bread, including General Washington and Robert Morris. After the war he found his way to

Europe. In England he published his "Rights of Man," a revolutionary writing in which he attacked Burke and for which he was outlawed and pursued by the British government. In France he was almost canonized by the revolutionists, but, falling athwart the way of Robespierre, he languished for nearly a year in the Luxembourg prison, awaiting his summons to the guillotine. There he employed his time writing his atheistical work, "The Age of Reason," and coming back to America, died in New York in 1809, aged seventy-two years. He was buried upon his farm at New Rochelle, West Chester County, N. Y., and on his grave rests a stone bearing the words: "Thomas Paine, Author of 'Common Sense.'" A consistent radical, his doctrines and deeds will never be admired by those who have a different philosophy. As a writer, however, he was unquestionably facile and the master of a pure and forceful style.

In Paine's group of philosophers who looked to Franklin as their patron even while he was afar off, appear the names of few writers. Numerous as they were, none had literary gifts, or the leisure in time of action to put their theories into writing, although many advocates came forward at a later day.

Timothy Matlack, a Free or Fighting Quaker who wore his sword in the streets, as he explained, to defend his liberties, which otherwise he surmised would not be secure, wrote for the newspapers articles of a violently democratic tendency. Born at Haddonfield, N. J., in 1730, this old Spartan lived nearly one hundred years. His death did not occur until 1829, near Holmesburg, Pa.

George Bryan was an Irishman, to which fact some of his antipathy to the English form of government with its three separately constituted departments, executive, legislative and judicial, and its two houses of parliament, has been attributed. He came to Philadelphia as a lad, followed mercantile life and failed in business, afterward feeling himself antagonistic to the existing social system. He was active in endeavoring to administer the odd government of Pennsylvania which he had helped to establish, occupying a number of offices under it. Consistent to the end, he opposed the adoption of the Constitution of the United States of 1787, seeing in it many imaginary restrictions and tyrannies. He was a man of much reading and his temperament made him one of the most determined of the very democratic spirits in the Pennsylvania group.

James Cannon, a pamphleteer, a teacher in the College of Philadelphia, and one of the framers of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, was a typical representative of the new philosophy. In addressing a public meeting, it is reported that he denounced " all learning as an artificial constraint on the human understanding: — he had done with it, and advised our sovereign lords, the people, to choose no lawyers or other professional characters called educated or learned, but to select men uneducated, with unsophisticated understandings. He should be glad to forget the trumpery which had occupied so much of his life."

Arrayed against this Gallo-American philosophy, born of Rousseau and first realized in Pennsylvania, accounts of the remarkable success of the experiment being carried back to France, where what they were pleased to regard as God's government in the new world was apotheosized and made the model for the revolutionists, were some of the most substantial characters which our American political civilization has ever developed, the chief among them for our purposes being John Dickinson, Robert Morris and James Wilson.

John Dickinson began the contest by proposing, in the first legislature elected under the Constitution, of which he was a member, that they call another convention to prepare a frame of government in harmony with the traditions and precedents of the English people. Failing in this, he and his friends withdrew from the body. Some officers were finally installed and a partial organization was effected, which was interrupted by the British army coming to occupy the city, leaving it in the hands of the lords of misrule, when the attempt to adopt a suitable constitution was resumed.

Mobs of men, calling themselves Constitutionalists, or partisans of the old constitution of 1776, swarmed the streets. The houses of Tories, or those suspected of Toryism, who sufficed quite as well to satisfy the savage thirst for remedy and vengeance, were attacked; men were taken out of the hands of legally appointed officers and hanged on the commons; outlaws infested the country roads and property owners and patriots of established character were warned to flee the city if they valued their lives. In connection with their other vagaries, the radicals were firm advocates of unlimited issues of paper money. Its value fell constantly and the prices of all commodities rose proportionately. The misery of the people was real; their wrath not unnatural. Price conventions were held; mobs presumed to fix the prices at which merchandise should be sold, prescribing penalties for those who exacted higher rates; and the loudest threats were uttered against merchants who it was supposed were forestalling or monopolizing the supplies of goods, later to take advantage of the people's necessities.

As one of the largest merchants in the city, the popular madness found vent against Robert Morris. Coming to Philadelphia from England as a lad, Morris was a self-made man in the best sense. He early entered the old mercantile house of Willing and with his partner, Thomas Willing, had for years imported and exported more largely perhaps than any one in the city, if not in the colonies. Though a conservative from disposition and interest, he early embraced the American cause and performed indispensable service in 1776 and 1777 before the British had yet occupied the city. The victories at Trenton Washington freely ascribed to Morris's timely aid in supplying him with a large sum of hard money. This and other patriotic acts were now forgotten, and a group of men, with Paine at their head, denounced Morris in a town meeting which was attended by an excited crowd. General John Cadwalader, who attempted to speak in Morris's behalf, was attacked by a hundred men with clubs, and a committee was sent to wait upon the great merchant and ask him why he did not sell a cargo of flour which he had just received at a price arbitrarily fixed by them. The tyrannies and proscriptions made life and property in the city highly insecure for the Anti-constitutionalists, or Republicans, as they were called, to distinguish them from the direct government democrats.

Against James Wilson the mob's rage also found expression. His patriotism was no whit more open to question than Robert Morris's. He was born in Scotland, where he was educated at the universities. He reached Philadelphia in 1766. At first a tutor in Latin in the College, he later studied law with John Dickinson and began his practise in Reading, Pa. His removal to Carlisle, Pa., soon followed. He signed the Declaration of Independence and rendered important services in Congress, returning to Philadelphia to make it his permanent abode after the British evacuated the city. An abler jurist the times did not supply, and because of his respect for the regular course of legal procedure in the trial of men accused of Toryism, he became the object of the most bitter hatreds. He resided in a brick house at the southwest corner of Third and Walnut Streets when, on the 4th of October, 1779, with a number of his friends, including Robert Morris, George Clymer, Sharp Delaney and General Mifflin, he sought refuge from a mob of Constitutionalists. The rioters numbered perhaps 200 men and had two pieces of cannon, which they set up to bear upon the house, ever afterward known as "Fort Wilson." The garrison barricaded the doors, returning the fire from the windows and other vantage points. The mob forced the door with sledges and bars and there was a struggle on the stairs. Two were killed in the street crowd and one in the house, while a number were wounded, especially after the arrival of the City Troop, whose members drew their swords as they rode through the mob. There was a real reign of terror for several days and Wilson absented himself from the city until order was in some degree restored and the wild spirit of the people was mollified.

Both Morris and Wilson were by good fortune reserved for greater services than any it had yet fallen in their way to perform. Morris, in 1781, when the country's money affairs were at the lowest point, became Superintendent of the United States finances, and for four years with the greatest skill performed the almost impossible task of raising the funds necessary to keep Washington's army in the field and successfully terminate the war. Later in 1787, he served in the Constitutional Convention, and for six years was the strong pillar of President Washington's administration as a senator from Pennsylvania, succumbing in the end, after playing the rôle for a long time of the rich man of America, in gigantic private speculations in virgin lands, being permitted to remain for three years, six months and ten days in the debtors' apartments in the old Prune Street Prison at Sixth and Locust Streets. He died broken in spirit as in fortune in 1806 in this city, being buried in Christ Church-yard in the family tomb.

Morris's writings were probably more voluminous than those of any other public man of his day and they are as trenchant and incisive in manner and as sound in substance as the famous papers of Hamilton, Madison and Jay in the "Federalist." It was Morris who framed these maxims for later generations of Americans:

"Men are less ashamed to do wrong than vexed to be told of it."

"I hope the people will at length distinguish between those who admonish them to their good, and those who flatter them to their destruction."

"Difficulties are always to be distinguished from possibilities. After endeavoring by your utmost exertions to surmount them, you will be able to determine which of them are insurmountable."

"Men are more apt to trust one whom they can call to account than three who may not hold themselves accountable, or three and thirty who may appoint those three."

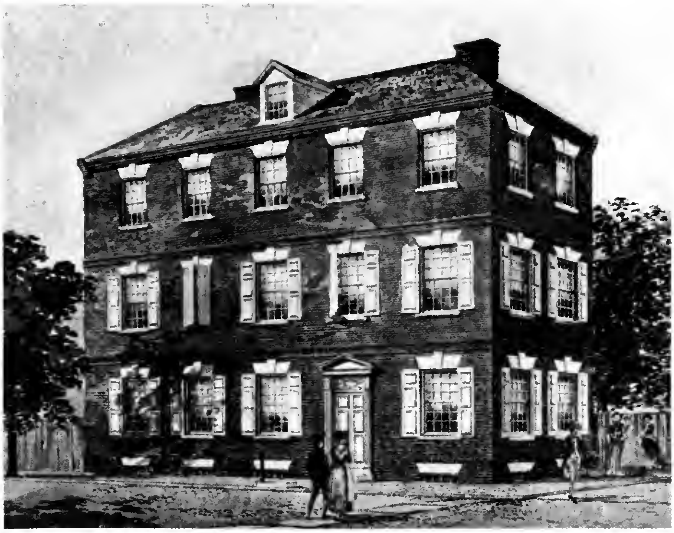
Wilson's most important service was performed in the Convention of 1787, and he is regarded by students of the Constitution as perhaps the most important man in that body. An inflexible Federalist, learned in the practical principles of government, he was an influential force in disposing of sentimental theories, and in giving the government of the United States a form which has enabled it to endure. Appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court by President Washington, he served in this office until his death in 1798 at Edenton, N. C., while absent from home on circuit duty. He was an impressive orator. Wilson's published works are chiefly his lectures delivered at the College of Philadelphia, where he was the first to hold a professorship of law. His writings are a reflection of the man as he was, learned and practical in all things, with but a small tincture of the imaginative quality, which we do not expect in the papers of statesmen, though it be sometimes added to enliven their work. In concluding the oration which he delivered at the celebration in Philadelphia on July 4, 1788 in honor of the adoption of the Constitution, James Wilson said:

"The commencement of our government has been eminently glorious: let our progress in every excellence be proportionately great. It will — it must be so. What an enrapturing prospect opens on the United States. Placid husbandry walks in front attended by the venerable plough. Lowing herds adorn our valleys; bleating flocks spread over our hills; verdant meadows, enamelled pastures, yellow harvests, bending orchards, rise in rapid succession from east to west. Plenty with her copious horn sits easy, smiling, and in conscious complacency enjoys and presides over the scenes. Commerce next advances in all her splendid and embellished forms. The rivers and lakes and seas are crowded with ships. Their shores are covered with cities. The cities are filled with inhabitants. The arts decked with elegance, yet with simplicity, appear in beautiful variety and well-adjusted arrangement. Around them are diffused in rich abundance the necessaries, the decencies and the ornaments of life. With heartfelt contentment industry beholds his honest labors flourishing and secure. Peace walks serene and unalarmed over all the unmolested regions, while liberty, virtue and religion go hand in hand, harmoniously protecting, enlivening and exalting all."

Philadelphia was the seat of government of the colonies. It had enjoyed this distinction ever since the first Continental Congress had assembled here in 1774, except for an enforced removal to Baltimore and York, Pa., when the British threatened and then occupied the city. Later, for a while New York was its meeting-place, but pending the preparations for building a capital city on the banks of the Potomac, Robert Morris, in 1790, brought the government back to Philadelphia, where it remained through Washington's two administrations and into the midst of John Adams's. It was central geographically, a matter of the greatest moment when delegates to Congress must ride on horseback or in stage coaches over unimproved roads. It was a compromise between Virginia and Massachusetts. Hither came Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James

THE BARTRAM HOUSE

In Bartram's Gardens *(See page 56.)*



SEVENTH AND MARKET STREETS

House in which the Declaration of Independence was framed

Madison and all the Southerners; Hamilton and Jay of New York; John Adams and the New England leaders. Hither, too, came the foreign legates and attachés, together with the place-seekers, bounty claimants, tourists and sight-seers who are the necessary trappings of the seat of government of any country, however small its size or mean its prerogatives and powers.

Nearly all the Revolutionary Fathers lived in lodging or boarding houses situated east of the State House and between Arch and Pine Streets. Some viewed the Delaware River and its shipping from their chamber windows. Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, the document so forcibly voicing the popular conviction in regard to liberty and equality, and the other tenets of the new philosophy, in the lodgings he had taken in the second story of a new brick house belonging to a young German bricklayer named Graff. This building, situated at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market Streets, was then almost the last house in the city to the westward. The site is now occupied by a bank, upon whose granite walls a tablet commemorates the event. The Constitution of the United States was framed in the State House in 1787, and with its adoption expired the hopes of the Pennsylvania radicals. There was still to be expressed only their wrath at being soundly beaten, and political vituperation surcharged the atmosphere in Philadelphia for the rest of the century.

The contest in Pennsylvania between those who believed in the force of tradition and the teachings of history, and leaders of Cannon's kind who wished to be rid of the "trumpery" of learning and, like Rousseau, to take their laws from men clad in skins sitting under oak trees, involved the patriots coming to Philadelphia from other colonies. Hamilton was too young a man to understand the deep meaning of the two philosophical tendencies when the contest was begun; but to John Adams the Pennsylvania Constitution was gall and wormwood. He employed a large part of his leisure time while representing the colonies in Europe in the writing of a long and careful comparative study of the governments of the world, deprecating the impractical provisions of the Constitution of Pennsylvania and defending the constitutions of the other states against the attacks of Turgot, who had taken up a brief for Pennsylvania. His works strongly testify to the vigorous efforts he put forth to counteract Franklin's influence and to correct the impression that America, either in nation or state, could or would be governed by a tempestuous convention such as was soon to assume control of the destinies of France. No writer in Pennsylvania, none in America and none in the world but Burke exerted such power to set the world right in a matter that had long made Philadelphia and Paris the centres of a dangerous philosophy.

From the intellectual disputes of the war even scientists and poets could not escape. Of the former, there are two of eminence to be named, David Rittenhouse and Dr. Benjamin Rush, while Francis Hopkinson and Philip Freneau are the leading belletristic writers of the period.

Rittenhouse was the most profound scientist whom the times produced. While Franklin's ingenuity was universal, since he knew as much about one subject as another, and delved not too deeply into any, Rittenhouse devoted his attention to mathematics and astronomy, gaining a position of high authority in them. His ancestors were Mennonites who came from Holland and established the famous paper mill on the Wissahickon. Born in a house overlooking that stream, his father, Matthias Rittenhouse, soon removed to a farm in Norriton, then in Philadelphia, but now in Montgomery County near the present Norristown. At that time David was three years old and it was expected that he would become a farmer. He early displayed mechanical skill. Without educational opportunities, he perfected himself in mathematics. At eight he had built a watermill; at seventeen a wooden clock which led to his setting up a shop as a clock and mathematical instrument maker. Of a delicate mould he applied himself too diligently and was attacked by a lung affection that kept him in pain as long as he lived.

He discovered a method of fluxions without knowledge of the researches of Newton or Leibnitz, and although deprived of credit for the performance, to which he seems to have been as well entitled as they, he knew no discouragement. His clocks became celebrated. He invented a thermometer which was based upon the principle of the expansion and contraction of metals. He made telescopes and was soon engaged in a study of the heavens. In 1770 he completed his orrery, a mechanical representation in brass of the planetary system, by which the relative position of each body upon any day for five thousand years either forward or backward could be readily displayed. The ingenious device was purchased by Princeton College for £300. A duplicate was made for the College of Philadelphia, the inventor was voted a sum of money as a premium by the legislature of Pennsylvania, and after the French alliance, the Philosophical Society determined to have him construct one for presentation to the King of France. By this time Rittenhouse had made the acquaintance and won the favor of all the patrons of learning in the colony, including Dr. William Smith and the professors at the College. His fame was greatly enhanced by the service he performed in connection with the American Philosophical Society in making their observations of the transit of Venus, an opportunity which had not occurred for many years and would not be repeated for more than a century. Three parties were organized; one to use the telescope mounted on a wooden platform in the State House yard, from which the Declaration of Independence was later read; a second to go to the Delaware Capes; and a third to David Rittenhouse's home in Norriton where the results were particularly noteworthy. The sky was clear, the reports delighted the astronomers of Europe.

Rittenhouse's political sentiments, which were openly expressed, were akin to Franklin's. He had a prominent part in the convention which framed the Pennsylvania Constitution of 1776 and was a radical Constitutionalist, from which party for twelve years he enjoyed his place as Treasurer of the state and other offices. All kings were abominations in his eyes and he once uttered the wish, ascribed at a later day to Henry C. Carey and his group of nationalists, " that Nature would raise her everlasting bars between the new and old world and make a voyage to Europe as impracticable as one to the moon." A newspaper poet wrote in 1777:—

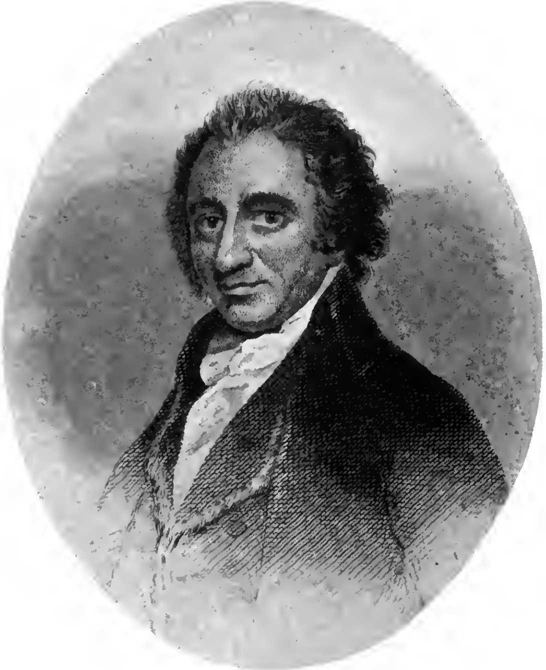
> "Meddle not with state affairs,
> Keep acquaintance with the stars;
> Science, David, is thy line;
> Warp not Nature's great design,
> If thou to fame would'st rise."

All to no purpose. Rittenhouse deeply concerned himself with liberal politics. After Franklin's death he became the President of the Philosophical Society, an office which he held until his death in 1796, upholding all its intellectual traditions. Cobbett in his untrue way said that Rittenhouse was an atheist in the pay of France. "The American Philosophical Society is composed of a nest of such wretches as hardly ever met together before," this arch libeller continued and its President gave some basis to the allegations of its enemies by taking sides openly with the party which sympathized with the French revolutionists and raged up and down the streets, urging a renewal of the war with England. Aside from some translations from the German, Rittenhouse's literary work was confined to scientific papers included for the most part in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society.

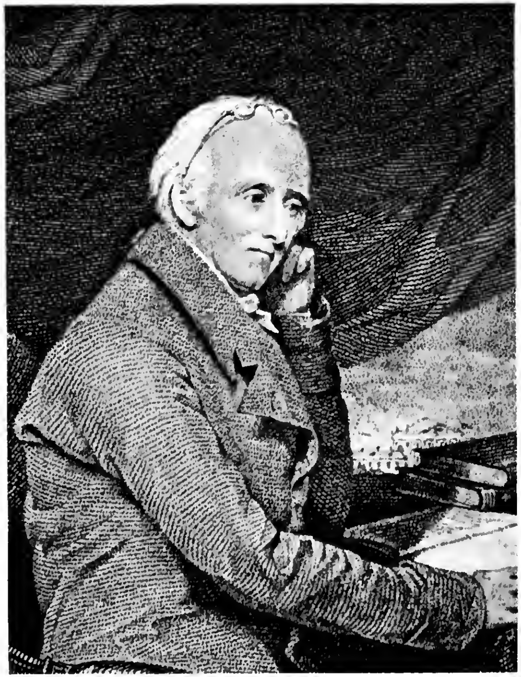
In Europe today Philadelphia is perhaps more widely known as a centre of medical learning than for any other intellectual attainment whatsoever. A Philadelphian travelling about the world, if he make known in educated circles the name of the city whence he comes, will discover that its fame as the home of medical schools and eminent surgeons and physicians is widespread. The foundations for this distinction were laid in the eighteenth century. The time when men could be cured of their various ills by decoctions of herbs, mysterious powders, "Chinese stones," "toothache bags," eelskins, iron skewers, a piece of flitch buried under the eaves of a house, and the remedies born of superstition and charlatanry which were prescribed in the almanacs, was rapidly passing, and medicine as a science was winning, and deserving to win, general respect.

The first thing approaching a medical school in Philadelphia was Dr. William Shippen, Jr.'s, "Anatomical Theatre" in which he gave lectures in 1762, continuing them for three years or until, with the aid of Dr. John Morgan and others, he established the medical school in connection with the College of Philadelphia. He held a professorship in the College and its successor, the University, until 1806, or for more than forty years.

The real founder of medical science in this country was Dr. Benjamin Rush, the "American Hippocrates" or the "American Sydenham" as he is sometimes called. Born in 1745 on a farm in Byberry, a few miles northeast of Philadelphia, of stock that had fought in Cromwell's army, the boy was early brought to the city. His father died and he came under the care of his mother, who sought in Philadelphia the means of educating her children. Benjamin, when not yet fifteen years of age, graduated at Princeton College, and then gave his attention to the study of medicine under tutors in Philadelphia, perfecting himself at Edinburgh where he received his doctor's degree in 1768. He came back to Philadelphia in the next year and took a professorship in the new medical school, being a teacher in the College from this time continuously until his death in 1813. He reached the height of his career in 1793, during the yellow fever epidemic.



Thomas Paine



BENJAMIN RUSH

(See page 95.)

Nearly all the doctors had fled the city at sight of this dread visitant, and when six thousand were sick or dying but two remained with him to alleviate their sufferings. The disease broke out in July and it raged for about one hundred days, or until the end of September. Some forty-five hundred persons died. The rich fled in all directions; while many of the poor were taken to tents on the outskirts of the city. Dr. Rush devised a method of treatment which consisted principally of bleeding his patients and purging them with mercury. He often treated more than one hundred thus in a day. His house was besieged by men and women who came to beg him to save them, or some one dear to them. He was compelled to drive his chaise at breakneck speed to escape the petitioners who hoped to intercept him in the streets. He himself barely escaped with his life; he was so exhausted that he was with difficulty raised from his last attack. His blood-letting into bowls or upon the ground, when the dish was not at hand, was so free, and his purges were so invariably prescribed that he was attacked viciously by doctors recommending other modes of treatment. Indeed, he was threatened with expulsion from the city. Freneau wrote at this time:—

"Doctors raving and disputing,
Death's pale army still recruiting.
What a pother,
One with 'tother,
Some a-writing, some a-shooting.

"Nature's poisons here collected,
Water, earth and air infected;

O! what pity
Such a city
Was in such a place erected."

William Cobbett ("Peter Porcupine") attacked Rush in his "Gazette," and, the doctor suing for libel, a famous case came into the courts. Rush won his suit and Cobbett was compelled to pay $5,000 in damages, which the victor, with honor satisfied, devoted to charity.

Dr. Rush was actively interested in the politics of the Revolution, though on the side which opposed Franklin and Rittenhouse. He wrote and worked to repeal the Pennsylvania Constitution of 1776 and advocated a stronger confederation of the states. Like Dr. Richard Peters, his heart was full of benevolence, seasoned by good judgment, and his sympathies went out to his fellow-men in all directions. John Woolman, the Quaker preacher; Benjamin Lay, a queer little dwarf who lived in a cave out on the Old York Road and occasionally stalked into Quaker meetings; and Anthony Benezet, a French Huguenot who became a Quaker and arrived in Philadelphia in 1731, had unremittingly denounced negro slavery. Benjamin Rush carried on the agitation at every opportunity. He advocated the culture of the maple tree, hoping that sugar might be obtained from it in sufficient quantities to emancipate the negro in the West Indies. He published essays upon free schools and urged the higher education of women. He was one of the first to oppose capital punishment and the use of alcoholic liquors and tobacco. He was a kind of perfectionist. "If he had no other claim to fame," said Dr. William Pepper, "Rush would stand high as a philanthropist and social reformer. He was inspired by no love of notoriety nor deterred by any dread of unpopularity."

His literary style was attractive. Even his medical writings, which comprise several volumes, abound in classical allusions and poetical references, so that they are interesting to the non-professional reader. He was the first to lecture upon diseases of the mind and wrote a book upon insanity which passed through several editions. Indeed, until 1883 it was one of only two systematic treatises on the subject which had been published in America. He was greatly beloved by the leaders who came to Philadelphia during the Revolution, and was the friend and correspondent through life of many of the famous men of the United States and Europe.

In writers esteemed to be purely literary, the times were not very productive. If the average man were asked to designate such an one, he would very likely pronounce the name of Francis Hopkinson, and if he were required to cite a work by that writer, he would instinctively mention "The Battle of the Kegs." This satirical ballad, mere doggerel as it was, describes the ludicrous commotion created among the British on occupying Philadelphia because of a report that the Americans were setting adrift in the upper river kegs of powder, fitted with springs to explode the contents upon striking any obstacle, and designed to do havoc to the shipping in the harbor,— ancestors of the modern torpedo. It had instant popularity, such as works of this kind sometimes enjoy, if they appear at the ripe moment; and as a bit of political satire gained a place beside Trumbull's "McFingal." Hopkinson was the son of Thomas Hopkinson, an English gentleman who had settled in Philadelphia and who was probably the inventor of the lightning rod rather than Benjamin Franklin. The son graduated at the College under Dr. William Smith, to whose group he belonged. His muse was cultivated at an early age, but he had less talent than Nathaniel Evans or Thomas Godfrey, Jr., whose friend he was, and has left scarcely anything that can cause him properly to be considered as a bard. "One of your pretty little curious, ingenious men" with "a head no bigger than an apple," as John Adams wrote, he was a general artistic and literary *dilettante.*

He studied law and was interested in music, painting, science and all forms of culture, marrying Miss Borden of Bordentown, N. J., where afterward he lived for several years. He signed the Declaration of Independence and was an Anti-constitutionalist in Pennsylvania, and later a Federalist. His literary service was political and in the line of satire. He is accounted to have achieved much by ridicule. The play of this writer's fancy, which had delicacy beyond that of most other writers of the time, is enjoyed in the preface to "A Pretty Story," one of his satirical works published in 1774. He concludes it:

"As I am but a clumsy carpenter at best, I shall not attempt to decorate my little cottage with any but out of door ornaments; but as it would be inconvenient and uncomfortable to have my front door open immediately into the apartments of my house, I have made this preface by way of entry. And now, gentle reader, if you should think my entry too plain and simple you may set your imagination to work and furnish it with a grand staircase, with cornices, stucco and paintings. . . . Or if you like not this, you may suppose that the following sheets were found in the cabinet of some deceased gentleman; or that they were dug out of an ancient ruin, or discovered in a hermit's cave, or dropped from the clouds in a hail storm. In short, you may suppose just what you please. And when by the help of the imagination you have seasoned the preface to your palate, you may turn over this leaf and feast upon the body of the work itself."

While Francis Hopkinson's was a very thin note, Philip Freneau's had the robust ring of poetry. The contest over the title to place as the first American bard has brought forward many names. Perhaps it may be at an end since the "Atlantic Monthly" has recently said: "We do not hesitate to assert roundly that Freneau was the first really interesting American poetical character and the first citizen of these states to write poetry of real distinction."

Freneau came of a French Huguenot family settled in New York City. His father, Pierre Freneau, was an importer of wines, a man of fortune, as is indicated by the fact that he resided in later years on an estate of one thousand acres in New Jersey in regal plenty, with slaves and a *menage* suggestive of the South. Philip, who was born in 1752, was sent to Princeton College, where he graduated in 1771 in the class of Hugh Henry Brackenridge and James Madison, who vainly wooed Freneau's sister. While in college, there were signs of poetic promise in his verses on "The Power of Fancy," which are accredited to him when he was only eighteen:—

> "Wakeful, vagrant, restless thing,
> Ever wandering on the wing;
> Who thy wondrous source can find,

Fancy, regent of the mind?
A spark from Jove's resplendent throne,
But thy nature all unknown.

. . . .

Ah, what is all this mighty whole,
These suns and stars that round us roll?
What are they all, where'er they shine,
But Fancies of the power Divine?
What is this globe, these lands and seas,
And heat and cold and flowers and trees,
And life, and death, and beast, and man,
And time that with the sun began,
But thoughts on reason's scale, combin'd,
Ideas of the Almighty Mind?"

In 1778 his classmate and friend Brackenridge, a native of York County, Pa., who had been a teacher and later a chaplain in the army,* persuaded Francis Bailey, a printer in Philadelphia, to undertake the publication of the "United States Magazine." It was begun to disprove the common allegation that the American colonists if separated from England would become "illiterate ourang-outangs." The effort would be made at a most unfortunate season "to paint the graces on the front of war and invite the muses to our country." This magazine brought Freneau to Philadelphia and he contributed verse and prose to each issue; but its design was entirely chimerical and it died a natural death after completing its first volume.

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* Brackenridge removed to Pittsburg in 1781 where he became very prominent at the bar. Appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in 1799 he sat upon the bench until his death in 1816. He was the author of "Modern Chivalry or the Adventures of a Captain and Teague O'Regan, his Servant," a political satire in the form of a four-volume novel, one of the oldest of American works of fiction.

Brackenridge complained bitterly of his ill-fortune. A large class, said he, in his valedictory, "inhabit the region of stupidity and cannot bear to have the tranquility of their repose disturbed by the villainous shock of a book. Reading is to them the worst of all torments and I remember very well that at the commencement of the work it was their language, 'Art thou come to torment us before the time?' We will now say to them, 'Sleep on and take your rest.'"

Freneau, who had already had some experience before the mast, for the sea called him loudly so long as he lived, now shipped on the "Aurora" which had the ill-luck to be captured, and the poet with the rest of the crew spent a season on a British prison ship, an experience he commemorated in verse. Upon his release, he returned to Philadelphia and on April 25, 1781, appeared the first number of his new weekly paper, "The Freeman's Journal or North American Intelligencer." It too had Bailey for its publisher. Its announced purpose was "to encourage genius, to deter vice and disrobe tyranny and misrule of every plumage." Freneau, the foremost poet of the time, could escape political influence no more than any of his fellows and he radically espoused the cause of the French. For three years this paper lived and shot its pointed darts at England, roundly berating all conservatives. The "Epistle to Sylvius" was Freneau's farewell: —

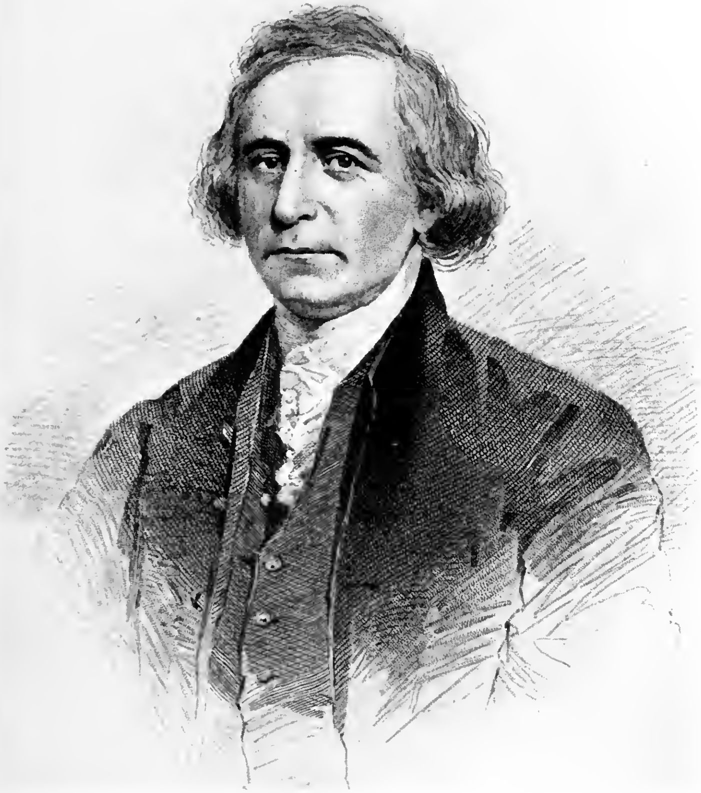
"Then, Sylvius, come, let you and I
On Neptune's aid once more rely.
Perhaps the muse may still impart
The balm to ease the aching heart.
Though cold might chill and storms dismay,
Yet Zoilus will be far away."

Freneau now engaged principally in the West Indian trade, and, as a master and captain of various vessels, came in and out of Philadelphia and other ports, imbibing much of the irresponsibility and vagrancy of the sea.

With his pecuniary ills and misfortunes, Freneau's political philosophy gained in acerbity, and he became the more determined in his antagonism to leaders and measures that he deemed aristocratic. In the disgust sometimes felt by literary men of all countries and in all ages, Freneau had many complaints of the scant rewards of his pen. In his "Expedition of Timothy Taunus" he wrote:—

"Were this cartload of learning the whole that I knew
I could sooner get forward by mending a shoe;
I could sooner grow rich by the axe or the spade,
Or thrive by the meanest mechanical trade.
The tinker himself would be richer than I,
For the tinker has something that people will buy;
While such as have little but Latin to vend
On a shadow may truly be said to depend."

Freneau again appeared in Philadelphia in 1791 at the invitation of Thomas Jefferson, who offered him a post as translator in the office of the Secretary of State, and was instrumental in making him the editor of another newspaper, the "National Gazette." For two years, through the pro-French excitement, of which more is to be said in the next chapter, this paper was unremitting in its praise of Jefferson, while it most bitterly attacked Washington, Hamilton and the Federalists. After this experience, Freneau returned to New York and its neighborhood, where he was soon



PHILIP FRENEAU

publishing newspapers again, varying this employment with trips to sea and settling at last on his farm in a grove of locust trees at Mount Pleasant, near Monmouth, N. J., the place being now called Freneau in his honor. He lived to the age of eighty. In 1832, when returning to his home in a snow storm, he was lost and died in a bog.

Misfortune seemed to pursue him to the end. His house was burned. From the party which he aimed to aid, although it was long in power, Jefferson and Madison being in the President's office for sixteen years, nothing came to him but the clerkship in Philadelphia during Washington's administration. Proud, sensitive, erratic and undependable, there seemed to be no great place for him and he died, as he had lived, the impecunious bond-servant of a vagrant fancy.

Philip Freneau had very marked talents as a poet, and as a prose writer he was also forceful and prolific. He wrote with notable facility. His poems were often composed in the shade of a tree, whence he carried his manuscript to the printing office, immediately to put it into type with his own hands. Of wide reading in the classics, and in command of several modern languages, his culture asserted itself in his work. The range and variety of the subjects he chose are as surprising as his lavish vocabulary, and his fluency of expression. Witty, satirical, or seriously poetical, he was enjoyed in England as in America, winning the praise of Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Campbell and many British writers and critics. His wit is perhaps as well illustrated in this extract from "The Silent Academy" as in any that could be given:—

"Some are in chains of wedlock bound,
And some are hanged and some are drowned.
Some are advanced to posts and places,
And some in pulpits screw their faces;
Some at the bar a living gain,
Perplexing what they should explain;
To soldiers turned a bolder band
Repel the invaders of the land;
Some to the arts of physic bred,
Despatch their patients to the dead;
Some plough the land and some the sea,
And some are slaves and some are free;
Some court the great and some the muse,
And some subsist by mending shoes;
While others — but so vast the throng,
The cobbler shall conclude my song."

"On Humanity and Ingratitude" is another example of Freneau's humorous fancy. It is often seen in "nonsense rhyme" collections and begins:—

"By the side of the sea in a cottage obscure
There lived an old fellow nam'd Charlot Boncoeur
Who was free to his neighbor and good to the poor.
Catching fish was his trade,
And all people said
That mischief to nothing but fish he design'd,
To all people else he was candid and kind."

A satirical prophecy made in 1782 begins with these playful lines:—

"When a certain great king, whose initial is G.,
Shall force stamps upon paper, and folks to drink tea;
When these folks burn his tea, and stampt paper like stubble,
You may guess that this king is then coming to trouble.
But when a petition he treads under his feet

And sends over the ocean an army and fleet;
When that army, half-starved and frantic with rage,
Shall be coop'd up with a leader whose name rhymes to cage,
When that leader goes home, dejected and sad,
You may then be assur'd the king's prospects are bad."

That new curiosity, the balloon, did not escape Freneau's good-natured satire in lines as enjoyable now as a century ago:—

" The man who at Boston sets out with the sun
If the wind should be fair may be with us at one;
At Gunpowder Ferry drink whiskey at three,
And by six be at Edentown ready for tea.
The machine shall be ordered (we hardly need say)
To travel in darkness as well as by day —
At Charleston by ten he for sleep may prepare,
And by twelve the next day be — the devil knows where."

Of the honest poetical value of Freneau's work there are many examples. In the poem on " The Peopling of the West " these lines are addressed to the Mississippi:—

" Great sire of floods, whose varied wave
  Through climes and countries takes its way;
To whom creating nature gave
  Ten thousand streams to swell thy sway!
No longer shall they useless prove,
Nor idly through the forests rove;

" Nor longer shall thy princely flood
  From distant lakes be swell'd in vain,
Nor longer through a darksome wood
  Advance unnoticed to the main.
Far other ends the fates decree
And commerce plans new freights for thee."

In "The Dying Indian" this farewell to earth is said:—

"To all that charmed me where I strayed,
The winding stream, the dark, sequestered shade;
Adieu! Adieu, all triumphs here!
Adieu, the mountain's lofty swell!
Adieu, thou little verdant hill!
And seas and stars and skies, farewell
For some remoter sphere."

Upon Franklin's return to Philadelphia in 1785, his years made more serene by the adulation of France, he became the candidate of the Constitutional party for President, or governor of the state, an office he held for three years. His home was in the centre of a lot one hundred feet in width, running from Market to Chestnut Streets, about midway between Third and Fourth Streets. It was built to face Chestnut Street, but an outlet in that direction was blocked by a defective title. Filled with springs, bells, pulleys and curious devices of many kinds, the house rivalled a museum. The shelves in the library extended to the ceiling and Franklin reached a book by turning up the seat of a chair and climbing a step ladder attachment under it, still preserved in the rooms of the American Philosophical Society; or by means of a long artificial arm with a hand at the end of it.

When the Reverend Manasseh Cutler of Massachusetts visited Philadelphia there was "no curiosity" in the city which he so much desired to see as Franklin. Although he approached him with the awe inspired by a king, the great man was sitting in a chair upon the grass under a mulberry tree. "How were my ideas changed," says he, "when I saw a short, fat, trunched old man in a plain Quaker dress, bald pate and short white locks, sitting without his hat in this position." He exhibited a two-headed snake preserved in a bottle of alcohol which some friend had sent him, and proceeded to draw from it a political lesson. How inconvenient, he argued, if the serpent in passing through the brush should meet an obstruction. It could go in neither direction. Thus would it be with a government whose legislature consisted of two houses.

Franklin died in 1790, bowed with age, honors and a complication of disorders induced by gout and the stone. The French revolutionists interrupted their orgies to pronounce eulogiums upon the world's great liberal, but his name was honored by men of all political views. At home a Philadelphian so antithetical in standards and views as Provost William Smith, delivered an oration, under the auspices of the American Philosophical Society, in the German Lutheran Church in Fourth Street in the presence of President and Mrs. Washington, Vice-President and Mrs. Adams, and many senators and representatives in Congress.

His youngest daughter, Rebecca, the beautiful girl of whom Gilbert Stuart has given us a portrait, expressed a sentiment which must have been secretly shared by many Philadelphians. On returning home from the church, Dr. Smith asked his daughter how she had been pleased with the address.

"Oh, papa, it was beautiful," she said, "very beautiful indeed, only — papa — only — only — "

"Only what?" interrupted her father.

"Only, papa, now you won't be offended, will you?

I don't think you believed more than one tenth part of what you said of old Ben Lightning Rod, did you?"

Despite his crude science, his evil philosophy and his homely literary outlook, Franklin was an extraordinary man of letters and a humorist for all the ages.

CHAPTER IV

THE FRUITS OF THE WAR

The death of Franklin, almost coincident as it was with the triumph of Federalism and the beginning of government under the Constitution, marks the dawn of another literary era. First, however, his philosophy was to lead to the excesses in which the city rioted during the years of the French Revolution. It was a struggle for an adjustment of ideas; a trial of the strength of contrary influences; an intellectual combat to determine the seat and limits of the power of the new government in reference to individuals and states.

The nation at large was quite naturally in a frame of mind to sympathize with the movement to overthrow monarchy and establish a republic in its stead in France. Freneau, Rittenhouse and many others allowed their hearts to overrule their judgment, and their sympathy passed all the bounds of reason. The anti-English and pro-French demonstrations were soon beyond control. The people were calling each other "Citizen" and "Citess." Jacobin Clubs were organized. Men, women and children wore the tri-color and the cockade, intertwined with French and American flags, erected liberty poles, sang "*Ca ira,*" and danced the *carmagnole* in the public squares. There were banquets everywhere at which wine was drunk to various revolutionary sentiments:

"The fair of France and America,— may each one weave a cap of liberty for her husband."

"The spirit of '76 and '92,— may the citizens of America and France as they are equal in virtue be equal in success."

"The extinction of monarchs,— may the next generation know kings only by the page of history and wonder that such monsters were ever permitted to exist."

"May tyrants never be withheld from the guillotine's closest embraces."

"May those who envy us never partake of our blessings and their constant abiding place be Nova Scotia and Botany Bay, there to live on cod-fish tails soaked in whale oil with a small morsel of bread."

At these dinners the red cap of liberty was placed upon the head of the chief guest and then each one present fitted it to the pate of his next neighbor as a mark of good fellowship. When Citizen Genet arrived, the excitement reached its height and there was grave risk that the new nation, whose capital was at Philadelphia, would be carried by popular storm into a European war in defence of regicide. Encouraged by Jefferson, Genet paraded the country like some conqueror until President Washington, controlled by his native sense and supported by the valued advice of Hamilton and that bold and powerful pillar of Federalism, Senator Robert Morris of Pennsylvania, asserted the authority of which he was possessed by the new Constitution, but had not yet exercised; and the wrath of men who disliked every suggestion of personal restraint was boundless. "Ten thousand people in the streets of Philadelphia," wrote John Adams, "day after day threatened to drag Washington out of his house and effect a revolution in the government, or compel it to declare war in favor of the French Revolution and against England." Men with tawny skins and Creole belles, who came from the West Indies, sipped their liquors at tables on balconies and on the pavements in tropical *abandon.* Only the yellow fever, it is believed, saved the city from a bloody revolution.

When John Jay negotiated a treaty of amity and commerce with Great Britain, with the support of Washington and the administration in Philadelphia, mobs again roamed the streets. Once the windows in the English consul's office were broken. At another time at a dinner party a pig, its head severed from its body, was carried about the table, an exhibition meant to symbolize the decapitation of the French king, whereupon each guest jabbed his knife into the flesh to emphasize the loathing he felt for monarchy.

Freneau was editing the "National Gazette" and by its assaults upon Washington, Hamilton and the Federalists, called forth the praise of democrats. Jefferson went so far as to say that his friend had "saved our constitution which was fast galloping into monarchy." The popular party was recruiting its strength from new sources and it now had in its ranks such writers as Benjamin Franklin Bache, James Thomas Callender, Alexander James Dallas, Mathew Carey and a less distinguished assortment of Scotchmen, Irishmen and English-haters of whom the time was so notably prolific. As an antidote to scurrilous democrats there was provided William Cobbett ("Peter Porcupine"), the vitriolic partisan of aristocracy, and between the red-handed doctrines of France and the immoderate Federalism of New England was being sought a mean which at last bore fruit in the political philosophy of Jefferson and Madison, as exhibited in their presidential administrations.

Benjamin Franklin Bache (Baitch) was a son of Richard Bache, an Englishman of aristocratic leanings, who had married Franklin's daughter Sally, later acquiring a fortune in Philadelphia in merchandising and as postmaster-general. The son, who was named for his grandfather, was taken to Paris and Geneva to be educated under his distinguished grandsire's care, and came back a great advocate of liberty.

In October, 1790, he began to publish the "General Advertiser," afterward known as the "Aurora," because of the rays of light forming the design with which the title of each issue was ornamented. The editor wrote of Washington when the Jay treaty was signed: "Does the President fancy himself the Grand Llama of this country that we are to approach him with superstitious reverence or religious regard? His answer to the citizens of Philadelphia bespeaks a contempt for the people that no other evidence but his own letter could render credible. He has disdained to look down with an eye of complacency from that eminence on which they have placed him, and has assumed a tone of mystery and authority which would induce us to suppose ourselves in Potsdam instead of Philadelphia."

Bache was soon joined in the office of the "Aurora" by William Duane, and by him its reputation for keen attack and common blackguardism was developed very rapidly.

Duane came of Irish Catholic parents who had settled near Lake Champlain in New York State. His mother took him to Ireland to be educated. When only nineteen he married a Protestant girl, whereupon he was dismissed from his home, sacrificed his hereditary prospects, and must go out to make a living for himself. He became a printer. For a time he had a newspaper in India, where he was arrested by the government and returned to England. He wrote for a while for the "General Advertiser" of London, which developed into the London "Times," and in 1795 he came to Philadelphia, where Bache engaged him as a writer on the "Aurora."

In 1798 the yellow fever again swept the city. Bache, still only twenty-nine years of age, was a victim and Duane became the "Aurora's" chief editor, and soon its owner by marrying the young widow. He continued at his post until 1822, though the paper exerted a diminishing influence after the seat of government was removed to Washington. He impaled Federalists, all to him English lords, aristocrats and people haters, on the shafts of his ribald ridicule. Many caustic wits wrote for his paper, among others Freneau, who returned to his old pen name of "Robert Slender," after which he now appended the letters O. S. M. Not entitled to an A. M. or an LL. D., he used these letters, which stood, as he explained, for "One of the Swinish Multitude." President Adams's home being at Braintree, Mass., Duane's favorite title for him was "the Duke of Braintree," or sometimes, "His Rotundity, the Duke of Braintree," or again, "His Serene Highness, the Duke of Braintree." Jefferson largely attributed his election to the devotion of the "Aurora." Adams, the paper declared, was "cast of God as polluted water out at the back door." A writer in its columns, in the course of an address to the President, in all seriousness "hoped and prayed that your fate may be a warning to all usurpers and tyrants and that you may before you leave this world become a true and sincere penitent, and be forgiven all your manifold sins in the next." Mr. Adams was said to be insane, and abuse of all kinds was heaped upon his head by a large group of writers of whom Duane was the most fiery.

Upon the announcement in Philadelphia of Jefferson's election, the French influence was again triumphant. Bells were rung, volleys of musketry fired, while men gathered at ox-roasts and drank toasts to Franklin, Rittenhouse and the younger men who followed in their intellectual pathway. Washington was shrewdly forgiven and his sins were ascribed to the baleful influence of Hamilton. There were groans and hisses for all aristocrats amid strains from the "Rogue's March"; while to such sentiments as "the tree of liberty," "the whole family of mankind" and "the American fair: may they never smile upon any but true Republicans," many a deep cup was quaffed. The bloody deeds of the French Revolution were again glorified. To write for such a paper as the "Aurora" presupposed a knowledge of the political history of every European country but England, out of whose side we had so lately sprung, since her statesmen to the earliest generations were too opprobrious for their names even to be mentioned in the hearing of our international democrats.

On the opposite side, William Cobbett was an even worse offender than Duane. He was as libellous in his support of English monarchy as the "Aurora" was in the interest of French liberty. "From these presses," said Joseph Hopkinson, counsel for Dr. Rush in the famous libel suit against Cobbett, "there incessantly issues a pestilential deadly vapor of the most low and vile defamation." It is very clear that Cobbett, by the excesses of his statement, did the Federalists a vast deal of injury, and in a different way helped forward the triumph of Jefferson's party quite as certainly as Duane.

Cobbett was born in 1762 in Surrey, England, and until he was of age worked in his father's fields. Writing of his own grandfather as compared with the grandsire of his rival in libels, Benjamin Franklin Bache, Cobbett remarked upon one occasion in his characteristic way:

"Everyone will, I hope, have the goodness to believe that my grandfather was no philosopher. Indeed he was not. He never made a lightning rod nor bottled a single quart of sunshine in the whole course of his life. He was no almanac maker, nor quack, nor chimney doctor, nor soap boiler, nor ambassador, nor printer's devil; neither was he a Deist and all his children were born in wedlock. The legacies he left were his scythe, his reaphook and his flail; he bequeathed no old and irrevocable debts to an hospital; he never cheated the poor during his life nor mocked them in his death."

At man's estate, Cobbett went to London and after chafing for a time at clerkly duties he enlisted in the English army, soon to be sent to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where he served for eight years or until the end of 1791. Upon his return to Europe, he spent a few months in France, where the Revolution impended ominously, and then sailed for the United States, to begin in Philadelphia a career of astonishing activity under the pen name of "Peter Porcupine." In his "Gazette," and in pamphlets innumerable, he assailed the French Revolutionists and their American sympathizers with a savagery never equalled by any other writer in the new world. By his indiscriminate abuse he ran afoul of many men, including Mathew Carey, the bookseller and publisher, and Dr. Benjamin Rush. There was published in 1799 "A Plumb Pudding for the Humane, Chaste, Valiant, Enlightened Peter Porcupine by his obliged friend Mathew Carey." While not seriously hurt by Cobbett's allusions to him, Carey made a great ado about a small episode. The Irish bookseller called Porcupine "a fiend," "a low-bred cowardly alien," "a disgrace to human nature," etc. "No small sword for me," said Carey; "I shall give brickbat for brickbat to Cobbett and every such scoundrel as may drive me into the field."

"I can safely declare and appeal to Heaven for the truth of the assertion," he continued, "that of all the villains that ever possessed a printing press I never knew or ever heard of more than one or two that could in any degree be compared to him." Carey promised to forfeit five hundred dollars if he did not cause his "Plumb Pudding" to be read "in every city, town, village and hamlet in the United States to which there is a conveyance by stage, by mail, by wagon or by cart."

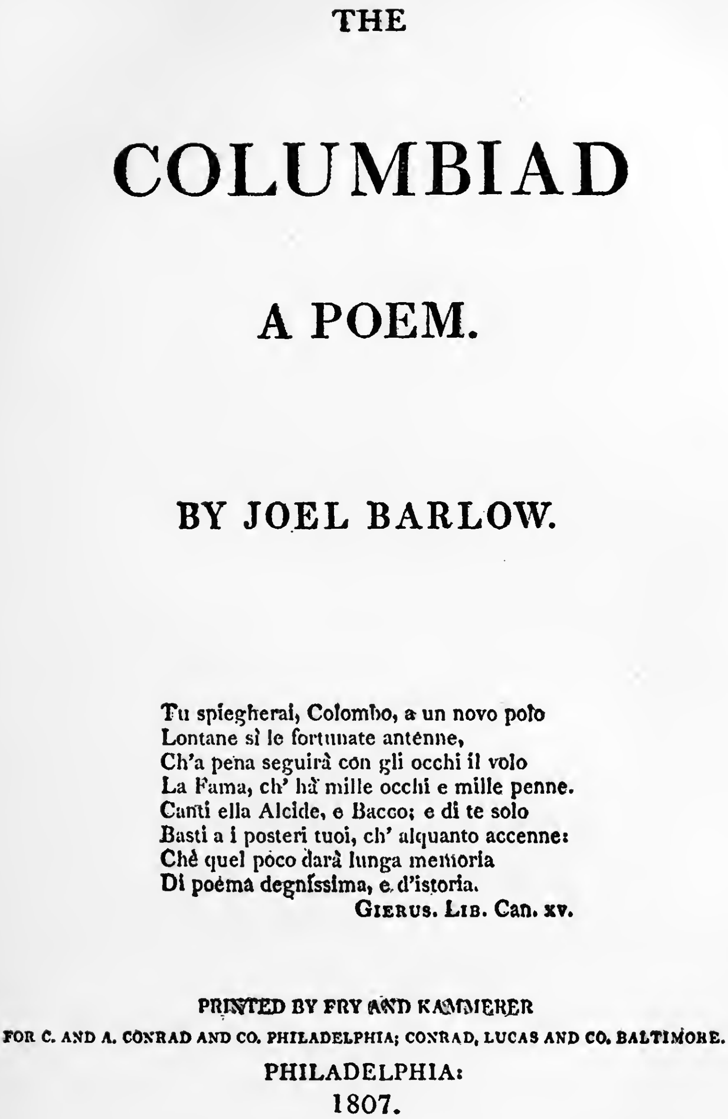
Dr. Rush, not relying on stage and cart, entered suit, as has been indicated, to test the right of citizens, under the libel laws of Pennsylvania, to protection against Porcupine's attacks. This was in 1797 although the case did not come to trial until 1799. Porcupine had attacked Rush for purging and bleeding for yellow fever. He called the great physician "our remorseless bleeder." "The Israelite slew his thousands, but the Rushites have slain their tens of thousands," Cobbett wrote brutally in his "Gazette." The jury gave Rush five thousand dollars' damages and there were accumulated costs amounting to about three thousand dollars, so that Porcupine was obliged to wind up his career in America. He went back to England, publishing his works in London and editing newspapers with considerable pecuniary profit. The agents of the law still pursued him. Once he spent two years in an English gaol, and to escape another sentence, he took flight to America to reside for a year or two on Long Island. In later life his literary work was more free from abuse and he achieved a reputation as one of the foremost English satirists,—by some placed beside Swift and "Junius."

Whatever be thought of the city's imported newspaper editors, the growing reputation of America as an asylum for the downtrodden and oppressed of Europe brought to Philadelphia a number of men of distinct intellectual value; among them, Mathew Carey, Alexander Wilson, Peter S. Duponceau, John Bouvier, Joseph Priestley and Du Pont de Nemours, all of whom, as might be expected, were anti-English radicals.

Philadelphia had been sending several of its distinguished sons abroad; it was but fair that there should be some return. Benjamin West, of Chester County, was already a great painter in London. Lindley Murray, born near Lancaster — like West, of Pennsylvania Quaker stock — had been a student in the College of

Philadelphia. He followed his father to New York, where he became a successful merchant. In 1784 he made a trip to England for his health, and remained there to achieve eminence as a grammarian. For twenty years Robert Fulton, born of Irish parents in Lancaster County, had been attracting attention in England and France. Apprenticed for a time to a jeweler in Philadelphia, he soon became an artist, later giving his attention to mechanics and engineering. He went to London in 1786, where he became a member of Benjamin West's family. In Paris Fulton lived for seven years with Joel Barlow, invested five thousand dollars in "The Columbiad," in return for which the work was affectionately dedicated to him, experimented with torpedoes, and navigated steamboats on the Seine.

The list of men of eminence whom we secured in exchange properly opens with Mathew Carey. Although he had many of the faults of temperament of the writers, journalists and pamphleteers who came here at this time, he developed a substantial Americanism that carried him very well out of the class in which his life was begun in this country. He was born in 1760 in Dublin, where his father was a baker. Through a nurse's carelessness, he met with an accident which left him lame for life. He chose the trade of a printer and early wrote and published inflammatory political pamphlets which caused him to flee to Paris. There he worked for a time in Franklin's little printing shop in Passy, but in about a year returned to Dublin, where he conducted a newspaper. He denounced England with ardor, and the government offered a reward for his arrest. He was imprisoned for a season, but, getting free, he donned female dress to board a



THE

COLUMBIAD

A POEM.

BY JOEL BARLOW.

Tu spiegherai, Colombo, a un novo polo
Lontane sì le fortunate antenne,
Ch'a pena seguirà con gli occhi il volo
La Fama, ch' hà mille occhi e mille penne.
Canti ella Alcide, e Bacco; e di te solo
Basti a i posteri tuoi, ch' alquanto accenne:
Chè quel pòco darà lunga memoria
Di poèma degnissima, e d'istoria.
GIERUS. LIB. Can. xv.

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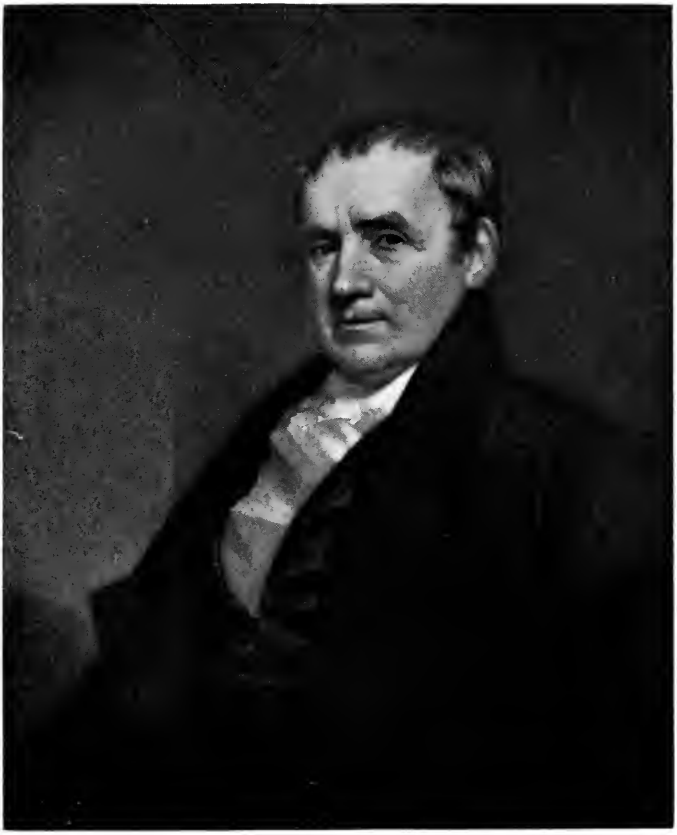
PHILADELPHIA:
1807.

TITLE PAGE OF JOEL BARLOW'S "COLUMBIAD"

ship for America in September, 1784, hiding himself among the cargo until she was well out at sea. Landing in Philadelphia, Lafayette, learning of his need, sent him four hundred dollars in one dollar notes of the Bank of North America, a debt afterward repaid by a shipment to France of two hogsheads of tobacco, and in 1824, when the Marquis came to the United States in straitened circumstances, it was discharged again, this time in cash and dollar for dollar.

Here the Anti-constitutionalists of Pennsylvania, who soon became Federalists, regarded Carey as but one more " foreign renegado." He helped to form a society, " The Newly Adopted Sons of Pennsylvania," and at once took an active part in politics on the democratic side. Having established a newspaper, the " Pennsylvania Herald," Carey became involved in a political altercation with Colonel Eleazer Oswald, another Philadelphia editor. The grossest insults were passed in print. Carey wrote " that the literary assassin who basely attempts to blast a character is a villain whether he struts in glare of day, a ferocious Colonel Oswald with a drawcausir countenance, or skulks a Junius concealed for a quarter of a century." Soon they were facing each other at ten paces on a duelling-ground in New Jersey, in spite of Carey's crippled leg. While Oswald had been through the Revolutionary War, the young Irishman had never drawn a pistol in his life. Carey was shot in the thigh above the knee and he was a subject for a surgeon, suffering from the wound for upwards of fifteen months.

After two months' experience as one of a little group of Philadelphians who had projected and were publishing the " Columbian Magazine," which led a checkered



Mathew Carey

career for six years under various owners and editors until 1792, when it was compelled to suspend because of the government's refusal longer to convey it in the mails, Carey withdrew to found the "American Museum." It lived for six years, as long as the "Columbian," and was suspended for the same reason. In 1792 its editor "sang its requiem." The "Museum" was a well-chosen collection of excerpts from newspapers and other publications, but it enjoyed little financial favor, although Washington said of it that "a more useful literary plan has never been undertaken in America, or one more deserving of public encouragement."

Carey's struggles with money-lenders, usurers, endorsers of notes, and those for whom he must endorse in return, continued for years and would have resulted in the ruin of a less determined spirit. His publishing and bookselling business at length attained important proportions and he was in possession of an assured fortune. He actively identified himself with Bible making and added to the city's reputation, so early established, in this trade. He printed some of the earliest quarto editions of the Bible and in 1804 entered into correspondence with an Englishman in the hope of introducing to America the stereotyping process lately invented by Didot. As the terms were unfavorable and it was too expensive to set and reset so great a work for every new edition, Mr. Carey resolved upon another course — to keep the separate types standing. His "standing Bible" was long famous among printers; over 200,000 impressions were made before 1825, while some of the chases remained to tell the story of the enterprise till 1844, when they were broken up.

Never possessed of a flexible or entertaining style, Mathew Carey was an indefatigable writer of tracts and pamphlets, especially in his later life when he had become interested in what he was wont to call " the protecting system." Having read Adam Smith, he was impressed with the " monstrous absurdity " of the great English economist's doctrines, entering the lists, as he explained, " against this Goliath with the sling and stone of truth." Again and again did he complain that he got no aid from the American manufacturers, while he " converted whole sections of the country to protection " by his single-handed efforts and at his own expense. Many of his writings were published by the " Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of National Industry," which he had formed and supported from his private purse. His spirit here, as earlier, was stubborn and his zeal untiring. In his autobiography in the " New England Magazine " in 1834 he wrote: " I believed and still believe that I was not only laboring for the present and future generations of the United States, but for the operatives of Europe — as, if our manufactories were adequately protected thousands of those people would remove to this country and be in a far better situation than at home." In 1832 he offered to contribute the sum of five hundred dollars a year for the establishment of a professorship of political economy at the University of Maryland, to combat, as he explained to Daniel Raymond, whom he wished to occupy the chair, the " pestiferous doctrines " which had made America " a colony to the manufacturing nations of the old world."

From this inflexible man came publishing houses that long held leading places in the country. The old

Mathew Carey firm is the ancestor of two Philadelphia publishing houses of this day, Lea Brothers and Company and Henry Carey Baird and Company. From Mathew Carey have also come two American writers of much eminence: a son, Henry C. Carey, the economist; and a grandson (through a daughter who married Isaac Lea, the naturalist), Henry Charles Lea, the historian.

Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, came here from Scotland. He was born in Paisley in 1766. His father, an illiterate man, followed the distilling business. At ten the boy had a step-mother, and few advantages of any kind were at his hand. His schooling was meagre and when thirteen years old he was apprenticed to a weaver. For several years he tended a loom in his native place, finding diversion in rambles with nature and verse-writing. His love of out-door life induced him to become a peddler. His verse accumulated until he had enough in 1790 for a little volume which he published, attempting the sale of it as he traveled the moors, in connection with his other wares. Some of his work was attributed to Burns, but it had no real value and in later years he wished it had never been written, relating in apology that it was flung off at an age which was "more abundant in sail than ballast."

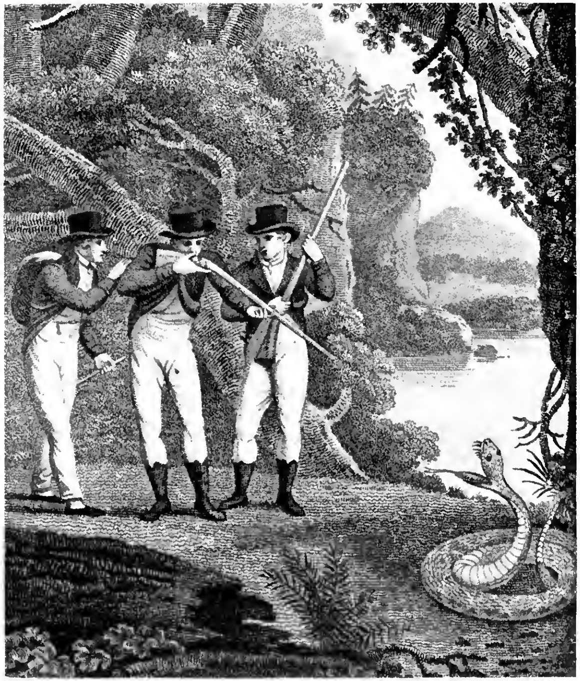
For lampooning a rich manufacturer who was hated by his employees, Wilson was arrested and imprisoned for a short time. The outlook for his future was so unfavorable that with his nephew he crossed to Ireland and took passage for New Castle, Del., as a deck passenger on a crowded ship. With only a few shillings in his pocket and a gun as his sole article of baggage he walked to Philadelphia, where he arrived in the summer of 1794.

For a while he followed his trade as a weaver and then took up his pack for a peddling tour in New Jersey, at length becoming a teacher in schools north of Frankford; at Milestown, on the Old York Road; and at Kingsessing, near Gray's Ferry on the Schuylkill, where he met William Bartram, the only one of John Bartram's sons who followed in the father's footsteps as a scientist. Meantime in school Wilson had been improving his mind, especially in mathematics, while he wrote verses, played the flute and got himself into a state of almost hopeless gloom through a love affair, when his penury galled him more than ever before. His friends recommended him to take up drawing, in which he had no great success until he began to choose birds for his studies. Bartram on his rambles had studied ornithology as well as botany and in his " little Paradise," as Wilson called the Gray's Ferry gardens, the young Scotch weaver, peddler, poet and schoolmaster was always a welcome guest. In October, 1804, with two companions, he started for Niagara Falls, an expedition which he describes in his poem, " The Foresters." He walked nearly thirteen hundred miles. The trip had been postponed too long and the return was made through the deep snow, but it confirmed Wilson in his design to picture and describe the birds of North America.

He laid his plans before the Bradfords and induced that printing house to make itself pecuniarily liable for his great undertaking. There were to be several quarto volumes with colored plates from Wilson's own hand, or by assistants working under his im-

FRANKLIN'S LIBRARY CHAIR

In the rooms of the American Philosophical Society
(See page 122.)



"THE FORESTERS"

Picture illustrating Alexander Wilson's poem, "The Foresters" in the "Port Folio"

mediate direction. His plans called for long journeys through the swamps, forests and fields of the West and South. Wherever he went he carried with him the prospectus of his work and sought subscriptions from the people. He had hoped to be appointed to go upon the Lewis and Clark expedition by Jefferson, of whom he was an extravagant political admirer. On March 4, 1805, at the dawn of Jefferson's second term, Wilson wrote to William Bartram: "This day the heart of every republican, of every good man within the immense limits of our happy country, will leap with joy. The enlightened philosopher, the distinguished naturalist, the first statesman on earth, the friend, the ornament of science is the father of our country, is the faithful guardian of our liberties." Such enthusiasm should have met its reward, especially as Jefferson was accounted one of the country's principal authorities on American birds before Wilson turned his attention to the subject; but it did not, and the ornithologist was left to arrange his own itinerary on foot, on horseback, in stage coach, in skiffs on dangerous rivers, and sometimes on cart-tails through all the inhabited and many of the uninhabited parts of America.

The price of a set of the books was one hundred and twenty dollars, a very large sum for the times, which as Wilson said so often rose "like an evil genius between me and my hopes." While in New England he wrote of his book to a friend in Philadelphia, saying that he was "travelling with it like a beggar with his bantling from town to town and from one country to another. I have been loaded with praises," said he, "with compliments and kindnesses, shaken almost to pieces in stage coaches; have wandered among strangers hearing the same O's and Ah's and telling the same story a thousand times over, and for what? Ay, that's it. You are very anxious to know and you shall know the whole when I reach Philadelphia."

The net result of this trip seems to have been forty-one subscriptions. In Baltimore he secured sixteen after a week's work. He made an effort to obtain a subscription from the legislature of the state but "the wise men of Maryland stared and gaped from bench to bench. Having never heard of such a thing as one hundred and twenty dollars for a book, the ayes for subscribing were none," says Wilson, "and so it was unanimously determined in the negative." Seventeen subscriptions were taken in Washington. His friend, companion on many of his journeys, and biographer, George Ord, complained bitterly of Philadelphia's scant appreciation of the great naturalist in its midst, since up to the time of his death only seventy citizens had subscribed, while in New Orleans sixty names were secured in seventeen days. The first volume of the work made its appearance in September, 1808, and by March, 1809, there were still only 250 subscribers in all.

Wilson knew no discouragement. He had nearly completed his eighth volume, when in 1813 after his return from a trip to Great Egg Harbor, N. J., whither he had gone to study water birds, his career suddenly ended. Plunging into a stream to recover a specimen he had shot, a cold ensued, and the enthusiasm of this great self-taught naturalist cost him his life. He was buried in Old Swedes' Church-yard in Southwark and these lines mark his grave:

"This monument covers the remains of Alexander

Wilson, author of the American Ornithology. He was born in Renfrewshire, Scotland, on the 6th of July, 1766, emigrated to the United States in the year 1794 and died in Philadelphia of the dysentery on the 23d of August, 1813, aged 47."

Wilson had known practically nothing of his science until he was forty. In seven years, therefore, he had made himself the father of American ornithology, and did for the birds of the United States what all the naturalists of Europe in a century had not done for theirs.

Wilson walked very rapidly and few could keep up with him until he met a bird when he was all eyes and ears, studying its notes and movements most carefully. His descriptions are strongly marked by the fancy of his poetic mind. Science to him was no dull thing of mathematical measurements, although accuracy was never sacrificed to imagery. He introduces a very vivid account of the barn swallow with these agreeable lines:

"There are but few persons in the United States unacquainted with this gay, innocent and active little bird. Indeed the whole tribe are so distinguished from the rest of small birds by their sweeping rapidity of flight, their peculiar aerial evolutions of wing over our fields and rivers and through our very streets from morning to night, that the light of heaven itself, the sky, the trees, or any other common objects of nature, are not better known than the swallows. We welcome their first appearance with delight, as the faithful harbingers and companions of flowery spring and ruddy summer; and when after a long frost-bound and boisterous winter we hear it announced that the 'swallows are come,' what a train of charming ideas are associated with the simple tidings!"

Of the bald eagle, "the adopted emblem of our country," Wilson wrote, explaining the wide dispersion of the bird:

"Formed by nature for braving the severest cold; feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by anything but man; and from the ethereal heights to which he soars looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes and ocean deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold; and thence descend at will to the torrid or arctic regions of the earth. He is therefore found at all seasons in the countries which he inhabits. . . . Elevated upon a high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below: the snowy white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy Fringæ coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes intent and wading; clamorous crows and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast magazine of nature."

Peter S. Duponceau was born in France and studied to be a priest. He could ill bear the restraints of such a training and went to Paris where fate threw him with Baron Steuben who was coming to the United States to train the Continental troops. From 1777 to 1779 he was with the army as the Baron's secretary. In 1781 he became a citizen of Pennsylvania and after a time studied law. He defended the Constitution of Pennsylvania of 1776, opposed the adoption of the Federal Constitution of 1787, and wore the liberty cap when Genet invaded Philadelphia. He had wide repute as a diner-out and wit. For a number of years he was President of the Philosophical Society.

His literary fame rests upon several treatises on philology, a department of learning in which Philadelphia had never yet won distinction. Noah Webster had been in the city for a short time in charge of the Episcopal Academy, and Lindley Murray had gone hence to England but there the record came to an end. Duponceau made a careful study of the Chinese language and of some of the Indian tongues.

John Bouvier came to Philadelphia in August, 1802, when he was fifteen years old, with his father, mother and brother, the whole family having emigrated from the south of France where they were zealous republicans. They did not understand the English language and had no friends in the city, but, landing on a Sunday at the Spruce Street wharf, as they were Quakers in France, they at once directed their steps to the meeting-house at Second and Market Streets. There, when the meeting broke, they were the centre of an interested group. Strangely dressed, the mother in a large white muslin cap and garments that are still worn by the peasant women of France, wealthy Quakers offered them many kindnesses. The yellow fever was at that time again virulent. The father died of it the next year in Frankford, where he had found employment, and young John became the pillar of the family. He learned the printing business, and in 1814 removed to western Pennsylvania where he published a newspaper. Later he studied law and in 1823 returned to Philadelphia, which was his home until his death in 1851. He was the author of a well-known law dictionary, the "Institutes of American Law" in four volumes, and other works demanding much labor and learning, which he found time to complete in connection with an important practice at the Philadelphia bar.

Dr. Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, was an English liberal in religion as well as in politics who lived in Birmingham. A mob burned the Unitarian meeting-house in which he preached and his home, containing all his manuscripts and scientific instruments, while with a group of friends he was attempting to celebrate the fourteenth of July and show his sympathy for French aspirations for liberty. The town afterward indemnified him for the loss he had suffered, but in the meantime he had decided to remain in England no longer. He came to Philadelphia in 1794. Here the French party regarded him as a political martyr and sought to have him meet President Washington who declined the honor of his acquaintance. No pulpits were offered him by Philadelphia's orthodox clergymen, although he was warmly welcomed by the Philosophical Society and was tendered a professorship of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania. This post he did not accept and soon passed on to the banks of the Susquehanna. There at Northumberland, Pa., whither his sons had preceded him, he lived and died and was buried.

Pierre Samuel Du Pont de Nemours had as picturesque a career as any foreigner who came to Philadelphia on the tide of liberal emigration. He was associated with old Dr. Quesnay, the elder Mirabeau, and the "Economistes," a little sect in Paris which constructed imaginary wealth from imaginary land according to a system which they called the "Physiocratie." Franklin seemed to endorse their peculiar views and became the friend of the leading members of the society. Du Pont wrote much upon economic subjects and edited the organ of the sect. He held offices under some French ministries while he was banished from his home by others. During the Revolution he narrowly escaped with his life, both from mobs on the one hand and guillotiners on the other, and in 1799 made his way to the United States with his sons who founded the large powder manufactories near Wilmington, Del. There the old French "Economiste" died in 1817.

But the Revolution and its differences were ceasing to dominate the public mind. Science was disentangling itself from political philosophy. Alexander Wilson wrote to his nephew in 1806, when invited to make a political address at Milestown: "Politics has begot me so many enemies both in the old and new world and has done me so little good that I begin to think the less you and I harangue on that subject the better." He said that hereafter he would deliver his speeches in the wood where he could "offend nobody." Some slight belletristic performances were pointing the way to that famous Philadelphia magazine, the "Port Folio," and to the founder of the novel in America, Charles Brockden Brown. The age wore a healthier aspect. There were omens of better things to follow, when Irish, Scotch and French would come into some degree of harmony with the Englishmen already settled here, to their great mutual benefit, and to the honor of the city and of America.

The first historian of Pennsylvania was Robert Proud. For the Revolutionary period there are a number of diarists such as Christopher Marshall, a retired druggist of leisure and means sufficient in a busy time to enable him to write an interesting record of the movements about him; and Alexander Graydon, whose mother kept boarders in the famous Slate Roof House in Second Street to which many notable people came for creature comforts while he gleaned impressions of them for his "Memoirs." Proud's studies did not carry him through the war and his work was completed before the colonists had yet established their independence, although it was not until 1798 that it could be published. It came from Zachariah Poulson's press in two volumes.

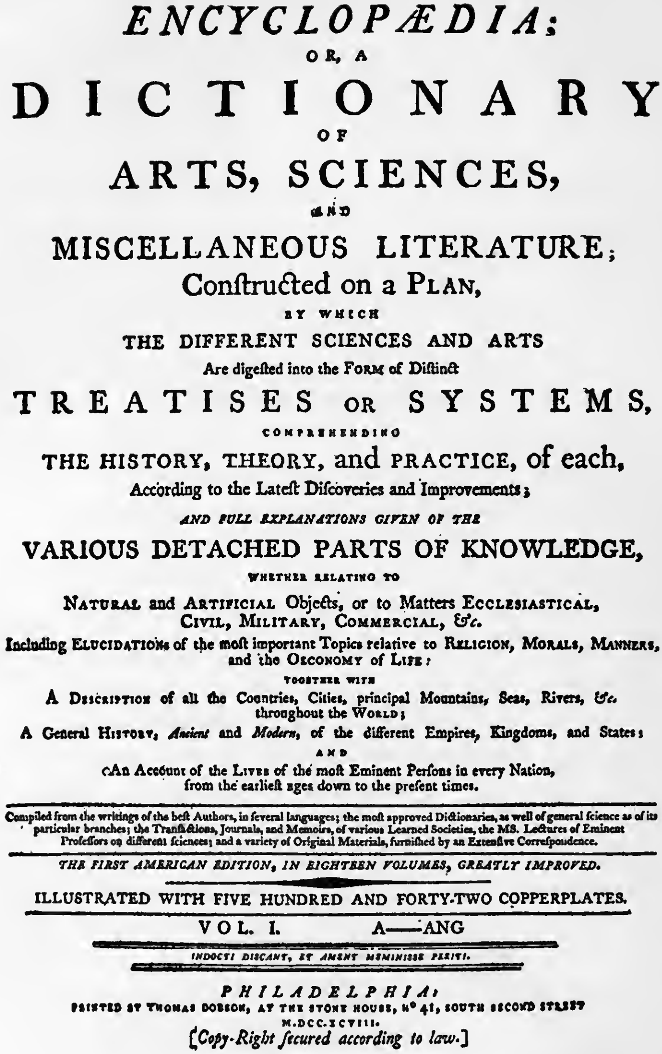
Considering the preparations which were made for the undertaking, the materials at his hand and the time consumed, the work was voted a disappointment. Proud, who was "a large majestic English gentleman," wearing a great gray wig and a hat, half-sprung, said that the wind always blew in his face. He was alike unfortunate in business and in love, and joining the Quakers, reached Pennsylvania in 1759. For thirty years he taught Latin and Greek in a Friend's school, and on account of his learning, was appointed to write a history of Pennsylvania, being given access to all the Quaker records, public and private, and the manuscripts of the Logan, Pemberton, Morris and other leading Quaker families. Complaint was made that there was

" too much preface for the contents," about one third of the first volume being preface, while one third of the second volume was appendix. In general, " much more was expected than ever came to pass."

Although literature, for its own sake, issued from the conflict but slowly, publishers were bolder, as is evidenced by a notable performance of Thomas Dobson who printed " at the Stone House " in Second Street above Chestnut. Already in 1790 he began the first American edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, generally known as " Dobson's Encyclopædia." He had but 246 subscribers when the first half-volume was ready for delivery. There were one thousand copies of the first volume and these were not sold until he had reached the eighth volume. The work contained nearly 600 copper plates, and it was difficult to find enough printers and engravers to finish it, but it was successfully completed in twenty-one volumes, including a supplement of three volumes, in 1803. The selling price was $156 in boards and $187.50 in sheep.

In 1795 Bioren and Madan began to issue the " First American Edition " of Shakespeare in eight volumes, and the work was completed the next year. The " Plays and Poems," with Johnson's notes, an introduction, a brief " life," and a glossary, attracted much attention. The publishers, in heralding their work, said: " An edition of the works of William Shakespeare is now offered to the citizens of the United States. This poet has always been considered as the father of the English drama and as beyond any comparison the greatest theatrical writer in the English language," etc., etc.

In 1804 Caleb P. Wayne came to Philadelphia to



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TITLE PAGE OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE FIRST AMERICAN EDITION OF THE "ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA" publish John Marshall's "Life of Washington," which he did in five volumes, completing the work in three years. He is said to have paid $60,000 * to the author for the rights to this important biography which, being written by the Chief Justice of the United States, at a time when the interest in Washington was deep, found a wide sale.

Bradford's agreement to issue Wilson's "Ornithology" was closely accompanied by that firm's determination to put forth an American edition of Abraham Rees's "Cyclopædia or Universal Dictionary" in forty-seven large volumes. When Wilson declined the offer to superintend this work, other editors were secured. It was "revised, corrected, enlarged and adapted to this country" by several "literary and scientific characters." The work began to appear in 1810 and the last volume did not leave the press until 1824, the publishers encountering many difficulties as they proceeded with it. By 1818 they announced that they had expended $200,000 upon it, and the undertaking made an end to the old house of Bradford. The firm failed and the work passed into the hands of a syndicate made up of several of the engravers engaged upon it, who, to dispose of the edition, finally resorted to a lottery specially authorized by the legislature of Pennsylvania. It was evident that Philadelphia's publishers were resuming that notable activity which was interrupted by the war and which again for a full generation was to make the city the literary market-place for the whole United States.

The note of poetry was as a thin voice. Alexander

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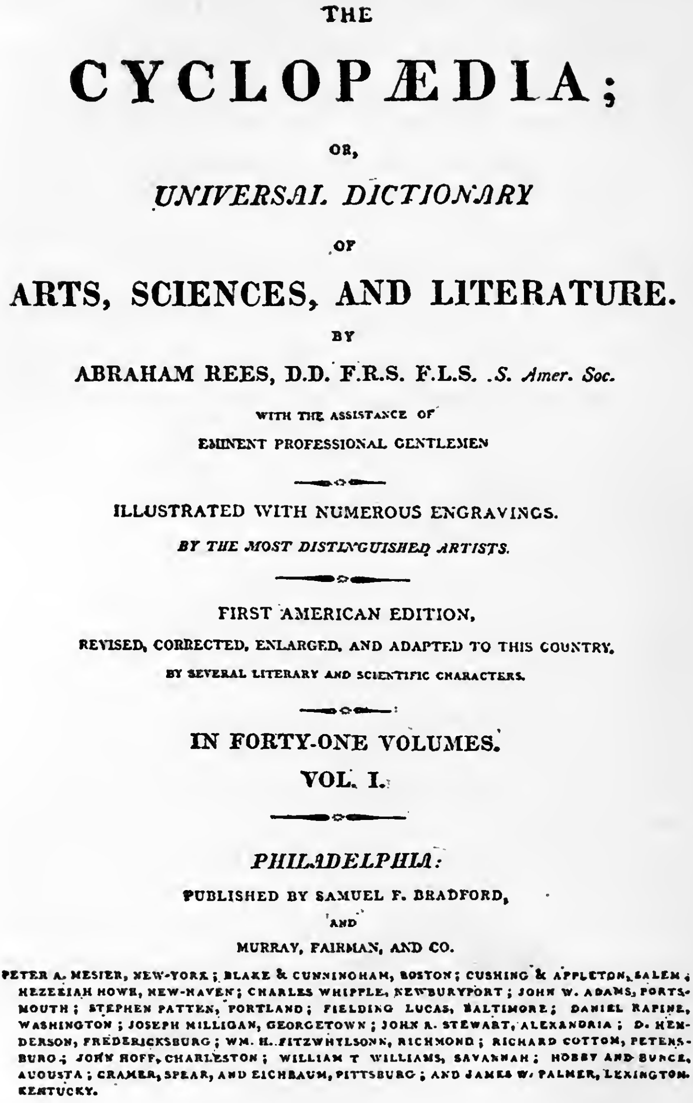
* Thompson Westcott's History of Philadelphia, in the Sunday Dispatch.



THE

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OF

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Title Page of the First Volume of Rees's "Cyclopædia"

Wilson's poems were in prose form; his verse was valueless. Peter Markoe, sometimes called "the city poet," the son of Abram Markoe, a West Indian sugar planter of Huguenot stock who once owned the block now occupied by the Post Office, was educated at the University of Dublin. He studied law in London and cultivated the muse in Philadelphia, publishing a tragedy called "The Patriot Chief" and other poems.

John Parke, another post-revolutionary poet, was an officer in Washington's army, and published some odd translations and paraphrases of the "Lyric Works of Horace."

The poet of the time who is generally remembered is Joseph Hopkinson, the author of "Hail Columbia;" the real and only true poet of this period is William Cliffton.

Hopkinson was a son of Francis Hopkinson and was born in Philadelphia in 1770, graduating at the University of Pennsylvania in 1786. He early became an eminent lawyer in the city, and was later appointed a United States District Judge by John Quincy Adams, being until his death in 1842 a consistent friend of literature, science and the fine arts. In 1798 when the war with France impended and the feeling between the French and English parties was at fever heat, Hopkinson was appealed to by a young actor named Fox, then playing at a city theatre, for patriotic words to be sung to the tune of "The President's March," at that time the favorite popular air. It had been composed by a German music teacher resident in Philadelphia, and gained such popularity that the leaders of bands must often stop in the midst of their classical programmes to answer the demand for it. Hopkinson, who was a Federalist, in finding words for the air, desired to arouse an American spirit that would be independent of and above all foreign attachments and sympathies. He therefore mentioned neither France nor England. Beginning —

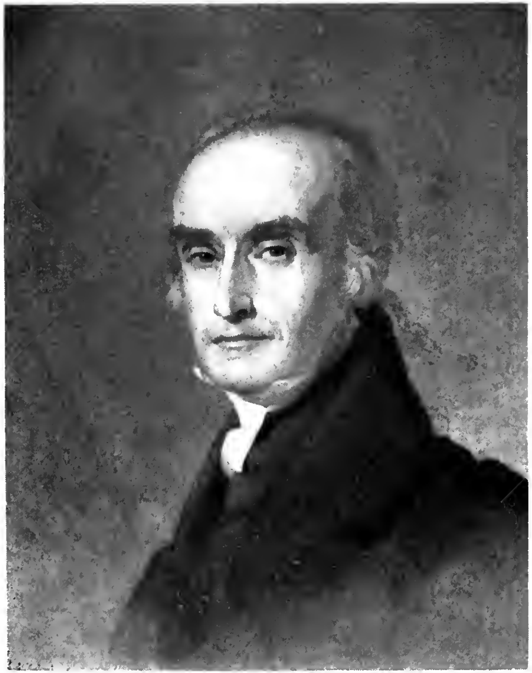
> "Hail Columbia, happy land!
> Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band,
> Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause," etc.

his verses were finished and delivered upon a few hours' notice. They were instantly successful and were sung and resung, the audience joining vociferously in the chorus:—

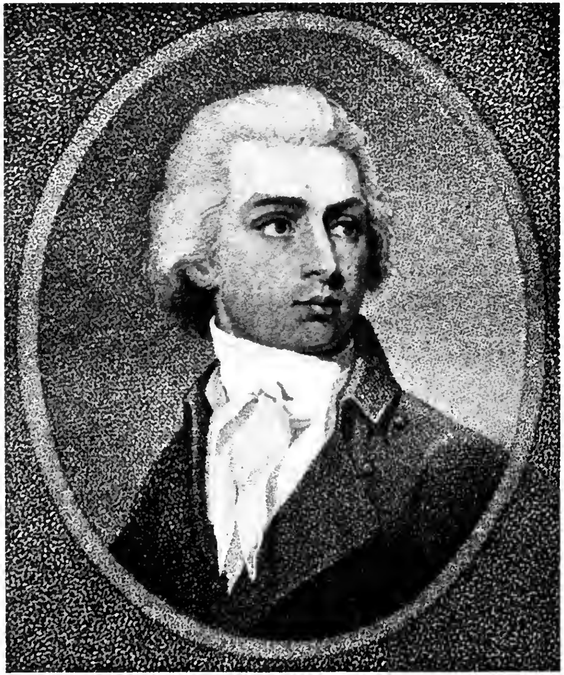
> "Firm, united let us be,
> Rallying round our Liberty;
> As a band of brothers joined,
> Peace and safety we shall find."

Crowds shouted the song in the city streets, and it soon travelled the length and breadth of the republic, although its seemingly harmless sentiments did not protect its author from the attacks of the French, who denounced it as a contrivance of the "Anglo-Monarchical Tory party" and "the admirers of British tyranny." Almost totally bare of evidence of inspiration or even of common skill in rhyme-making, it is still to-day a popular patriotic American air.

William Cliffton was the son of strict, well-to-do Quaker parents who resided in Southwark. At nineteen consumption set its seal upon him and, barred from active worldly pursuits, he devoted himself to music, painting and poetry. His sensitive soul and very active mind



Jos. Hopkinson



WILLIAM CLIFFTON

From a portrait in the "Analectic Magazine"

"Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay,"

so that in 1799, at twenty-seven, his promiseful life, like Nathaniel Evans's and Thomas Godfrey's, was done.

A strong Federalist, he eagerly supported Washington's administration against the French party during the excitement which attended the negotiation of the Jay treaty, wasting his poetical energies in political satire of no lasting value to his fame. With some title to the name of the American Dryden, which is at times applied to him, he was no mere imitator, never being content to express trite ideas. The genius of the false French philosophy appeared as the witch Chimeria in his poem, "The Chimeriad"—

"her roving mind
Left meek content and order far behind,
Too light to study and too dull to scan
The temper, state and faculties of man;
Full of herself, she soared aloft to prove
The joys which float in endless change above
And saw obedient to her mad command
Incongruous nothings into chaos plann'd.
She saw her empire form'd, and day by day
Saw systems spring to light and pass away;
Saw idiots dazzled with her tinsel zone,
And genius sometimes sporting round her throne;
There Plato walk'd his academic round,
And there his shadowy prototypes were found;
His spectre cave he pompously display'd,
Talk'd of a world, of endless essence made;
Pour'd forth of eloquence an airy storm,
And lick'd his cub republic into form."

As a poetical denunciation of evil philosophies, this is excellent. In his epistle to William Gifford, the English poet, Mr. Cliffton describes the severe intellectual discipline by which ancient scholars were formed, contrasting it then with the methods by which genius was in his day so rapidly evolved:—

"So the sage oak, to nature's mandate true,
Advanc'd but slow, and strengthened as it grew;
But when at length (full many a season o'er)
Its virile head, in pride, aloft it bore;
When steadfast were its roots, and sound its heart,
It bade defiance to the insect's art,
And, storm and time-resisting, still remains
The never-dying glory of the plains.

"Then, if some thoughtless Bavius dared appear,
Short was his date, and limited his sphere;
He could but please the changeling mob a day,
Then, like his noxious labors, pass away;
So, near a forest tall, some worthless flower
Enjoys the triumph of its gaudy hour,
Scatters its little poison through the skies
Then droops its empty, hated head and dies."

In his poem "Il Penseroso," Cliffton writes:—

"Why should I mingle in the mazy ring
Of drunken folly at the shrine of chance?
Where insect pleasure flits on burnished wing,
Eludes our wishes and keeps up the dance;
When in the quiet of an humble home,
Beside the fountain, or upon the hill,
Where strife and care and sorrow never come,
I may be free and happy, if I will."

In reading such verse we must regret with Verplanck, writing in the "Analectic Magazine" in 1814, and "with every one who is anxious for the literary reputation of his country" that Mr. Cliffton did not live "to accomplish some greater and more finished work."

The principal literary name of this time, the city's and the nation's reward for a long period of bitter waiting, is Charles Brockden Brown. Sometimes called the "Father of the American Novel," it is certain that none before him in this country had done so well; none produced fiction that the people read so eagerly and appreciatively. Mrs. Susanna Rowson, an English woman, the author of a sentimental novel, "Charlotte Temple," and an actress who played for several years at the close of the century at the Chestnut Street Theatre, her husband being a musician in the orchestra, while here wrote a great four-volume novel, "The Trials of the Human Heart."

But Brown was a native writer and his work had compelling force. To subject it to careful criticism is to discover the gravest artistic defects. There is no originality in his method or themes; he simply transferred action and scenes in vogue with English novelists, such as William Godwin, Mrs. Radcliffe and "Monk" Lewis, to the banks of the Schuylkill and the Delaware. Nevertheless, Brown was and remains the first writer of fiction to achieve eminence in this country, and the first writer of whatever kind who had the daring to make literature his sole pursuit. He lived by his pen, a hurried, fitful and brief life, it is true, but starve at the end he did not.

He came of an old Chester County Quaker family, respectable but not eminent, having been born in Philadelphia on January 17, 1771. He was named for Charles Brockden, the well-known conveyancer and agent for the Penn family in Philadelphia who married his father's sister. From this writer is the taste for triple names among American authors sometimes derived. With him at least the multiplication of cognomens seemed to be a necessity, for he clearly understood that the odds were as unfavorable to the Browns as they were to Oliver Wendell Holmes's hero whom fate tried to conceal under the name of Smith. Once when a friend had done him the honor of giving him a namesake, Brown expressed his regret that the infant was not to have a greater chance for the distinctions of life. "It has ever been an irksome and unwelcome sound to my ears," said he. "I have sometimes been mortified in looking over the catalogue of heroes, sages and saints to find not a single Brown among them. This indeed may be said of many other names but most others are of rare occurrence. It must then be a strange fatality which has hitherto excluded it from the illustrious and venerable list."

For about five years Charles Brockden Brown attended the Quaker school of Robert Proud, the historian, but, frail of build, confinement and application jaded him. He was designed for the law but the prospect of that life was repellent. He loved solitude, especially rambles into the country. The talk of the world about him wearied him with its frivolity. His enthusiasm was for thinking and writing, and essays, verse, dialogues, fanciful sketches and a journal were produced while he was still at school. He was the leading member of the little Belles Lettres Club of nine members, and though he was contributing to the "Columbian Magazine," he was painfully impressed with the hopelessness of earning a livelihood from literary pursuits. His parents, his three older brothers, Joseph, James and Armit,* and his friends were all disappointed that he had left off his law studies, and until his first literary success was achieved in "Wieland" in 1798, he was at times plunged in the depths of despondency. He visited New York, and was there the guest of Dr. Elihu Hubbard Smith whom he had come to know as a medical student in Philadelphia. Smith introduced the young writer to a group of professional and literary men who received him cordially. These visits were frequently repeated. For a time New York was accounted his home, and his attachment to his friends in that city almost cost him his life during the fever plague of 1798. Throughout this time, by his own account, he "mused and wrote cheerfully in spite of the groans of the dying and the rumbling of the hearses."

In Philadelphia in 1793 Brown had escaped the dangers of the disease by removing with his family to a place of safety in the country. While in New York he had spent several summers at Perth Amboy with his friend who was later his biographer, the artist and dramatist, William Dunlap, but in 1798 he tarried in the city with Dr. Smith. A distinguished Italian traveler, Dr. Scandella, after many adventures, which read as if they were drawn from one of Brown's novels, was seized with the malady, to be taken into Smith's home. The Italian soon died. Dr. Smith followed him to the grave and Brown, who was a nurse for both, also fell a victim to "this most dreadful and relentless of pestilences," but by good fortune his case yielded to treatment, and almost immediately after this dread experience he was invigorated in body and spirit by his first literary success.

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* Whence descends Henry Armitt Brown, the orator of the Valley Forge Centennial.

"Wieland" was published in New York, although its scenes are laid in Philadelphia or its environs, and it met with instant popularity, so that its author was encouraged to wield his pen with new energy. He had five novels in progress at the same time. Such literary activity had not been seen before in America. Some were being written while others were printing; some were just begun while others were nearing completion. "Ormond," which closely followed "Wieland," was less successful, but "Arthur Mervyn," the yellow fever story which appeared in two parts, was a sweeping popular triumph. The first part of this work was published in Philadelphia with the printer Maxwell. The manuscript was delivered as fast as it was written, and before Brown had yet determined his plot. The publisher, however, proved to be too dilatory for the eager author, who was obliged to make allowances "for his indigence on one hand and his sanguine and promiseful disposition on the other." Brown's quill was busy from eight in the morning until eleven at night, and if he remembered the names of his characters in his various novels as each progressed under his hand and he moved from one to another, it was a fortunate circumstance.

"Edgar Huntley," his somnambulistic story, followed "Arthur Mervyn." Then came "Clara Howard." Here are five works of fiction, all of which appeared inside of three years; three were issued in one year. All were written before their author was yet thirty. With a sixth story, "Jane Talbot," which was published in London in 1804, appearing soon afterward in Philadelphia, Brown's career as a writer of fiction ends. Upon these six works his title to literary reputation rests. Yet inside the covers of his half-dozen novels is to be found but a small part of all that was written by this remarkably productive author.

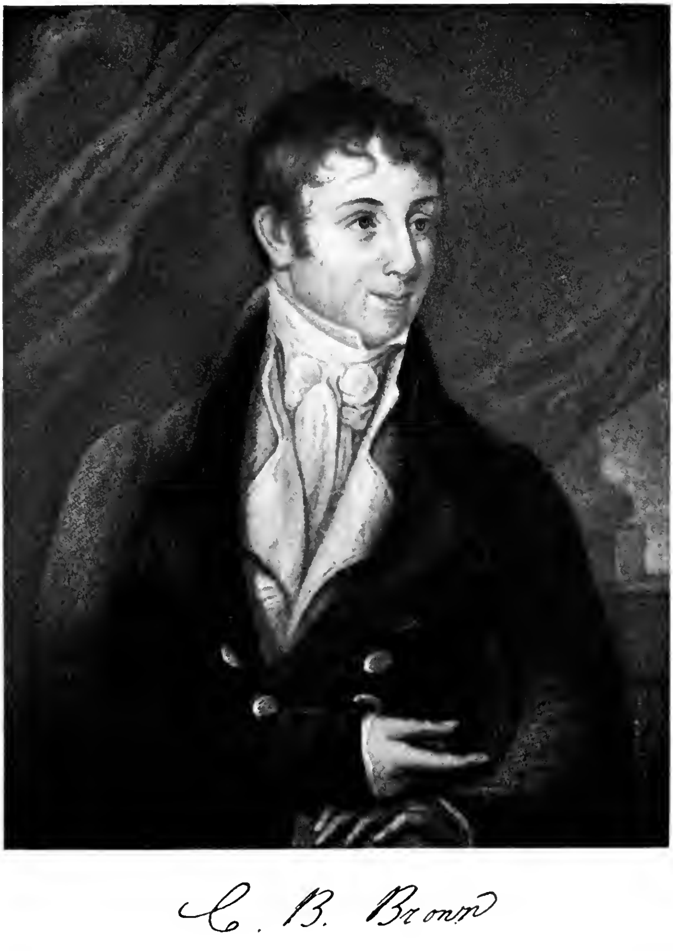
While his stories were appearing, Brown was busy with his New York magazine. Eight of his friends in that city had pledged themselves for a sufficient amount to insure its success. He called it "The Monthly Magazine and American Review," and the first number appeared in April, 1799. He contributed almost the entire volume of what was published in this periodical and at first had from it enticing prospects of fortune. There were 400 subscribers, which it was computed would repay the annual cost of issue, or $1,600. "All above 400 will be clear profit to me," he wrote to one of his brothers, and 1,000 subscribers, he calculated, would yield him a net annual income of $2,700. His hopes were not realized and at the end of the year 1800 the publication ceased, the editor returning to his home in Philadelphia.

In his own city Charles Brockden Brown was not long to dwell in literary idleness. He was now writing political pamphlets. He made an arrangement with John Conrad, a publisher in Philadelphia, for a new magazine, "The Literary Magazine and American Register." At the time it was founded, in October, 1803, there was no other monthly publication in America and the way looked clear before it. The editor in his salutatory said: "I cannot expatiate on the vanity of my knowledge, the brilliancy of my wit, the versatility of my talents. To none of these do I lay any claim." But it was his hope " to collect into one focal spot the rays of a great number of luminaries." It would be his province " to hold the mirror up so as to assemble all their influences within its verge and reflect them on the public in such a manner as to warm and enlighten."

In enlisting the co-operation of other writers, Brown had no great success. In one number nothing was contributed but a short article; everything else was from the editor's own hand. There was no gayety in this publication, for Brown had none. Nevertheless, the magazine was continued for nearly five years.

In 1806 he began to compile for the same publishing house his " American Register or General Repository of History, Politics and Science," an annual review of the world's happenings in different fields which was issued for five years (1806-10 inclusive), a large volume and sometimes two volumes for the year. It was published until its editor was obliged to surrender to his disease.

Consumption for many years had been his arch enemy. He had travelled hither and thither in vain in the hope of strengthening his weak, pale frame, and when the attack from which he was not to rise came, in November, 1809, his friends were urging him to undertake a journey to Europe, though it was against his inclinations. In that year he wrote to a member of his family: " When have I known that lightness and vivacity of mind which the divine flow of health even in calamity produces in some men? And would produce in me no doubt; at least when not soured by misfortune? Never,



C. B. Brown

scarcely ever. Not longer than an half hour at a time since I have called myself man."

His only consolation was found in his books which for him, he said, had "great efficacy in beguiling body of its pains and thoughts of their melancholy, in relieving head and heart of their aches." He died on February 22, 1810, at his home in Eleventh Street near Chestnut when only thirty-nine years of age, being interred in an unmarked spot in the Friends' burial ground at Fourth and Arch Streets.*

While choice of his fellows, few more fully enjoyed those intimacies which were contracted. Although not adhering closely to Quaker tenets, to his Quaker friends he used his "thee" and "thy" as one to the manner born. He had a brief period of domestic bliss, for while in New York he met, wooed and won for a wife Elizabeth Linn. She was the daughter of Dr. William Linn of Shippensburg, Pa., once the President of Rutgers College, and at the time a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman in New York. The young novelist and Miss Linn were married in November, 1804, and she came to make her home in Philadelphia where her brother, Dr. John Blair Linn, also a minister, had been preaching in the First Presbyterian Church until his death of consumption in the preceding August. He had been Brown's intimate friend and was a writer of verses, one of which, an epic called "Valerian," the novelist edited and published with a memoir.

Although Brown was to have little more than five years of married happiness, he left four children, three boys and an infant girl. Two were twins of whom he wrote when they were born: "I was always terribly impressed with the hardships and anxieties attending the care of infants and was at the moment appalled by the prospect of a double portion of care. . . . Now after two months' experience I find, and their mother finds, that the two healthy and lovely babes are a double joy instead of being a double care."

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*I am indebted to Miss M. Atherton Leach of the Pennsylvania Historical Society for the researches which have resulted in the location of Brown's grave as well as for many other kindnesses enjoyed in the progress of this investigation.

The final judgment on Brown's work may not yet have been uttered, but it is not difficult now to assign his novels to their proper place. They must be considered in the light of the time in which they were written when they will be accounted to have a great deal of value in spite of crudities and imperfections that are obvious to all who dip but a little way into them. They are the work of a writer of unbridled imagination. In a few pages there are exciting incidents enough to serve a novelist of this day for an entire volume. Lust, intrigue and multiplied mystery testify to a fancy as fecund as that of the Sultana who saved her head by relating the tales of the one thousand and one nights in Arabia.

Philadelphia in Brown's hands at once became a kind of Bagdad. Marvelous houses with winding stairways and dark basements, dead men who come to life, voices in closets, lights that strangely disappear, treasure found and lost with much seduction, suicide and murder make up a record which contains suggestions for a generation of story writers. If the plots could be rid of involution, they would be enjoyed by the bad boys of our day. The reader is carried headlong from one startling situation to another until he is mentally fagged, although compelled to read on, in the end viewing with wonder the singular flow of the author's imagination.

An impression is created of a mind too full of possibilities of strange complications for convenient arrangement and utterance. Probability is taxed to its limits, although his friends assert, when they compare his work with that of other writers, that these bounds are never passed. The narrative proceeds in short, tense, direct, high-strung sentences, striking with the force and regularity of a trip-hammer. Of charm of style his readers will acquit Charles Brockden Brown. Of niceties of language or care in the arrangement of his ideas there is almost total lack. Of humor or epigram there is none. Dialect is used only awkwardly, and the characters talk in an unchanging monotone. Indeed, dialogue is little resorted to by Brown in his story-telling, and there are pages and chapters of statements and confessions unrelieved by quotation marks. The narrator, who uses the first person, changes from time to time, and only close and continued attention discloses the identity of the speaker. The most marked defect in Brown's work, however, is his failure to make use of all the material which he so lavishly spreads out before us as his story proceeds.

"Wieland" errs principally through the artificiality of the devices employed to create the tissue of mystery of which the tale consists. Two ideas are utilized, the principle of "self combustion" by which the elder Wieland, the German mystic who has a temple of prayer somewhere on the banks of the Wissahickon or Schuylkill, is consumed; and ventriloquism, an art then new, by which a man for no sufficient motive induces the younger Wieland to murder his wife and children.

The great defect of "Arthur Mervyn," on the other hand, is the introduction of episodes that are forgotten by the author in the later development of his plot. In the end he has two interesting heroines whose fate remains to be explained. They are suddenly abandoned for a third. It is plain that the author changed his plans again and again as his work progressed under his hand. These faults arose from the fact that the printer literally stood at his shoulder while he wrote, after "Wieland" had whetted the public taste for his stories, and the manuscript could not be revised. Such speed was fatal to art as it was to Brown himself.

The facts remain that "Wieland" is an absorbing tale of mystery, while "Arthur Mervyn" is more; it is in its first part an historical document ranking with Dr. Rush's and Mathew Carey's writings as a truthful delineation of the peculiar horrors of the yellow fever plague of 1793 in Philadelphia. Of his description of the scene between Welbeck and Mervyn, when the latter burns up $20,000 in notes, Brown subsequently wrote to his brother that "to excite and baffle curiosity without shocking belief is the end to be contemplated. I have endeavored to wind up the reader's passions to the highest pitch and to make the catastrophe in the highest degree unexpected and momentous." This in short was the guiding principle of Brown's life as a novel writer, and that he succeeded in spite of defects which it is easy to see and criticize, is his title to a national and international place in literature.

It is impossible to find a measure of the circulation of his books or of the profit that accrued to him as their author. However, it cannot have been large for he wrote to his brother Joseph in 1800, after his second successful book had appeared: " Seldom less happy than at present; seldom has my prospect been a gloomier one. Yet it may shine when least expected."

Again he wrote in the same year: " Book-making is the dullest of all trades and the utmost that any American can look for in his native country is to be reimbursed his unavoidable expenses." At his death, his wife conducted a boarding-house to sustain herself and her children.

Thus the novel was established in America by an undoubted literary genius, but on foundations too hastily and too carelessly built. His own physical wretchedness, his penury, his temperament that caused him to work with unparalleled rapidity — all conspire to cast discredit upon his art and make his achievement seem vastly smaller than it might have been under more favorable circumstances. But blemishes may be forgot in the presence of such a creative faculty, and though the reproach be fairly his that his novels are not read today, it is no conclusive argument against an author whose place has long been secure in our gallery of literary men.

CHAPTER V

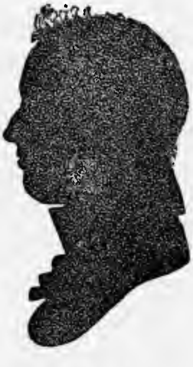
THE PORT FOLIO

The arrival in Philadelphia of Joseph Dennie to become private secretary to Timothy Pickering, John Adams's Secretary of State, was a fortunate event in the literary life of the city. The capital was removed to Washington but he remained to establish a weekly critical paper, the "Port Folio," and to make himself the centre of a little group of lovers of "polite and elegant literature" who contributed to his journal and were members of his famous Tuesday Club.

The "Port Folio" was published in one form or another from 1801 until 1827; therefore for more than a quarter of a century; and it enhanced in a material way the public love and respect in America for poetry, the essay, satire, criticism and the literary fine arts. No magazine in the country exerted a more beneficent influence in that direction. Although its circulation seems at no time to have exceeded 2,000 or 2,500 copies, its editor continued on his way boldly and fearlessly with no master but his own cultivated spirit.

Joseph Dennie came to Philadelphia from Massachusetts and upon his life before he reached the national capital we need not linger. He was called the American Addison while he still resided in New England, and to that name he had a clearer title than many of his critics are disposed to admit. He was born in Boston in 1768. In Harvard he was noted for his attractive manners, ready wit and the outspoken habit which clung to him through life. For insulting a tutor and later the government of the college, he was suspended for six months. At the end of his academic course he studied law in New Hampshire and in 1794 opened an office for practice in Charlestown in that state. He early began "The Farrago" papers—short essays printed in various places at uncertain times. His literary fame had reached Boston when he visited the city to consult a law library, and his friends there persuaded him to edit a little critical paper to be called "The Tablet." It appeared for thirteen weeks, when it must suspend, its editor returning to the law in New Hampshire.

He soon began a series of essays, signed "The Lay Preacher," for a country paper, the "Farmers' Museum," of Walpole, N. H. They were widely copied and the author of them was invited to become the editor of the journal. He succeeded in drawing to it the contributions of literary men in all parts of the Union, and its value was soon recognized from Maine to Georgia. In spite of this fact, the publisher went bankrupt in 1798, owing Dennie several hundred dollars. The next year Mr. Pickering threw out a suggestion that the "Lay Preacher" should come to Philadelphia at $1,000 a year. The offer was accepted and the young New England essayist was warmly received in intellectual circles at the national capital. He wrote actively in the Federalist interest for Fenno's "Gazette,"



SILHOUETTE OF JOSEPH DENNIE FROM THE "PORT FOLIO" and soon induced Asbury Dickins, the bookseller in Second Street opposite Christ Church, to undertake the publication of the "Port Folio." * A liberal man was Dickins, said Dennie, one "who in literary negotiations is unaccustomed to measure talents with a two-foot rule or to ascertain the exact quantum of mental labor with the vulgar arithmetic of a pitiful exciseman."

The paper was printed by Hugh Maxwell to whom Charles Brockden Brown had entrusted "Arthur Mervyn." The first number, a quarto of eight pages, appeared on January 3, 1801, and it was to be issued on every succeeding Saturday morning at five dollars a year, cash in advance. Edited by "Oliver Oldschool, Esq.," the fictitious name Dennie had chosen for himself in his new rôle, his journal was to be "devoted principally to moral instruction and polite literature." But for some time, while the city was still disturbed by the Jacobinical discussion, it was also a powerful political organ, untiring in its efforts to counteract the teachings of William Duane, so diligently propagated in the "Aurora." Already in his prospectus Dennie wrote that the editor of the "Port Folio" "will not strive to please the populace at the expense of their quiet by infusing into every ill-balanced and weak mind a jealousy of rulers, a love of innovation, an impatience of salutary restraint, or the reveries of liberty, equality and the rights of man. He will not labor to confound the moral, social and political system, nor desperately essay 'to break up the fountains of the great deep of

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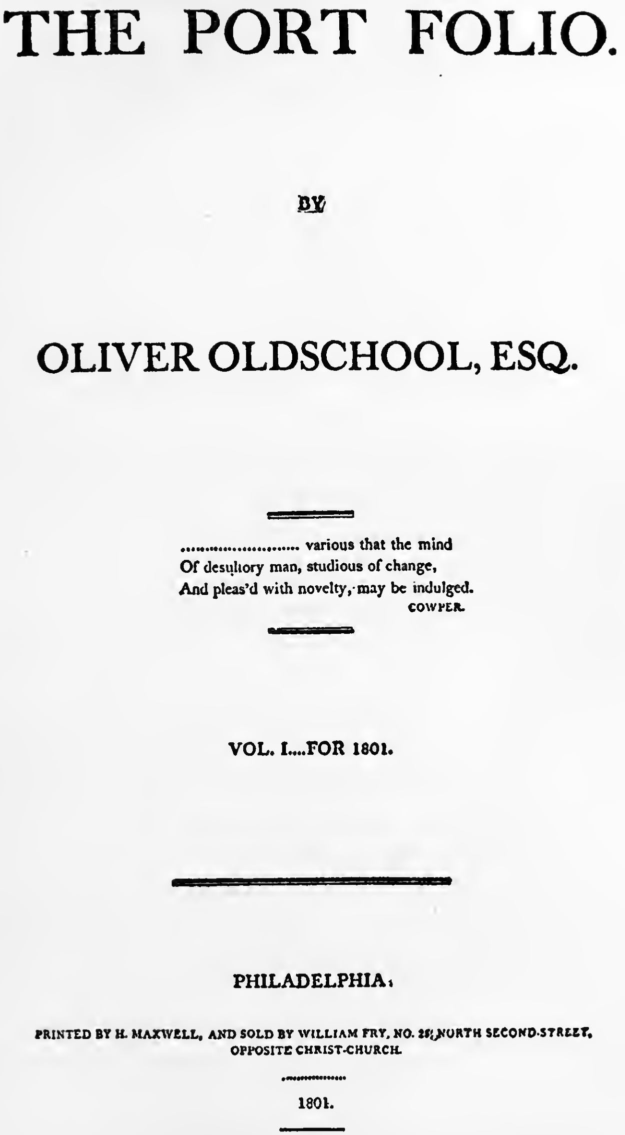
* Later, Dickins for twenty-five years was Secretary of the United States Senate, being a son of John Dickins, a powerful Methodist preacher, who came to Philadelphia in 1789.



THE PORT FOLIO.

BY

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> ……………………… various that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.
> COWPER.

VOL. I….FOR 1801.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY H. MAXWELL, AND SOLD BY WILLIAM FRY, NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET,
OPPOSITE CHRIST-CHURCH.

……

1801.

TITLE PAGE OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE "PORT FOLIO" government.' He will not repeat to hewers of wood and drawers of water the Fairy Tales of France that all men are kings and emperors and nobles and judges and statesmen."

For vigorous English, there is in his writings much to equal but little to surpass his defense of Marie Antoinette, "who was hurled from the high seat of legitimate power by the smirched and bloody hands of the chimney sweepers, and butchers of an atrocious revolution; a revolution the most hideous of all the hated revolutions which have vexed the repose and cheated the expectations of mankind." Strong, clear and direct statement was aided by another weapon, satire. Once Dennie published a communication from the wife of a Philadelphia tailor, who complained that her husband was "newspaper mad." His entire time was taken up in reading Duane's "Aurora," in relating the wonders of it, and commenting upon them to all who passed. The capture of Genoa by the French had cost two yards of cloth which were spoiled in the cutting when he heard the news, and all he made from his trade was consumed in nightly drinkings at the inns to the cause of liberty.

Dennie's attacks upon the democratic system were so violent that at the instigation of Duane, he was indicted by the Grand Jury in 1803 for uttering an "inflammatory and seditious libel;" but aided by his friends, the ablest lawyers of the city, Judge Hopkinson, Charles Jared Ingersoll and William Meredith, he was found not guilty when the case was tried in 1805.

It was at first supposed that enough advertisements could be obtained to fill a separate sheet which might form "an useful envelope to the Port Folio." These, however, must be of an unexceptionable character.

" No place will be ever allowed to the obscene filth of quack doctors," wrote Oldschool, " nor to the gibberish bills of jugglers, tumblers, rope dancers, French mountebanks, etc. The editor is determined to give currency to nothing except the correct and the useful." But even the booksellers did not support the paper liberally. They oftentimes failed to subscribe for it, although Dennie made a subscription the lowest price of including notices of their publications in his " Literary Intelligence."

The editor had sorry experiences in collecting the amounts due him by his subscribers. " The numerous subscribers who are indebted to the editor, some five talents and some ten," Oldschool wrote in 1802, " are respectfully invited to enclose them in letters postpaid. Unless the editor receive more liberal aid he must at the close of the present year lock up his Port Folio." People who were " occupied with higher cares " he urged not " to forget or procrastinate our trifling claims. Remote subscribers are requested to correspond with the editor and let the topics be cash and increasing patronage." He also reminded his readers that he had been working for the pleasure and edification of the public since 1795, but his writings were " scarcely lucrative enough to pay for the oil consumed in their composition." They were asked to remember that " without the dew the corn shall wither on his stalk." Often subscribers, in making their remittances, did not prepay the postage which on a letter from a remote place, containing five dollars, might amount to one dollar. For this reason in January, 1804, the price of the " Port Folio " was increased to six dollars a year at which rate it remained ever afterward.

Dennie had once said in New England that he would not edit a democratic paper for twelve millions of dollars annually. He disdained public adulation and cringed to none with hope of pecuniary gain. " The common people in every country in every age are nearly the same," the editor observed in his own behalf. " Their praise is often to be dreaded and their censure is generally a proof of the merit of the object. That miscellaneous rabble which Burke emphatically calls the ' miserable sheep of society ' have never yet compelled or allured him to run with barefaced debasement the scrub race of popularity." His contempt for " the million " never diminished. Shortly before his death he wrote: " For more than fifteen years we have published in periodical pages our sentiments in complete defiance of the choice or dictation of the many. In this path we shall persevere and while the editor obtains the partial suffrage of gentlemen, scholars and Christians, he is most contemptuously careless of the vulgar voice."

The same independence of spirit controlled him in his relations with his readers and correspondents, whom he addressed in a column weekly. In his opening invitation to contributors he wrote conciliatingly: —

" The editor will exercise great tenderness and lenity towards all who tempt the dangerous ocean of ink. The literary offspring of youthful and trembling authors shall, if possible, be fostered.

" Our natures, merciful and mild,
Will from fond pity save the child;
In bulrush-ark the bantling found,
Helpless and ready to be drown'd,
We will preserve by kind support
And bring the baby muse to court."

JOSEPH DENNIE

But so long as he lived, Dennie never deviated from his high literary standards for any consideration. He soon had so many contributors that he could speak his mind to them. No part of the journal is more entertaining than that in which he praises or condemns, encourages or endeavors to put out the lights of those who have forwarded him their manuscripts. Some insertions follow:

" 'X' is illiberal and sour. Let him pour out his vitriolic acid elsewhere. It is too corrosive for the Port Folio."

" We prefer borrowing from the European bank of poetry to the free gift of such a wretched versifier as 'Sylvander.' "

" 'Jenny' writes with airy sprightliness but lacks correctness and has not read or remembered the laws of composition. The editor is sorry to reject the effusions of a pretty woman. Though as an editor he is obliged to find fault with her pen, as a man he can repeat with the swain of Caledonia: —

> " Bonny Jenny, blithe and free,
> Won my heart right merrily."

In criticism, Dennie assumed the air of detachment to such a degree and was so sparing of his praise of American authors that he was openly accused of unfriendliness to them. The " million " set upon him in the same way that they at a later day attacked Mr. Edwin L. Godkin for like contempt of their ways. Their wrath availed them nothing. Dennie was not considering American literature, but literature in the large. He reviewed the works of the principal British authors as they appeared — of Scott, Maria Edgeworth, Wordsworth, Thomas Campbell and William Godwin. If he had not praise without alloy for Joel Barlow's colossal American epic in ten books, "The Columbiad," which had just come to Philadelphia to be printed sumptuously by the Conrads, an important performance, and another compliment to the state of the publishing trade in this city, he did not hesitate to speak kindly of Charles Brockden Brown who he said wrote "uncommonly well for an American." When Brown's magazine began to be published in Philadelphia in 1805, the "Port Folio" said of the editor: "Although his figure appears extenuated by his ardor of application and his face pallid, not by the midnight revel but by studious vigils, yet his alert and robust mind seems not to sympathize with its valetudinary companion. He employs many a vigilant and inquisitive hour in reading what deserves to be remembered and in writing what deserves to be read."

For those in every part of the country who contributed what was valuable to the "Port Folio," its editor had only words of kindness, gratitude and encouragement. Dennie drew about him in Philadelphia in the Tuesday Club, and as contributors to his magazine, Richard Rush, the lawyer who was to become a statesman, son of Dr. Benjamin Rush; Judge Hopkinson, Horace Binney and William Meredith, all at the Philadelphia bar; Robert Walsh, the author and editor; Charles Brockden Brown, Rev. John Blair Linn, the poet, Brown's brother-in-law; Nicholas Biddle, Charles Jared Ingersoll, the lawyer and author; Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, the "Falkland" of the "Port Folio;" General Thomas Cadwalader, who made translations from Horace; Samuel Ewing, son of the

Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, who wrote verse under the name of " Jacques " and later became a lawyer; Thomas I. Wharton, lawyer, legal writer and commentator; Richard Peters, son of Judge Peters and the editor of the " Reports " of the United States Supreme Court; Philip Hamilton, the son of Alexander Hamilton, soon killed in a duel on the field upon which his father was later to fall in combat with Aaron Burr; William B. Wood, the actor and theatrical manager so long identified with dramatic art in Philadelphia; and Alexander Wilson, whose poem, " The Foresters," was published in installments in the " Port Folio." Many of the principal scholars of the land wrote from time to time for the magazine. Some of the most graceful of Dennie's contributors followed him to Philadelphia from the " Farmers' Museum." Thus he still had the assistance of Royal Tyler, a young Bostonian who had studied law in the office of John Adams, later removing to Vermont where he became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He wrote " The Algerine Captive," one of the earliest of American novels, and contributed to the " Museum " and the " Port Folio " a *melange* of light verse and comment purporting to come " from the shop of Messrs. Colon and Spondee." Thomas Green Fessenden, the satirical poet, Dennie's protégé at Walpole, also continued his contributions. Dennie himself published new " Farrago " and " Lay Preacher " papers, adding other essays under fictitious signatures as his pleasure dictated and the literary need arose.

In the summer of 1804 Thomas Moore, the amatory Irish bard, arrived in Philadelphia. He had come to the United States from the Bermudas, whither he was commissioned upon some government business. Moore was " completely disappointed in every flattering expectation " which he had formed of this country, and was inclined to say to America, as Horace said to his mistress, *"Intentata nites."* Nowhere but in Philadelphia, if we believe his own account, did he find sympathetic companionship, and here the pain of contact with our

> " One dull chaos, one unfertile strife,
> Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life,
> Where every ill the ancient world can brew
> Is mixed with every grossness of the new,"

had but one alleviation, the society of Joseph Dennie. Only for the sake of the editor of the " Port Folio " and his friends, did Moore repent his ungenerous judgments:—

> " Yet, yet forgive me, oh, you sacred few!
> Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
> Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve,
> 'Twas bliss to live with and 'twas pain to leave."

They alone recalled his friends at home, for —

> " while I wing'd the hours
> Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers,
> Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
> So warm the heart, so rich with mind they flew
> That my full soul forgot its wish to roam
> And rested there as in a dream of love."

No doubt what Moore most enjoyed in his newfound Philadelphia friends was their conviviality, and their hatred of the rampant French democracy, for he writes:—

"Long may you hate the Gallic dross that runs
O'er your fair country and corrupts its sons."

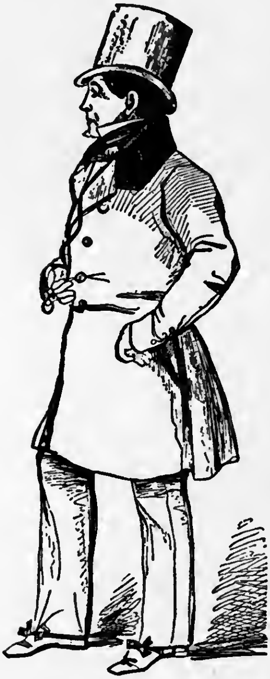
"In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends at Philadelphia," Moore explains in prose, "I passed the only agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this elegant little circle that love for good literature and sound politics which he feels so zealously himself and which is so very rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. If I did not hate as I ought the rabble to which they are opposed I could not value as I do the spirit with which they defy it; and in learning from them what Americans can be I but see with the more indignation what Americans are."

It is a persistent myth that the Irish poet, while in Philadelphia, occupied a small house in Fairmount Park, on the west bank of the Schuylkill, above Belmont, still called "Tom Moore's Cottage," where he was inspired to write the poem beginning —

"Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far, were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh."

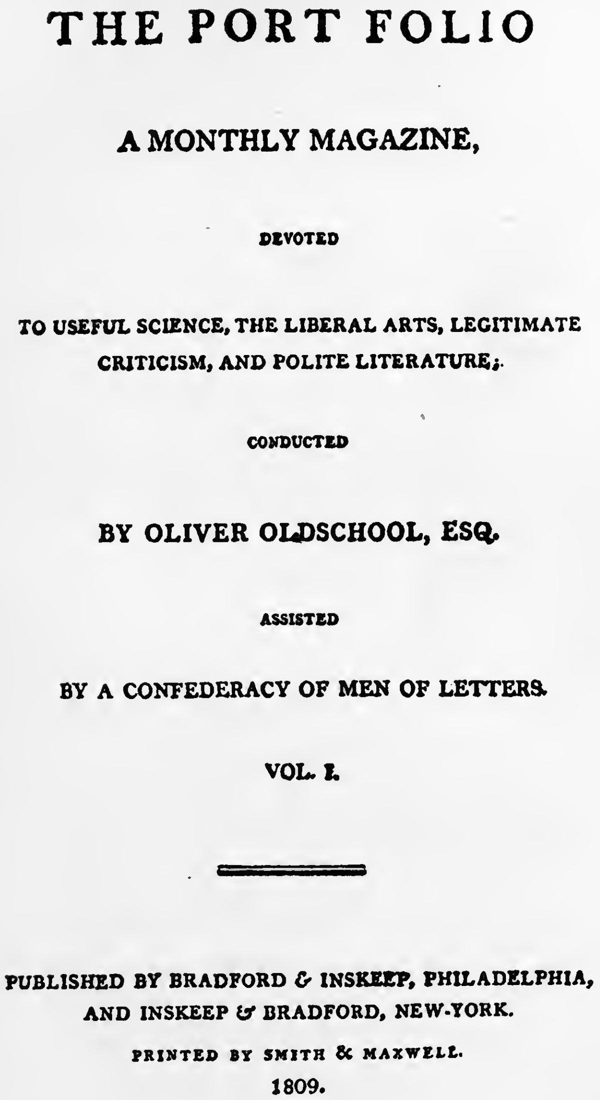
Moore was not long enough in the city to make any house his home and there is no evidence that he was identified with that one which bears his name, beyond what is implied perhaps by passing in and out of it.

Many of his poems were published for the first time in the "Port Folio," and served to increase the regard which was entertained for that publication in literary circles in America. For this reason, or other cause, a writer in Brown's rival magazine was impelled to speak slightingly of Moore. "I never heard of any merit he possessed beyond that of a writer of drinking songs and love ditties," this critic observed. "Even his warmest admirers say no more of him than that he drinks genteelly, plays well on the piano forte, writes very fine verses and sings his own verses scientifically." So scientific indeed was his singing that on one occasion, it is alleged, Mrs. Joseph Hopkinson, the wife of the author of "Hail Columbia," wept at hearing him. Dennie's envious competitors might compose themselves as best they could. Tom Moore had come and gone, and left, in his wake, many a ripple on the surface of Philadelphia's literary society.



Tom Moore, from "Graham's Magazine"

The "Port Folio" continued to appear each week for eight years. But its pecuniary success, Dennie wrote, had been "of no brilliant complexion," and he was obliged, at the beginning of 1809, to convert it into a monthly magazine of about one hundred pages. Brown's magazine was now no longer published and this one was projected in the hope that it would contribute "to the interest of individuals, to the power of Philadelphia and the aggrandizement of our empire." Partisan political discussion was to be eschewed



THE PORT FOLIO

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED

TO USEFUL SCIENCE, THE LIBERAL ARTS, LEGITIMATE
CRITICISM, AND POLITE LITERATURE;

CONDUCTED

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

ASSISTED

BY A CONFEDERACY OF MEN OF LETTERS.

VOL. I.

PUBLISHED BY BRADFORD & INSKEEP, PHILADELPHIA,
AND INSKEEP & BRADFORD, NEW-YORK.
PRINTED BY SMITH & MAXWELL.
1809.

Title Page of the First Volume of a New Series of the "Port Folio" and with some rhetorical flourishes to the advantage of Philadelphia the monthly "Port Folio" made its bow to its readers. "The place of publication is unquestionably auspicious to all the projects of genius, science, and art," wrote Dennie. "A magnificent metropolis continually widening her sphere of splendor, distinguished by the possession of the best libraries in the United States, memorable for the liberality of her institutions and the grandeur of her views, must be the genuine Alma Mater, the foster nurse of the rising generation of the genius of America."

But Dennie himself, like his journal, was now on the downward path. His physical debilities were making severe inroads upon his mental health. He was "the sport of the elements, the wintry winds often obliging him to keep his room." A consumptive, he was at times afflicted with great depression of spirits, when he sought solace in his cups, a practice that was encouraged by his spirit of good fellowship. In conversation he was as polished as when he expressed himself with the pen, and in many Philadelphia homes, as in William Meredith's, he was a welcome guest. Both Mr. Meredith and his wife, who was Gertrude Gouverneur Ogden, a niece of Gouverneur Morris, were contributors to the "Port Folio" and were members of Dennie's little coterie.

He was noted for the great care he gave to his personal appearance. When in the street he dressed at "the highest notch of fashion." An old printer's devil, who once waited at his elbow for "copy," recalls a morning in May when Dennie sat at his desk in a pea-green coat, a white vest and nankin small clothes, tied at the knees with long bows of colored ribbon. His lower limbs were grandly swathed in white silk stockings and upon his feet were pumps ornamented with great silver shoe buckles. His hair was powdered, frizzed and made heavy with pomatum, while adown his back hung a false tail or queue wrapped in yards of black silk.

His death came on January 7, 1812, at the age of forty-four. He had long struggled with ill-health, misfortune and broken credit. He had aimed to serve only " the most illustrious descriptions of American society — the liberal, the ladies, the lawyers, the clergy, and all the gentlemen and cavaliers of Columbia," and they alone grieved at his departure. He was interred in St. Peter's Church-yard, where his friends placed a column over his grave. The inscription on the stone, said to have been written by John Quincy Adams, runs:—

> " Endowed with talent and qualified by education
> To adorn the Senate and the Bar;
> But following the impulse of a genius
> Formed for converse with the muses,
> He devoted his life to the literature of his country.
> As author of the Lay Preacher,
> And as first editor of the Port Folio,
> He contributed to chasten the morals and to
> Refine the taste of this nation.
> To an imagination lively, not licentious,
> A wit sportive, not wanton,
> And a heart without guile, he
> United a deep sensibility, which endeared
> Him to his friends, and an ardent piety
> Which we humbly trust recommended him
> To his God."

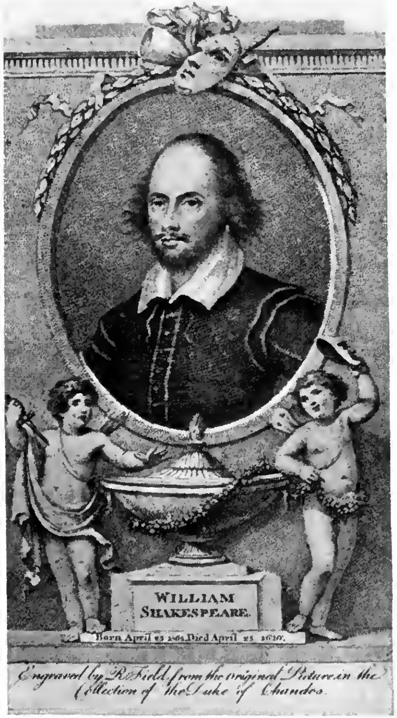
The members of the group who had assisted in supporting the " Port Folio " in Dennie's lifetime were determined that after his death the magazine should continue upon its course as the representative of higher literary ideals. Paul Allen, born in Providence in 1775, a graduate of Brown University, had come to Philadelphia shortly before Dennie relinquished his insecure hold upon life, to assist the editor, but he was indolent and impecunious and was allowed to pass on to Baltimore, where he led a varied career as a newspaper editor. Nicholas Biddle was soon selected for Dennie's post. A handsome and brilliant young Philadelphian, who had been ready to graduate at the University of Pennsylvania when only thirteen years of age, he was still little more than twenty-five. The principal subject of his interest was the fine arts, and he contributed to the magazine a number of biographical and critical papers on the old masters. But already in the legislature of Pennsylvania he was being swept into that political career which was to culminate in the memorable contest with Andrew Jackson over the United States Bank, and early in 1814 Dr. Charles Caldwell was invited by the publisher of the " Port Folio " to undertake the editorship. He entered upon his tasks at once and continued in the place until the end of 1815, when financial disasters led to another change of proprietors.

Caldwell was a tall, fine-looking North Carolinian. He came to Philadelphia in 1792, when about twenty years of age, to study medicine, and aspired to be the rival of Rush, Barton and Wistar in the University's medical faculty, a wish that, owing to his disputatious manner, was not to be gratified. He was a careful student of the yellow fever epidemics, frequently crossing swords with Doctor Rush. Thrice he himself was attacked with the disease — none escaped — all his teeth rotting in their gums after he was dosed with Rush's mercury. As a scientist he gained a good deal of repute, in spite of his flirtations with phrenology, and he was gifted besides as an orator and a writer upon a great variety of subjects. As the editor of the "Port Folio" he particularly strove to obtain full reports of military movements on land and sea during the War of 1812, and through his friendship with many officers was successful to such an extent that they reported their movements to him as regularly as to the War and Navy Departments at Washington. General Jacob Brown, "the fighting Quaker schoolmaster," a native of Bucks County, who had conducted an invasion of Canada, at the time a great popular hero, was a devoted correspondent of the "Port Folio."

Among Dr. Caldwell's assistants in the editorship of the magazine was Dr. Thomas Cooper, a friend of Dr. Priestley, whom he had followed to this country from England. Like Priestley, Cooper was a chemist, and like him, too, held Jacobinical views. Going to France, he had been a member for a time of the National Assembly until a personal *rencontre* with Robespierre forced him to flee the country. For three years he had been professor of chemistry in Dickinson College, and afterward came to Philadelphia, soon to take a similar place in the University of Pennsylvania.

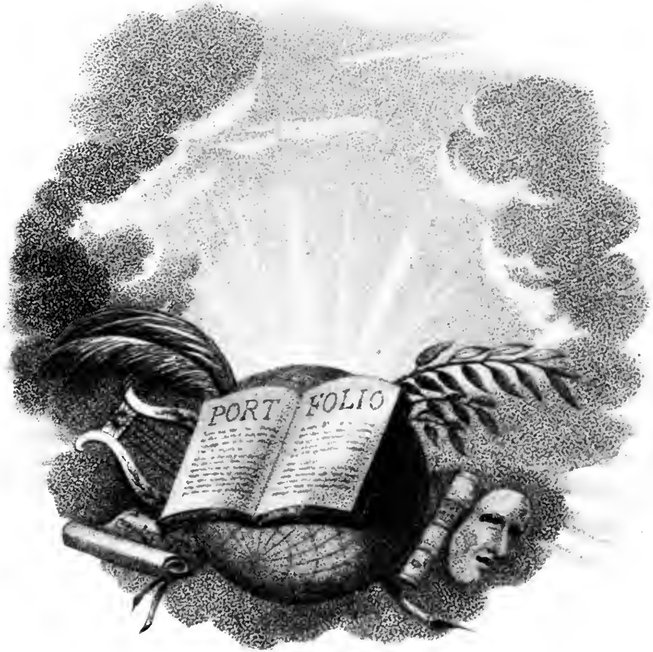
Although a professorship of geology and the philosophy of natural history had now been created for Dr. Caldwell in the new "Faculty of Physical Sciences" at the University of Pennsylvania, he was ready to leave Philadelphia. The city, he believed, had not done so well by him as his talents deserved, and with several offers at his hand he, in 1819, accepted an invitation to establish a medical school in the Mississippi valley, at Transylvania University in Lexington, Ky. Later he removed to Louisville and died there in 1853. Dr. Cooper found his way to Columbia College, South Carolina, of which he rose to be president. He and Cooper were the first, says Caldwell, in some pride in his interesting autobiography, " that had the independence and enterprise to sever an official connection with the University of Pennsylvania and issue from that medical emporium for the express purpose of establishing schools of medicine in the other parts of the United States."

At the end of Caldwell's editorship of the " Port Folio," that magazine passed into the hands of the Halls — there were three or four brothers — to receive the particular direction of John E. Hall. Ever since Dennie's death it had continued to be edited by " Oliver Oldschool, Esq.," and Hall called himself " Oliver Oldschool, the Fourth." His mother was Sarah Hall, a daughter of Provost Ewing of the University of Pennsylvania, she herself being the author of a popular and much read book, " Conversations on the Bible," and a frequent contributor to the " Port Folio." John E. Hall was born in 1783. He was educated at Princeton and read law in Philadelphia under Judge Hopkinson. He practised for a time at Baltimore and was a leading character in the riot at the house of Alexander C. Hanson in 1812. Hanson, the editor of a Federalist newspaper, Hall and several other Federalists were attacked by a mob. After a successful de-


WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE.
Born April 23 1564. Died April 23 1616.
Engraved by R. Field, from the original Picture in the Collection of the Duke of Chandos.

FRONTISPIECE

From the First American Edition of Shakespeare



FRONTISPIECE

fence they surrendered themselves to the sheriff, who placed them in the jail for safe keeping. There they were attacked again and Hall was one of nine whom the ruffians threw in a pile and left for dead. This experience caused him to leave Baltimore. For nine years he had edited the " American Law Journal " and, a deeply interested student of literature as well as a graceful writer, he took charge of the " Port Folio " at the beginning of the year 1816.

The success which attended the journal was still not large. For no publication were there many readers. In 1810 there were nine daily papers in Philadelphia, but Judge Hopkinson computed that they all together circulated not more than 15,000 copies. For literary journals there was proportionately less encouragement. The magazine continued to appear each month, however, until 1820, when it was converted into a quarterly, patterned after the large British reviews. Each number contained upwards of 250 pages octavo. Later there was a return to monthly issues, but in December, 1825, the editor determined to suspend the work.

Many of the subscribers who had been receiving the magazine for years did not contribute one cent to its support. In vain did the editor remind them that " several thousand copies of a monthly magazine in London are paid for before the sheets are dry from the press." The people were asked to remove this " stigma from our national literature." But the stigma remained. For the first six months of 1826 the " Port Folio " did not appear, although in July of that year Mr. Hall projected a new series which, because of his declining health and the paltry financial encouragement he received, was suspended finally in 1827. He died in 1829.

Such was the career of one of the most famous of all the periodical publications of America. From beginning to end it had served the country well without shadow of turning from the straight and narrow way. Its ideals were always high, its services to letters in the United States signally honorable. Under Dennie it had been brilliant, and under those who followed him always good. When it could be that no longer the "Port Folio" was "locked up," the fate which its first editor would have wished for it in that event.

"Politics and plans of practical utility now engross the public mind almost to the exclusion of native literature," Oliver Oldschool, the Fourth complained in 1825. It was the age of Andrew Jackson, when empire was invading the west and democracy, made fluid, was to be cast in another and a larger mould. Reading was to be a pastime for Dennie's despised "million," and Philadelphia's publishers and authors were also to be the leaders in this new movement to bring books and magazines to the ken of growing numbers of men.

CHAPTER VI

IN TRANSITION

Descending through Franklin's Junto, Mrs. Ferguson's Saturday Evenings, and Dennie's Tuesday Club, we come into the presence of Robert Walsh's Soirées and the famous Wistar Parties. If Charles Brockden Brown and Joseph Dennie were at their time the only men in America who had yet depended upon letters for their bread and butter, others were coming on to tempt the Fates — for love of literature to content themselves with its meagre rewards. Most of the writers in Dennie's group were young *dilettante* who were to achieve their principal successes in other fields, as in law, statesmanship or medicine. Such were Nicholas Biddle, Richard Rush, Nathaniel Chapman, Horace Binney, and Charles Jared Ingersoll. Robert Walsh was of another class, and while fortunately he need not solely rely upon his pen for a living, he was by profession a literary man.

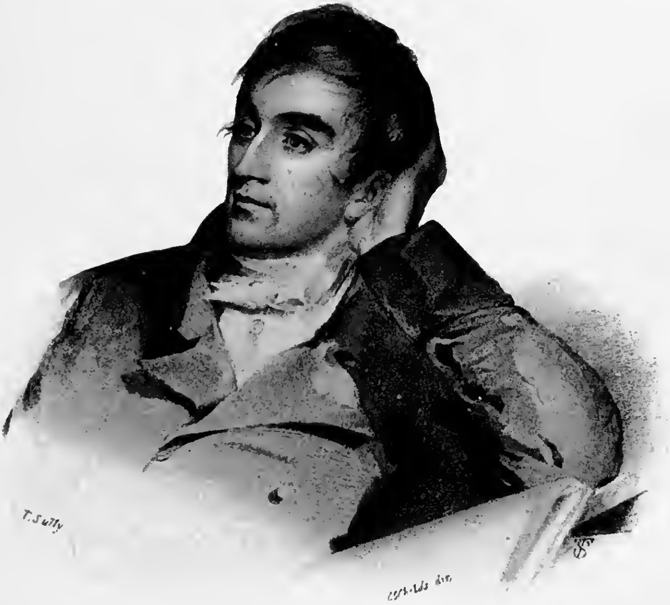
While Dennie's was a somewhat careless company, Walsh drew about him the more serious culture of the city. Statesmen, bishops, foreign ministers and *savants* revolved in his circle. Writing and conversation with him were highly responsible pursuits, and the lighter view of life taken by Dennie, Tom Moore and a later English invader of Philadelphia's literary group, William Makepeace Thackeray, was not for Mr. Walsh. This elegant gentleman and polished litterateur was born in Baltimore in 1785. He was the son of an Irish peer, Count Walsh and Baron Shannon, by a Pennsylvania Quakeress, and at his father's death might have assumed these titles. He, however, abjured the marks of a noble lineage, being happy to be regarded as the citizen of a democratic nation, which he for a long time endeavored to improve and civilize. He was educated at Catholic colleges in Baltimore and Washington and always remained true to the faith of his ancestors. For years, as a young man, he travelled and studied in Europe and came back to be a lawyer in Philadelphia, where he was admitted to the bar about 1808. Deafness prevented him from practising the profession he had embraced, whereupon he found solacing employment in his pen. He wrote frequently for the "Port Folio," and in 1811 published a pamphlet of the proportions of a large book, his "Letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government." At the moment of its appearance, public sensibilities were highly wrought up over international questions and American sympathy for France, to the disadvantage of Great Britain, was still running in a current of dangerous strength. Never before had Napoleon been handled so vigorously. The book was a strong protest, in fine diction, against the desolation of Europe, and it at once aroused deep and general attention in England, as in this country. It passed through twelve editions in six weeks in London, so eager were English readers to peruse it. "We must learn to love the Americans when they send us such books as this," wrote Jeffrey, the critical autocrat of the day in Great Britain.

About this time, in January, 1811, Walsh projected his "American Review of History and Politics, and

General Repository of Literature and State Papers," the first quarterly journal to appear in the United States. Dana and his friends did not secure control of the recently founded "North American Review" at Boston to launch it on its famous career until 1815, and the "Port Folio" was not ready to begin its brief life as a quarterly until 1820. Walsh's quarterly was published by Farrand and Nicholas, and its chief ends, "to which the most indefatigable attention will be given and for which ample resources will be provided," the prospectus ran, "are the propagation of sound political doctrines and the direction and improvement of the literary taste of the American people." It must be said to his honor that the editor kept this high purpose constantly in view. The leading article in the first number concerned the relations of the United States and France, and it alone filled eighty-eight closely printed pages written by the editor, who also contributed to his magazine a series of letters on France and England, extending through several issues, and based upon the knowledge he had gained during his recent residence in those countries. These essays upon higher political, especially international, matters, were printed side by side with long and exhaustive reviews of the principal new literary works, whether in English or foreign languages. All were learnedly considered. Among the works thus brought under review were Carlo Botta's "History of Our War of Independence" in Italian, "Kotzebue's "History of Prussia" and Goethe's novel, "Die Wahlverwandtschaften" in German; together with many new French publications. Scott's "Lady of the Lake," of which a Philadelphia publisher sold one thousand copies in a few weeks, so popular were the author's poems in

America at that time, and Dugald Stewart's essays were reviewed appreciatively and at length. Alexander Hamilton's works, which had just been compiled, were the subject of two long articles in the "Review." In addition to about two hundred pages of original matter, Mr. Walsh gave his subscribers, in an appendix to each number, sixty to one hundred pages of state papers, lately issued by the principal governments of the world, involving laborious translation from foreign languages. The editor complained less of the lack of subscribers than of the difficulty he experienced in finding contributors for his review. Nevertheless, the publishers failed late in 1812 and Mr. Walsh was obliged to put out the eighth and last number of his quarterly at his own expense, thus ending his literary experiment, though not without the promise of returning to it soon with new vigor.

In 1817 he issued the "American Register or Summary Review of History and Politics and Literature," an annual review like Charles Brockden Brown's publication of a similar name. It appeared for two years. Mr. Walsh was now compiling and writing the personal sketches to accompany an edition of the English poets in fifty small volumes, a work projected by a Philadelphia publishing house, and in 1819 brought out his "Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain Respecting the United States of America." In his quarterly magazine he had been instant in and out of season in his efforts to defend America against the misrepresentation and supercilious criticism of Englishmen. His interest in this direction finally led him to write a large volume which took the form of a history of the "political and mercantile jealousy of Great Britain,"


T. Sully
Childs lit.

ROBERT WALSH

From a portrait in possession of his grandson, Dr. J. F. Walsh

the rise and development of the American colonies, the establishment of separate government on this continent, with an examination of various attacks upon American taste, character, customs and aspirations, and the grounds upon which they were based. The work attracted a vast amount of attention, and for it Mr. Walsh was publicly and privately congratulated. He received personal letters from Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, John Quincy Adams and other eminent characters. Some of the historical matter which he assembled is said to have suggested to Longfellow the writing of "Evangeline."

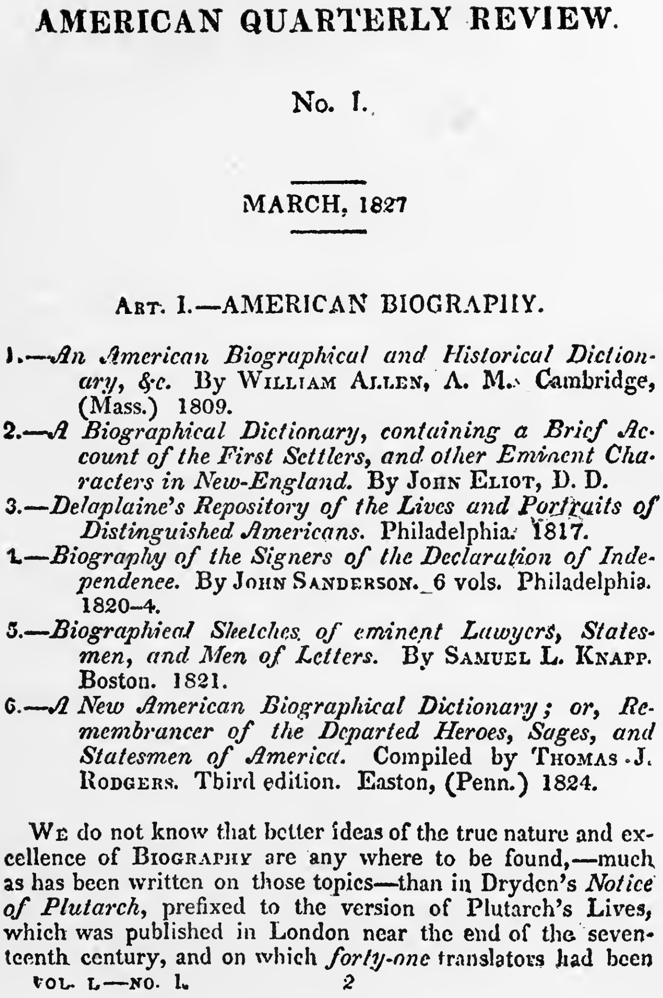
In 1820, when public excitement over the Missouri Compromise had reached some height, a group of gentlemen headed by Roberts Vaux, a prominent lawyer and anti-slavery advocate, induced Mr. Walsh to form a partnership with William Fry, the bookseller, for the publication of a newspaper, the "National Gazette and Literary Register." Poulson's "Advertiser," the principal paper of the city, was neutral on this absorbing question and the need of an outspoken organ was keenly felt. For a few months it was published twice a week, and after November 1, 1820, daily, in the evening. It was said of Walsh's "Gazette" that "for the union of political sagacity and independence, with literary fulness, taste and skill," it had not been surpassed in America. Indeed, no publication which its editor served could fail to reflect a high critical sense in the treatment of political and literary questions.

Mr. Walsh was connected with the "Gazette" for fifteen years, or until about 1835, when he went abroad, the paper being merged at length with the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

In the meantime, in 1822, Mr. Walsh was identified with another adventure in letters. He undertook to compile for the publisher, Eliakim Littell, in Chestnut Street, the "Museum of Foreign Literature and Science," a monthly budget of about one hundred pages of articles taken from the best British reviews and magazines. It was issued for more than twenty years, although Walsh's connection with it was brief — being taken at length to New York. Littell himself removed to Boston, where he started a similar eclectic publication, "Littell's Living Age," long and favorably known in the literary homes of America.

Mr. Walsh now found the occasion to resuscitate his quarterly magazine. In 1827 Carey and Lea began to issue under his direction the "American Quarterly Review." Like its less fortunate precursor of 1811 and 1812, it was a quarterly collection of high-minded essays upon political and literary topics. A book, or group of books, recently issued by the American, English or Continental presses, formed the text for the writers who in these pages carried criticism to a higher point than it had reached before or has ever reached since in this city. Carey continued to publish the Philadelphia quarterly until 1834, when Walsh seems to have left it also. Subsequently it had several editors and no less than three publishers, ceasing to appear after 1837. Although when near the end of its days it was at times somewhat irresponsible and ribald in its judgments, the series — in these eleven years forty-four numbers, making twenty-two large volumes, appeared — is a contribution to American critical literature of lasting importance.

Bodily infirmities barred Mr. Walsh from many en-



AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. I.

MARCH, 1827

Art. I.—AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

1.—*An American Biographical and Historical Dictionary, &c.* By William Allen, A. M. Cambridge, (Mass.) 1809.
2.—*A Biographical Dictionary, containing a Brief Account of the First Settlers, and other Eminent Characters in New-England.* By John Eliot, D. D.
3.—*Delaplaine's Repository of the Lives and Portraits of Distinguished Americans.* Philadelphia. 1817.
4.—*Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.* By John Sanderson. 6 vols. Philadelphia. 1820–4.
5.—*Biographical Sketches of eminent Lawyers, Statesmen, and Men of Letters.* By Samuel L. Knapp. Boston. 1821.
6.—*A New American Biographical Dictionary; or, Remembrancer of the Departed Heroes, Sages, and Statesmen of America.* Compiled by Thomas J. Rodgers. Third edition. Easton, (Penn.) 1824.

We do not know that better ideas of the true nature and excellence of Biography are any where to be found,—much as has been written on those topics—than in Dryden's *Notice of Plutarch,* prefixed to the version of Plutarch's Lives, which was published in London near the end of the seventeenth century, and on which *forty-one* translators had been

vol. i.—no. i. 2

First Page of the First Volume of Walsh's "Quarterly" joyments, but music was a passion with him through life. His deafness did not prevent him from deriving keen pleasure from his musical soirées, at which were gathered together men so varied in their interests and feelings as the Episcopal Bishop White, the Roman Catholic Bishop Cheverus, William Ellery Channing when he came to Philadelphia, Mr. Duponceau, Mr. Biddle, Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, and chosen spirits from the group that sustained the Wistar Parties. Of the soirées a friend said that " not to know them was to be yourself unknown." Walsh's home was long the meeting-ground for *intellectuels* of all varieties. Some of the foreign ministers continued to live in Philadelphia, although the principal legations had been removed to Washington. Many found their way into his circle. New Englanders visiting the city met a most hospitable host. " To smatter French and thrum the piano used to be the standard of education in the city of Brotherly Love," said the Boston " Transcript " rather superciliously. Here other ideals were cultivated. " What of the genuine literary tone, feeling, taste and knowledge Philadelphia could boast either in her society, her press, or her hospitality," continued the " Transcript," " was long centred in the person, the writings and the home of Robert Walsh."

Such sneers were not well deserved, as may be guessed by any one who has read this work up to the present point. Philadelphia, in truth, as the New York " Tribune " observed when reviewing Walsh's life, was at the time " the centre of commerce, finance, letters and science of the Union." It was with Philadelphia's active and enterprising publishers that he found employment for his active mind. He was " a literary and historical link," wrote William Henry Fry, the composer and musical critic, between Jefferson, Madison and Hamilton, and the great figures of a newer age just beginning to loom indistinctly and uncertainly in the mists.

The times were not growing better for aristocrats, and by his political writings Mr. Walsh made enemies who were as ribald in their abuse of the substantial group to which he belonged as Paine, Bache, Duane or Freneau had ever been.

Deficient in imagination and not ready of speech, it was said that his deafness was an affectation, so that he could hide his " incapacity of repartee " at the Wistar Parties. " The dividend aristocracy had died off rapidly and left no issue," whereupon Mr. Walsh, selling his interest in his newspaper to his partner, William Fry, " one of the party of the old income aristocrats living on rents and dividends and luxuriating on literature and the rose water smell of the British constitution," left Philadelphia about 1835 to make his home in future in Paris. There again he was the centre of a literary group, which included Guizot, Thiers, Dupin, Michel Chevalier, and many distinguished and scholarly Frenchmen. Eminent Americans, travelling abroad, found a warm welcome at his hearth and fireside. In 1845 President Tyler, at the friendly instigation of Nicholas Biddle and Daniel Webster, appointed him Consul-General of the United States in Paris, and he held the office through the administrations of Polk and Taylor, to be removed by Fillmore, because of some statements in the newspapers for which he continued regularly to correspond. He died in 1858, having for seventy-five years kept alive his frail body by his remarkably zestful intellect. Probably no American of his age knew intimately so many celebrated men and women in so many different lands.

The Wistar Parties extended over the same general period covered by Dennie's Tuesday Club and Walsh's Soirées and were continued long after the death of him who gave them life, having been revived, indeed, at a recent date after an era of desuetude. Philadelphia's pre-eminence as a scientific centre, not only in medicine but also in various departments of natural history, was widely acknowledged. The most remarkable name in the history of medicine in Philadelphia after Dr. Rush, is that of Dr. Caspar Wistar. Two brothers, Richard and Caspar, descendants of a German Quaker who settled in Philadelphia in 1717, attained to prominence, Richard as a merchant, Caspar in science. The latter is said to have felt his attraction to medicine by observing the unrelieved sufferings of the wounded soldiers after the battle of Germantown. Completing his course in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, he went abroad to pursue his studies at London and Edinburgh, and took his degree at the Scottish university in 1786. Upon his return to America he became professor of chemistry in the College of Philadelphia. When it joined the University of Pennsylvania he was appointed an associate professor of anatomy, and at the death of Dr. Shippen in 1808 he was made a full professor of a subject in which he was one of the highest authorities of his time. His principal published work was his "System of Anatomy," said to have been the first American treatise on that branch of medical science. As a teacher and a practitioner, he enjoyed equal renown. He was a Vice-President of the American Philosophical Society from 1795 until 1815, when he succeeded Thomas Jefferson as President, holding that post until his early death in 1818.

During his illness so many people called at the house to inquire for him that the physicians in attendance were obliged to issue bulletins and place them upon the table in the hall. "The crowd that formed his funeral procession," we are told, "might be almost pronounced the population of Philadelphia." Dr. Charles Caldwell perhaps judged him justly when he wrote: "Dr. Wistar did not possess talents of the very highest order, yet did he employ them with such dexterity and impressiveness as to produce effects which were rarely reached, and in the same sphere and under like circumstances never surpassed by men of the highest and happiest talents."

Dr. Wistar resided at the south-west corner of Fourth and Locust Streets, where he received his friends on Sunday evenings. Once a week from November until April from fifteen to thirty persons gathered at his house, the time of meeting being changed in 1811 from Sunday to Saturday. After his death the members of the group, unwilling to abandon the pleasures of weekly intercourse, formed a kind of association and the "parties" were held at uncertain times at their various homes. Subsequently for many years invitations containing Wistar's portrait, which Thackeray, after attending a meeting, remembered as the "hospitable pigtailed shade," were received by the literati of America and Europe when they visited the city. At various times Alexander von Humboldt on his return from South America; General Jean Victor Moreau, held to be the greatest general in France after Bonaparte, and who lived for a time in Philadelphia and in Robert

Morris's house at Morrisville, Pa., later to return to Europe to be killed in the battle of Dresden; Prince Murat, son of Napoleon's King of the Sicilies; the Duke of Saxe-Weimar; Thomas Moore, when he was enjoying the society of Dennie; James Madison, Le Sueur, the French naturalist; John Quincy Adams; Commodore Barron; Charles Carroll of Carrollton; Charles Lucien Bonaparte; the Prince de Canino and Musignano; Generino Persico, the sculptor; and a great number of native and foreign dignitaries, European travellers and refugees, were entertained by the club, which was made up for the most part of active members of the American Philosophical Society. The local group included the more prominent of Dennie's literary friends: Robert Walsh, Judge Hopkinson, William Meredith, Horace Binney, Charles Jared Ingersoll, a substantial company gleaned from the bar, the university and the highways and byways of learning, changing as the years passed and new men came forward to direct the city's intellectual life, bringing into its fold Mathew and Henry C. Carey, Alexander James Dallas, the Baches, Charles Willson Peale, Dr. George B. Wood, Judge Kane, Dr. Isaac Hayes, Dr. Robert Hare, Langdon Cheves, the South Carolina statesman who lived for a time in Philadelphia, while President of the United States Bank, and afterward in Lancaster; Dr. R. M. Patterson, Dr. W. H. Furness, Isaac Lea, William Tilghman, Bronson Alcott, Thomas Nuttall, Thomas Say, Correa da Serra, and many others.

Wistar did not stand alone in this period to ornament and dignify the science of medicine. There were also Dr. Philip Syng Physick and Dr. Nathaniel Chapman.

Physick is often and justly called "the father of American surgery." Born in Philadelphia in 1768, he studied at the University of Pennsylvania and later in London under the celebrated John Hunter. Like Wistar, he graduated at Edinburgh (1792), whereupon he returned to Philadelphia to practice his profession. In 1805 a chair in surgery was created for him at the University of Pennsylvania, with which institution he was prominently connected, until in 1831 failing health compelled him to retire from his place.

Physick's contemporary, Chapman, was descended from an old Virginia family. He came to Philadelphia in 1797 to study under Dr. Rush, and later went abroad to attend the lectures at Edinburgh, then the most famous of British medical schools. Upon his return, he settled in Philadelphia, entered the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania in 1813, and held a professorship there for forty years, or until his death in 1853. While Physick shunned society, being, as Dr. Caldwell said, "one of the most single-hearted and unostentatious of men," Chapman was noted for his sociability, courtliness and wit. He wrote in the general field of literature as well as in his own branches of science. For a number of years he was President of the American Philosophical Society, and held many posts which identified him with the city.

In natural history, the period connects Philadelphia with the names of Ord, Bonaparte, Audubon, Say, Nuttall and Darlington.

George Ord and Charles Lucien Bonaparte were ornithologists whose work closely joins their careers with Alexander Wilson's. Ord was a native of Philadelphia and died there in 1866, at eighty-five years of age.

The companion of Wilson on many rambles and quests, he completed the volumes left unfinished by that eminent naturalist, later issuing a biography of his master and friend.

Bonaparte went farther and described and pictured many species of American birds which had not been met with by Wilson in his travels. The son of Lucien Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, he married his cousin, a daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain, emigrating with the latter to Philadelphia in the twenties. His supplement to Wilson's "Ornithology" comprises four volumes and treats of not less than one hundred new species. The work was published in Philadelphia from 1825 to 1833. After a few years in this country, Bonaparte removed to Italy, where he interested himself in the birds of Europe, becoming a leader in the Revolution of 1848. He died in Paris in 1857 with a greater reputation as a naturalist than in statecraft.

A rival of Wilson and his disciples, a man who attained to still greater distinction as an ornithologist, was John James Audubon. The foundations for his colossal work, "The Birds of America," were laid within sound of Philadelphia. Audubon's father was a French naval officer, who lived for a time on a plantation in Louisiana, then a French possession. There the ornithologist was born about 1780. When he was still very young, the family returned to France and he was sent to Paris to study art under the celebrated painter David. Upon coming back to America, it was to reside on a farm of 285 acres, called "Mill Grove," on the banks of the Schuylkill where it is joined by Perkiomen Creek, a few miles north of Norristown, in Montgomery County, near a village recently rechristened

Alexander Wilson

(See page 139.)

John. J. Audubon

Audubon in honor of the great naturalist. The tract is now owned by Wm. H. Wetherill, who values the association, having appropriately marked the gateway to the mansion that passers-by may know the history of the place.

Audubon's father had owned this farm for a long time and it was presented to the boy, who went there to live with the Quaker tenant and his family. He remained for several years, varying unsuccessful commercial adventures with his scientific rambles, when he was not seeking his own pleasure. On this farm Audubon freely indulged his love of nature. " Its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens," he wrote in recalling this life, " offered many subjects for agreeable studies with as little concern about the future as if the world had been made for me." The house became a veritable museum, filled as it was with stuffed quadrupeds and birds, bird-skins, birds' eggs and other relics of the hunt.

In 1808, Audubon married Lucy Bakewell, the daughter of a cultivated Englishman who occupied an adjoining farm. Prospective family obligations spurred him to new commercial exertions, and, taking his bride with him, he removed to Kentucky in the hope of finding fortune in new fields, but with no better success. " For a period of twenty years," Audubon wrote, " my life was a succession of vicissitudes. I tried various branches of commerce but they all proved unprofitable, doubtless because my whole mind was ever filled with my passion for rambling and admiring those objects of nature from which alone I received the purest gratification."

In the entire long record of science, it is doubtful if nature has ever had a more devoted student, with zeal to surmount so many apparently insuperable obstacles. Once he was embarked upon his life as an ornithologist, Audubon abandoned every other interest. For many years he was separated from his family. One time during an absence he found that 200 of his drawings which were put in a box for safe-keeping had been destroyed by the rats. He returned to the wilderness until he had refilled his portfolio. The engravers of Wilson's and Bonaparte's volumes in Philadelphia, which he visited in 1824, declared that they could not work from his drawings. Thereupon, in 1826, the scientist went to England, where he found an appreciative reception, although he constantly longed for the American field, swamp and wild wood. "I hate it, yes, I cordially hate London, and yet cannot escape from it," he wrote. "I neither can write my journal when here nor draw well, and, if I walk to the fields around, the very voice of the sweet birds I hear has no longer any charm for me, the pleasure being too much mingled with the idea that in another hour all will again be bustle, filth and smoke."

One day in London "the weather was shocking; a dog would scarce have turned out to hunt the finest of game."

In France Audubon was not much happier. "I travelled from Paris to Boulogne with two nuns that might as well be struck off the calendar of animated beings," he wrote on one occasion. "They stirred not, they spoke not, they saw not; they replied neither by word nor gesture to the few remarks I made. In the woods of America I have never been in such silence; for in the most retired places I have had the gentle murmuring streamlet, or the sound of the woodpecker tapping, or the sweet, melodious strains of that lovely recluse, my greatest favorite, the wood-thrush."

He had no overpowering respect even for the greatest of the men he met. He had had a letter of introduction to Francis Jeffrey of the "Edinburgh Review." "He never came near me and I never went near him," the great ornithologist wrote, "for if he was Jeffrey I was Audubon and felt quite independent of all the tribe of Jeffreys in England, Scotland and Ireland put together." One distinguished personage, to whom he was presented, he described as "a monstrously ugly old man with a wig that might make a capital bed for an Osage Indian during the whole of a cold winter on the Arkansas River."

He asked for 175 subscribers for his plates at about $1,000 the set. The kings of England and France placed their names upon his subscription list and the work of publication began at London in 1827. The first volume was completed in 1830 and the fourth and last — the entire series comprises 435 plates — in 1838. When his arrangements for this work were completed, Audubon wrote his "Ornithological Biography," or the descriptions of the birds which he had pictured and of the adventures through which he had passed in collecting his specimens. This notable contribution to science, comprising five volumes, appeared in Edinburgh.

In his last years, though always a wanderer, Audubon lived on the banks of the Hudson on a tract now included within the limits of New York City, where he died in 1851 while in the midst of a work on the quadrupeds of America, as Wilson had been at the time his labors were interrupted by the summons to another world.

Thomas Say, a remarkable entomologist, came of a Quaker family which had early established itself in Philadelphia. His father, Benjamin Say, was a well-known physician, and settled the son in the drug business, which was soon abandoned for the study of insects. His partner in the apothecary shop, John Speakman, with some other young men, had founded the Academy of Natural Sciences in 1812, and in its hall Say lived in the humblest way, pursuing his scientific investigations. He slept beneath the skeleton of a horse and was nourished chiefly by bread and milk, a process by which he is said to have put the problem of living upon a basis of twelve cents a day. He made many expeditions alone and with parties of government engineers, geographers and scientists, pursuing his studies in all parts of the country. At length he became interested in Robert Owen's communistic settlement at New Harmony, Ind., and removed thither in 1825. His chief work, "American Entomology," in three handsomely illustrated volumes, was published in Philadelphia, beginning with 1824. Before his death, which occurred in 1834, he had turned his attention to conchology, but he left his studies in that field very incomplete.

Botany, which had been so faithfully studied and taught in Philadelphia by the Bartrams, father and son; Dr. Benjamin S. Barton, of the University of Pennsylvania; and Humphry Marshall of Marshallton, Chester County, a kinsman of the Bartrams who had his Arboretum or botanic garden, which was long an object of interest in the neighborhood, although today in great decay, was now capably represented by William Darlington, also of Chester County, Abbé Correa da Serra and Thomas Nuttall.

Darlington came of an old Quaker family. He graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was a pupil of Barton's, practised his profession in West Chester, served in Congress, and studied botany, in which science he gained international distinction.

Joseph Francisco Correa da Serra was a Portuguese botanist who, after long residence in Paris, came to this country to continue his studies in natural history. In Philadelphia he lectured upon his science and invigorated the study of it in the group of which he was a distinguished member. While still here he was appointed Portugal's Minister to the United States and afterward returned to his own country, where his death occurred in 1823.*

Thomas Nuttall was the greatest botanist of the group. A Yorkshire Englishman, at twenty-two he came to Philadelphia, finding employment at the printing trade. Becoming interested in the names of flowers which he discovered while rambling on the banks of the Schuylkill, he received kindnesses from William Bartram and Professor Barton, to whom he applied for guidance and information. Supported out of the purses of Professor Barton, Correa da Serra, Zaccheus Collins, a Quaker philanthropist interested in the natural sciences, and others, Nuttall undertook a remarkable series of journeys into the interior. He made friends with the Indians, of whom he complained that, while his back was turned, they would often drain his spirit bottles which were filled with specimens, leaving his snakes and lizards dry! Once his wanderings took him to the Rocky Mountains. He was closely connected with the Academy of Natural Sciences, which has so powerfully contributed to make Philadelphia a centre for the study of natural history, deriving his income from his lectures and the private sale of his collections. His publications, describing the results of his explorations, brought him a high reputation, and in 1822 he was appointed professor of natural history in Harvard University. In this position he never felt entirely at his ease. He yearned for his old life in the open air and, failing to secure a leave of absence, he resigned. In 1833 he was again in Philadelphia, preparing for a trip to the Pacific coast with a party of scientists. This expedition was very successful and he returned by way of Cape Horn.

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*To him is ascribed the famous maxim: "The Lord takes care of little children, drunken men and the United States." My authority for this statement is Henry Carey Baird.

Nuttall made the most important additions to the "American Silva" of François André Michaux. When a lad but fifteen years of age, Michaux had accompanied his father, André Michaux, to North America for a study of the oaks, and had subsequently visited the country on behalf of the French government, sending home acorns and young trees with a view to the introduction of new species in European forests. Desiring in some way to repay the Americans for their hospitalities, he left at his death a legacy to be divided between Boston and Philadelphia for the encouragement of sylviculture in the United States. The American Philosophical Society was made the custodian of the sum, about $8,000, which came to Philadelphia, and with the fund a Michaux grove of oak trees was planted in Fairmount Park and lectures upon the important subject of forestry have been given from time to time. The younger Michaux's valuable work, " North American Silva," was raised from three to six volumes by Thomas Nuttall. For some time he had been looking forward to the inheritance of a small estate in England from an uncle, but that insular old man, fearing for his nephew's safety while exploring the American wildernesses, attached to the bequest the condition that the beneficiary should occupy the estate at least nine months in each year. Chafing under the provision, the naturalist at last discovered that by leaving England in September and returning in the following April he would still be conforming to the letter of the will, and from time to time he came to spend his winters in Philadelphia at the Academy of Natural Sciences in the study of botany and ornithology, which also claimed his interest in the later years of his life.

In 1830 Amos Bronson Alcott arrived in this city to enforce upon the people his peculiar ideas concerning education. He was a Connecticut farmer's son, who disliked the trade of his father. He worked for a time in a clock factory and then peddled almanacs and tin-ware from house to house in New England, later extending his tours to Virginia and the Carolinas. He talked much to the people, with whom he spent many days in pleasant converse, and sold little, betraying thus early that singularly unpractical character which distinguished him in later life. Obtaining a place as a teacher in a public school in Connecticut, he came to hold many fantastic views about the education and moral government of his pupils, attracting the attention of philanthropists in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. In 1828 he opened an infant school in Boston and later taught older children. It was his wish "to philosophize upon the pure workmanship of the Creator — to aid in preserving its symmetry and beauty."

He had learned to know Samuel J. May, the Abolitionist, who had expressed an interest in his educational system. Alcott married May's sister in 1830 and soon after came to Philadelphia, which he had visited two years before, when he made the acquaintance of Dr. William H. Furness, Mathew Carey, and other prominent men. Roberts Vaux, who had offered a prize for the best treatise on education, awarded it to Alcott, and thus he had gained another friend in the city. Robert Walsh, Dr. George McClellan, the father of General McClellan; Dr. James Rush and John Vaughan, the scientists, were also numbered among his friends, though the most valuable of all was Reuben Haines, a wealthy Quaker of Germantown, who interested himself particularly in cattle breeding and the natural sciences.

Through Haines Alcott was induced to settle in Germantown. His patron bought him a house for his school "on the main street, the grounds and gardens standing back and including an acre or more, all beautifully laid out." This building stood on the site of the present Masonic Hall at 5425 Germantown Avenue. In May, 1831, the experiment began with four or five children from three to nine years of age, the number increasing until it promised to attain some degree of success. Watson, "the chronicler and oracle of this part of the country," Alcott wrote to a friend, sent his daughter to the school, and pupils came to him from several prominent families in Germantown. The children reached him at eight o'clock each morning and he aimed to enlarge their souls by divers original means. Sometimes he escorted them to the Wissahickon, that the "beautiful romantic stream" might have "a happy influence upon their imaginations and feelings." His school-room contained busts of Christ, Socrates, Shakespeare, Newton and Locke. Whether or not, when the pupil needed punishment, he was commanded to rap the knuckles or lay the strap upon his teacher, a reversal of all usual processes, tried later in Boston, history sayeth not, but there was curious theoretical nonsense in plenty wherever Bronson Alcott was.

In Germantown two of his daughters were born, the second being Louisa M. Alcott, who, in spite of a vegetable diet, and only of those vegetables that grew up into the pure air — never such as sent their strength downward like the onion and the potato; graham bread, without sweets of any kind, which was often made into images of soul-inspiring objects; interminable transcendental discussion, and incidentally extreme penury, grew up to be one of the most popular of American story writers.

Of their Germantown home Mrs. Bronson Alcott wrote at the time: "Imagination never pictured out to me a residence so perfectly to my mind. I wish my friends could see how delightfully I am settled. My father has never married a daughter or seen a son more completely happy than I am." Alas for prophecy! Reuben Haines died in October, 1831. The school dwindled and it became necessary to close it, when Alcott went into the city and opened classes in a building in Eighth Street, where Charles Godfrey Leland was a pupil until his parents discovered the uselessness of his teacher's methods. "His forte was moral influence," says Leland in his "Memoirs." He believed in "sympathetic intellectual communion" by talking to his pupils, and "Oh, Heaven," exclaimed "Hans Breitmann" in recalling these days, "what a talker he was!" This school also came to grief. Alcott formed an association of Philadelphia teachers which published a journal of education. It, too, failed, and he now bade adieu to the too practical Quakers and again turned his face toward New England, where, said he, "there is a more intelligent sympathy for the improvement of humanity, freer toleration of variant opinions, and a more generous philanthropy." There was a place for him in New England, if he wished such a place, which he could not have gained among the Philadelphians, of whom he had said upon coming to them, that their interest "inclined to subjects connected with utility, comfort and practical morals" rather than to "metaphysical and ethical" questions.

Returning to Boston in 1833, after a residence of a little less than four years in Pennsylvania, he conducted his school in the Masonic Temple, until he was sold out by the sheriff; then drifted to Concord to become a rival and much admired friend of Emerson, and a head professor of a new mystical philosophy, trying socialistic experiments while he talked and starved himself, his wife and four daughters, who made the subjects for Louisa's first successful story, "Little Women." By this noble-hearted girl was the family saved from the penalties of idealism in a very practical world. She had been a domestic servant, a nurse in the war, and, as Rebecca Harding Davis says without too much exaggeration, would have ground her own bones to make bread for her people. Her father was accurately pictured by Lowell in his "Fable for Critics":—

> " While he talks he is great, but goes out like a taper
> If you shut him up closely with pen, ink and paper.
> Yet his fingers itch for 'em from morning till night,
> And he thinks he does wrong if he don't always write."

Endless reams of paper were covered with writing which no one would read or publish, but his daughter Louisa had a different fortune. After " Little Women " appeared and her popularity as a writer of stories for girls was established, her father was enabled to travel at will until he was more than eighty, giving his " Conversations " in all parts of the country and being regarded with no unnatural curiosity, especially in the West. Miss Alcott made perhaps $200,000 from her books, and upon coming to Philadelphia used to enjoy the visits to the old house in which she was born.

Two magazine editors and poets, Sumner Lincoln Fairfield and Dr. James McHenry, made Philadelphia their home for many years in the twenties and thirties.

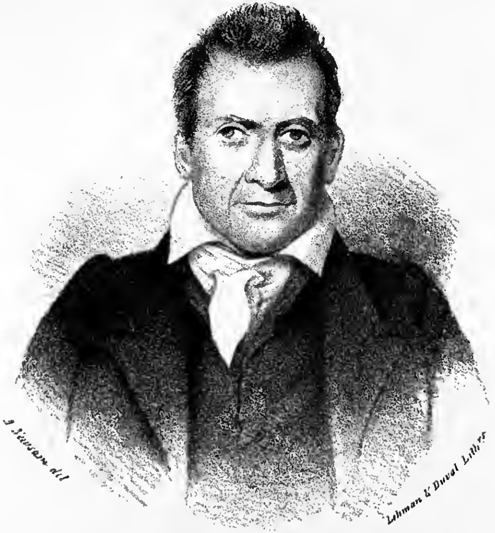
Fairfield, a poor unhappy character, later epileptic and insane, was born in Massachusetts. His life was ill-starred from the first. He was shorn of kin and friends by death, the iron sank into him and he was made morbidly misanthropic until gloom shrouded his spirit completely. It is likely that history would have nothing to say of him but for his remarkable wife, Jane Frazee, a niece of John Frazee, the sculptor. He came to Philadelphia in 1828 and took charge of an academy at Newtown, in Bucks County, where his life promised some fruits, until he went bathing one day with a pupil named Strawbridge. The boy was drowned and Fairfield was brought out insensible, many hours passing before he could be resuscitated. The event broke up the school, and the teacher, his mind a prey to suspicions, superstitions and unhappy memories, removed to New York.

He had already written some heavy, maundering and but half-comprehensible poems, and, starvation staring them in the face, his wife set out to secure subscribers for a volume of his verse. She had remarkable success and it is to her pilgrimages to the homes and business places of the generous rich (amid indignities and privations suffered by no other woman of whom there is record in our literary history, not even by Mrs. Clemm, Poe's faithful aunt-mother) that Fairfield and a family of four or five children were maintained during many years.

Once more in Philadelphia in 1830, "sick, solitary, friendless and moneyless," Fairfield projected the "North American Magazine," at first a monthly and later a quarterly, which was published at five dollars a year. It was conducted in no spirit of sweetness and without the least editorial ability, being a misanthropic, crotchety and malicious collection of prose and verse, much of it from the editor's own hand. Mrs. Fairfield travelled up and down the country in behalf of this unhappy enterprise. It cost $3,000 a year to publish it, and all this and enough besides to keep her husband and children was procured by this unusual woman, oftentimes from men whom the editor had ill-naturedly attacked in his periodical.

For five years this work was continued and was followed by her sale of a complete edition of his poems, a biography she had written of him, and an autobiography of herself, by all of which she was enabled to keep him until his death — this occurred in New Orleans in 1844 — and afterward the children, several of

Jane Thenfield


A. Newsam del
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James McHenry

From a picture in possession of his granddaughter,
Mrs. William Howell, Jr.

whom were insane like their father, a lingering heritage of this unhappiest of marriages.

In New York Mrs. Fairfield went into Wall Street among the bankers and brokers. Once she journeyed to Canada, and again to England. She told an English literary man " that during the fifteen years of her married life she had published by subscription, by individual labor, two editions of poems in detached parts and lastly during the past year," had brought out her husband's works entire in the volume she carried with her. " Besides, during that period," she said, she had " established and sustained a periodical work for five years." Men declared it incredible, and it became the more incomprehensible when they stopped to read what Fairfield wrote, since it so totally lacked popular charm.

Jane Frazee Fairfield must have been a woman of many personal attractions, a view that finds confirmation in her autobiography, when she complains of the jealousy which other women displayed as she sought their husbands' subscriptions. Fairfield's longest poem was " The Last Night of Pompeii," the plot and scenery of which he always charged Bulwer with appropriating for his novel, " The Last Days of Pompeii ; " the latter, said Mrs. Fairfield, being " in every respect an entire and most flagrant plagiarism." If Bulwer derived any advantage from the poem, the unprejudiced investigator to-day will be disposed to think it a well-earned reward for the toil of reading this most dismal writing.

Dr. James McHenry, a writer of agreeable songs and lyrics and several popular novels, was an Irishman by birth. He was educated for the Presbyterian clergy, but being a hunchback would not go into the pulpit. He then studied medicine at Belfast and Glasgow and came to America in 1817. After being employed for some time at Baltimore and Pittsburg, he settled in Philadelphia, where for years he was a physician, the keeper, with his wife's assistance, of a drygoods store in Second Street and later at Eighth and Chestnut Streets; political leader, magazine editor, Irish laureate, critic and general litterateur. While not a great man in any literary branch, he had conspicuous talents for the time in which he lived. His poem, "The Pleasures of Friendship," was first published in Pittsburg in 1822. It had reached its seventh edition with Grigg and Elliott in Philadelphia in 1836, and there were printings in England. Dr. McHenry was also the author of a narrative poem, "Waltham," whose scenes were laid in or near Philadelphia at the Revolutionary time. Waltham

"was a man of that unvarnished sect
Who for their conscience' sake, not from neglect,
From fashion's freaks keep artless nature free
And think her fairest in simplicity."

This old Quaker lived

"Where Schuylkill leads his Indian-chaunted tide
Through fields of maize and forests wand'ring wide,
Near where yon joyous city, proud and fair,
Skirts the broad banks of haughty Delaware."

He was a Tory who, overhearing Washington's prayer at Valley Forge or in its neighborhood, became a patriot, a Revolutionary legend repeated to this day. Like Fairfield, Dr. McHenry was ambitious to write epics, and J. B. Lippincott published his "Antediluvians, or the World Destroyed," a long poem in ten books in 1840. His particular forte was Irish love-songs, of which he indited a large number, many of them designed to be sung to well-known Irish tunes. He was the author of lines beginning —

> "War and Love are bold compeers:
> War sheds blood and Love sheds tears;
> War has swords and Love has darts;
> War breaks heads and Love breaks hearts.
>
> "War's a robber, Love's a thief;
> War brings ruin, Love brings grief;
> War's a giant, Love's a child;
> War runs mad and Love runs wild."

Dr. McHenry's novels included " O'Halloran, or the Insurgent Chief," and " Hearts of Steel," Irish historical tales; some American historical novels such as " The Wilderness, or Braddock's Times; " " The Spectre of the Forest, or Annals of the Housatonic " (a New England romance) ; " The Betrothal of Wyoming " and " Meredith, or the Mystery of the Meschianza." He was also the author of " The Usurper," an historical tragedy once seen on the Philadelphia stage, and of other works now gone out of the world's recollection.

In January, 1824, he began to publish " The American Monthly Magazine " as a Philadelphia rival of the " North American Review," after the " Port Folio " had declined and before Walsh had launched his "American Quarterly " with the Careys. Dennie, in the fullness of his strength, did not put his personal stamp more firmly upon the " Port Folio " than did McHenry upon his magazine, and while it lived,— its files are preserved for but a single year, 1824,— it was a real ornament to the periodical literature of the country. It excelled in criticism, essays, poetry and social satire, not the least important of its articles being a series of "Extracts from the Chronicle of a Bachelor," wit worthy to be read at this day.

Judged by his critical articles in this magazine, Dr. McHenry, like Dennie, was a sound and conservative disciple of Pope, and most valiantly led the battle against the "Lakers" and Lord Byron. He was swayed by no craze or current fashion and was fearless in his defense of the best English literary traditions. Trained in the classics in British schools, he bent his bow as surely as Dennie or Walsh. He steadfastly denounced Byron's "doggerels and ribaldries." Wordsworth, he declared, did less mischief only because he was less read. His "great fault" was "a puerile affectation of simplicity so extreme as to be absolutely sickening to any reader who has reached the age of maturity." The Lake School was "a school which although not so very rude and filthy as the Byronian or prosaic school, is incomparably more tame and insipid." The "inanity of the Water Poetry" he illustrated by quotations from Wordsworth:—

"Around a wild and wooded hill
  A gravell'd pathway treading,
We reached a votive stone that bears
  The name of Aloys Redding."

"Hush-a-ba-lul-a-by," exclaimed McHenry as the sing-song was done. As for the other "Lakers," Coleridge was said to be an agreeable companion and conversationalist, but judged as a poet "we for our parts," said McHenry, "look upon him as a pretty prattler fit to figure nowhere so well as in the nursery room."

Dr. McHenry died in 1845, in Larne, County Antrim, Ireland, as the United States Consul at Londonderry, an office to which he had been appointed by his friend, President Jackson. His sons were successful shipping merchants in Philadelphia, James becoming a resident of England, where he led a notable career as a financier.

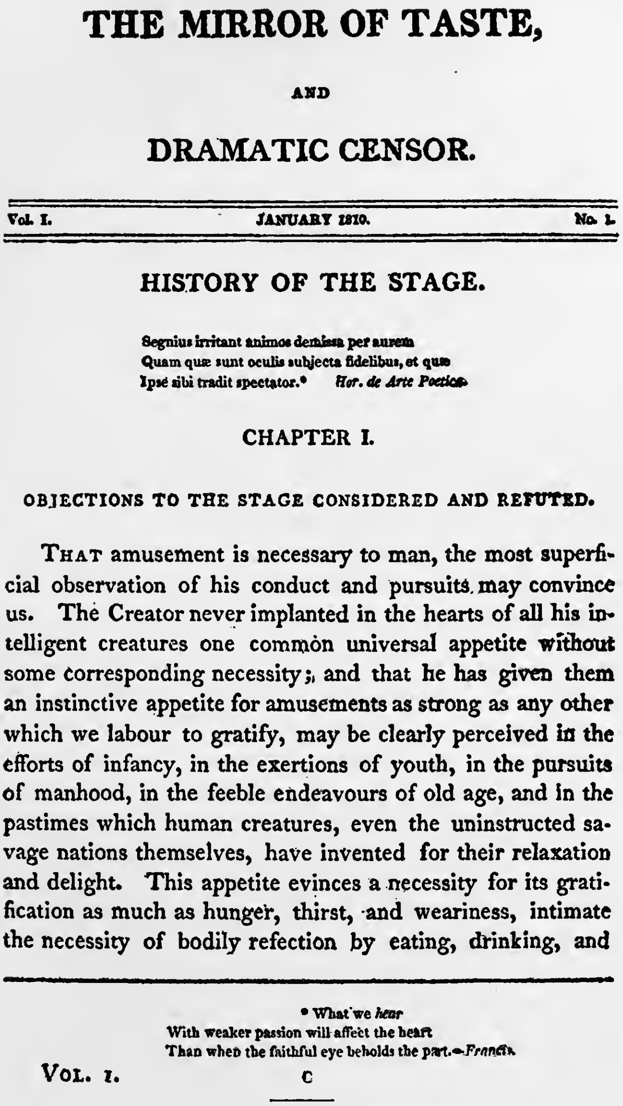
In historians the city was not yet rich. The greatest undertaking after Proud's was Watson's large collection of legendary lore, reminiscences and hearsay evidence, incorporated in his "Annals of Philadelphia."

John Fanning Watson was born in Burlington County, N. J., in 1779. He was placed in a counting house when a boy and wandered as far afield as New Orleans, returning home upon his father's death to become a bookseller in Chestnut Street. When he left this business, he was elected the cashier of a bank in Germantown, an office he held for thirty-three years, afterward acting as Secretary and Treasurer of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad, from which post he retired in 1859 when he had reached the age of eighty. For years he was an industrious pedestrian, the Wissahickon being a favorite resort, but his interest and pleasure carried him in all directions. On Saturday afternoons it was long his custom to take tea at Stenton with Deborah Logan, who assisted him in his antiquarian researches. His record is of much quaint interest, but it has neither the philosophy nor the trustworthiness required of history. Born in the dark days of the Revolutionary War, Watson died in 1860, soon after Lincoln was elected to the Presidency and the country faced its great Civil War.

In centering our attention upon the "Port Folio" and the "American Quarterly Review," with our passing allusions to McHenry's and Fairfield's magazines as the representative periodicals of this time in "this mind-nurturing city of Philadelphia, the intellectual metropolis of this fair republic," as one writer designated it, we are in danger of passing over other attempts seriously made to improve the literary taste of the city and the nation. There were several magazines which led very brief lives. Among them may be named "The Mirror of Taste and Dramatic Censor," which the Bradfords began to publish in 1810. This was doubtless the most satisfactory paper devoted exclusively to the drama which we have ever had in this country. Certainly the state of the dramatic art in America and the public interest in dramatic things to-day seem not to support such a publication.

About one hundred pages of excellent matter, critical, historical and biographical, concerning plays and actors, was issued each month until the end of 1811. Complaint was entered against the "men of letters with which the city abounds" that they were shirking their responsibilities as guardians of the public taste. "Applause, which ought to be measured out with scrupulous justice, correctness and precision, has been by admiring ignorance poured forth in a torrent roar of uncouth and obstreperous glee on the buffoon, 'the clown that says more than is set down for him,' and on 'the robustious perriwig-pated fellow who tears a passion all to rags,' while chaste merit and propriety have often gone unrewarded by a smile."

At the time this publication was begun, the theatre in Philadelphia was in a very unreformed condition. The gallery boys were in undisputed control of the play-



THE MIRROR OF TASTE,

AND

DRAMATIC CENSOR.

Vol. I. JANUARY 1810. No. 1.

HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.* *Hor. de Arte Poetica.*

CHAPTER I.

OBJECTIONS TO THE STAGE CONSIDERED AND REFUTED.

THAT amusement is necessary to man, the most superficial observation of his conduct and pursuits may convince us. The Creator never implanted in the hearts of all his intelligent creatures one common universal appetite without some corresponding necessity; and that he has given them an instinctive appetite for amusements as strong as any other which we labour to gratify, may be clearly perceived in the efforts of infancy, in the exertions of youth, in the pursuits of manhood, in the feeble endeavours of old age, and in the pastimes which human creatures, even the uninstructed savage nations themselves, have invented for their relaxation and delight. This appetite evinces a necessity for its gratification as much as hunger, thirst, and weariness, intimate the necessity of bodily refection by eating, drinking, and

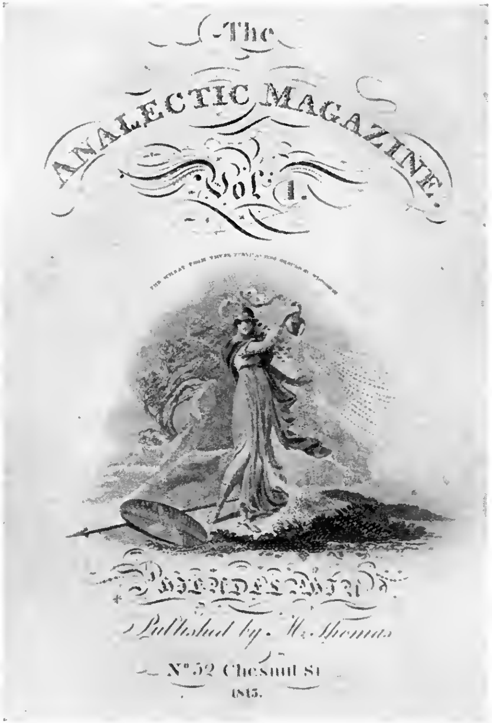
---

* What we *hear*
With weaker passion will affect the heart
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part.—*Francis.*

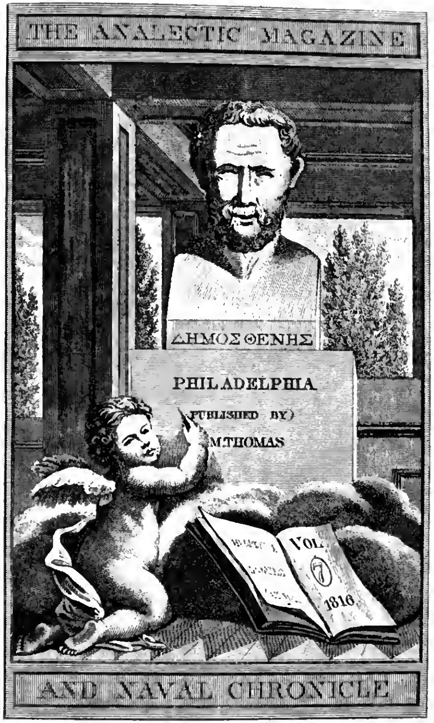
FIRST PAGE OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE "MIRROR OF TASTE" houses. Correspondents of the "Mirror of Taste" begged the editor not to criticize the players, but the ruffians who "crimsoned the cheek of decency" with their lewd interruptions of the play. The occupants of places in the pit often sat in a rain of nutshells and apple parings, when missiles were not aimed spitefully at bald pates, a condition of things that caused gentlemen to wear their hats at the theater, and to leave their wives and daughters at home. The boxes were sometimes the scene of drinking revels, jugs, bottles and glasses from which both men and women refreshed themselves, being in the foreground as the play progressed. These practices were most vehemently condemned by the "Mirror of Taste."

The editor of this magazine was Stephen Cullen Carpenter, who came to Philadelphia from England by way of Charleston, S. C. He was a native Irishman, but early went to India, where he served in the British army. Upon returning to London he commended himself by his political writings to Edmund Burke and officiated as a parliamentary reporter at the trial of Warren Hastings. He was the author of several volumes of travel and biography and died in Philadelphia in 1830 in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

The "Mirror of Taste's" most notable literary service was to bring forward the young Philadelphia artist, Charles Robert Leslie. In 1810 George Frederick Cooke, the great English tragedian, arrived in America. His coming to the city caused unusual excitement, a crowd remaining in the street all night to be present betimes at the opening of the box office. Leslie, who attended the performances, drew vivid portraits of Cooke as King Lear and Richard the Third, which were


The
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.
Vol. 1.
PHILADELPHIA
Published by M. Thomas
Nº 52 Chesnut St
1815.

FRONTISPIECE


THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE
ΔΗΜΟΣΘΕΝΗΣ
PHILADELPHIA
PUBLISHED BY
M. THOMAS
VOL
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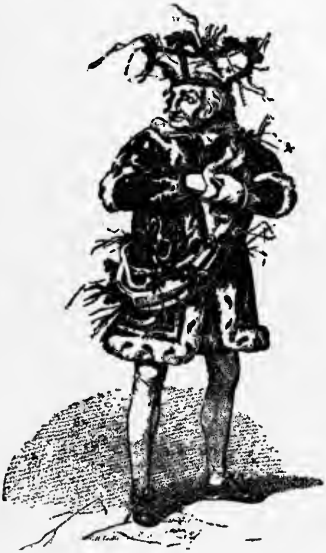
1816
AND NAVAL CHRONICLE

FRONTISPIECE

engraved for the "Mirror of Taste." So much attention was attracted to the young man by these drawings that a fund was collected to send him to Europe to study, whereby an original artistic genius was fostered and made valuable to the world.

The chief minor Philadelphia magazine of this time, however, was the "Analectic," with which Washington Irving's name is closely linked. The times greatly encouraged literary piracy at the expense of British authors and publishers. The principal Philadelphia bookseller prior to Littell to identify his name with the business of borrowing and stealing from the British magazines was Enos Bronson, who in 1809 issued a compilation called "Select Reviews and the Spirit of the Magazines." It was edited by young Samuel Ewing, the "Jacques" of the "Port Folio." In 1812 Moses Thomas purchased the magazine and it continued to appear monthly, as the "Analectic," until 1821. Primarily eclectic, as its name indicates, some original articles were early introduced into its pages. Washington Irving, James Kirke Paulding and G. C. Verplanck frequently wrote



COOKE *as* KING LEAR

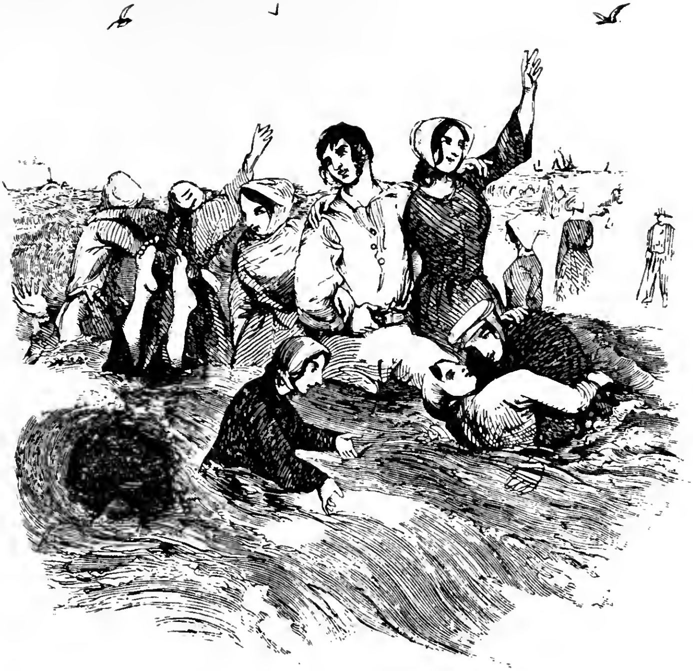
Glost. *Let me kiss that hand.*
Lear. *Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.*

One of Charles R. Leslie's drawings in the "Mirror of Taste" for it, and it is said that Irving was for a short time its editor. At any rate, he contributed a number of biographies of heroes of the War of 1812 and essays later included in "The Sketch Book," all anonymously.

Irving often wrote to and visited the financial sponsor of the magazine, and the two men were warm friends. Thomas published many of his early works and his reputation as an author was established and extended through Philadelphia. In 1819 Thomas revived "Salmagundi" for Paulding, Irving being at the time in Europe, and the second series of this publication, which had made a name for itself in New York, appeared fortnightly for about a year at Thomas's shop in lower Chestnut Street.

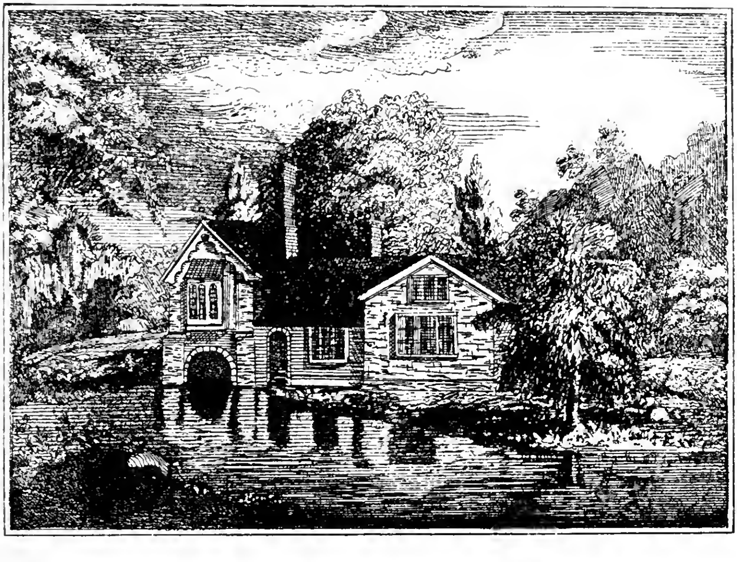
Of life in Philadelphia Irving had many glimpses at this time, suffering particularly at the tea-parties, where he was subjected to "an artillery of glances" from long rows of young ladies, "disposed close together like a setting of jewels or pearls round a locket in all the majesty of good behaviour." He found them agreeable except when they sought to be witty, at which times he said, "if I might be allowed to speak my mind," they are "very disagreeable, especially to young gentlemen who are travelling for information." Punning was the peculiar vice of the Philadelphians. "I cannot speak two sentences," said Irving, "but that I see a pun gathering in the faces of my hearers. I absolutely shudder with horror. Think what miseries I suffer — me to whom a pun is an abomination."

The "Analectic" in July, 1819, published the first lithograph made in America, a woodland scene done upon a stone from Munich which was presented to the American Philosophical Society by Thomas Dobson, the



AN EARLY WOOD CUT

From "Graham's Magazine"



THE FIRST AMERICAN LITHOGRAPH

From the "Analectic Magazine"

bookseller and publisher. It was said that the drawings could also be made upon stone from Kentucky and a white marble quarried in Lancaster and Montgomery Counties in Pennsylvania. The experiments with native stone had only just begun and Philadelphia's artists and engravers, of whom there was so large a company drawn hither to minister to the active publishing trades, were thus made acquainted with a new process that was soon to become an important influence in the popularization of books and magazines.

CHAPTER VII

LITERARY DEMOCRACY

The city now came without delay into the age when publishers sought to bring their magazines and books to the attention of increasing numbers of people. If they were to succeed in this effort, they must cease to print excerpts from the British reviews, or collections of articles by American writers patterned after those in the European magazines. In truth, there was nothing for them, whether they liked it or not, but to bow down obsequiously before the man and woman who had barely learned to read at all, and wished for their first exercises what their untrained intellects could easily understand. There were men in plenty now, as a writer in the "American Quarterly" observed, to whose ears "the hiss of a locomotive is sweeter music than the happiest stanza that ever melted like the honey of Hybla from the divine pen of a poet." It was an age of low-priced newspapers and magazines filled with cheap, tawdry stories, sentimental poetry, pictures, puzzles, articles about the fashions of dress and cookery, and material to minister to all the rubbishy interests of the great droves of mankind, bringing many up, carrying a few down, and maintaining all at a common level, which meant handsome rewards for the publishers.

The first of these cheap literary papers was the "Saturday Evening Post," the lineal descendant of Benjamin Franklin's "Pennsylvania Gazette." This periodical had been riding the waves of adversity for many years, but in 1821, at the death of David Hall, a grandson of Franklin's old partner, it came into the hands of Samuel C. Atkinson, who had had a financial interest in it for some time, and Charles Alexander, another Philadelphia journalist. In 1821 Robert S. Coffin came to the city from West Chester, where he had worked in the office of the "Village Record," a paper which had several notable graduates, among others Bayard Taylor. He wrote verses under the name of the "Boston Bard" and began the publication of a literary paper called the "Bee," which failed almost instantly. The subscription lists of the "Bee" and the "Gazette" were now merged, and the result, on August 4, 1821, was the "Saturday Evening Post," under the editorship of Thomas Cottrell Clarke.

The paper was established in an office which had once been occupied by Franklin himself, in Market Street, a few doors below Second Street, with some of Franklin's presses, type and other printing-house relics to link the undertaking with the past. Several other periodicals which endeavored to rival it were absorbed, and it went on its way victoriously for many years. Clarke ceased to be its editor in 1828, and he was followed by a number of men whose names are well known in the literary annals of the city, including Charles J. Peterson, his cousin, Henry Peterson, the author of "Pemberton;" Rufus W. Griswold, the critic; Morton McMichael, Colonel Samuel D. Patterson, George R. Graham and Horatio Hastings Weld. It had many publishers and was issued from many offices. In 1827 its owners boasted that its circulation was "rising 7,000 papers every week," and a time came when this number, large as it then seemed to be, was distanced handsomely, and it could be said with truth that there was no part of the United States which the " Post " did not penetrate. G. P. R. James, Mrs. Henry Wood, who wrote " East Lynne; " Mary Howitt, and several leading English authors of the day, sent their stories to the editor, as did many native writers. Its vogue at length passed, and it remained for the " Post's " present owners, the Curtis Publishing Company, to raise it from its sunken estate to the popularity which it now enjoys, and which was not within the bounds of the imagination of the magazine proprietors of a less ambitious age.

The success of this undertaking encouraged others to found periodicals, and the city became the home of a large group of publishers, editors, writers and engravers who sought a livelihood from the movement to make magazines for ladies and ladies for magazines. When Clarke left the " Saturday Evening Post " he established " The Album and Ladies' Weekly Gazette," and there were also " The Ladies' Literary Portfolio," " The Casket, or Flowers of Literature, Wit and Sentiment," " The Ladies' Garland " and so on indefinitely.

There had been imported from England about this time the " Forget-me-not," " Souvenir," " Evergreen," or " Wreath " (the book had many names), a volume of verses, sketches and stories, " caskets of brilliant gems," issued annually. The first of these to make its appearance in this country was the " Atlantic Souvenir," which was published in Philadelphia. Their number multiplied so rapidly that they defeated their own purposes, and after a few years they were seen no more. They were issued in time to be used as Christmas or New Year presents, and at least one, " The Gift," of which more deserves to be said, attained a high degree of literary excellence.

Louis A. Godey was the first great prince in the making of lady books, and he soon had a magazine on the market which outstripped the "Saturday Evening Post" in the race for literary popularity. Born humbly in New York in 1804, he was employed for a time in a broker's office in that city. He was self-educated, and having literary aspirations, in 1828 was drawn to Philadelphia. At first he was a clerk for a newspaper publisher, and in 1830 issued the initial number of his "Lady's Book." He had purchased some old plates from the owner of a defunct publication and, taking his articles from British papers, made a modest and dubious entry into the literary world. The magazine, if not instantaneously successful, at once gave promise of its future strength. An important change came over it in 1837, when it was merged with the "Ladies' Magazine" of Boston, the oldest periodical of the kind in the United States. For several years the Boston magazine had been edited by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, who now assumed editorial control of the combined publications. Her husband had been a lawyer in New Hampshire and, left a widow with five children dependent upon her, the eldest but seven years old, she entered upon a literary career with a two-volume novel called "Northwood," which was published in Boston in 1827. Writing verses, sketches, stories, long novels, and essays, and compiling and editing the works of others were her life-long pursuits, and her literary career was one of phenomenal activity. For a time she edited "Godey's" from Boston, but in 1841 removed to Philadelphia, and her name was closely identified with the magazine until 1877. She was then nearly ninety years old. In addition to her literary work she had been the originator or patron of many philanthropic movements designed to benefit her sex and mankind generally, being the moving spirit in a great fair at which the money was raised to complete the Bunker Hill monument.

It is to her persevering and indefatigable exertions also that we owe our national Thanksgiving Day, which, before she began her labors, was celebrated by the different states upon different days in a haphazard fashion.

It was little thought by Mrs. Hale, when she casually wrote some children's poems for Dr. Lowell Mason of Boston to be published in 1830 in a small pamphlet now very rare, that the verses beginning —

> " If ever I see
> On bush or tree
> Young birds in a pretty nest,
> I must not in my play
> Steal the birds away
> To grieve their mother's breast,"

and the universally popular

> " Mary had a little lamb,
> Its fleece was white as snow,"

would be her title to remembrance by later generations.

From 1840 to 1850 the magazine was at the height of its popularity and influence. Mr. Godey published the names of his writers. The mystery which had earlier surrounded literary work, especially in the magazines, was removed, and many who wrote acceptably to his readers were helped into reputations by this enterprising man. He also paid his authors. At first he

Sarah J. Hale

From a portrait loaned by her granddaughter,
Mary Stockton Hunter

" drew from English periodicals and books the mental bouquets monthly spread before his readers," but this practice ceased. " We were the first to introduce the system of calling forth the slumbering talent of our country by offering an equivalent for the efforts of genius," he wrote in 1840. The demand was principally for trivial, albeit entirely innocent, love stories and sentimental sketches. These were supplied by many writers: Miss Eliza Leslie, T. S. Arthur, Miss Sedgwick, " Grace Greenwood " (Mrs. Sarah J. Lippincott), Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, for a time Mrs. Hale's assistant in the editor's chair; Miss Buchanan, afterward Mrs. Annan; Harriet Beecher Stowe, who had not yet written " Uncle Tom's Cabin "; Alice Neal, the young widow of the author of the " Charcoal Sketches "; Mrs. E. F. Ellet, who wrote stories and romantic historical sketches, and many more.

But no American writer was too great to disdain a place in " Godey's " pages or to despise the remuneration which came from writing for it. Edgar Allan Poe contributed many stories, reviews and criticisms, while the names of Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Gilmore Simms, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James K. Paulding, Park Benjamin, Theodore L. Cuyler, Thomas Dunn English, N. P. Willis, who was heralded for a time as a regular contributor and three younger Pennsylvania writers, Bayard Taylor, T. Buchanan Read and Charles Godfrey Leland, of whom more was soon to be heard, were frequently seen in the magazine. Indeed, at one period not a month passed without the publication of articles by writers whose names now have an established place in American literature.

Godey was a skilful advertiser of his wares. He declared, with truth, that he expended more money in the production of his magazine than any other lady book publisher of the time. With each issue he gave his subscribers a number of admirably executed steel engravings, colored fashion-plates, patterns for the use of needle-women, models of cottages, furniture, etc. Indeed, he sent artists abroad to describe and picture the fashions of England and France. It was a literary event in America when the circulation of "Godey's" reached fifteen thousand copies. In 1850 it was about eighty thousand, and in the year before the war ninety-eight thousand five hundred copies.

It was announced by Mr. Godey very exultantly that it had cost him $105,200 to produce the "Lady's Book" in 1859, the coloring of his fashion-plates alone calling for an expenditure of $8,000. If these may seem not great sums to the magazine publisher of this day, they were large for that time. "Hundreds of magazines have been started and after a short life have departed," wrote Mr. Godey in 1853, "while the 'Lady's Book' alone stands triumphant, a proud monument reared by the Ladies of America as a testimony of their own worth."

This Barnum of the Philadelphia publishing trade was a large-hearted, amiable man who made a great fortune from his magazine and the other publications with which his name was identified. He lived in the enjoyment of his wealth at 1517 Chestnut Street. Publishing centres and the standards of taste having changed, the magazine was of diminishing importance after the war, and in 1877 Godey sold it to a stock company. He died in 1878, Mrs. Hale in 1879, and the "Book" itself gradually disappeared after a truly famous career covering a half century.

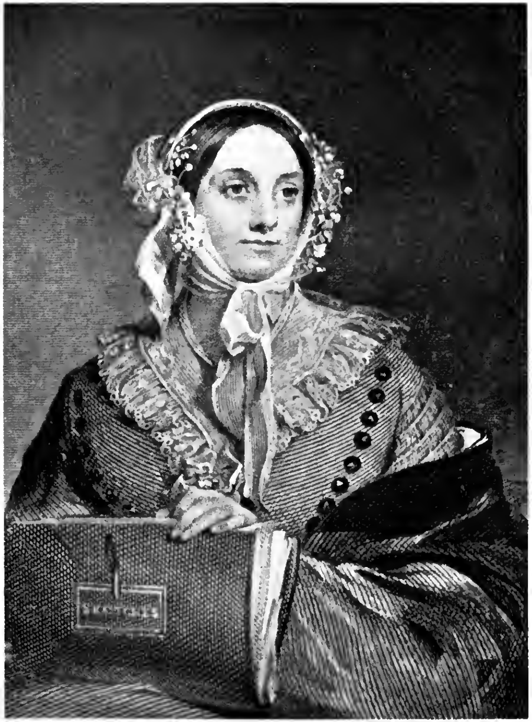
Of Godey's writers in Philadelphia, Eliza Leslie, T. S. Arthur, Alice Neal, and "Grace Greenwood" were perhaps the most active and typical.

Miss Leslie, described by Mr. Godey in his magazine as "a true daughter of Philadelphia," was the sister of Charles Robert Leslie, the artist. Their father was a respectable Philadelphia watchmaker. In one of Godey's story contests, Miss Leslie was given the prize for a tale afterward published in the "Lady's Book," "Mrs. Washington Potts." Subsequently she wrote for Mr. Godey almost constantly until she established a magazine of her own called "Miss Leslie's Magazine." All her work had a quiet humor, and her stories afforded innocent entertainment in multitudes of American homes.

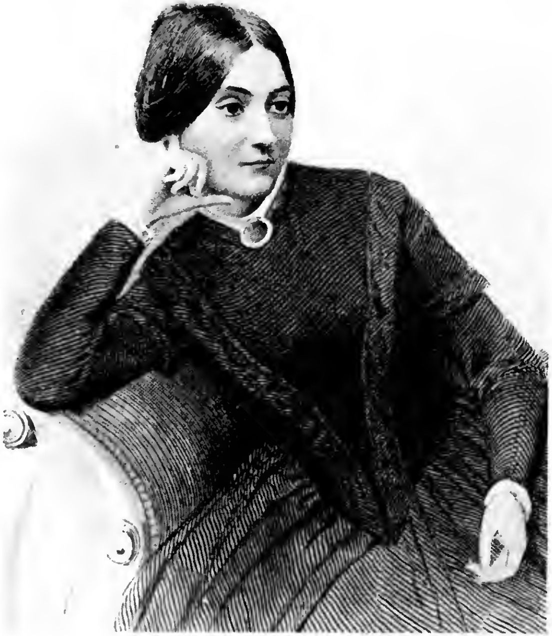
T. S. (Timothy Shay) Arthur was a native of New York State. He came to the city when about thirty years of age and resided here for nearly fifty years, or until his death in 1885. He was a most prolific writer. Harpers early began to publish his books in New York and many found their way to England, where they were reissued and widely circulated. "Sweethearts and Wives," "Lovers and Husbands," "Married and Single" are some of the titles of his volumes, which number upwards of one hundred. His "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" once had a great popularity, and if not much read as a book today, is still seen upon the stage in country towns. In 1852 he started a periodical of his own, "Arthur's Home Magazine," which was published for many years. Mr. Arthur usually wrote with some moral end in view, and his name became universally known among the American masses.

Alice Neal was the wife, and soon the widow, of Joseph Clay Neal, the Philadelphia humorist of whom something may as well be said in this place. He was the son of a New Hampshire clergyman and educator who had earlier been at the head of a female academy in Philadelphia. The father dying soon, the boy was brought to Philadelphia, where he was reared, amid privations, by a faithful mother. He early sought his fortune with the crowd that swarmed to the newly discovered anthracite coal beds around Pottsville, and after he had recovered from this fever, returned to the city, where in 1831 he entered newspaper life. Neal was connected for some years with "The Pennsylvanian," an evening newspaper, succeeding James Gordon Bennett as its editor when that Scotchman went to the "Daily Courier," a trivial and insincere journal which Philadelphians did not admire and which he soon abandoned to continue his career on more favorable ground in New York City. Neal became a popular humorist, and his "Charcoal Sketches," published at first in the newspapers, were soon gathered together in books, to be much admired by Charles Dickens. They are essentially Pickwickian, in spite of the thrusts of Poe who could see no value in them, being for the most part humorous delineations of frayed-out seedy gentlemen. Indeed, there is a good deal of well-directed social satire in the sketches.

It is likely that few readers of the present generation know of this humorist. The remarks of one of his characters on "making people understand" may be quoted: "If they won't be convinced, easily and genteelly convinced," said he, "you must knock it into 'em short hand; if they can't comprehend, neither by due course of



ELIZA LESLIE



Alice B. Neal.

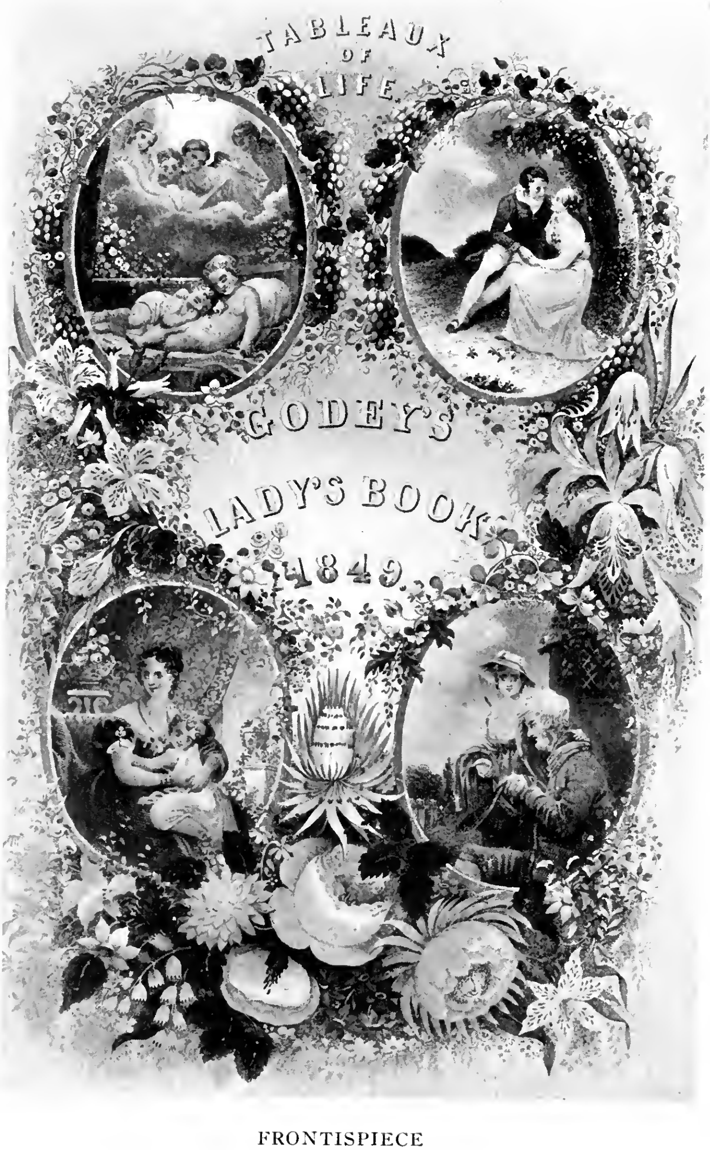
mail nor yet by express you must make 'em understand by telegraph. You'll find it in history books, that one nation teaches another what it didn't know before by walloping it; that's the method of civilizing savages — the Romans put the whole world to rights that way; and what's right on the big figger must be right on the small scale. In short, there's nothing like walloping for taking the conceit out of fellows who think they know more than their betters."

It was through the "Saturday Gazette," usually called "Neal's Gazette," which he founded in 1841, that the humorist met the young woman who became so popular with readers of Godey's magazine. A native of New York State, she had gone to school in New England, where she wrote some sketches that were sent to Mr. Neal for his paper. Indeed, she contributed to several publications under the name of Alice G. Lee. Neal discovered in a year or two that his contributor was Miss Emily Bradley. Late in 1846 he sought her out and brought her to Philadelphia as his wife. In about six months after his marriage he died and she, still but nineteen years of age, took his place as the editor of his paper. She had retained the name of Alice at his request, and as Alice B. Neal, or "Cousin Alice," her signature became familiar to all readers of the popular magazines. In 1853 she married Samuel L. Haven and abandoned the "Gazette" and Philadelphia, signing her name to future writings as Alice Bradley Haven.

"Grace Greenwood," who was a prolific writer for "Godey's" until her anti-slavery sentiments caused her to be looked at askance by editors ambitious to hold their Southern subscribers, was born Sara Jane Clarke in Onondaga County, N. Y., in 1823. When she was twenty, her father removed to New Brighton, a small place near Pittsburg, Pa., whence issued a number of poems under her own name and some "witty, saucy, and dashing" letters signed "Grace Greenwood," all published in the New York "Mirror." In 1853 she married Leander K. Lippincott, a publisher of Philadelphia, and for several years conducted a juvenile magazine in this city called "The Little Pilgrim." In later years she travelled widely for various newspapers, and at the time of her death, which occurred recently, lived in the neighborhood of New York City. Her writings exhaled a strong atmosphere of sentiment, and in value did not rise above the general average of their class.

After Mr. Godey, the Petersons were doubtless leading influences to feminize literature in Philadelphia. This was a numerous family, several members of which for many years were closely connected with the book and magazine publishing trade in the city, and some of the name, notably Henry Peterson and Charles J. Peterson, were writers of popularity.

Charles J. Peterson was one of a large number of brothers descended from a Swede who early settled on the Delaware. He was educated for the law in an office in which George R. Graham, of "Graham's Magazine," was also a student, and was interested with that man, Godey, Morton McMichael and others in a variety of publishing enterprises, which led, however, to no notable results. Besides many magazine articles, he wrote a number of volumes of popular history and some fiction in which he utilized local antiquarian lore. In 1840 he entered the lady book field with "Peterson's Magazine," called at first "The Ladies' National Magazine." While some of Godey's writers were secured for this


TABLEAUX OF LIFE
GODEY'S
LADY'S BOOK
1849.

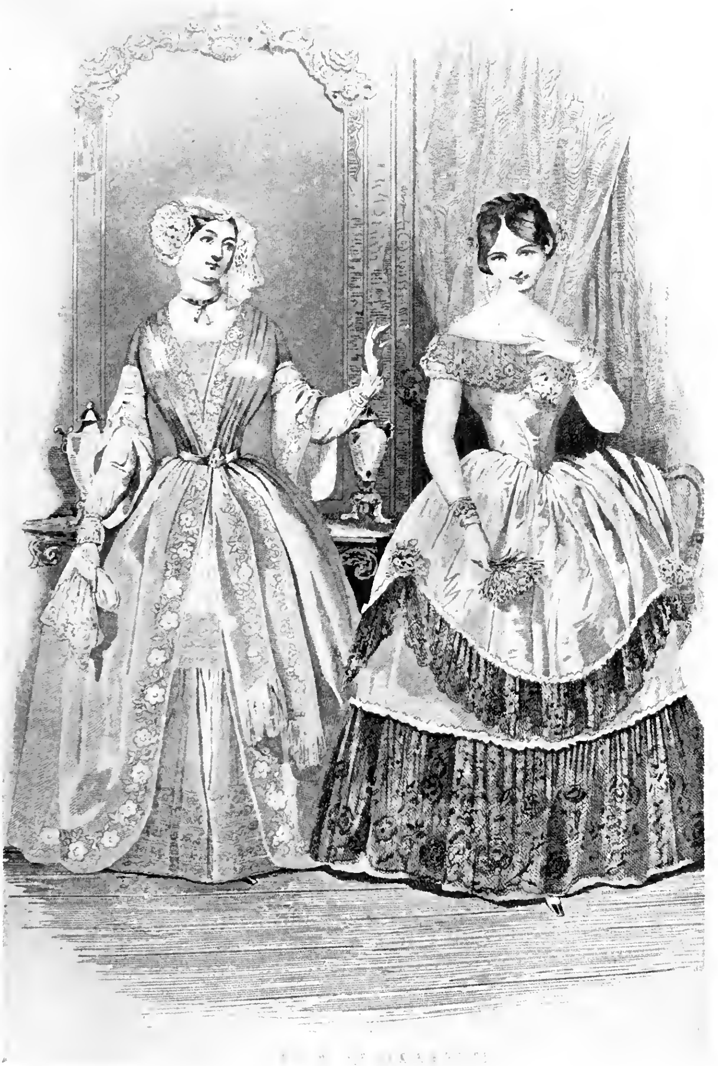
FRONTISPIECE

periodical, it was an inferior publication in nearly all respects. Like " Godey's," it served the public for its day and then disappeared in competition with magazines better able to interpret popular moods and gratify public tastes.

Charles J. Peterson's brother, T. B. (Theophilus Beasley) Peterson, who had begun life as a clerk in a dry-goods store, established in Philadelphia what soon became a large and profitable book publishing business with two other brothers, George and Thomas Peterson, the firm being known afterward as T. B. Peterson and Brothers. In 1846 the house, which was long located at 306 Chestnut Street, began to stereotype and plate popular books and send them out in a cheap form to all parts of the country. Works which had cost several dollars a volume were offered for sale at twenty-five or fifty cents. While no great literary object was served by the house, it published for several Philadelphia authors, and gained a reputation among classes of the people who were casting aside the almanac of the chimney-corner for fashion-papers, cook-books, guides to behavior and tawdry novels with sensational plots.

Henry Peterson, for a long time editor and part owner of the " Saturday Evening Post," was undoubtedly the most capable of all who bore the name, and he is chiefly to be remembered for " Pemberton," the precursor of the modern Revolutionary novel. His story preceded by several years the series with which the country was swept in the wake of that most successful and well executed Revolutionary romance, Dr. Mitchell's " Hugh Wynne." The same episodes, the battle of Germantown, the Meschianza, and the loves of English officers for American maids in Philadelphia during the city's occupation by the British army, which are utilized in "Pemberton" later formed a background of great attraction to novel writers and novel readers. The book appeared in 1872 when, with the Centennial Exhibition in prospect, the popular mind dwelt with interest and pleasure upon the events of the Revolutionary epoch. The principal thread of love running through the tale is found in André's devotion to Helen Graham, one of the reigning belles of Philadelphia, who is made the intermediary in the negotiations with Benedict Arnold, and an instrument in the plot at the ball in the mansion at Bush Hill to drug and abduct General Washington, an enormity she will not assist to perpetrate. While the story has undoubted interest, little enough art is shown in putting the incidents together. The hand of the skilled novelist is not seen in the utilization of the material, and the sentiment, which is of the mawkish and effusive kind, we usually associate with shop-girls. The aristocratic young women of Philadelphia of the Revolution are made to talk like girls of our modern middle class, and Washington, André and Arnold move in the same intellectual atmosphere, soon jading fastidious tastes.

The novel was subsequently put upon the stage as "Helen, or One Hundred Years Ago," and enjoyed a run at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia in 1876 during the Centennial, having been provided with showy settings, with views of the Chew House, the Devil's Pool in the Wissahickon, the Meschianza and the old Walnut Street Prison. There was a revival of interest in the novel a few years ago, when it was reprinted for another generation of readers, who enjoyed it, although knowledge of the book has never passed far be-



FASHION PLATE

From Godey's Magazine

yond the limits of the city that gave birth to its thrilling scenes.

Henry Peterson's wife, Sarah Webb Peterson, was the editor of "The Lady's Friend," another lady book that actively sought for several years to divide the field, so profitably cultivated by Mr. Godey.

The demand was felt for still cheaper literary papers. Godey's magazine was published at three dollars a year, while Peterson's was issued at two dollars. The price of the "Saturday Evening Post" was two dollars. In 1843 Swain, Abell and Simmons of the "Public Ledger" began to publish "The Dollar Newspaper." A prize of one hundred dollars having been offered for the best short story, Edgar Allan Poe, who had sold "The Gold Bug" to Mr. Graham for fifty-two dollars, begged that it might be returned to him to be entered in this attractive competition. The committee, of which Robert T. Conrad, the Philadelphia poet and dramatist, was the principal member, awarded the premium to Poe, and in June, 1843, the story was printed in the new paper. The publishers found that they had undertaken to give their subscribers too much for one dollar, and they at length changed the name of their periodical and increased its price.

Another not wholly satisfactory result of the popularization of literature was the development of the melodrama, which had come into favor with so many Philadelphia actors and playwrights; and the blood-curdling novel written in florid language of the type made rather famous by George Lippard. The city now had several dramatists, and their plays were being seen with satisfaction at the theatres.

James Fennell, an English tragedian of note, came to this country in 1793, and lived in Philadelphia for much of his time until his death, in dissipation and poverty, in 1816. He wrote several comedies and an autobiography, or, as he called it, an " Apology " for his misused life.

James N. Barker, a native of Philadelphia, a soldier in the war of 1812, a politician, the mayor of the city in 1820, a writer of verse and a dramatist, was the author of several thrilling plays, among them " Marmion," " The Indian Princess " and " Superstition."

" Marmion " was notable for having been the cause of a demonstration in the Chestnut Street Theatre during the war of 1812 which was long remembered by those who witnessed it. John Duff was playing the leading part. He had rendered the lines:—

" My Lord, my Lord, under such injuries
How shall a free and gallant nation act?
Still lay its sovereignty at England's feet,
Still basely ask a boon from England's bounty,
Still vainly hope redress from England's justice?
No, by our martyred fathers' memories;
The land may sink — but like a glorious wreck
'Twill keep its colors flying to the last."

At this speech the author's venerable father, General John Barker, also for several years the mayor of the city and a prominent politician and town figure, got up from his seat in a box, swung his cane over his head and shouted:

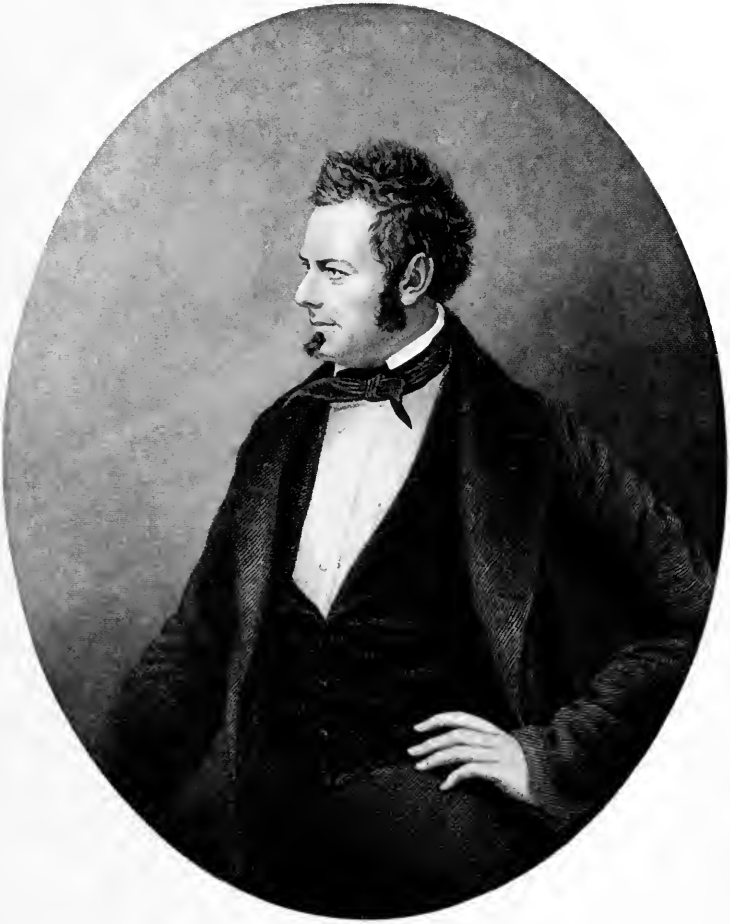
" No, sir, no; we'll nail them to the mast and sink with the stars and stripes before we'll yield."

A patriotic outburst of applause followed this declaration which interrupted the progress of the play for several minutes.

David Paul Brown (1795-1872) was a remarkably successful lawyer, an acceptable orator upon public occasions and a picturesque citizen. He aspired to be a dramatist also. His tragedy, "Sertorius, or the Roman Patriot," was written on his evening horse-back rides to Yellow Springs, the popular spa of the day in the hills of northern Chester County. Although the elder Booth had the title rôle, the play was acted only nine times. A tragedy, "The Trial," and a melodrama, "The Prophet of St. Paul's," met even less favor on the stage.

Mordecai M. Noah, the Jewish lawyer, politician and journalist, who was born in Philadelphia and lived here for some years before his permanent removal to New York in 1813, was the author of several plays, including "Paul and Alexis, or the Orphans on the Rhine," first produced in Charleston, and afterward revived, without the author's knowledge or consent, as "The Wandering Boys"; and "She Would Be a Soldier, or the Battle of Chippewa," written for an English actress whose acquaintance he had made on a recent voyage from Europe. A generous, merry, versatile soul, he became very popular in the green rooms, where "the Major," as he was called, frequently had requests for plays. In this way he wrote "Marion, or the Hero of Lake George," "The Grecian Captive" and "The Siege of Tripoli," all of which had considerable fleeting success.

The chief impulse to serious dramatic writing in the city came from Edwin Forrest, a Philadelphian by birth and of choice. Even when he dwelt in his castle on the Hudson, Philadelphia was his home. Here he came to spend his old age in a brown-stone mansion at the corner of Broad and Master Streets, now the School of Design for Women. Here he died; and here he left a most worthy memorial, the home for aged actors and actresses, established on his country estate, "Spring Brook," near Frankford, which still lives by his charity. Forrest was the son of an unsuccessful merchant of Scotch descent, who in his last years was employed in the Girard Bank. Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, taught the boy elocution. For a time he was employed by Duane on the "Aurora," since it was necessary for him to seek a living for himself at a very early age. But his love for the stage asserted itself and he began his great career as a tragedian, the first actor of heroic proportions which the country had produced. By the year 1829, although still but twenty-three years old, Forrest had laid by a small fortune, having first paid his father's debts. He made a series of offers of prizes for original plays by American authors in order if possible to create an American dramatic literature. Judging committees were appointed, consisting of William Cullen Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and other literary men, and the first award for "the best tragedy in five acts of which the hero or principal character shall be an aboriginal of this country," went to John Augustus Stone of Philadelphia for "Metamora, or the Last of the Wampanoags." Forrest expended at least $20,000 for the encouragement of the native drama, says Alger, his biographer, and, although hundreds of works were submitted and the judges were nearly all New Yorkers, the prizes invariably fell to Philadelphia writers. Thus he obtained "Metamora" and "The Ancient Briton," by Stone; "The Gladiator," "Oraloosa," "Pelopidas" and "The Broker of Bogota," by Dr. Robert Mont-



Edwin Forrest.

gomery Bird; " Caius Marius," by Richard Penn Smith, and " Aylmere," by Robert T. Conrad.*

After their trial all but four proved practically to be failures,— or at least unsuited to Forrest's big physique,— the " Metamora " of Stone, " The Gladiator " and " The Broker of Bogota " of Bird, and " Aylmere," having places in Forrest's repertoire both in Europe and America as long as he continued to appear upon the stage. Forrest found in these plays the opportunity he desired for " striding, screeching, howling, tearing passions to tatters, disregarding the sacred bounds of propriety," which, as his biographer, Alger, says, was always the refrain in the cry of his critics. But this he liked, and this his audiences demanded of him. The melodrama, in this stage of the people's literary development, was the inseparable companion of the wishy-washy lady books. " Faint ladies, spruce clerks, spindling fops and perfumed dandies," says Alger, " were horrified and well-nigh thrown into convulsions by his Gladiator and Jack Cade. Their quivering sensitiveness cowered before his terrible fire and stride, and they shrank from him with fear."

" Constantly breaking into colossal attitudes and gestures, lightnings of expression and thunderbolts of speech," he frightened but held in some magical way the people whose senses Godey and Peterson were titillating in their mild-mannered magazines. He appealed strongly to the American *alter ego* of a curious age.

Of these four Philadelphia dramatists who supplied

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* It has been asserted that Forrest's prize play idea was a mere cover to obtain plays cheaply. Dr. Bird received $1,000 each for " The Gladiator," " Oraloosa " and " The Broker of Bogota," and was promised further sums which never were paid.

Forrest with plays, John Augustus Stone, Richard Penn Smith, Robert T. Conrad and Robert Montgomery Bird, the first-named was probably the man of the fewest parts.

Stone was a New England actor who finally came to make his home in Philadelphia. His "Metamora," the play which won the prize in the first contest, after its initial production at the Arch Street Theatre, on January 22, 1830, was performed again and again with much advantage to Forrest and the theatres. Its success was almost entirely due to Forrest's personality. He played the part of the red Indian who died at the head of his tribe, the literary prototype of King Philip. Never before had the American aborigine been put upon the stage with such seriousness, and Forrest had the figure for just such an impersonation. He had studied the Indians in their own haunts, and red delegations often came to see him, a party in Boston growing so excited by the realistic display that they stood up in their places and chanted a dirge at the death of the great chief. The author of several plays, this was Stone's principal achievement. In a fit of despondency in 1834, when still but thirty-three years of age, he flung himself into the Schuylkill from the Spruce Street wharf. His corpse was found floating in the dock a few hours afterward, to be buried in Machpelah Cemetery, at Tenth and Prime Streets, in a spot which is marked by a stone bearing this inscription: "In memory of the author of Metamora by his friend Forrest."

Richard Penn Smith was a grandson of Provost William Smith, and had more flexible talents as a writer than any other member of that gifted family. Although his achievements were not such as to entitle him to the first rank in any field, he was more successful as a dramatist than as a writer of verse or stories, both of which he essayed to do with much gravity. A long two-volume novel, "The Forsaken," whose scenes were laid in and around Philadelphia at the time of the Revolution, was almost entirely devoid of interest or charm, although many of his short stories were received by the magazines and found an audience when put between book covers.

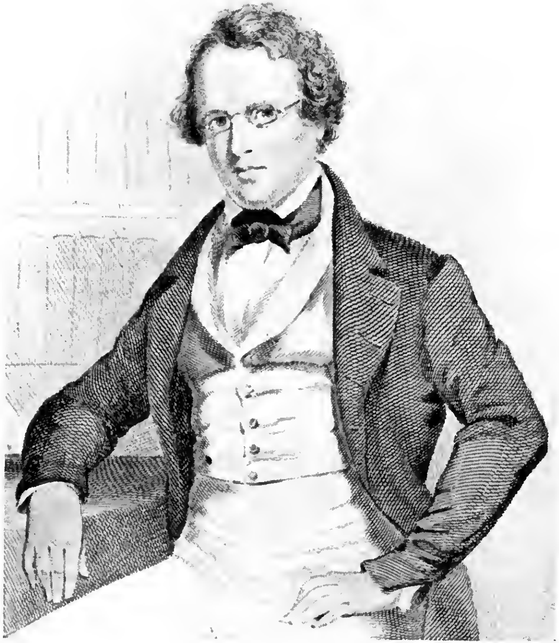
Smith wrote several farces and comedies, such as "A Wife at a Venture," seen at the Walnut Street Theatre; "Quite Correct" and "Is She a Brigand?" but his successes were melodramas. "The Deformed, or Woman's Trial," and "The Disowned, or the Prodigals," after being played in Philadelphia and other American cities, were produced in London. Many of Mr. Smith's plays were presented in the Chestnut Street Theatre when Mr. and Mrs. Rowbotham and John Darley were members of the stock company there. "The Eighth of January," which was given in that play-house for a few nights in 1829, was a daring novelty. It was a drama to commemorate the battle of New Orleans, with Rowbotham as General Jackson. Mr. Smith truthfully remarked of this work, which was done to order for a particular occasion, that "the difficulty of introducing distinguished living characters on the stage without offence to propriety can be duly estimated by those alone who have attempted it."

He also wrote a melodrama, "William Penn," which was played for a time at the Arch Street Theatre. "The Triumph at Plattsburgh" and "The Sentinels," both patriotic plays, were put on the stage at the Chestnut. His Roman tragedy, "Caius Marius," which won a prize offered by Edwin Forrest, was played but seldom, and "The Venetians," written in a similar vein for the same actor, was not accounted a popular success. The entire list of his dramatic writings printed and unprinted and performed and unperformed is a long one.

Smith was born in 1779, and studied law under William Rawle. He was enticed from his practice for about five years to edit the "Aurora," which he had bought from Duane in 1822. Finding this "dray horse work," both wearying and unprofitable, he returned to the law, varying it as before with his writing. He was a very rapid worker. His plays were produced with incredible speed. "The Eighth of January" was sent to the theatre piecemeal, to be copied for the use of the company who were waiting for it in order to study their parts; and of "William Penn" it is said that the entire last act was flung off on the afternoon of the day preceding its first performance. Mr. Smith, it is related, was rather indifferent to criticism, and it is a story of the old Philadelphia green rooms that, after the curtain had fallen like a pall upon one of his pieces, an auditor turned to him without knowing his connection with it to ask what the play was all about. "Really," Smith replied, imperturbably, "it is now some years since I wrote that piece, and though I paid the utmost attention to the performance I confess I am as much in the dark as you are." He died at the family seat at the Falls of Schuylkill in 1854 and was buried with his father and grandfather at Laurel Hill.

Robert T. Conrad was a son of a member of the publishing firm which brought out Charles Brockden Brown's magazine, Joel Barlow's "Columbiad," and many other books early in the century. Educated for

R. Penn Smith



R. T. Conrad

the law, he spoke and wrote frequently on political subjects, held judicial office that caused him to be known through life as Judge Conrad, and served a term in an important emergency as mayor of the city. His greatest pleasure and satisfaction, however, came from his writing, which was both journalistic and of more enduring quality. He had had experience in journalism as a young man, and later for many years was an editor of the "North American." For a little while he helped Mr. Graham to conduct "Graham's Magazine" and wrote both prose and verse for that and other periodicals.

As a dramatist, his reputation rests upon "Aylmere, or the Bondman of Kent," a prize play frequently and widely produced by Forrest. This work was founded upon the incidents of the English insurrection of 1450 for the abolition of the biting wrongs of the feudal system, which was led by Jack Cade. Forrest took the part of Cade, and that outlaw, under Conrad's treatment, was invested with much sympathy, converted, indeed, into a real hero contending against monstrous odds for the rights of the common people. The author aimed to clear the name of the man, whom Shakespeare pictured as a despised rebel and a brutal demagogue, of the odium of centuries, and the result was at once a poetic drama and an impassioned argument for democracy. The play was practically reconstructed by Conrad, under Forrest's advice, in order that it might be better adapted for the stage, and the author has said, what is pretty obvious, that "to the eminent genius of that unrivalled tragedian and liberal patron of dramatic literature, its flattering success at home and abroad may be justly ascribed." The work, however, is full of bold and rugged measures that mark it as poetic tragedy of a high order. Says Aylmere (Cade): —

"Alas!
Alas! for England!
Her merry yeomen, and her sturdy serfs,
That made red Agincourt immortal, now
Are trod like worms into the earth. Each castle
Is the home of insolent rapine, and the bond
Are made the prey of every wolfy lord
Who wills their blood to lap. The peasant now
Weds in grim silence; kisses his first-born
With prayers that it may die, and tills the glebe,
Embittering it with tears. Almighty God,
Is this my England?"

The play of Jack Cade secured and held the favor which "Metamora" enjoyed. In the part, says Alger, Forrest was "a sort of dramatic Demosthenes, rousing the cowardly and slumbering hosts of mankind to redeem themselves with their own right hands."

An impulsive but brilliant man, Conrad wrote some short poems which have been much admired, if they be not widely known today even by students of American literature. His work does not fill many volumes, but it is robust and strong. There is little to mark it as the product of a delicate fancy; we know from Conrad's career in politics and journalism that he had not this, but he did have ideas, deep feeling and a fair degree of fluency. In his poem, "Poland," he writes:—

"I saw her — her hand on her sword
And Hope kindled wild in her eye,
As she vowed, by her wrongs, by the faith she adored,
No longer to bow to the Muscovite lord,
But spurn her oppressors, or die!

"Time passed: I beheld her again;
Where now was the glory of yore?
She had fought, she had conquered, but conquered in vain,
For foes came in nations — like waves of the main —
And Poland was Poland no more!"

Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird was clearly the best and strongest of the members of this group of Philadelphia dramatists. He was born in 1805, coming from the Delaware family of that name. Studying medicine, he soon abandoned it and devoted himself to literature. In the last years of his life, from 1847 to 1854, he was the editor of and the owner of a one-third interest in the "North American," the associate of Morton McMichael, a young man who had already been connected with several Philadelphia publications and was henceforward to identify his name so closely with the career of a useful and profitable newspaper. As has been said, Bird wrote three of Forrest's "prize plays:" "Oraloosa," dealing with the romantic life and tragic fate of the Incas of Peru; "The Gladiator," a Roman tragedy; and "The Broker of Bogota," a subtle study of domestic life in South America. The first of the three was not a great success and was produced but seldom.

"The Gladiator," on the other hand, was even more popular with Forrest's audiences than "Metamora." The part of Spartacus afforded the opportunity for an intensely melodramatic performance. In naked fighting trim, the muscles of his great form polished and hard, Forrest, when he appeared upon the stage, "used to stand and receive the long, tumultuous cheering that greeted him as immovable as a planted statue of Hercules." It was a play arousing all the elemental passions and afforded vast opportunities for the glare and noise of which his public was so fond.

Bird's third play, "The Broker of Bogota," was a tragedy of slower movement, for which reason, no doubt, it could be played but rarely and only to audiences of the more discriminating class. Nevertheless, it is said to have been a favorite with the great tragedian and up to the time of his death he produced it whenever he could. The part of Baptista Febro, an old banker, broker and money lender of Bogota, was closely studied by Forrest and with psychological faithfulness. As it was the best play for Forrest, so is it the best for Dr. Bird, the work which shows him at his full worth as a dramatist.

The material for two of his prize plays, "The Broker of Bogota" and "Oraloosa," was drawn from his researches into the history and civilization of South America, and the scenes of at least two of his novels, which the Careys published, "Calavar" and "The Infidel," were laid in Mexico at the time of the conquest. Although he had never visited Latin America, Bird knew the Spanish language and carefully studied the people and the land in books, both Prescott and Parkman attesting in footnotes to the accuracy of his work.

"Calavar," which was published in 1834, was much admired. It was suggestive of Scott. A writer in the "Knickerbocker Magazine" said of it: "We shall be exceedingly mistaken if the work does not at once place the author in the very highest rank among the writers of America." Poe, who always praised sparingly, said that it was "beyond doubt one of the best of American novels." There were several printings of the book and its vogue was revived during the Mexican War.

Robert M. Bird

"The Hawks of Hawk Hollow," a story of the upper Delaware valley around the Water Gap, was not so successful, but Bird's Kentucky story, "Nick of the Woods," was as good an Indian tale as was ever written by Cooper, who, it may be observed, narrowly missed being a Philadelphian, coming of Pennsylvania stock as he did and being born across the river at Burlington, although he early removed to New York State.

What a good critic truthfully said of "Calavar," — that "the whole tone of the composition was subdued, chastened and thoroughly elaborated, evincing with the fervor of genius the good taste of an elegant mind and the patient labor of a highly accomplished intellect," was in no manner applicable to some of Dr. Bird's contemporaries in fiction writing. The striding and screeching of which Forrest was accused upon the stage, were transferred to the printed page by a number of writers of a school which was founded by George Lippard and of which he was the leading expositor. While Forrest was an undoubted artist in his department, Lippard cannot be assigned to any high place in the sphere in which he gained so much passing celebrity. This young petrel who swooped, gyrated and cut his circles over the roofs and chimney-tops of Philadelphia, sailing up the Wissahickon and down the Brandywine, now scenting its romantic history and now its foulnesses and vice, was as odd a creature as is known to the literary annals of the neighborhood. His friends, who as faithfully upheld his methods as he himself defended them at every opportunity in the face of his critics, comprehending nearly every literary authority of the day that thought it worth his while to waste a shaft on such a mark, have never made out a strong enough case to cause us to give him a place anywhere except in the gallery of our curiosities. He studied history, said they, as a poet, like the French poet-historian Michelet. His imagination glorified it. His work was good, too, because it was patriotically American. He attacked vice and stripped it "to its bare bones" with a high moral purpose. If pruriency were read into Lippard, he and his defenders still protested entire purity and honesty of motive, the manner, by the way, of many a better author. Nevertheless, he wrote and published with unexampled industry and was read by multitudes of people, who, if they were mechanics, laborers, shop-girls, farmers and farmers' wives, never having seen a book before, were parts of the great body of the population to which the printing-press was now making its appeal.

Lippard seems to have been of Pennsylvania-German extraction, and was born August 10, 1822, on a farm in West Nantmeal township, in northern Chester County, whither his father, Daniel Lippard, had lately gone from Philadelphia County. A wagon passing over his body after he had fallen on the ice, while on his way to market with his produce, seriously disabled the head of the family and necessitated its removal to the city. George, at an early age, was taken to Germantown. Both his parents died and he was left alone with three sisters and two aunts. They were robbed of the family savings by a bank failure. The sisters died. He married a beautiful young woman, Miss Rose Newman, by whom he had two children. His wife and children died and were buried from his home at 965 North Sixth Street, before consumption came to claim him at the age of thirty-two. At this time he was residing in a new three-story home which he had procured on Apple (now Lawrence) Street above Jefferson. For this man life was a continuous tragedy and his work breathed it — in maledictions upon the church for its hypocrisy, upon the rich for their cruelties to the poor and their immoralities, and upon all who enjoyed the world's favors and were in authority under the system by which our civilization is so relentlessly controlled. His parents had been Methodists and at thirteen George Lippard allied himself with that denomination which undertook to send him to college and educate him for the ministry. He could not long endure this restraint and turned to the law, as Charles Brockden Brown, early a subject of his literary admiration, had done, but with equal lack of success. He seems now to have been a real starveling of the streets. He found a great abandoned house near Franklin Square, containing about 100 rooms, and this he proceeded to occupy by squatter's right, wandering by day through the city or out to his beloved Wissahickon, while at night he slept on one of its barren floors with his head pillowed upon his valise. Here his fancy recalled the Welbeck house of wonders in " Arthur Mervyn " and many a suggestion was furnished him for Monk Hall, the great house of vice and mystery in his own famous book, " The Quaker City."

At length Lippard was commended to Colonel John S. Du Solle, a wild spirit, later the private secretary of P. T. Barnum. Du Solle published a widely circulated Democratic newspaper called " The Spirit of the Times," the motto of which was " God and the People." Haggard from starvation, his clothing in rags, which were lashed together with twine, Lippard was engaged as an assistant editor of that journal, a place he held for about three years. His fortunes now underwent a gradual improvement. He began his career as a novelist with "Ladye Annabel," a tale founded upon the chivalric lore of Germany, with which he had early filled his mind. This story, "stuffed till it cracks with dazzling incidents," as a friendly critic remarked, began to appear in a country paper in 1842, when Lippard was barely twenty years old. He now turned his attention to local legend, tradition and history, particularly at the time of the Revolution, with specific reference to Germantown and the Wissahickon, "flowing for miles through its dark gorge where gray rocks arise and gaunt pines interlock their branches from opposing cliffs," a life-long source of inspiration to the novelist. His first essay in this field was "Herbert Tracy," a Revolutionary story, and it was followed by "The Battle Day of Germantown," a tale woven about the Chew House.

From local history he turned rapidly to the vice he beheld around him, the result being "The Quaker City," the first installments of which were issued in 1844, at once creating an immense sensation. It was published in pamphlet form in ten numbers. The book in five years had attained its twenty-seventh edition, no one of which was less than 1000 copies, while some reached 4000 copies. It was reprinted in London and was translated into German, still being read in 1876, when T. B. Peterson and Brothers, who published most of his mad tales, issued a complete edition of his works.

"The Quaker City" was a story of vices, horrors and abuses of which Philadelphia at the time was supposed to be prolific. It is an unpleasant record of seduction relieved by no bright scenes or cheerful emotions. It is a wild and headlong denunciation. "This is the great city," said Lippard, after he had arraigned it for its sins, "which every Sunday lifts its demure face to Heaven and with church burning, Girard College and bank robbery hanging around its skirts, tells Almighty God that it has sent missionaries to the isles of the sea, to the Hindoo, the Turk and the Hottentot; that it feels for the spiritual wants of the far-off nations to an extent that cannot be measured by words, while it has not one single throb of pity for the poor who starve, rot and die within its very eyesight."

It was supposed that many of the characters were taken from real life. For instance, Gus Lorrimer was thought to be a fashionable young libertine who had lately been killed by another Philadelphian for seducing his sister; and "the fat and festered profligacy in the Senate, on the bench, in the pulpit and at the bar," it is said, were deeply stirred by this recital of their misdeeds. The author was threatened with "pistols, daggers and libel suits," if we believe his own account. Certain it is that when his novel was ready to be put upon the stage at the Chestnut Street Theatre, the mayor came to him in the crowd which awaited the opening of the doors and urged him to let the announcement be made over his name, as the author, that the play would not be presented. Lippard consented, in the interest of peace and order, at a time when the city was suffering greatly from the outrages of incendiary mobs. The story was so popular that he established a magazine called "The Quaker City," in which many of his wild tales appeared.

Having described the battle of Germantown, Lippard turned to the battle of Brandywine. He visited the region and strolled beside the stream. " A sinless virgin, with gentle thoughts gleaming from her mild eye, soft memories flushing over her young cheek, grace in her gestures and music in her voice,— such," said he, " is the Brandywine among rivers; such her valley among valleys." The result of this study was his " Blanche of Brandywine, or September the Eleventh, 1777." Lippard had now outdone his master, Charles Brockden Brown; he had written five novels in three years, and at least two of them, " The Quaker City " and the Brandywine story, were so long that each would fill three or four volumes of ordinary proportions.

The amount of work involved in their writing must have been enormous, but his career as a novelist had scarcely yet begun. He published many legends, one great volume in 1847 called " The Legends of the American Revolution, or Washington and his Generals "; some legends of Mexico, suggested by the Mexican War, in which work he became so much enamoured of the character of Zachary Taylor that he stumped the state of Pennsylvania for the General, who was now the Whig candidate for President.

To the Wissahickon, or Wissahikon, as he always spelled the name, he often came to dream in the shade of its trees and to write as he lay or sat upon the rocks. From the time he wandered in the glen with scarcely a crust in his pocket, wondering day by day when he should die, until the end, this stream seems to have had a prophetic power over him. Here, " where the breeze mourns its anthem through the tall pines; where the silver waters send up their voices of joy; where calmness and quiet and intense solitude awe the soul and fill the heart with bright thoughts and golden dreams woven in the luxury of the summer hour," Lippard was married. It was a moonlight night in May in 1847 and there were only rude Indian rites; but in this way was this romantic soul bound to the young woman whom he loved and who loved him. Much of his lore of the Wissahickon was brought together in a long novel called "Paul Ardenheim, the Monk of Wissahikon." In this book he unfolded "the secret history of the Revolution." A dozen more works, shorter or longer, came from Lippard's pen before his death, which closely followed his wife's, after he had travelled much in the north and west in the vain hope of forgetting his crushing sorrows and of restoring his wasted frame.

Lippard's methods of writing were somewhat peculiar. J. M. W. Geist, of Lancaster, Pa., who had been his associate in the office of the "Quaker City," in recalling the novelist, said:

"George Lippard had no vices, unless excessive smoking is a vice, and he and his cigar were inseparable companions, especially when he was thinking out the plot of story or novel and committing it to paper. When his novels were running through the 'Quaker City,' he would not begin writing the weekly installment until the morning of the day before the paper had to go to press, and when he began he would not rise until his eight or ten columns were finished. On those days it was my assignment to sit by his side, receive the copy, sheet by sheet, prepare it in takes for the compositors and see to it that his cigar did not go out, as that would be sure to cause an interruption to his train of thought and consequent loss of valuable time. When one cigar was nearly burnt out I would replace it with a freshly lighted one, and it really seemed as if he was unconscious of what was being done, so deeply was he absorbed in his writing. His manuscript was so correct that he rarely altered a word in the proof; in fact, he would not look it over unless pressed to do so."

His stories wrote themselves as he went along. Once, at the end of an installment, he left a boy dangling from a frail strip of lattice work. The situation was too tense for Mr. Geist, and he asked: "George, what are you going to do with that boy you left hanging to the grape vine?" "I cannot tell until next week," said Lippard. He would not know until he sat down with his cigar to continue his story.*

Not in fiction alone did he denounce the institutions of society. As a citizen he contended steadily, if rather aimlessly, for the same objects. He attacked the factory system and the "monopoly" of land and money, being virtually a communist, as he was a spiritualist and a general enthusiast for most of the isms of his time. Shortly before his death, he organized a secret society called the "Brotherhood of the Union," of which he was the "Supreme Washington," or President. This society had for its purpose the amelioration of the wrongs of mankind. "It seeks," said he, "to destroy those social evils which produce poverty, intemperance and crime. It seeks to inculcate correct views of the relations of capital and labor, so that the capitalist may no longer be the tyrant nor the laborer the victim, but both sharers of the produce of work on the platform of right and justice." The "Supreme Circle" of the Brotherhood held its first convocation in Independence

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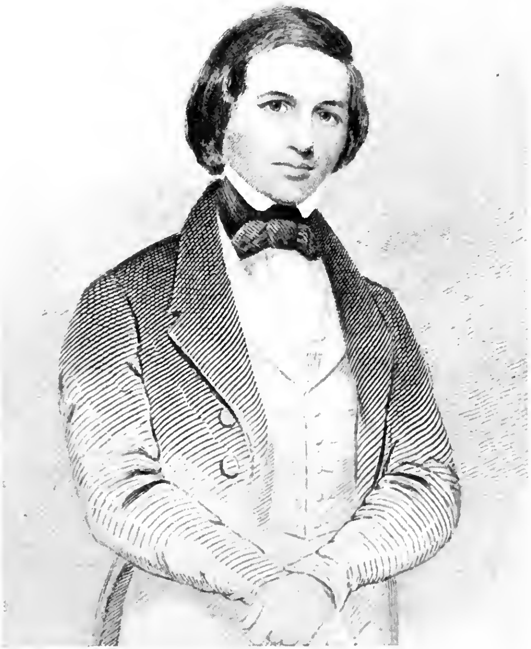
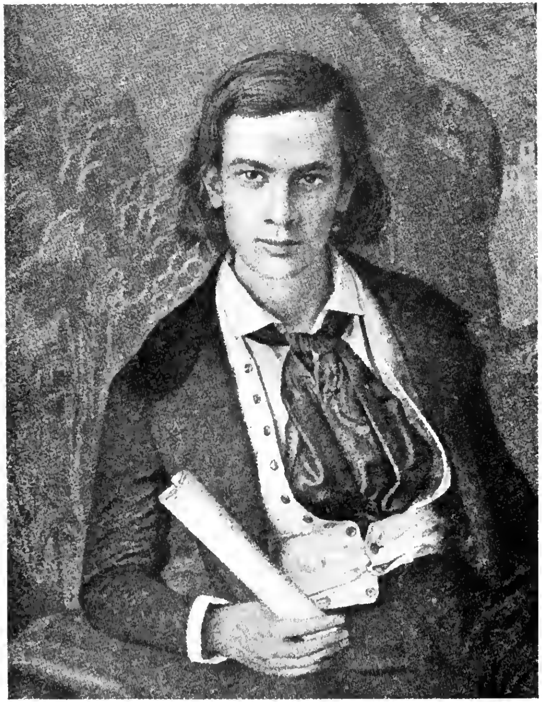
* Anniversary Committee's publications on the occasion of the fiftieth annual session of the Supreme Circle of the Brotherhood of the Union.



T S Arthur

(See page 233.)



George Lippard

Hall in 1850 and its interests pleasantly occupied Lippard's closing years. He established branches in twenty-three states of the Union, and it is still a vigorous organization, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary in Philadelphia in 1900. The Society regularly commemorates Lippard's birthday and decorates his grave, over which it has erected a suitable monument.

Many of his name had been laid away in a neglected little plot in Germantown, of which he wrote: "You may talk to me of your fashionable graveyards where death is made to look pretty, and silly and fanciful, but for me this one old graveyard with its rank grass and crowded tombstones has more of God and Immortality in it than all your elegant cemeteries together. I love its soil; its stray wild flowers are omens to me of a pleasant sleep taken by weary ones who were faint with living too long. It is to me a holy thought that here my bones will one day repose."

They, however, were not taken there when he died in 1854, but to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery on Twenty-third Street, between Diamond and Norris Streets, whither the corpse was followed by a considerable cavalcade of delegations from his own and other secret societies. His monument is the work which he crowded into his few years. Lippard once said that his "greatest fault" had ever been that he could not mould himself "to the humors of a tinselled aristocracy nor worship empty pomps and emptier skulls though garnished with big names and hired praise." He was wont to complain, too, that men attacked him because he wore his hair in long shaggy locks and dressed in a blue coat with a scalloped velvet collar buttoned tight at the waist, in total disregard of changing fashions.

Needless to say, these are not the reasons why Lippard is barred from association with great names.

It is not to be denied that he had much imagery, but of the refinements of literature he lacked understanding and appreciation. For art he endeavored to substitute social reform, which meant the uncovering of vice until it stood naked before you, and a blatant Americanism. " Our idea of a national literature," said he, " is simply that a literature which does not work practically for the advancement of social reform, or which is too dignified or too good to picture the wrongs of the great mass of humanity is just good for nothing at all. ' English novels ' do more to corrupt the minds of American children than any sort of bad literature that ever cursed the world. They are filled with attacks upon American freedom. They sneer at what they do not comprehend in our government and grossly misstate facts where their comprehension is clear. Published by greedy pirates in New York who will not pay a decent price for a book even from the pen of a Cooper or an Irving, these books are scattered broadcast over the land. . . . Written very often by authors who believe in that most terrible of ' Infernal Machines,' the Established Church of England; who believe that Britain is right in starving 300,000 Irishmen to death per year; who, in fact, cling to the whole list of British absurdities from absurdity A No. 1 of supporting a female Pope called a queen at the expense of the misery of a whole people to Z No. 99, of pouring all the life and blood of a people into that great funnel of degradation called the ' Factory System,' these ' English novels ' are the very worst class of books to put into the hands of an American boy or girl."

Lippard daubed all his canvases red. He did not know the value of soft colors, and the sense of men of a finer organization is palled by his narrative, which will be dismissed as a confusion of horrors expressed by a writer who is working at too high a mental pitch, tense with morbid incident detailed with windy adjectives. His heart, it was said by one of his friends and imitators, of whom he had so many, was " a furnace of fire-thoughts seething and simmering with emotions for which he could find no utterance." Any but an untrained reader soon tires of sentences like these:

"The uplifted torch flung its column of blood-red flame and lurid smoke far along the darkness of that ancient chamber."

" In that blood-red light his countenance stood out from the surrounding gloom like an image of bronze bathed in crimson."

" Along the calm waters marched a long and winding column of the dead, gliding over the bosom of the river, their stiffened feet but touching the smooth surface while their solemn faces were upraised to the sky and their white shrouds fell in drooping folds around their awful forms."

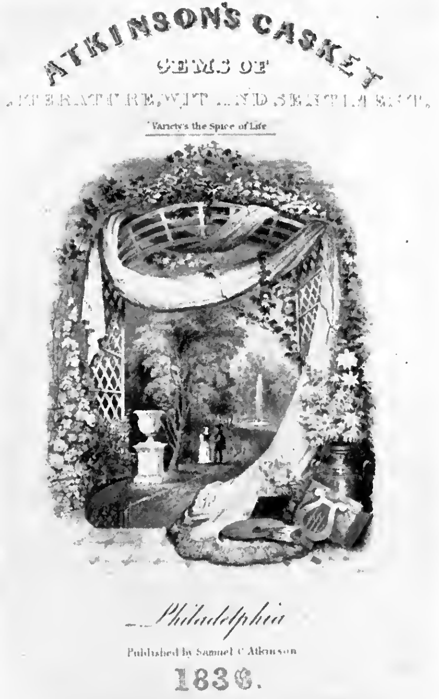
Houses that are filled with trap-doors through which men are plunged to underground pits, black slaves who do murder, and Oriental voluptuousness, improbability, mystery and passion reproduced in Philadelphia give us no name for the world to venerate. Brown, whatever his faults, held a rein upon his imagination and told his tales in direct language unencumbered by tawdry ornaments. The answer to Lippard as an artist is the reading of his works by those who have proper standards of literary taste. As a social reformer his answer is found in the realization that no good moral object was ever effected by his tales of seduction and revenge which were read by the multitude only for their libidinous descriptions; as a writer who strove to encourage patriotism by preserving legendary material and describing national events in the guise of fiction, in the knowledge that to this day the historian labors to correct some of the false impressions which he disseminated among the American people.

CHAPTER VIII

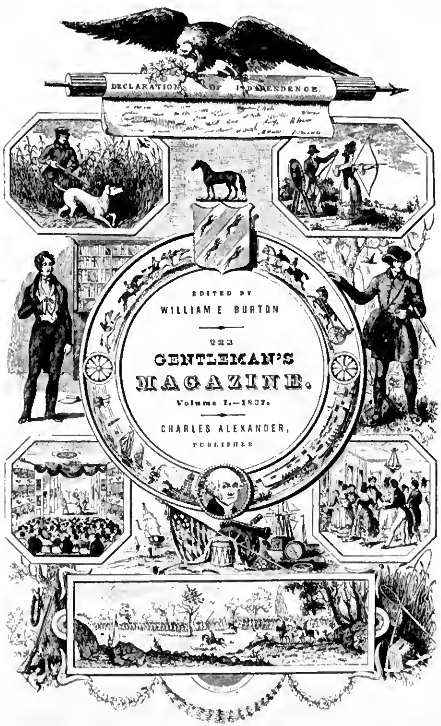
GRAHAM'S AND ITS GROUP

The most famous and the most truly national literary periodical after the "Port Folio" was "Graham's Magazine." It also made its home in Philadelphia. George Rex Graham (1813–1894) was the son of a shipping merchant who lost his fortune in one of the panics which swept the country periodically early in the century. He was named for his maternal uncle, George Rex, a prosperous farmer in Montgomery County, with whom he was placed as a lad and remained until he was nineteen years of age, when he came to the city to learn the cabinet-maker's trade. Designed for the bar before his father was overtaken by disaster, he still cherished the ambition to become a lawyer. Faithfully sawing, planing and joining at his bench day after day, he utilized his early morning and evening hours for study which would fit him for the profession. He very early began to evince a love for general literature, wrote for various periodicals and by the time he was admitted to the bar in 1839, had an editorial position on the "Saturday Evening Post." Graham soon acquired a proprietary interest in that paper; in Atkinson's "Casket," which was merged with Burton's "Gentleman's Magazine" to become "Graham's Magazine"; in the "North American," and other publications, being like Godey, Morton McMichael, Charles J. Peterson and others of their day, an active speculator in magazine and newspaper properties. He was often associated with these men and others in enterprises which for the day were of a daring character and at length led to his complete undoing.

The establishment which was peculiarly his own was the magazine that bore his name for nearly twenty years. Upon it he expended money with a lavish hand; from it he derived profits which if they had been husbanded would have made him through life, as he was for a number of years, a very wealthy man. No one, not even Godey, whose avowed purpose was to produce a woman's magazine, so that the two great periodical publishers, if contemporaneous, were not in antagonism, had ever in America attempted magazine-making on such a scale. Like Godey, Graham had exact psychological knowledge of his people, and he went to them, month after month, with the best that could be garnered of the kind of reading which they cordially enjoyed. Ready to devote but little of its space to "the Julianas and Florellas of Feebledom," who were in the ascendant in the lady books, "Graham's" was still in no way aimed over the heads of the populace. It was not the editor's intention to produce a periodical which was superior to the great body of the people, as Dennie did with unvarying pride. He sought to find a mean between the uninteresting and severe literature that only Tories read and the namby-pambyism which was the ruling note of the age. He sought, too, and for this history honors him, to build up a native literature by purchasing at adequate prices the work of the best American writers, achieving a deserved success in competition with piratical publishers who, at practically no cost to themselves, made periodicals by running their


ATKINSON'S CASKET
GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.
Variety's the Spice of Life
Philadelphia
Published by Samuel C Atkinson
1836.

FRONTISPIECE


DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.
EDITED BY
WILLIAM E BURTON
THE
GENTLEMAN'S
MAGAZINE.
Volume I.—1837.
CHARLES ALEXANDER,
PUBLISHER

FRONTISPIECE

drag-nets through the pages of European books and magazines.

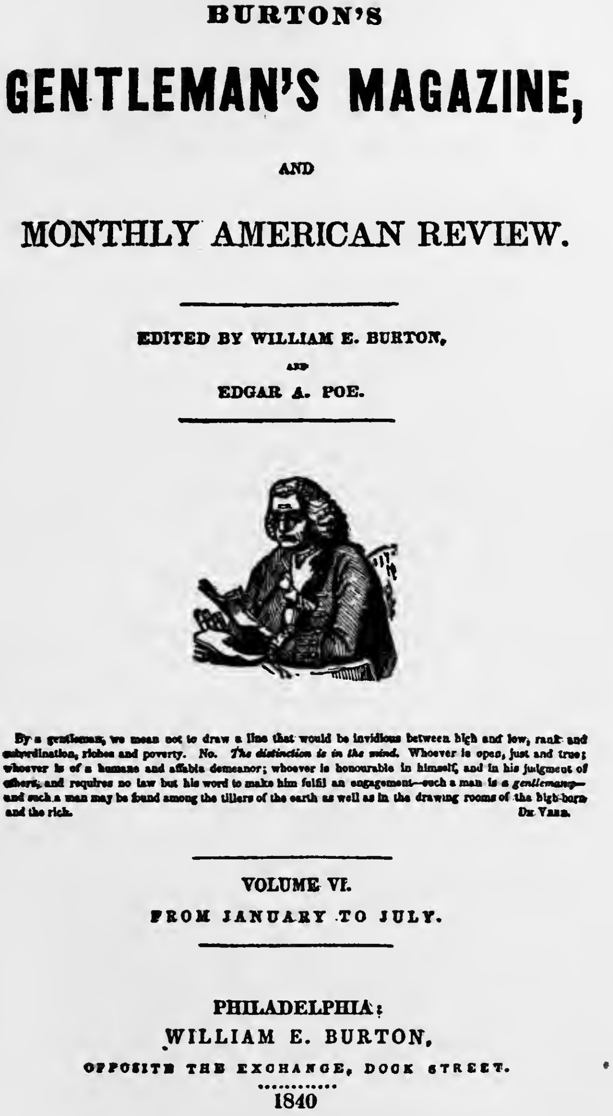
"Graham's," although the product of a marriage of Atkinson's "Casket" and the "Gentleman's Magazine," was properly a descendant of the last of these. This parent, at any rate, is the one most worth owning. In 1837, William E. Burton, the comedian, had begun to publish a magazine which was named for the famous English periodical. If ladies were to have magazines and papers of their own, it was but just that gentlemen should receive consideration also, and in the new literary movement Mr. Burton, connected for some time with the city theatres, determined that his sex should have its rightful dues. It was his intention, he said, to produce a book which would be worthy of a place "upon the parlor table of every gentleman in the United States," and it must be said that he succeeded very well. He largely relied upon Philadelphia writers, who were then a goodly company and, if of no world-wide renown, had sufficient industry and capacity under intelligent direction to produce an interesting magazine.

Edgar Allan Poe was soon brought on by Mr. Burton to join the literary colony of the city, and beginning with July, 1839, was active as its assistant editor. John Sartain, the young English engraver who had come to Philadelphia in 1830, upon the advice of Thomas Sully, the painter, was employed to make some of his beautiful mezzotints for the "Gentleman's," and it was a likely candidate for popularity when Mr. Burton, desiring to have a theatre of his own, and requiring all his energies and capital for that use, sold his periodical late in 1840 to George R. Graham. It now became (to give it all its copious titles) "Graham's Lady's and

Gentleman's Magazine (The Casket and Gentleman's United), embracing every department of literature; embellished with engravings, fashions and music arranged for the piano forte, harp and guitar." Some of this persiflage was later eliminated, but whatever its official name, to the public which loved it, it was always " Graham's." The new owner took over most of Burton's writers, including Poe, who for eighteen months continued to hold an editorial position at $800 a year, and at once put forth strenuous and successful efforts to secure the services of the New York and New England writers who had come forward in such numbers to eclipse Philadelphia's literary luminaries.

The higher literary criticism, so ably represented in the city by Robert Walsh and his group of writers in the " American Quarterly Review," had acknowledged the growing supremacy of other centres only slowly and grudgingly. They contended for a while that Brockden Brown was a better novelist than Cooper, and, like Dr. James McHenry, were violent in their charges upon the " Lakers," the name they bestowed upon Percival, Willis and Bryant. They did but imitate Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, the Lake poets of England, said the " Review." In Dennie's group in Philadelphia the standard of value in poetry was Pope, just as they followed Addison as their master in prose. Willis was held particularly blameworthy for introducing the " repulsive " Lake style into this country. When he was selected as the poet for an important public occasion, the Philadelphia " Quarterly " remarked:

" Could they not have found a better poet in New England? By the bye, we fear not. Poetry is not the pursuit in which the truly enlightened inhabitants of that



BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND

MONTHLY AMERICAN REVIEW.

EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON,

AND

EDGAR A. POE.

By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. No. *The distinction is in the mind.* Whoever is open, just and true; whoever is of a humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honourable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement—such a man is a *gentleman*—and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth as well as in the drawing rooms of the high-born and the rich.

De Vere.

VOLUME VI.

FROM JANUARY TO JULY.

PHILADELPHIA:
WILLIAM E. BURTON,
OPPOSITE THE EXCHANGE, DOCK STREET.
1840

A TITLE PAGE FROM THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE" WHILE POE WAS AN EDITOR section of our country seem to excel. Theirs is the land of practical sound sense, industry, enterprise, acuteness, and persevering research, rather than of keen feeling or glowing and active imagination. If our brethren east of the Hudson are not content with this praise, we cannot help it. Justice will not permit us to accord to them in addition that of poetical excellence."

In a very short time after this judgment was pronounced, Philadelphia was disillusioned, first by Bryant and then by Longfellow and Lowell, to mention no other of New England's claimants for poetical honors. In verse, barring Henry B. Hirst, a quite remarkable poet, the Quaker City could offer few better writers than Robert T. Conrad, Willis Gaylord Clark and Robert Morris, whom after Clark's death Poe declared to be "the best of the Philadelphia poets." In prose, as against Hawthorne and the Knickerbockers, the city afforded Dr. Bird, upon whose work its claims must principally if not solely depend. Bayard Taylor, Thomas Buchanan Read, George H. Boker and Charles Godfrey Leland were coming forward; but they were all younger men with their reputations still unmade, and their weight was put into the balance on Pennsylvania's side, only at a somewhat later period.

Graham took what he found in Philadelphia and made it go as far as it would, with articles and poems from Judge Conrad, Henry B. Hirst, Richard Penn Smith, Joseph C. Neal, Mrs. Neal, Thomas Dunn English, Dr. Reynell Coates, Dr. John K. Mitchell,* a

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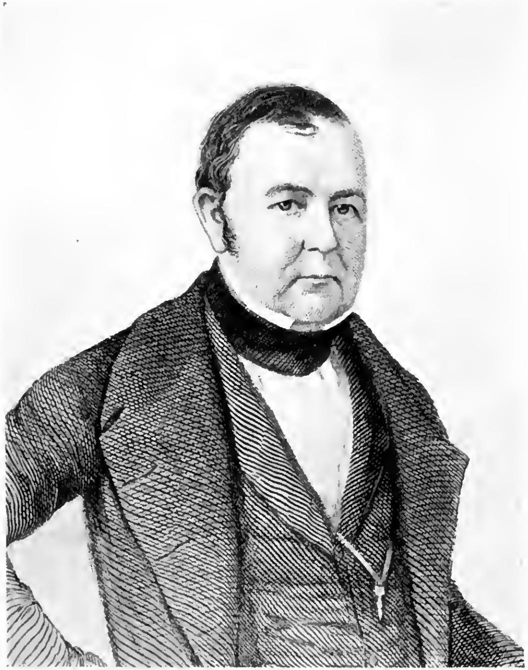
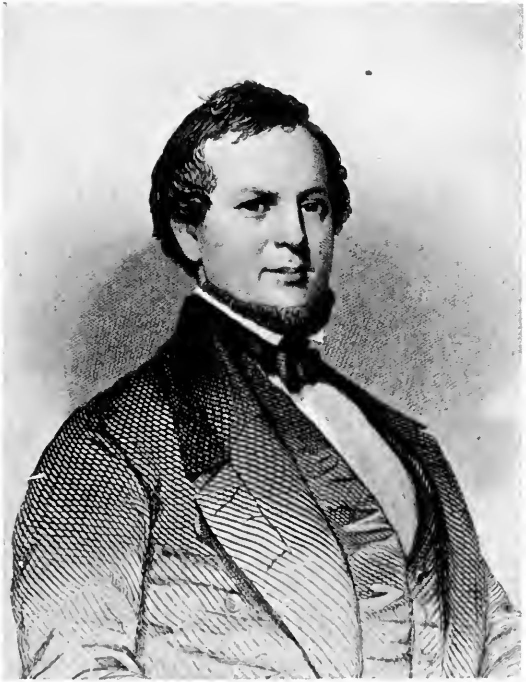
* The father of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. "The Song of the Prairie," a refrain in his long poem, "Indecision," was at one time very popular:

> "Oh fly to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me.
> 'Tis as green and as wild and as wide as the sea."



L. A. Godey.



Geo. R. Graham

Virginian, who studied under Dr. Chapman and settled in Philadelphia, publishing a volume called " Indecision and Other Poems "; Morton McMichael, Charles J. Peterson, John Frost, professor of literature in the Philadelphia High School, and the industrious compiler of many histories and biographies; Catharine H. Waterman, the poetess, afterward Mrs. Esling; Fanny Kemble Butler, Robert Morris, Joseph R. Chandler, a Massachusetts man of many fine qualities, for twenty-five years editor of the " United States Gazette " before it was combined with the " North American " in 1847, and afterward a member of Congress from Philadelphia,—all men and women of liberal intellectual interests like those who revolved about Joseph Dennie in his day and generation.

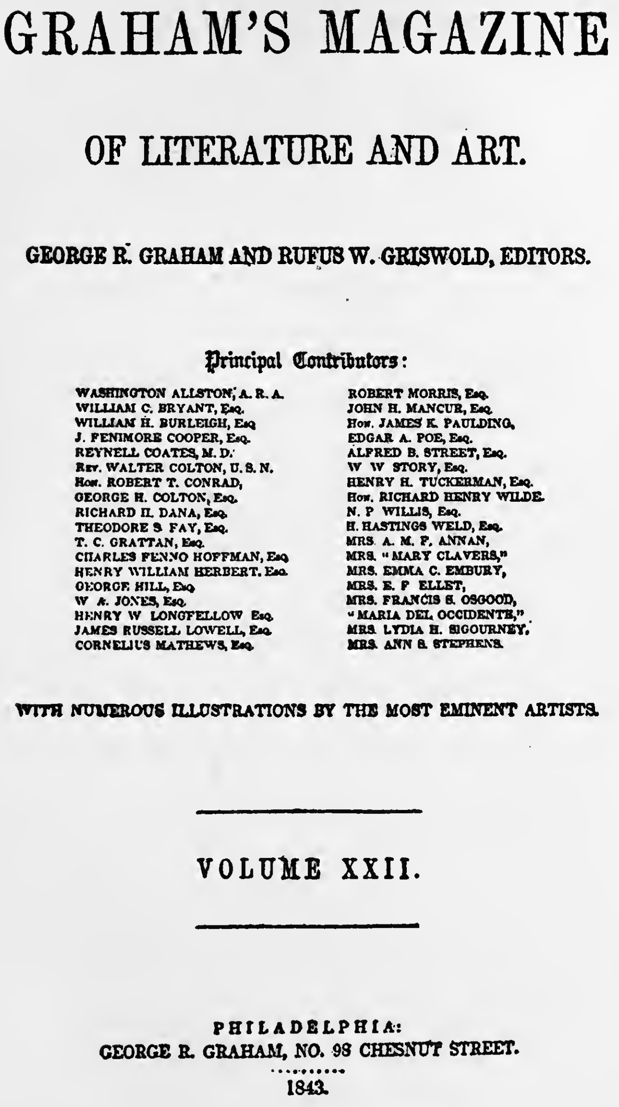
But these were not enough; Graham disregarded geographical boundaries and sought his writers wherever he could find them. Not many could withstand the allurements of his invitation to send him their manuscripts. Longfellow contributed constantly. There are enough of his poems in Graham's bound files to fill a goodly volume. The collection would include " The Spanish Student," " The Belfry of Bruges," " The Arsenal at Springfield," " Nuremberg," and " The Builders." Lowell also wrote for the magazine frequently, coming on with his young wife to reside for a time in Philadelphia, so that he might be in close attendance at the nation's literary market-place. Bryant, N. P. Willis, Richard H. Dana, R. H. Stoddard, Park Benjamin, George P. Morris, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Christopher P. Cranch, and later John G. Saxe, E. P. Whipple, George D. Prentice and Alice and Phoebe Cary, were upon Mr. Graham's list of poets.

In prose he had James Fenimore Cooper, Nathaniel Hawthorne, James K. Paulding, Washington Allston, the painter; Mayne Reid, "Ik Marvel," W. W. Story, Charles Fenno Hoffman, and all the principal writers of the day except Washington Irving, who was too busily occupied with the "Knickerbocker Magazine" to divide his favors with others. From the South came many poems and stories from William Gilmore Simms. The better-class female magazine writers, such as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frances Sargent Osgood, Mrs. Seba Smith, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, "Grace Greenwood" and Mrs. Ellet, sent their stories, poems and sketches for the enjoyment of those of Graham's readers for whom Lowell, Poe and Bryant were too trying an intellectual exercise. Even T. S. Arthur's name was occasionally seen on Graham's list of contributors, although Poe said of him that he was "uneducated and too fond of mere vulgarities to please a refined taste."

Horace Greeley wrote upon fishing, while Francis P. Blair, John W. Forney and men of eminence in political spheres, sent occasional papers to Graham, the dean of magazine publishers in America.

"My name has figured, I assure you, on the covers of Graham and Godey, making as respectable an appearance for aught I could see as any of the canonized bead-roll with which it was associated," says one of Hawthorne's characters in "The House of Seven Gables," and to read over the list of writers for "Graham's" before 1850, is practically to call off the names of all the leading American writers of that generation. And they contributed to its pages not once but many times.

The magazine on its art side was not less well sup-



GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

OF LITERATURE AND ART.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM AND RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, EDITORS.

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MRS. E. F. ELLET,
MRS. FRANCIS S. OSGOOD,
"MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE,"
MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY,
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

VOLUME XXII.

PHILADELPHIA:
GEORGE R. GRAHAM, NO. 98 CHESNUT STREET.
1843.

Title Page of "Graham's" When the Magazine Was at the Height of Its Glory plied with good work by first-rate hands. While a colored fashion-plate was usually introduced to suggest a rivalry with Mr. Godey, resort was had principally to mezzotint and steel engravings. Here are to be found many handsome plates by John Sartain in which every line of character in the human face, the sheen of silk and brocade, the glossy coats of horses and dogs are reproduced with his delightful realism. Sadd, Tucker, Dick, Smillie, Rawdon, Wright and Hatch and the best engravers in Philadelphia and New York, were employed to embellish "Graham's," with results that are not to be dismissed with a superior air, even when we contrast the plates with the showier illustrations made by newer processes to adorn our periodicals at this day.

To receive the magazine was a delightful experience; a happy anticipation before the numbers arrived, followed by as much surprise as we feel today in turning over the pages of the bound volumes there to find work which has since become a part of the warp and woof of American literature.

The result was effected by two agencies,— intelligent editorial direction and the lavish use of money. Mr. Graham was always his own editor, although he at different times had many distinguished associates. He had inherited Poe from Burton and would have kept him longer but for his quarrel with Charles J. Peterson, also an associate editor, as one informant tells us, or with Rufus W. Griswold, who took Poe's desk during a temporary absence, according to another version of the affair. At that time between Graham and Poe there seems to have been no unfriendly feeling, and the severance of the interesting relation was very unfortunate for

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE
1849

FRONTISPIECE

Poe and of no advantage to his employer, who continued, however, to purchase the effusions of the young genius, now a kind of derelict on the face of the literary waters. "The connection of E. A. Poe, Esq., with this work," Graham announced in his magazine in 1842, "ceased with the May number. Mr. Poe bears with him our warmest wishes for success in whatever he may undertake."

Griswold, who followed Poe, was a strange admixture of human opposites, blending, as he did, wide learning with deep-laid prejudices, and he remained for no long time, withdrawing in October, 1843. In 1848 Graham was assisted in his editorial labors for a few months by Judge Conrad, and later his associates were Joseph R. Chandler and Bayard Taylor, now writing constantly as J. B. or J. Bayard Taylor.

Through his literary assistants, Graham interested a growing number of writers in the magazine, but the principal influence in inducing them to contribute to its pages was the promise of what were for that day handsome pecuniary rewards. He could early boast of more than one writer whom he had been able "to tempt from their retreats" and who could not be induced, he said, "to contribute to any cotemporary." Poe was ill-paid, like all venders whose necessities compel them to seek a market for their wares. He had much to sell and his needs were commonly known, while the admirers of what was genuinely good were far from numerous, in the state of appreciation of letters in the America of that time. Mr. Graham paid him only four dollars a page for his critical articles and not much more for his tales. Longfellow seems to have received about fifty dollars for each of his minor poems, and George

P. Morris could get that sum for anything which he would offer before he had yet put his pen to paper, so popular were his songs. The highest prices were paid to those whom Graham persuaded against their own desires, particularly Cooper and Hawthorne. No one received so much as Cooper, said the editor in recalling the halcyon days of his magazine. To him $1800 were paid for "The Islets of the Gulf, or Rose Budd," which was published serially, to be reprinted as a book under the name of "Jack Tier, or the Florida Reefs"; and $1000 were given the same writer for a series of biographies of distinguished naval commanders.

Graham went to England for few of his authors, but once he bought a short novel from G. P. R. James, "A Life of Vicissitudes," for which he paid $1200; and obtained several poems at some cost from Mrs. Browning when she was still Elizabeth B. Barrett, "the truest female poet who has written in the English language," said Graham as he set her work before the people beside the verse of Longfellow, our American master of melody.

Many a number, said Graham, in harking back to his prosperity, cost him $1500 for "authorship" alone, and for years the lowest monthly outlay for this item was $800. In 1852 the editor boasted that in the ten years past he had paid to American writers between $80,000 and $90,000, and offered to support his statement with the vouchers of the transactions. The engravings were even more expensive. A number often represented an outlay of $2000 for decorations. An artist received from $100 to $200 for a plate while the paper and reproduction brought up the cost of each engraving to about $500.

Graham, as we have said, strove to produce a magazine of some literary excellence, but he was not too good an angel for his business, or his time. His engravings were of brides, coquettes, happy maids, pensive maids, honest swains, and of scenes meant to promote marriage and glorify peaceful, domestic life. In some issues he gave portraits of his contributors and reproduced pretty landscapes, while a piece of music for the cottage melodeon and a fashion-plate for the girl or the matron in the country who wished to follow — if at a deliberate distance — the Paris modes, were evidences of a human feeling in the editor's breast. Graham passed through the time when —

"Bloomer costumes rule the day;
Ladies wear the new apparel;
Corsets now are thrown away,
Hourglass changes to a barrel,"

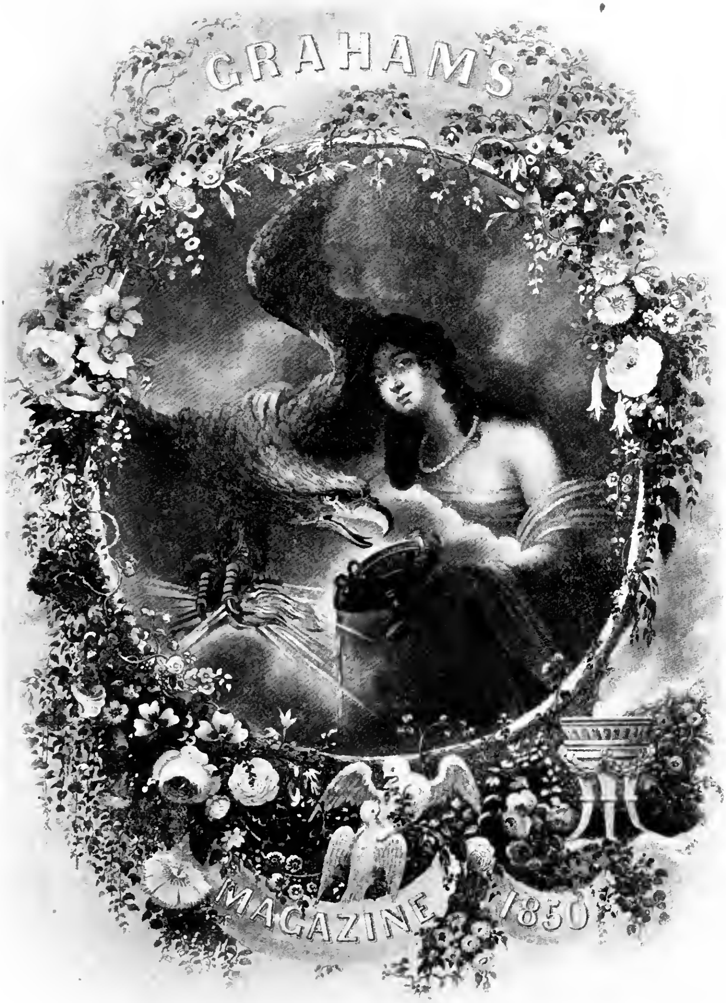
and the hoopskirt craze, of which Leland wrote in this strain —

"He walked the lady round and round,
She seemed intrenched upon a mound,
Securely spanned and fortified,
As if all lovers she defied.
You'd say if you that hoop should see
A war-hoop it was meant to be."

But Graham's purpose was serious and his service truly literary. He was no mean writer himself and he made some boasts and occasionally betrayed confidences in a department at the back of his book called "Graham's Small Talk, held in his idle moments with his readers, correspondents and exchanges." Early in the history of the magazine he wrote: "As we have introduced a new era into magazine history, we shall not pause until the revolution is complete. We shall not follow the namby-pamby style of periodical literature but aim at a loftier and more extended flight." He believed that magazine literature would become better as it was "purged from the sickly sentimentality which degrades public taste," and this hour was at hand, he said, when "the first minds in the nation" were devoting "solid thought to adorn and elevate it," as through "Blackwood's" and "Frazer's" in England and the "Knickerbocker" and "Graham's" in the United States.

He had begun in December, 1840, with the combined lists of "Burton's" and the "Casket," which called for an issue of not more than 5500 copies. At the end of the first year, the circulation had risen to 25,000 copies and it seems to have stood at about 40,000 until, by speculation in copper mines and other business outside his proper sphere, the editor was obliged to sell his magazine.

He had addressed his subscribers in much confidence in January, 1845: "We must confess that it is with no little pride we issue the present number. The engravings which adorn it are of the very highest order of excellence and the literary matter is from the acknowledged writers of America. Such men as Cooper, Paulding, Bryant, Longfellow and Lowell would sustain the reputation of any magazine without plates, but when we add to a single number engravings from such artists as Sartain, Smillie and Rawdon, Wright and Hatch, the highest order of excellence must be attained. No publisher can issue a handsomer or more sterling work. We say this on the confidence of truth; and having


GRAHAM'S
MAGAZINE
1850

FRONTISPIECE

secured exclusively the best writers and the best engravers, we feel as secure in this business as any man can with the reins in his own hand."

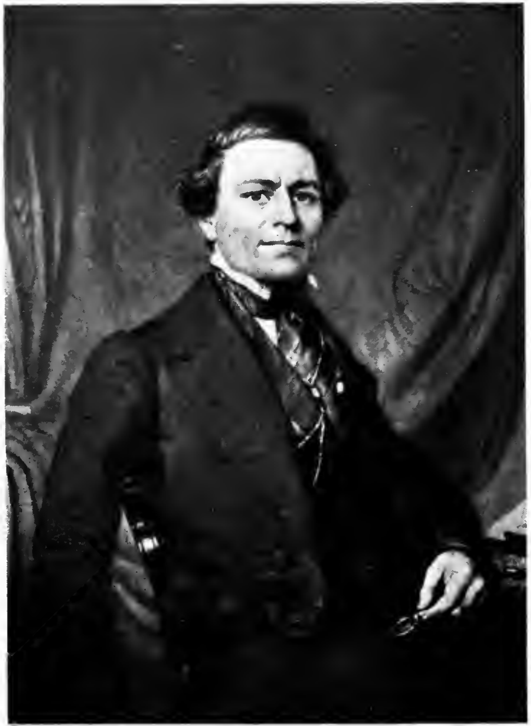
But he was not to keep the reins in his own hand. Disaster overtook him in 1848 and Samuel Dewees Patterson became the principal owner of the property.

Colonel Patterson, like Graham, was a Montgomery Countian, having been born in an old inn at Jeffersonville, near Norristown. He learned to set type in the office of a Norristown newspaper, later became the state printer at Harrisburg, wrote verse, published the "Saturday Evening Post" from 1843 to 1848, and now, through its owner's unhappy speculations, came into control of "Graham's Magazine." Colonel Patterson retained Mr. Graham as one of the editors. "A series of misfortunes having bereft me of any proprietary interest in this magazine," said its former owner in an open letter to his subscribers, it would now be his study to attend more closely to their interests, and to work for the "redemption" of the great periodical which bore his name. "What a daring enterprise in business can do," he continued, "I have already shown in Graham's Magazine and the North American, and, alas! I have also shown what folly can do when business is forgotten; but I can yet show the world that he who started as a poor boy with but eight dollars in his pocket and has run such a career as mine is hard to be put down by the calumnies or ingratitude of any."

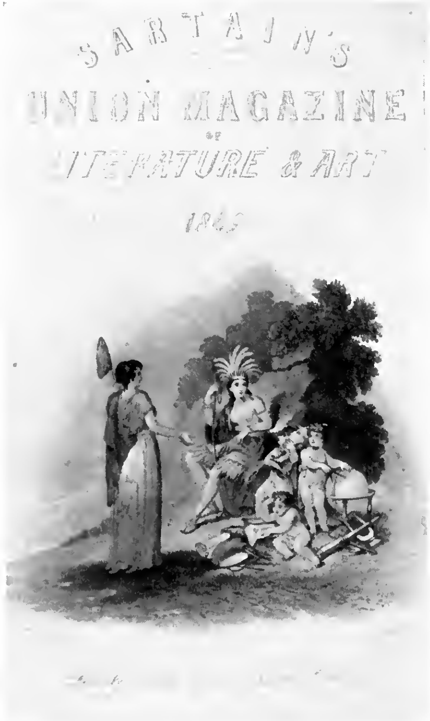
Much sympathy was expressed for the bold editor and he was enabled in a short time to recover a part of his fortune, though not before a dangerous rival appeared in the field in the shape of "Sartain's Magazine." William Sloanaker, Graham's business manager, had persuaded John Sartain, the engraver, to establish a periodical which it was expected would gain many of the older magazine's subscribers, now that the strong hand of its owner was no longer guiding it. It was a secession. Sartain ceased to contribute to "Graham's" his engravings made by the mezzotinting process, now blended with lining and stippling to produce new and even more beautiful effects; he reserved them to enrich his own periodical. The artist and his partner had purchased, for $5000, the "Union Magazine," of New York, which was edited by Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, transferred it to Philadelphia, and re-christened it "Sartain's Union Magazine of Literature and Art." Professor John S. Hart, the principal of the Philadelphia High School, and a compiler of several manuals, was employed to assist Mrs. Kirkland in the editorial department and money was freely expended to obtain the work of the best writers of the day, both foreign and American. A series of papers were received from Harriet Martineau. Novels by Frederika Bremer, the popular Swedish authoress, who spent a year or two in the United States in the middle of the century, and by William and Mary Howitt, the English writers, adorned the pages of the magazine. Longfellow contributed his translation of "The Blind Girl of Castel Cuillé," and his poem, "Resignation," beginning —

> "There is no flock, however watched and tended,
> But one dead lamb is there.
> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair."

George H. Boker, Mrs. Sigourney, Lydia Maria Child, Albert Barnes, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Esling, Lucy



JOHN SARTAIN

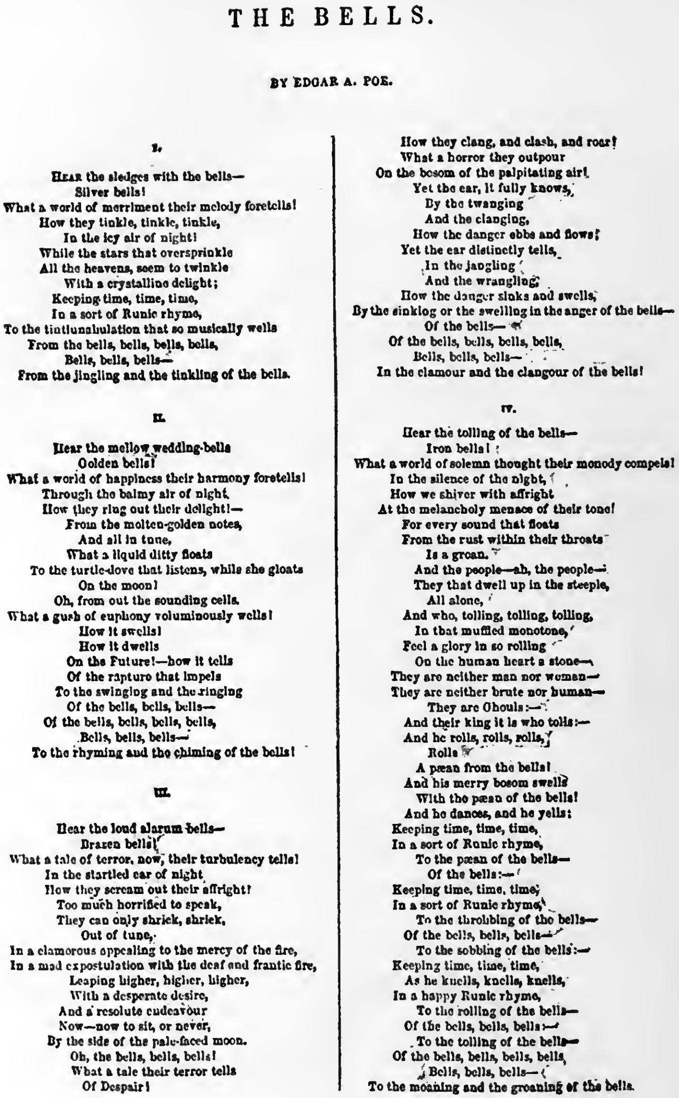

SARTAIN'S
UNION MAGAZINE
OF
LITERATURE & ART

FRONTISPIECE

Larcom, Henry T. Tuckerman, Park Benjamin, R. H. Stoddard and many other writers of the day sent their work to the editors. Charles Godfrey Leland wrote regularly for the magazine. Here Poe's poem, "The Bells," was first published, instantly gaining great popularity. At his death, "Sartain's" announced rather jubilantly that it had in hand another of his poems which would be published in an early number; but meantime it had appeared in the New York "Tribune" and was going the rounds of the press, although the Philadelphia magazine had "bought and paid for" it. Mr. Sartain's only consolation was found in the fact that two or three other editors were in the same predicament in reference to this ballad, which proved to be "Annabel Lee":—

> "It was many and many a year ago,
> In a kingdom by the sea,
> That a maiden there lived whom you may know
> By the name of Annabel Lee.
> And this maiden she lived with no other thought
> Than to love and be loved by me."

"Sartain's" early seemed to promise financial success. Its circulation after six months was said to be 20,000 copies and it was nearly 30,000 at the end of the first year. But it found itself in very close quarters with the other Philadelphia magazines. "Graham's" was intellectually higher than "Godey's," and "Sartain's" professed to be and probably was moving on a somewhat loftier plane than "Graham's." In any case there was little modesty in putting forth this claim and to the fact that it was rather deficient in the ability to read and interpret popular taste its defeat is probably due. Even



THE BELLS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!—
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future!—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

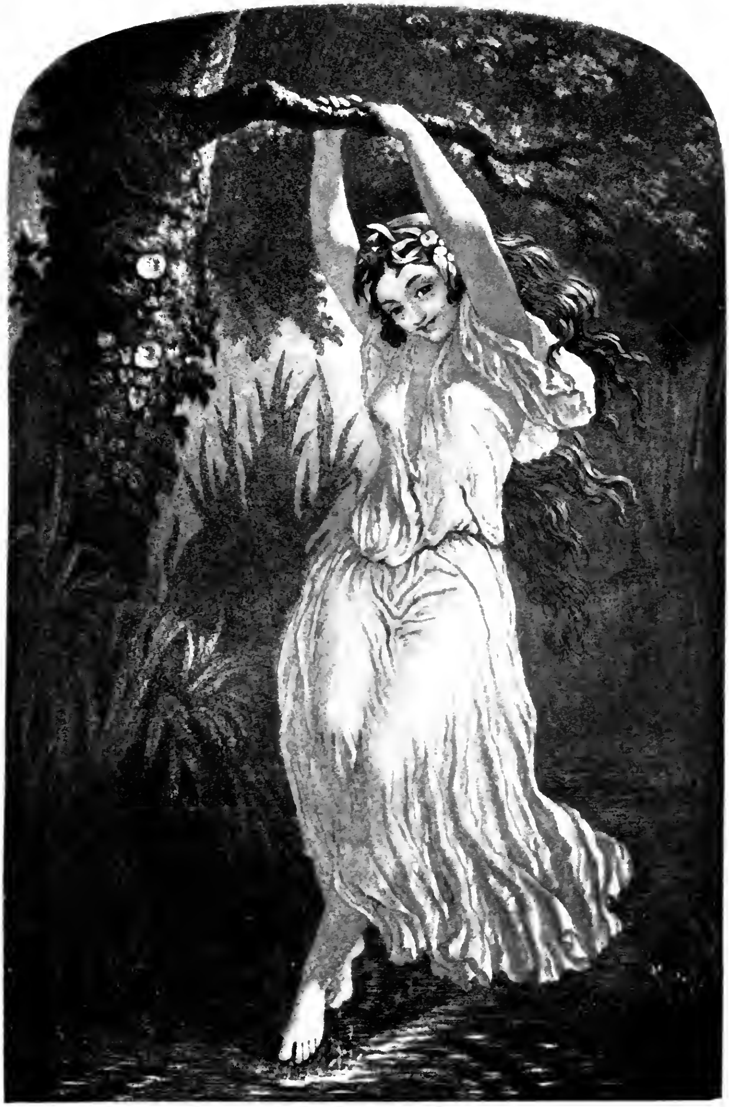
III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:—
And their king it is who tolls:—
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells:—
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells:—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

A Page from “Sartain’s Magazine;” First Publication of “The Bells”



UNDINE

An engraving by John Sartain in "Sartain's Magazine"

"Sartain's" did not dare to neglect the fashions in female dress, but the sentimental stories, verses and engravings, which filled "Godey's" and were not wholly excluded from "Graham's," occupied but very little space in the new publication. It plumed itself upon its superiority in this direction. Its editors boasted that they had "sedulously excluded from its pages the whole brood of half-fledged witlings with fancy names — the Lilies and the Lizzies — the sighing swains and rhyming milkmaids of literature." They convinced themselves that the public had shown "unequivocal symptoms of disgust" with such writings.

The undertaking was doomed to disastrous failure. Professor Hart and Mrs. Kirkland left the editorship and were followed by Dr. Reynell Coates, who in turn, after a few months, gave place to Mr. Sartain himself. In February, 1851, $1,000 were offered for ten prize tales or essays and over four hundred writers submitted manuscripts in the competition. The editor, making a virtue of his necessity, declared that in future more attention would be given to the work of native writers and artists. "Enough of the beautiful in literature and art may be found in foreign productions," he said, "but encouragement of the talent at home is a paramount duty and it is all we can afford to attend to." The first number of the magazine was issued in January, 1849, the last in 1852. In the three years, from $15,000 to $20,000 had been paid to authors, and it was seven and a half years before Mr. Sartain could discharge the debts in which he had become involved by this unhappy venture. He lived until 1897 and just before his death published an interesting volume of memoirs, "The Reminiscences of a Very Old Man."

In the meantime Graham had again become the owner of his famous periodical, in 1850 buying back the interest he had been obliged to dispose of to Mr. Patterson two years before, and he began a most active campaign for subscribers.

"That we feel proud of our reinstation in this magazine — the child of our happier days," this direct and single-hearted man remarked to his readers, "we shall not deny. The gold that bought it for us — if estimated by the happiness it has diffused — must have dropped from Heaven baptized for good. The dark shadows, the regrets and heart-burnings of the past are over." The light was leaping "over the mountain tops," and the portrait of himself with a flattering sketch by his friend, Charles J. Peterson, which appeared in the magazine to celebrate his reinstatement, brought blushes to his cheek, he said, "like a maiden's before the ardor of her first lover." He wrote again to the authors of New England, inviting them to send him their stories, essays and poems, as they had sent them to him before, and again expended money freely. He warmly supported the younger Pennsylvania writers. Of one issue late in 1851 he printed 80,000 copies, many of which, however, were given away as samples, and are not a fair indication of the magazine's prosperity.

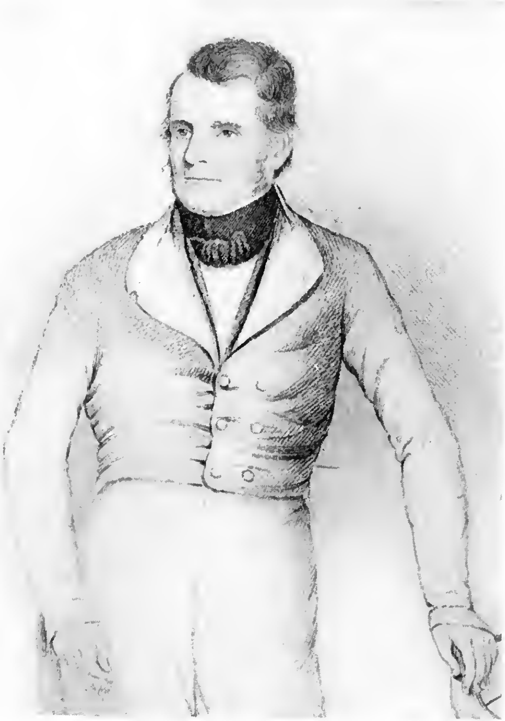
From Poe's time onward the department of "Graham's" which was devoted to the criticism of current books, was noted for the brilliancy of its opinions and the independence and fearlessness with which they were uttered. Its standards were high and its judgments undeviating in a demand for value between book covers. If it were true, as Lowell declared, that Poe sometimes mistook "his phial of prussic acid for his inkstand," he said what he believed and he usually believed what was worth believing. In later years E. P. Whipple reviewed the more important books for the magazine. " Graham's " always dealt out its praise and criticism honestly and, if we mistake not, its scathing attack upon " Uncle Tom's Cabin " was no small influence to hasten its end. That remarkable review of Mrs. Stowe's anti-slavery story, entitled " Black Letters, or Uncle Tom Foolery in Literature," created a great pother in all parts of the North. In response to his critics, Graham yielded nothing. He contended " that there is a slavery more ignoble than that of the body and that the man who has not the courage to speak and write what he thinks is just and true is already fettered with bonds more potent than those of any other slave — negro or white."

He would not be " gagged or coughed down " by the " whole fraternity of proscriptives." He reiterated that " Uncle Tom's Cabin " was a " bad book." It was, said he, " badly constructed, badly timed and made for a bad purpose." It was " a mere distortion of facts, a stupendous lie "; in short, a " most despicable novel," from the sale of which thousands of dollars were to be made by mercenary publishers. He invited the Abolitionists, if they had the real good of the negro at heart, to exercise their minds over the condition of the free negroes in the North. He himself had taught negroes for years in a Sunday School and he now offered to pay $1,000 to Charles S. Boker (George H. Boker's father), the President of the Girard Bank, to found a college in Philadelphia for free negroes, if 300 Abolitionists would subscribe the same amount, an opportunity which no one embraced.

Graham had found it not difficult to survive the competition of the declining "Knickerbocker Magazine," but he now had to face the rivalry of "Harper's" and in a little while "Putnam's" also, both periodicals of large resources. He ascribed the change of the tide to the tendency which was revived to make magazines from material abstracted without price and often without credit from foreign publications. "Will there never be pride enough in the American people," he asked, "to stand by those who support a national literature? Or to urge upon Congress an International Copyright Law?"

Graham finally parted with his magazine in 1853 or 1854, and it rapidly declined. In 1857 Charles Godfrey Leland made a valiant effort to revive the vogue of the periodical with page upon page of his delightful humor, but in 1859 its name was changed and it soon disappeared, its famous founder, editor and proprietor seeking his livelihood on the face of the waters for forty years, to die, in 1894, a forgotten old man, broken in health and a charge upon the charity of his friends, who had all but disappeared. When he was seventy, his eyesight failed, but it was partially restored by an operation. He was sustained, in misfortune, by George W. Childs, the philanthropic editor of the "Public Ledger," who for long allowed no man to know of his generosity toward one to whom American literature owed so much, though the service was so generally forgot. Mr. Graham outlived his benefactor, dying on July 13, 1894, in the Memorial Hospital at Orange, N. J., with no kinsman or friend to stand at his bedside. Frank W. Baldwin of West Orange, upon whom the charitable task of supporting Mr. Graham after Mr.

Reynell Coates



Jos R Chandler

Childs' death principally devolved, brought the remains to Philadelphia to be placed in the Laurel Hill Cemetery.

In the group of writers, editors and artists who were closely connected with "Graham's," its predecessor, "Burton's," or its offshoot, "Sartain's," and who were natives of the city or made it their home for a longer or shorter time during this period, in answer to pecuniary blandishments, Edgar Allan Poe and James Russell Lowell are the most notable. Philadelphia will always recall, with a sense of interested pride, their association with the city, which, if rather brief for Lowell, covered about five years, the happiest, of Poe's feverish life.

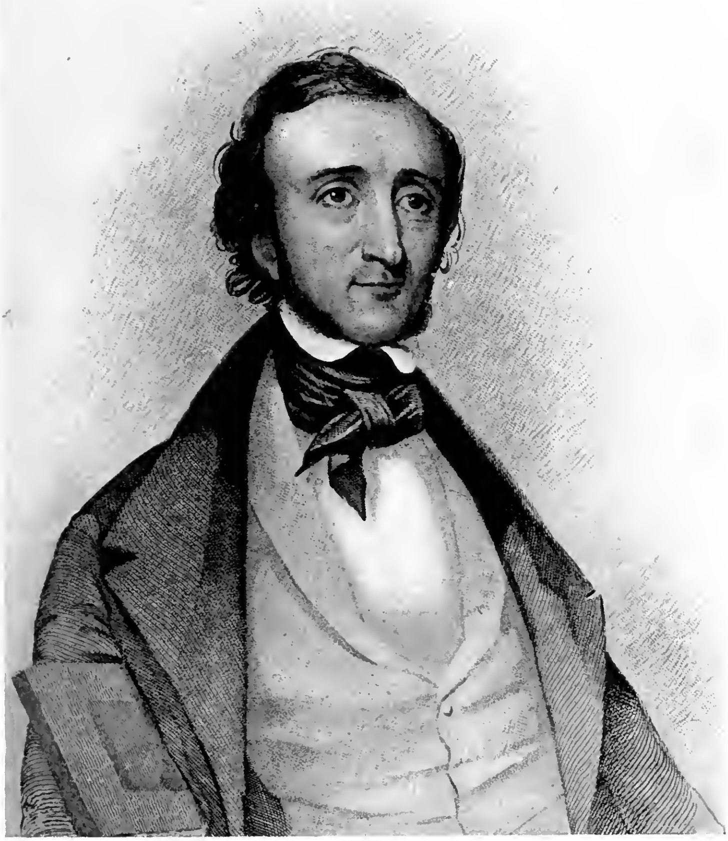
Poe had ended his connection with the "Southern Literary Messenger" in Richmond and had passed through Philadelphia on his way to New York in 1837. The next summer he returned to the city to make it his home indefinitely, hoping to find among its publishers some supporting hand. The old house of Mathew Carey, which had now become Lea and Blanchard, published some of his tales, they taking all the gains and allowing the author twenty copies for distribution among his friends. Even this arrangement was not profitable and they declined to make any further issues of his works, although he urged them to new adventures. It was his unchanging desire from this time until his death to have a magazine of his own, and it was probably less in the hope of finding what he did, a subeditor's desk in the office of an already established magazine, than capitalists willing to assist him in realizing greater ambitions, that he was drawn to Philadelphia.

William E. Burton had lately started his "Gentleman's Magazine." Already Poe was rather widely known as a writer, if there were few to read his books, and he was employed at ten dollars a week, in return for which his name was placed beside Burton's on the cover and he furnished, by his own reckoning, an average of eleven pages of original matter monthly beside his services in proof-reading and other editorial work. For much of the time he was on such terms with his employer that it is difficult to see how the relation was continued. There were the most unpleasant passages between the two men, especially after Poe issued his prospectus for "The Penn Magazine," which was to appear on January 1, 1841. His illness, a financial depression and an offer to become an editor of "Graham's" induced the poet to change his plans. Until the spring of 1842 he was now regularly employed at a desk beside Mr. Graham's. That the relationship was pleasant to the employer, he later attested generously and cheerfully.

At the end of this engagement Poe was again at the mercy of the world. He had married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, in Richmond, when she was not yet fourteen years old, and this child and his aunt-mother, Mrs. Clemm, his father's widowed sister, made up a household of which he was the unfit pecuniary mainstay. While in Philadelphia they had several homes. They boarded first in Arch Street. According to John Sartain's "Reminiscences," they resided for a time in Sixteenth Street near Locust. Later they had a little home in Coates Street (Fairmount Avenue) near Twenty-fifth, on the borders of Fairmount Park, far from the city's centre and then a very isolated place. From this dwelling they removed to the little "rose-covered cottage "— Mayne Reid calls it a " lean-to "— set against the gable of a large four-story brick house occupied by an opulent Quaker, " a dealer in cereals," who was the poet's landlord, and who, if report be true, was not very proud of the relationship. The cottage is now identified as the back buildings of the house standing at 530 North Seventh Street, at the corner of Brandywine which is a small street just above Spring Garden. Walls have been built in what was then a garden, filled in summer with vines and flowers which in the winter were carried inside to blossom behind the glass. Here the delicate child-wife, who, like Poe, had the fatal heritage of consumption, tasted the sweets of life that were to be enjoyed so briefly. She had her harp and piano, to which she sang for Mayne Reid, who met Poe intimately and almost daily for two years; Thomas Cottrell Clarke, Mr. Graham, and the guests who cared to seek them out in their retreat. Neat furnishings, birds, and the motherly love and attention of Mrs. Clemm, made it a home that was not unbefitting a man of Poe's mould. He had resolved not again to taste the liquors that the convivial people of Richmond had put to his lips, at times disqualifying him for his duties while in that city. He seems to have kept his resolution tolerably well until his wife in singing ruptured a blood vessel, and the frail creature, who was the object of his deep, honest, unchanging love, entered upon that series of collapses that brought him so often to what he believed to be her dying bed, to part with her forever.

He had revived his project for a magazine and made such progress with the idea that he entered into a partnership with Thomas Cottrell Clarke for issuing it at a definite date. F. O. C. Darley, to whom Poe carried his manuscript, always in a tight roll,— his small, faultless print-like writing on note paper, the bottom of one sheet pasted to the top of the next, to be unwound like a scroll, falling upon the floor as his reading of it proceeded — was to be the artist of the magazine. They had determined that it should be called "The Stylus," but the scheme came to naught. Poe must still rely upon the sale of his fugitive writings to other editors, a most precarious means of support. He always wrote by fits and starts. "There are epochs when any kind of mental exercise is torture," he told James Russell Lowell, whom he deeply admired. "I have thus rambled and dreamed away whole months and awake at last to a sort of mania for composition." It was galling to Poe to write to order at stated times, or, indeed, to subject himself to any kind of discipline or restraint. Especially uncongenial was much of the writing which he must do to meet the demands of the editors and which now plays so large a part in the complete editions of his works. It is unfortunate that Poe, or any writer leading such a life as his, should be made to answer to the latest generations for all that he contributes to periodicals which he despises, for the enjoyment of classes of people for whom he can have no literary sympathy. While in Philadelphia he seems to have written "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," which appeared in "Graham's" in 1841 to signalize his engagement with that magazine; "The Gold Bug," the most popular of his prose tales, which won the prize offered by and was printed in "The Dollar Newspaper"; and doubtless "The Raven," his most successful poem, which was published in New York shortly after his arrival there.

But doing all he could, Poe's poor efforts did not suf-



Edgar A. Poe.

fice to keep, even in tolerable comforts, himself, his frail, dying wife, and his faithful mother-in-law and aunt who was so true to her " Eddie " in life, and defended his memory so bravely after his death. " She was the sole servant, keeping everything clean," said Mayne Reid of Mrs. Clemm in recalling his visits to the Poe home in Philadelphia; " the sole messenger, doing the errands, making pilgrimages between the poet and his publishers, frequently bringing back such chilling responses as ' The article not accepted ' or ' The check not to be given until such and such a day,' often too late for his necessities." After nearly five years in Philadelphia, without finding the city too grateful, Poe determined to remove to New York. One morning in April, 1844, he and Virginia, Mrs. Clemm being left behind to settle their affairs, were driven with their belongings to Walnut Street wharf, crossing to New Jersey, whence they made their way to Amboy by rail. The rest of the journey, forty miles by Poe's own measurement, was accomplished in a steamboat. When he reached New York, after paying all his expenses, he had in his pockets about four dollars and a half with which to begin his life in a new city where poverty was more cruel than it had ever been in Philadelphia.

Of their life in New York N. P. Willis has given us a vision as clear as we need to behold. " Our first knowledge of Mr. Poe's removal to this city," said Mr. Willis, " was by a call which we received from a lady who introduced herself as the mother of his wife. She was in search of employment for him and she excused her errand by mentioning that he was ill, that her daughter was a confirmed invalid, and that their circumstances were such as compelled her taking it upon herself. The countenance of this lady, made beautiful and saintly with an evidently complete giving up of her life to privation and sorrowful tenderness, her gentle and mournful voice urging its plea, her long forgotten but habitually and unconsciously refined manners and her appealing and yet appreciative mention of the charms and abilities of her son, disclosed at once the presence of one of those angels upon earth that women in adversity can be. . . . Winter after winter for years the most touching sight to us in the whole city has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem, or an article on some literary subject to sell — sometimes simply pleading in a broken voice that he was ill and begging for him — mentioning nothing but that 'he was ill,' whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing — and never, amid all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a complaint or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions."

The poor willowy wife on a straw bed, warmed by the furry cat that purred on her breast and the great military cloak of the husband, who loved her but was powerless to procure her the commonest comforts at the dying hour, is a picture that will never fade from the mind.

Her life ended in the cold January of 1847 and the disappearance of the "greatest and only stimulus to battle with this uncongenial, unsatisfactory and ungrateful life," as Poe described his Virginia, left him a drifting wreck, which finally sank in Baltimore in 1849, shortly after a visit to John Sartain in Philadelphia, when the artist, with difficulty, saved him from suicide while in a wild frenzy brought on by drink, narcotics, grief and disease.

It would be hard to find two lives that contrast so forcefully as Poe's and Lowell's in Philadelphia: one led in sorrow, disappointment and poverty; the other in the joy of the honeymoon with the world stretching out happily before him. It is a pleasure to pass from so much dark misery into the light. Lowell married Maria White near the end of 1844. She had previously spent some months in the city and had grown to like it. " I have talked so much to James of Philadelphia," she writes, " that I have inspired him with the desire to try its virtues." They reached the city on New Year's Day, 1845, and found lodgings at 127 Arch Street* in the house of a Mrs. Parker, a kindly Quakeress. " We have a little room in the third story (back), with white muslin curtains trimmed with evergreen," Lowell wrote to a friend, " and are as happy as two mortals can be. I think Maria is better and I know I am — in health, I mean — in spirit we both are. She is gaining flesh and so am I, and my cheeks are grown so preposterously red that I look as if I had rubbed them against all the red brick walls in the city."

Mrs. Lowell echoed her husband's happiness in a letter to Mrs. Hawthorne. " James's prospects," she wrote, " are as good as an author's ought to be and I begin to fear we shall not have the satisfaction of being so very poor after all. But we are, in spite of this disappointment of our expectations, the happiest of mortals or spirits and cling to the skirts of every passing hour though we know the next will bring us still more joy."

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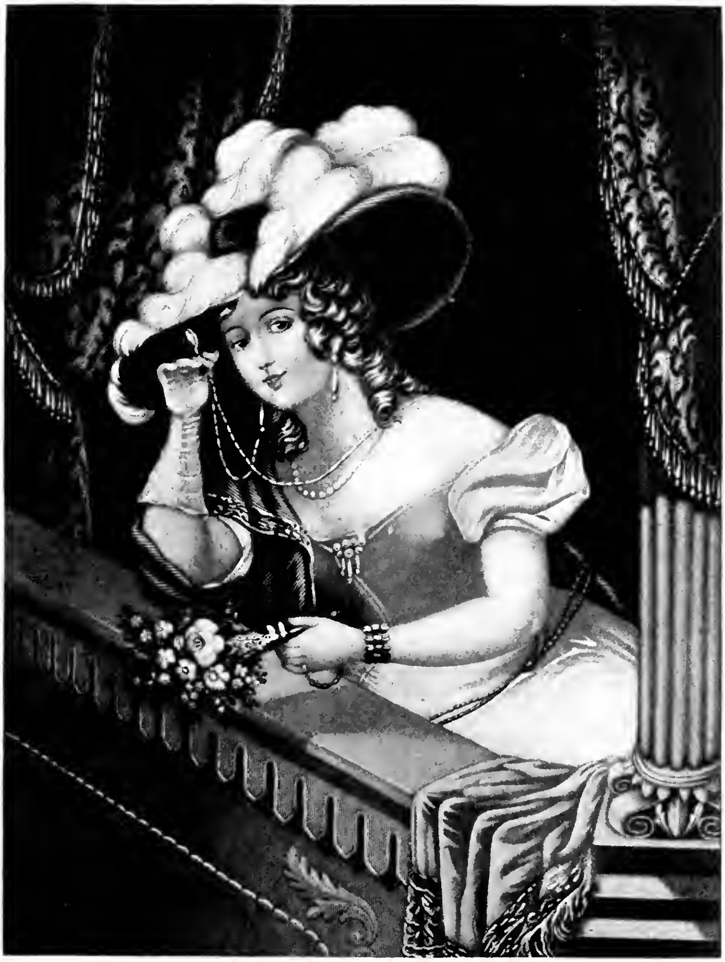
* Old number. Identified by Albert H. Smyth, in his useful study of the Philadelphia magazines, as the house standing at the north-east corner of Fourth and Arch Streets.

Mrs. Lowell translated German verse, for which there was a demand in the magazines, and her husband employed himself in writing "leaders" at five dollars each for the "Pennsylvania Freeman," the fortnightly anti-slavery paper which Whittier had earlier edited for two years; and poems and essays for "Graham's Magazine"; although he found it hard to work when just married, and thought it ought not to be necessary. "The Jews," said he, "gave a man a year's vacation."

Two weeks after his arrival in Philadelphia, Lowell wrote to a friend: "I have seen Graham and shall probably be able to make a good arrangement after my new book has been puffed a little more. He has grown fat, an evidence of success. He lives in one of the finest houses in Arch Street and keeps his carriage. He says he would have given me $150 for the 'Legend of Brittany' for his magazine without the copyright. I am sorry I did not think of this at the time." Soon, Mrs. Lowell expecting the birth of a child, their faces were turned to Cambridge again, and, after a carriage journey through Chester County with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Davis, Lucretia Mott's son-in-law and daughter, they left the city at the end of May, 1845, before they had become very closely identified with its people or its life.

George P. Morris, who frequently sent his songs to the Philadelphia periodicals — they were eagerly sought wherever magazines were published — was a native of the city, although he left it at a very early age to make his home in New York, where in 1823 he founded the New York "Mirror," which for its time



"THE BELLE OF THE OPERA"

Characteristic engraving from "Graham's Magazine"

performed a service, as "a field-marshal of our native forces," much akin to Dennie's a decade or so earlier through the "Port Folio." Morris became "the song writer of America." "He is just what poets would be if they sang like birds without criticism," said his friend Willis, "and it is a peculiarity of his fame that it seems as regardless of criticism as a bird in the air. Nothing can stop a song of his." There was none who did not know his "Woodman, Spare That Tree," "My Mother's Bible," "We Were Boys Together," "I Have Never Been False to Thee," and a host more. His "I Love the Night" needs no red-sashed troubadours with their guitars under the latticed window for its accompaniment. It sings itself:—

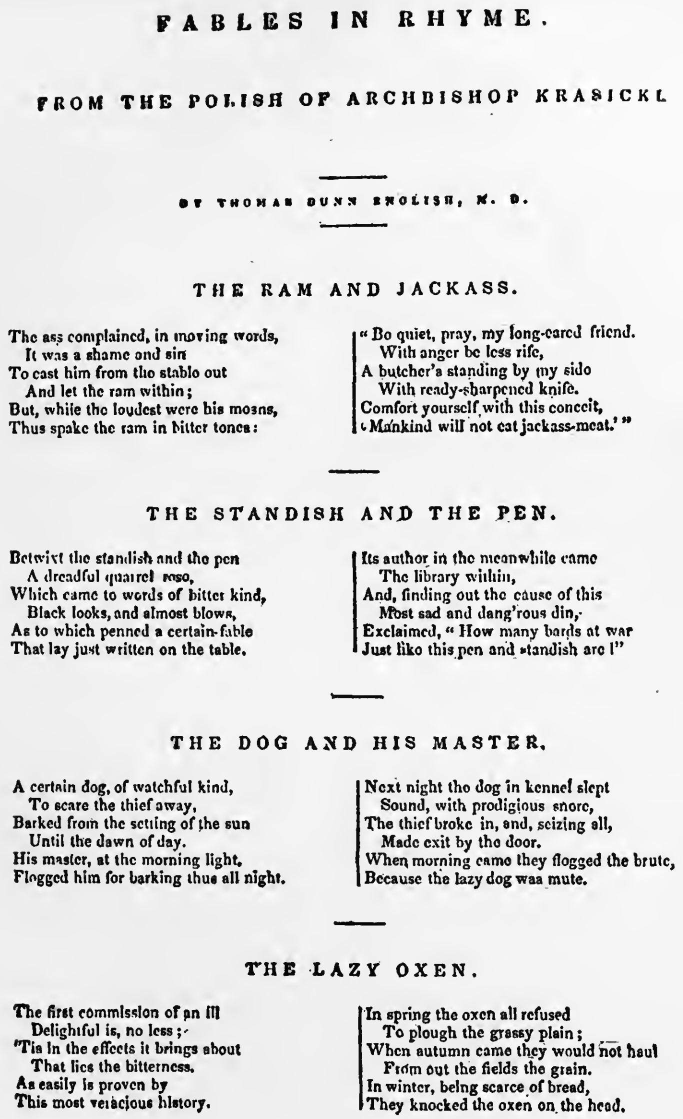
"I love the night when the moon streams bright
  On flowers that drink the dew;
When cascades shout as the stars peep out
  From boundless fields of blue;
But dearer far than moon or star,
  Or flowers of gaudy hue,
Or murmuring trills of mountain rills —
  I love, I love — love you."

Thomas Dunn English wrote thousands of poems, two or three score plays, and a respectable number of stories and novels, but his reputation was made by his very moving ballad, "Ben Bolt," beginning —

"Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
  Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile
  And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
  In a corner, obscure and alone,

They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray
And Alice lies under the stone."

English was born in Philadelphia in 1819 of an Irish family which arrived on the banks of the Delaware in William Penn's time. He was destined for the bar, but his father having failed in business, he early became a newspaper writer. In 1839 he graduated in medicine from the University of Pennsylvania and later studied law, but his absorption in journalism and politics prevented him from making a success of either profession. He wrote for "Burton's" and "Graham's," a half dozen newspapers, and edited or helped to edit some ill-starred comic periodicals. Many of his earliest poems appeared in "Burton's" while he was at Blockley Hospital and in 1843 his reputation was made by the poem which he dedicated to his friend, Charles Benjamin Bolt. It was written, at N. P. Willis's request, for the New York "Mirror," lately revived as the "New Mirror," and in the greatest haste, as was everything that issued from his pen. It caught the popular fancy, and when set to music, as it soon was, became known all over the world wherever English was spoken or understood. Ben Bolt became the name of a ship, a steamboat and a race horse. "The ship was wrecked," English used to relate, "the steamboat was blown up and the horse turned out to be a 'plater' and never won anything." The plaintive melody was introduced to a generation to whom it was strange by Trilby in Du Maurier's novel which somehow struck the fancy of the people, as the song itself had captivated them fifty years before. The University of Pennsylvania, proud to honor Mr. English as a graduate, warmly received him



FABLES IN RHYME.

FROM THE POLISH OF ARCHBISHOP KRASICKI.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

THE RAM AND JACKASS.

The ass complained, in moving words,
It was a shame and sin
To cast him from the stable out
And let the ram within;
But, while the loudest were his moans,
Thus spake the ram in bitter tones:

"Be quiet, pray, my long-eared friend.
With anger be less rife,
A butcher's standing by my side
With ready-sharpened knife.
Comfort yourself with this conceit,
'Mankind will not eat jackass-meat.'"

THE STANDISH AND THE PEN.

Betwixt the standish and the pen
A dreadful quarrel rose,
Which came to words of bitter kind,
Black looks, and almost blows,
As to which penned a certain fable
That lay just written on the table.

Its author in the meanwhile came
The library within,
And, finding out the cause of this
Most sad and dang'rous din,
Exclaimed, "How many bards at war
Just like this pen and standish are!"

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER.

A certain dog, of watchful kind,
To scare the thief away,
Barked from the setting of the sun
Until the dawn of day.
His master, at the morning light,
Flogged him for barking thus all night.

Next night the dog in kennel slept
Sound, with prodigious snore,
The thief broke in, and, seizing all,
Made exit by the door.
When morning came they flogged the brute,
Because the lazy dog was mute.

THE LAZY OXEN.

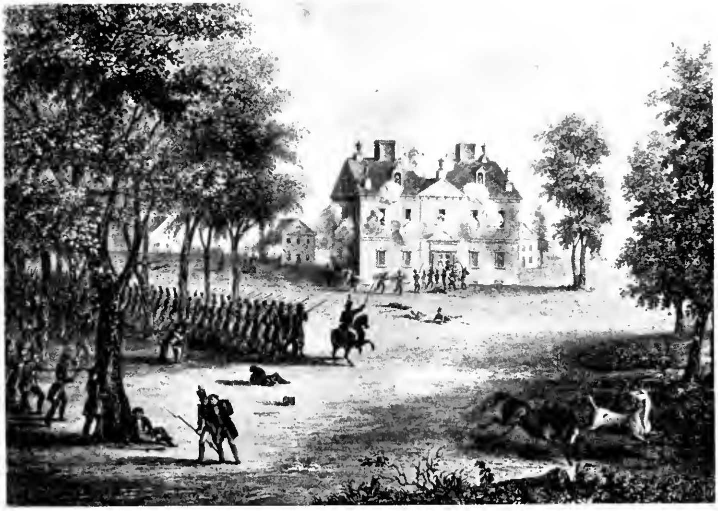
The first commission of an ill
Delightful is, no less;
'Tis in the effects it brings about
That lies the bitterness.
As easily is proven by
This most veracious history.

In spring the oxen all refused
To plough the grassy plain;
When autumn came they would not haul
From out the fields the grain.
In winter, being scarce of bread,
They knocked the oxen on the head.

A PAGE OF ENGLISH'S VERSE FROM THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE" at the meetings of the alumni, which accompany the Commencement season, in 1899, sixty years after he had taken his degree in its medical school.

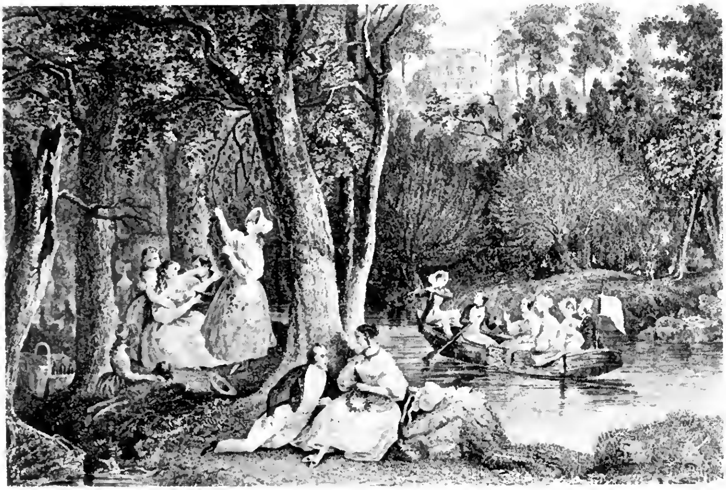
English removed to New York in time to be included in Poe's serial critique of New York's "literati" in "Godey's Lady's Book" in 1846, and the passage at arms between the two men was the most exciting which had been witnessed since Cobbett's famous assault upon Dr. Rush. Poe was right in adjudging English no very important literary figure, but he was unnecessarily severe, as he was wont to be in the presence of mediocrity. "No spectacle can be more pitiable," said Poe in "Godey's," "than that of a man without the commonest school education busying himself in attempts to instruct mankind on topics of polite literature." His grammar was defective. He wrote "lay" for "lie," and in general needed "private instruction," for getting which, Poe explained "no one of any generosity would think the worse of him." The Irish in English rising, he refused to rest quietly under such imputations and responded, through a New York newspaper, with attacks on his critic's moral character. Poe made a rejoinder through Neal's "Saturday Gazette" in Philadelphia. He called English "Thomas Dunn Brown," and the author of "Ben Bolt" in truth was "done" so "brown" that he must have regretted ever having offered himself for a baking at the hands of such an artist in cookery. Poe sued for damages and got an award of $225, with the costs charged to his defamers, in February, 1847.

Many of English's defects, as Poe said, were attributable to his sparing education, but these might have been corrected if he had shown the ability and patience



"THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN"

From "Graham's Magazine"



"A PICNIC ON THE WISSAHICKON"

From "Graham's Magazine"

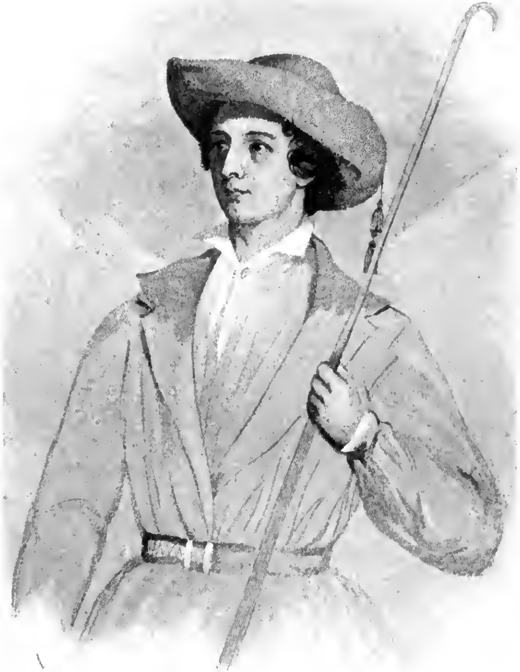
to work more carefully. With the journalist's training and heedless instincts as a writer, he would produce three or four poems at a single sitting, and "The Mormons," perhaps his most successful play, occupied him for but three days and nights. It is not surprising, therefore, that his work, large in volume and variety as it was, is of no enduring importance.

English had entered politics before he was twenty-five years old, warmly advocating the annexation of Texas. For a while in the fifties he resided in Virginia. During the Civil War he was a member of the legislature of New Jersey, and early in the nineties, when he had passed seventy, being then a resident of Newark, he was elected to Congress, where he was an interesting figure for two or three terms. He died in 1902.

The prominent position occupied by Philadelphia in the publishing trade and the variety and number of its magazines, brought to the city a curious critical autocrat, Rufus Wilmot Griswold. He was born in Vermont, in 1815, and studied for the Baptist ministry. He preached long enough to become a doctor of divinity and obtain the title to be called "the Reverend Mr. Griswold" by Lowell, Poe and many who held his literary wisdom in contempt, which none of them concealed and upon which this would-be Jeffrey of America apparently throve. Abandoning the church, he travelled extensively in the American interior and in Europe, and then turned his attention to newspaper, magazine and book writing. He had prejudices that nothing could subdue and enjoyed contention; but with all his bigotry as a critic, for it must be called that, he had a knowledge of the history of American literature which was perhaps unsurpassed by that of any student who preceded Moses Coit Tyler. "He has more literary patriotism, if the phrase be allowable," said an admirer in "Graham's," "than any person we ever knew. Since the Pilgrims landed no man or woman has written anything on any subject which has escaped his untiring research."

Griswold resided in Philadelphia for a few years in the forties, editing the "Saturday Evening Post," and afterward taking Poe's desk for several months in the editorial office of "Graham's Magazine." Two men more different in temperament, outlook and method of life are rarely found, which is the explanation of the criticism and censure that Griswold passed upon Poe almost before the grave had closed over him, creating a real *cause celebre* in the annals of literature in America. The echoes of the contest between Griswold and Poe's friends are still heard, and that he was a calumniator who deliberately sat down to write the poet's biography in an ugly spirit, is not anywhere denied. Griswold industriously criticized and compiled extracts from the works of most of the writers of America, many of his books having been published by Carey and Hart in Philadelphia; but he left the city after no very long residence in it and continued his literary career in Boston and New York.

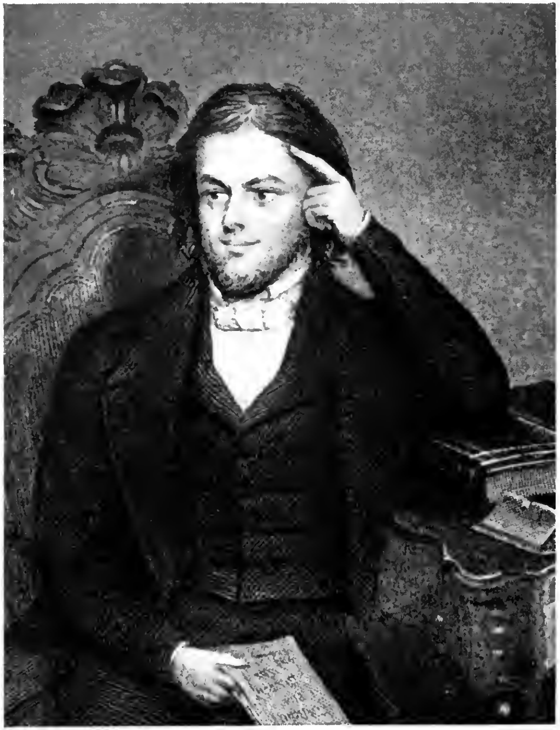
"The Reverend Mr. Griswold is an ass and, what's more, a knave," Lowell said one time when he was stung by some criticism of Poe. Graham declared in his magazine, in his open letter to Willis, that Griswold's attack was "dastardly," as well as "false." For three or four years Graham said he had known Poe intimately and for eighteen months saw him almost daily, writing and conversing with him at the same desk. In



J. Bayard Taylor

An early picture in "Graham's Magazine."

(See page 273.)



Rufus W. Griswold

From "Graham's Magazine"

that time he had found much to admire in him and he now testified in the poet's behalf most willingly. He dwelt upon Poe's deep attachment for his wife and Mrs. Clemm, to whom all the money that Mr. Graham paid him was taken regularly. "His love for his wife was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty which he felt was fading before his eyes," said Graham. "I have seen him hovering around her when she was ill, with all the fond fear and tender anxiety of a mother for her first-born, her slightest cough causing in him a shudder, a heart chill that was visible. I rode out one summer evening with them, and the remembrance of his watchful eyes eagerly bent upon the slightest change of hue in that loved face haunts me yet as the memory of a sad strain. It was this hourly anticipation of her loss that made him a sad and thoughtful man and lent a mournful melody to his undying song."

Later there came a note of morbidness induced by his inability to do for her — "a consciousness of the inequalities of life and of the abundant power of mere wealth, allied even to vulgarity, to override all distinctions and to thrust itself bedaubed with dirt and glittering with tinsel into the high places of society and the chief seats of the synagogue."

"Could he have stepped down and chronicled small beer," Graham continued, "made himself the shifting toady of the hour, and with bow and cringe hung upon the steps of greatness, sounding the glory of third-rate ability with a penny trumpet, he would have been fêted alive and perhaps been praised when dead." Graham's testimony was not needed to convince the world that Poe was not of this mould; but his statement was very useful in controverting Griswold's malignant assertions, since it came from one who, like Mayne Reid, was entitled to a respectful hearing in this unpleasant dispute.

Three Philadelphia poets in Graham's galaxy, Willis Gaylord Clark, Robert Morris and Henry B. Hirst, all of whom Poe admired, do not loom as large upon the literary horizon as they should, if their work were better known. The first two left the world all too little for it to judge them by, while Hirst's genius was clouded in his last years, and, although his youthful output was considerable, his memory was marred by his misfortunes and dissipations.

Willis Gaylord Clark was the brother of Lewis Gaylord Clark, long the editor of the "Knickerbocker Magazine." A native of New York State, he came to Philadelphia when a young man and was connected with a number of literary papers. He died of consumption soon after "Graham's" was founded, and when little past thirty years of age, being buried at his parting desire beside his wife at the same hour of the day at which she was interred. An "Impromptu" entitled "Sabbath Bells" in "Graham's Magazine" gives an indication of the ground Poe had for his admiration of Clark. The poem begins: —

"Sweet Sabbath! To my ear
   Thy bells with mingling tone
Tell of the distant and the dear
   In yon far blue unknown.

"Of happier days they tell,
   When o'er the vernal ground,
Fairer than Ocean's richest shell,
   Young Nature breathed around.

"When Hope, as at a shrine,
To Fancy poured her lay,
And hues, inspiring and divine,
Painted the live-long day."

This is not very consequential, but in all that Clark wrote, there is, as Poe said in "Graham's," "a deep abiding sense of religion," he being, indeed, "almost the first poet to render the poetry of religion attractive." He was given distinction "for his grace and euphony." "The rank to which he belonged," said his appreciative judge, "was not the highest but in that rank he occupied one of the foremost stations."

His friend, Robert Morris, had much the same character as a poet, writing in "The Christmas Dream of the Future," rather casually to select but one extract from a single poem from this graceful muse: —

"How brief our earthly span! Youth, Manhood, Age,
We creep — we walk — we totter off life's stage.

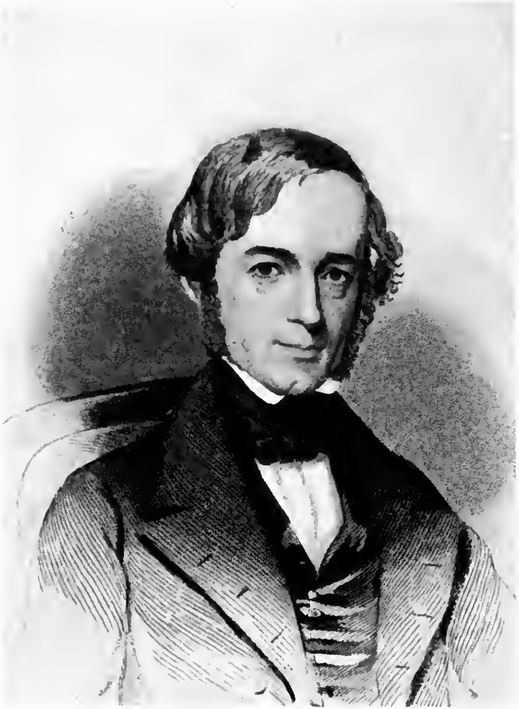
. . . .

How quick yon star shoots down the illumined sky —
'Tis gone! and yet we see not where on high
Its bright lamp shone! 'Tis thus with feeble man —
He twinkles here a moment, and is gone!
On rolls the world! Each evanescent year
Bears on its current to some distant sphere
Myriads of mortal forms — vain things of time,
Youth in its hour of hope — and manhood's prime —
Beauty and all its fading hues of clay,
The tints that are not, but were yesterday!"

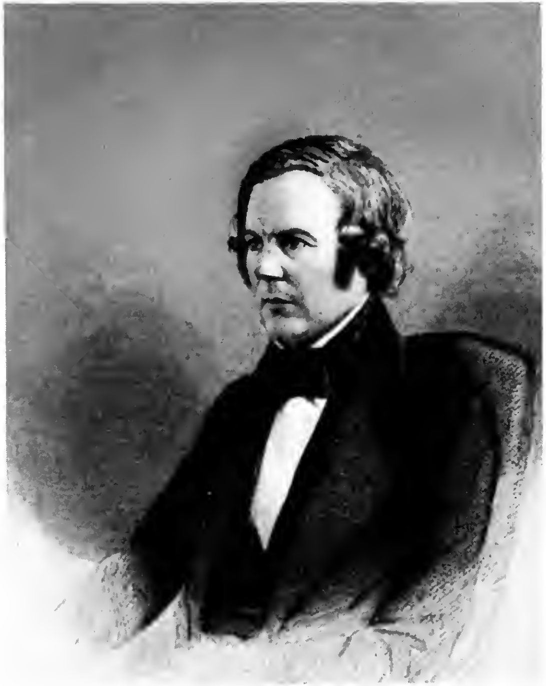
Robert Morris was not a descendant of the Financier of the Revolution, as his name might indicate, but of a Welsh sea-captain who, being in command of an armed vessel in the War of 1812, was captured and confined in an English prison, later dying in France. For a number of years the poet was the editor of the Philadelphia "Inquirer," for which, in addition to his political articles, he wrote a series of weekly essays in the manner of the "Spectator."

Henry Beck Hirst was a poet of large natural proportions and it was a real misfortune to letters that his muse yielded fruit for but a few years in his youth. He was one of the group of young literary men who used to gather with Poe at Thomas Cottrell Clarke's house at Twelfth and Walnut Streets. Hirst was an amorous fellow who drank absinthe at a ruinous rate, and he and his associates would often tap on the pane of the window of the basement room in which Clarke worked, the signal for an evening frolic. Poe accused Thomas Dunn English of having got all the good there was in him from Hirst, which did not leave the victim of the piracies barren of poetical thoughts, or the ability to express them gracefully and musically. Hirst on his side was obviously influenced by Poe and more than one of his poems is suggestive of the intimacy and communion of the two poets. Listen for example to one of Hirst's early productions, "Eleanore":—

"When I came of old, thy glance,
Eleanore,
Seemed with loving light to dance,
Eleanore;
But thy glances now are ever
Far the brighter when we sever,
Eleanore.



Joseph C. Neal.



Robert Morris

"I am lone without thy love,
Eleanore,
And my life with grief is wove,
Eleanore;
While the scorn thy glances dart
Make a winter in my heart,
Eleanore."

Or hear this from "To a Ruined Fountain":—

"In a green Arcadian valley,
Grey with lichen, overgrown;
Where the blandest breezes dally,
Chaunting, ever musically,
Roundelays with silvery tone,
Stands a mossy fountain, broken,
Of the ancient day a token.

"On the ground beneath it, sleeping,
Lies some quaintly sculptured god,
O'er the scene no vigil keeping;
While the willow on it weeping
Trails its leaves along the sod,
And the ivy climbs beside it
Seeking from the sight to hide it."

His "Endymion," which Willis accused him of having written "after Keats," a charge that he vigorously resented with the statement that he had not read Keats's poem founded on the same classical legend until after finishing his own, is his longest work. It is in four cantos and it contains much that is of striking beauty and charm. These are two of the stanzas:—

"Yet he was faint — faint with fatigue and drooping,
Through the long day unwearied he had kept
Watch, while his cattle slept;

And now the sun was like a falcon, stooping
Down the red west, and night from out her cave
Walked, Christ-like, o'er the wave.

" And from the south — the yellow south, all glowing
With blandest beauty, came a gentle breeze,
Murmuring o'er sleeping seas,
Which, bearing dewy damps and lightly flowing
Athwart his brow, cooled his hot brain and stole
Like nectar to his soul."

All of Hirst's works were published in Boston and before 1850. His first volume, " The Coming of the Mammoth, The Funeral of Time, and Other Poems," appeared in 1845; his " Endymion, a Tale of Greece " followed in 1848, and " The Penance of Roland, and Other Poems " in 1849. He had studied law and was admitted to the Philadelphia bar in 1843, when he was thirty years of age. With dissipated habits, Hirst is said to have coupled inordinate self-esteem, which later developed into insanity. For a long time he was allowed to go about the streets in strange habiliments, imagining himself by turns the President of the United States and the various emperors, kings, and queens of Europe. He was finally placed in the insane department of the Blockley Almshouse. At first he believed himself in the moon or in Japan, but later he seemed to understand his true situation and a friend who visited him believed him convalescent, until, approaching him, Hirst gravely explained that his name was Beauregard, " the grandson of the stars and the eldest child of the late Comet, Christianized and heir to the throne of Morocco," etc. He died in 1874 at the age of sixty. Such was the miserable end of a great American poet, some of whose work entitles him to place beside the best writers of English verse.

Catherine H. Waterman of Philadelphia, who in 1840 became the wife of a sea captain, C. H. W. Esling, with whom she lived for some years in Brazil, was a very prolific writer of hymns and of verse which appeared in "Graham's," "Godey's" and all the Philadelphia magazines of the day. Poe speaks of the "tenderness and melody" of her short poems but with reservation, some of his praise emanating no doubt from the chivalric feeling with which he always attacked the work of lady writers. To banish all gallantry, it must be said that there was never great value in Miss Waterman's or Mrs. Esling's verse. Perhaps there is as much in these lines from a poem entitled "We Meet No More," published in the "Gentleman's" for 1839, as we need expect to find in any part of her work:—

"We meet not there — there, where we sadly parted
In days of yore —
There, at the tryst place of the trusting-hearted
We meet no more.

"We meet no more — for long, long years have changed thee,
And other skies
From the sweet haunts of earlier joys estranged thee
And nearer ties."

Walter Colton, while better known for his works of travel than for his poetry, occasionally contributed verse to the Philadelphia magazines. Born in Vermont, he graduated at Yale in 1822, and afterward studied theology. While editing a newspaper in Washington, he won the admiration of President Jackson who appointed him a chaplain in the Navy. After extensive travels in the service, in 1838 he was assigned to the Philadelphia station, where he wrote much for the newspapers and magazines. In 1845 he was ordered to accompany a squadron to California and was an important factor there in a wild and uncivilized era. In the midst of the gold-mining excitement he returned to Philadelphia, and died in 1851 to be buried in Laurel Hill.

Now and again the name of Frances Kemble Butler appears upon the covers of the Philadelphia magazines, and it is thus that readers are introduced to Fanny Kemble. She had lately left the stage, where she was nightly a popular success, to become the wife of Pierce (Mease) Butler, a Southern planter, who had an estate near the city. He was the grandson of Major Pierce Butler, the old senator from South Carolina, who resided in Philadelphia much of his time, even while in the Senate as a South Carolinian. Miss Kemble had won practically instantaneous triumphs on the English stage and came to the United States with her father, Charles Kemble, in 1832, when she was still but twenty-three years old. They played in all the principal cities and her black hair, flashing eyes and lithe young figure, while they captivated all people were particularly ruinous to Mr. Butler's peace of mind. That he might be always near her, he followed Miss Kemble from city to city, she looking down upon him sometimes in the audience and often in the orchestra pit where he served as a musician. They were married in Philadelphia in June, 1834, and such a romantic attachment should have led to an enduring happiness that neither Mrs. Butler nor her husband seems to have enjoyed. The young couple resided on the Butler estate on the Old York Road, near the city, spending a winter or two on the ancestral plantations in the islands of the Altamaha River on the coast of Georgia.

Here Miss Kemble suffered all the agonies of heart and conscience of a Lucretia Mott or a Mrs. Stowe. Slavery wounded her to the soul. The Butlers, judging from her journal of her residence in Georgia, were brutal slave-drivers, and her denunciation of the system and her husband's indisposition to humor her whims as a reformer, with other differences, led to their complete estrangement. For a young woman of Miss Kemble's independent spirit, with her English training and the remembrance of her popular successes on two continents, the centipedes, alligators, black snakes, and the pleadings of maltreated human beings were too much to be borne patiently. In 1846 she left her husband's home and two years later Mr. Butler sued for and procured a divorce on the ground of abandonment and incompatibility of temper. Although never returning to the stage, she gave Shakespearean readings in Philadelphia and many other cities. She lived in Massachusetts and England and after Mr. Butler's death, which occurred in 1867, returned to Philadelphia again to make her home in the city for a few years. She wrote plays, poems and animated prose, chiefly the journals of her life, being, when all things are considered, one of the most interesting of the members of that large group of literary people whose names are associated with the city's history.

Thomas Mayne Reid, who knew Poe so closely while he was in Philadelphia, although of Scotch blood on both sides, was born in Ireland, where his father was a Presbyterian minister. He had come to America at twenty, landing at New Orleans to hunt, trade, explore, and live a life of general adventure, interspersed with what would rightly be called daredeviltry, on the Red, the Missouri and the Platte Rivers, being accompanied on one journey by Audubon, whom he met in the wilderness. Settling in Philadelphia in 1843, the city was Reid's home until the outbreak of the Mexican War. Here he strove to live by his pen, writing both prose and verse for "Graham's" and "Godey's," and a tragedy which was performed by James William Wallack at the Walnut Street Theatre. It is hard to conceive of any reason for the publication of his verse, but it was published. Stanzas entitled "Another Heart Broken," are curiosities in the annals of the author's life as they are in the history of magazine literature in America. Thus did he begin this "poem":—

"Oh, vainly I'm weeping; he thinks not of me,
And little he recks of the grief that consumes me —
Unspoken and silent my sorrow shall be;
He shall not know the cause of the anguish that dooms me."

In 1846 Reid donned the American uniform and marched into Mexico, being at the head of his column at the storming of the castle of Chapultepec, where he was badly wounded. For some time he was mourned for dead and his pæans as a writer and a soldier were sung in the newspapers. He came to life again, however, like the heroes of his stories, returned for a time to Philadelphia, now a Captain, and in 1849 raised a company of volunteers in New York to go to Hungary and help Kossuth in his war of freedom. The insurrection collapsed before he had got farther than Paris and Captain Mayne Reid, as he was always afterward known, now settled in England, to produce that series of thrilling tales with which his name is so closely associated. His adventures in this country supplied him with the material for a score of books that have delighted several generations of boys.

CHAPTER IX

"BLACK LETTERS"

The strife between the sections over the slavery question profoundly influenced literary activity in Philadelphia, just as the Revolution had stirred our writers, inspiring voices that otherwise might have been silent and giving a common tune to every lay. Whatever the advantages of war are accounted to be by those who find it fashionable to defend it as a means of improving the national character, it is demonstrably a small influence to make letters what in Joseph Dennie's time would have been called "polite." The angering of man against man meant a return to controversial writing, and Philadelphia for a few decades, as in the Revolution, was the principal battle-ground for conflicting ideas, sentiments and opinions. Perhaps it is not strange that "Godey's" and "Graham's" should confess some disgust with the new literary monotone. In 1850 Godey announced that he would drop "Grace Greenwood" from the list of contributors to his magazine because of her Abolition sympathies, whereupon, the publisher having presented a portrait of himself in his "Lady's Book," Whittier addressed a poem to his

"moony breadth of virgin face
By thought unviolated."

The Abolition poet continued:—

"Thou saw'st beneath a fair disguise
The danger darkly lurking,
And maiden bodice, dreaded more
Than warrior's steel-wrought jerkin.
How keen to scent the hidden plot!
How prompt wert thou to balk it!
With patriot zeal and peddler thrift
For country and for pocket."

"Graham's" said in its famous article on "Black Letters" in reviewing "Uncle Tom's Cabin":—

"A plague of all black faces! We hate this niggerism and hope it may be done away with. We cannot tolerate negro slavery of this sort — we are Abolitionists on this question. In the name of the prophet — not the bookseller's profit — let us have done with this wooly-headed literature; let us have change; let us have a reaction. Let us go back to our original Mexican brigands, our fresh Texans with their big beards and unerring 'Beeswings,' our prairie heroines, and all that wonderful adventure which is only sunburnt at the deepest. Let us have the breathless 'Romance of the Lowell Factory Girl,' the thrilling 'Pirate of the Chesapeake,' the 'Mystery of the Modern Gomorrah,' 'The Dark Monk of Wissawamponoag.' We are really weary of preaching negroes and 'Mas'r,' and ''spects I'se wicked,' and 'that yer ole man,' and 'dat ar nigger!'"

Philadelphia seems to be without much responsibility for Harriet Beecher Stowe, although there are rumors of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" coming here to publishers who would have none of it because of its assaults upon the South.*

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*"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was finally issued as a book, after it had come out serially in the Washington "National Era," by J. P.

Miss Beecher passed through the city with the family in 1832 when her father, Lyman Beecher, was making his way from Boston to take the presidency of Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati. They begged for the school, as they went, but did not very well succeed "in opening purses" in Philadelphia. They traveled out the Lancaster turnpike, singing "Jubilee" as the wagon jolted them on to Ohio, and distributing tracts along the way, "peppering the land with moral influence," said Harriet with that happy faculty which characterized her even as a girl.

The patient, untiring, inflexible advocates of liberty for the negro were the Quakers of Pennsylvania. They took no glory to themselves for the service. They produced no Mrs. Stowe, or William Lloyd Garrison, or Wendell Phillips; they worked in quieter ways and used few of the world's weapons. But their consciences were fixed; they feared no human being, though they bore no arms, and defied public opinion, laws and governments in their contest with slavery. It was a hazardous business to bring fugitive slaves northward through the city, but some of the principal lines of the Underground Railroad touched its outskirts. Many a Quaker, night after night, and year after year, slept with one ear open for the sound of the wagon which would bring him, under cover of night, a load of slaves ambitious to enjoy the sweets of freedom in Canada. Many a Quaker matron and maid cooked and sewed for the blacks that came to their homes, to remain until they could be forwarded to the next station where hearts were as faithful and lips as discreet. Through

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Jewett of Boston, who was so elated with his success that he went into the publishing business on a larger scale, promptly meeting with misfortune.

the rich Quaker counties of Chester and Bucks, the negro passed constantly, in spite of Fugitive Slave Laws with barbarous penalties, diligent non-Quaker constables, and masters with whips in hand who not infrequently drove over the border from Maryland to recover their runaways and take them back to their unrequited tasks. There are many still to tell the secrets of that time and to recall with pride that they are sprung of this heroic Quaker stock.

Pastorius, Benjamin Lay, the dwarf; John Woolman, Warner Mifflin and Anthony Benezet were Quaker leaders who denounced the evils of human bondage, and the Society of Friends itself was well clear of members who were slave owners. The pioneer in the anti-slavery movement, which now swept on in a straight course to the Civil War, was Benjamin Lundy. This man was born in 1789 in Sussex County, N. J., being a descendant of a Quaker preacher who had early settled at Buckingham in Bucks County. He travelled for his health, establishing himself at length as a saddler at Wheeling, Va., then a market-place for slaves in clanking chains. The thought of the inhumanities of the traffic disturbed him, and after he had moved over the border to follow his trade in Ohio, he formed an anti-slavery society which, beginning with five or six, soon had five hundred members. In January, 1821, he established his "Genius of Universal Emancipation," the first avowedly anti-slavery journal in the country. He continued to publish this paper regularly or irregularly, as time and place favored it, for nearly eighteen years, first in Mount Pleasant, O., then in Jonesborough, Tenn., and afterward successively in Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia. His profits as a harness and saddle-maker seem to have been lost before he began his career as a journalist. When at Mount Pleasant the "G. U. E.," as he familiarly called the "Genius," was printed in Steubenville and he made the twenty miles to and from that place on foot, often carrying the papers on his back. In his long absences on his missionary tours, it must be written and printed under the most serious disadvantages, for Lundy was not long to be satisfied with the service he could perform at his home, even with the aid of a periodical. In 1824 he made his first appearance as an anti-slavery lecturer in a grove beside a Friends' Meeting House in North Carolina. He was a pioneer here also, the first of a host who soon found voices to denounce the evils of slavery in public meetings. Lundy travelled through many Southern states, speaking at house-raisings, militia-musters and wherever he could find an audience. His weapon was moral suasion. He sought to create public opinion in favor of manumission and the colonization of the freedmen in Hayti, Mexico or other countries.

At first he was received rather cordially and was successful in organizing many anti-slavery societies in the South. Indeed, in 1827, by Lundy's computation, there were in the United States no less than 130 anti-slavery societies with 6,625 members, 106 of which were in slave-holding states. Tennessee had twenty-five of 1,000 members and North Carolina fifty of 3,000 members, a promise of what might have been achieved, if Abolitionists more violent than Lundy had not appeared in the field to inflame the people and render nugatory his efforts to gain the end by peaceful and gradual methods.

Soon there were none in the South to listen to Abolition lecturers or to read the writings of anti-slavery editors. Their persons were not secure from mobs. They were proscribed and sometimes assaulted, even in the North. The missionaries rapidly withdrew from the Carolinas, Virginia and Tennessee, and at last from such middle ground as Washington and Baltimore, to enjoy the shelter of Philadelphia. That city was on "the borders of slavery," said Whittier when he came from New England to serve the Abolition cause, but nowhere in the country could there be found a more devoted band of anti-slavery advocates.

Lundy was again a pioneer in organizing in Philadelphia in 1828 the society to encourage the use of free labor products. Soon there were advertisements in the anti-slavery papers of "Lydia White's Requited Labor Grocery and Dry-Goods Store," which was at 219 North Second Street, Philadelphia, and there were several shops of the kind in different Northern cities where cotton, sugar, rice and other Southern merchandise were sold only under certified guarantees that slaves had had no hand in the production of them. Much free labor cotton was woven on hand-looms into fabrics for the manufacture of shirts, sheets and kerchiefs for the Abolitionists, who believed with Lundy that "if there were no consumers of slave produce there would be no slaves." In 1831 a grocer in Philadelphia offered a premium of ten dollars above the market price for five casks of rice which was clean of the taint of slavery.

Lundy came to Philadelphia in the thirties to publish the "Genius," and direct another paper, "The National Enquirer and Constitutional Advocate of Universal Liberty," a weekly that on March 15, 1838, was converted into the " Pennsylvania Freeman," to edit which Whittier was brought on from his " childhood's Merrimac " to a land where other rivers inspired his song. Lundy had served his generation and the time was at hand for bolder leaders. He had met Garrison in Boston, when that man had not yet enlisted for the contest, and had persuaded him to assist in editing the " Genius of Universal Emancipation " in Baltimore. There Garrison's writings gave him his first acquaintance with the inside of a prison. Lundy observed with a little superior pride that he had known how to select his words to avoid violations of law while his colleague did not. The methods of Lundy were too mild for the new Abolitionists. His plan of reasoning with the slave owners and of seeking their aid in the only spirit in which it could be secured, politely asking them to free their blacks and send them to Hayti or Mexico, had no more advocates. Taking the pledge to wear no slave-grown cotton shirts or aprons and to deny themselves sugar and molasses, was too lady-like a weapon for those who believed slavery was a great moral wrong to be fought tooth and nail with a view to immediately extirpating it.

The parting with Lundy was amiable. " It would perhaps be improper for me to say anything in recommendation of the gentleman who succeeds me as editor of the ' National Enquirer,' " said Lundy of Whittier in the last issue of his paper. " He is known to some of its readers personally and to all of them by reputation . . . I am perfectly satisfied with his appointment to the station. I should not have willingly resigned it to one that I consider incompetent to the discharge of the important duties which must devolve upon him, but I am confident that a better selection could not have been made among the well-tried friends of our cause."

The next Thursday, March 15th, the "Enquirer" became "The Pennsylvania Freeman," and Whittier wrote of the retiring editor: "It will be seen that the present volume of this paper commences under new auspices. Its veteran editor has retired from his post, after having for more than twenty years worn the Abolition harness and fought the battles of freedom a greater part of that period single-handed and alone, sacrificing his time, his hard-earned property, and his health, amidst derision and contempt on one hand, and active persecution on the other."

It is true that he had sacrificed much. He published, lectured. and travelled without any capital but his faith in the cause and his trust in God. His wife died in Baltimore, when he was in Hayti working for the black man. His children were left to the mercies of others, while he led the life of a travelling reformer and missionary. His money gone, while far from home, he returned to the saddler's trade to earn a few dollars to carry him to the next town. He was frequently befriended by wealthy Northern Abolitionists in a life which to some seemed to be inexplicably wasted, but which craved none of those things highly valued by other men. He was still not fifty when the Abolition party saw new lights and sent him to the rear — not too old to fall in love with a Quakeress in Chester County, Mary Vickers, the daughter of a prominent stationkeeper on the Underground Railway, before he returned to the west where he suddenly died early the next year.

The "Pennsylvania Freeman" for a long time actively rivalled Garrison's "Liberator." It was in the hands of the Quakers so completely that it was published on Fifth-Day instead of Thursday and letters to the editor were addressed to "Friend Whittier." Whittier first came to Philadelphia in December, 1833, as a delegate from Massachusetts to organize the American Anti-Slavery Society. His fame as a poet who wrote for the anti-slavery papers, had preceded him, and men and women pointed to him, as they do to those of whom they have somehow heard. The little convention of less than seventy-five persons met at the Adelphi Building, in Fifth Street below Walnut Street, and he was one of its secretaries. With Garrison and Samuel J. May, he was a member of the committee to draft the famous Declaration of Anti-Slavery Sentiments. This paper was written principally in the night in a negro's attic. In it there was much promise like this which follows:

"We shall organize anti-slavery societies if possible in every city, town and village in our land.

"We shall send forth agents to lift up the voice of remonstrance, of warning, of entreaty and rebuke.

"We shall aim at a purification of the churches from all participation in the guilt of slavery.

"We shall encourage the labor of freemen over that of the slaves by giving a preference to their productions; and

"We shall spare no exertions nor means to bring the whole nation to speedy repentance."

The delegates in attendance, when it had been sufficiently discussed and amended, signed the document, and of his autograph upon it, Whittier used to remark to visitors to the home of his old age at Oak Knoll, near Danvers, Mass.: "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."

Of the Society formed by this convention, Whittier in two or three years became the Secretary, and this office, combined with his new editorial duties, made Philadelphia the centre of his interest and attention, and for much of the time his home, until 1841. The popular temper, even in Philadelphia with its Quaker leanings to Abolitionism, was such that the leaders were now finding it difficult to secure halls for their meetings. They determined therefore to erect a building of their own and a few friends of the slave formed the Pennsylvania Hall Association of which Daniel Neall was the President.

> "Formed on the good old plan,
> A true and brave and downright honest man,
> He blew no trumpet in the market place;
> Nor in the church, with hypocritic face,
> Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace.
> Loathing pretense, he did with cheerful will
> What others talked of while their hands were still."

Thus Whittier wrote of Neall who lived until a few years ago, to the end a Philadelphian, proud, like the other Abolition pioneers, and their descendants for them, of the part he had played in the contest against slavery. There were 2,000 shares of stock sold at twenty dollars a share, much of which was taken by women and workingmen who cheerfully contributed their small savings in a martyr cause. The hall was built on Sixth Street at the south-west corner of Haines

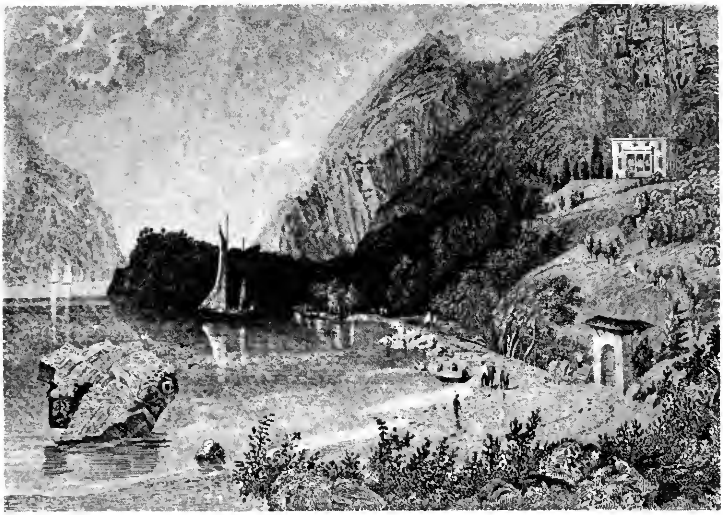
Street, between Race and Cherry, and it was nearly ready for dedication to the spirit of free discussion, when Whittier came to Philadelphia to edit "The Pennsylvania Freeman." Its first floor was fitted up with a small auditorium, committee-rooms, offices and stores, and over these in the second story was a large hall which with its galleries would seat 3,000 people. The opening ceremonies were set for the week beginning May 14th, and they brought to the city from many directions, Abolitionists of all degrees of zeal, courage and sincerity. John Quincy Adams, Thaddeus Stevens and other eminent men declined in letters that spoke of honest regret, and an orator was found in David Paul Brown, the eloquent Philadelphia lawyer. Brown said that he was ready "to fight the battle of Liberty" as long as he had "a shot in the locker," although he wished the Abolitionists to know that he was a very busy man and that they were being much favored by his coming to the exercises. The "shot in his locker" was not well enough aimed to suit many of those present, including the radical young Whittier, who the next day, addressed a poem to —

"This fair hall to truth and freedom given,
Pledged to the right before all earth and heaven;
A free arena for the strife of mind,
To caste or sect or color unconfined."

It would be:—

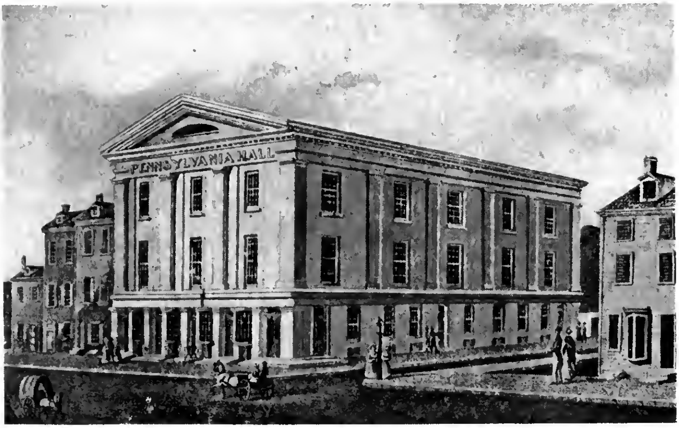
"A fair field, where mind may close with mind
Free as the sunshine and the chainless wind."

Various anti-slavery societies were convening in the large hall and the committee rooms on these dedicatory



"UNDERCLIFF"

George P. Morris's home on the Hudson River *(See page 301.)*



PENNSYLVANIA HALL

PENNSYLVANIA HALL

Located on Sixth Street, between Race and Cherry

days and on the evening of the third day, Wednesday, May 16th, the anti-slavery women held a crowded meeting which was addressed briefly by Garrison, who was followed by Angelina E. Grimké, married a little while before to Theodore D. Weld, another well-known Abolitionist.

Angelina Grimké was one of two sisters who had emancipated their blacks in South Carolina, and had come North to give their testimony against slavery. They were great lions in Abolition circles and Angelina was a fluent and popular talker on the platform.

She had barely begun to speak when a large mob, which had been assembling in the street outside, interrupted the meeting with hideous noises, scuffling and cries of " fire," meant to put the audience in a panic and precipitate it into the street. Philadelphia was now to pay the penalty of being the great centre it has always been for the education of doctors. There were at the medical schools many students from the South who had, in addition to the traditional deviltry of young collegians, pronounced anti-Abolitionist proclivities. They were enforced by the whole tribe of ruffians that gather at a sign in large cities without anyone knowing whence they come, and by the knowledge that private and official sentiment would go far to condone their lawless acts. Placards had been posted in public places announcing that " a convention to effect the immediate emancipation of the slaves throughout the country is in session in this city and it is the duty of citizens who entertain a proper respect for the Constitution of the Union and the right of property to interfere."

This interference was now at hand, but the audience stood its ground. Mrs. Weld continued to speak when none could hear her. Lucretia Mott rose to reassure the timorous when panic seemed inevitable, and the mob committed no greater violence than to hurl at the windows stones which shattered the glass, but were stopped on their course by the inside blinds. These meetings were attended by many free negroes and the Abolitionists, who were as nearly clear of race prejudice as men can be on this earth, were accused of walking arm in arm with them — white women with black men, and white men with black women, a state of things that no pro-slavery mob could ever view satisfiedly. At length the women in the hall were allowed to proceed to their homes without indignity, but several negroes, as they filed out, were set upon by the mob and one was quite seriously injured.

The next day, Thursday, May 17th, the mob got more courage and as the hours passed, it became quite clear that the evening meeting which was announced, could not be held. The Mayor, John Swift, was asked to protect the building, but he declared that sentiment did not favor the hall and those who were assembled in it, and he could do little — nothing unless he were given the keys. These were surrendered to him and as the mob grew in proportions at the approach of night, he appeared before it, making a truculent and cowardly speech in which he asked the people to be his policemen. He had no sooner gone than the crowd, which seems to have numbered 15,000 people, developed leaders who crushed in the doors. The ends of long pieces of timber were struck against the frames and panels again and again until the locks and hinges yielded. The ruffians swarmed in and pillaged the offices. With wood shavings from the cellar, blinds from the windows and Abolition books, a flame was kindled on the speaker's stand, and the new temple of free speech in Philadelphia was soon lighting the skies.

Whittier had just moved the offices of "The Pennsylvania Freeman" into the hall, and the mob rifled his desk, strewing his papers about while he looked on in a great white coat and wig which he had borrowed of his friend, Dr. Joseph Parrish, in whose hospitable home he had taken refuge. Probably no act of greater daring was ever performed by this quiet Quaker poet who in the enthusiasm of his youth raged in print against slavery, but could never speak in public or even read his own sounding verses, and who abhorred war, riot, sin and all fleshly excitements with a pure hate. His blood was too warm, however, to stay indoors while the mob burned Pennsylvania Hall and to his dying day he told of this adventure in Philadelphia with almost boyish pleasure.

Benjamin Lundy, who had little enough of this world's possessions, had stored his all in a room in the Hall preparatory to his removal to the West, and it was totally destroyed. The firemen came with their extinguishing machines, but those who were disposed to quench the flames and protect the property were forcibly prevented from directing their streams of water upon the pyre, and in a little while the building was in ashes. The Anti-slavery Society, which had adjourned until the following day, met in the street beside the smoking embers in the spirit of the ancient martyrs and for years the black ruin remained, mutely witnessing the disgrace of Philadelphia. The next night the mob in triumph again poured through the streets, bent upon razing the homes of Lucretia Mott and other Abolitionists, and the offices of some newspapers which had criticized it for destroying Pennsylvania Hall; but it was turned from its purposes and vented its fury by setting on fire the new negro orphan asylum of the Orthodox Friends in Thirteenth Street, and a negro church.

The Governor of the state at this time was Joseph Ritner, a south Pennsylvania farmer, who, in his first message to the legislature in 1838, had spoken of the "base bowing of the knee to the dark spirit of slavery," and declared that "these tenets, viz., opposition to slavery at home which by the blessing of Providence has been rendered effectual; opposition to the admission to the Union of new slave-holding states; and opposition to slavery in the District of Columbia, the very hearth and domestic abode of the national honor, have ever been and are the cherished doctrines of the state. Let us, fellow citizens, stand by and maintain them unshrinkingly and fearlessly. While we admit and scrupulously respect the constitutional rights of other states on this momentous subject, let us not either by fear or interest be driven from aught of that spirit of independence and veneration for freedom which has ever characterized our beloved commonwealth."

For this speech Ritner was called an Abolition Governor and Whittier wrote in the scathing strain which at this period marked his verse:—

"Thank God for the token! One lip is still free —
One spirit untrammel'd, unbending one knee.

. . . .

O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has been blown!
Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the murmur has gone!
To the land of the South — of the Charter and Chain —
Of liberty sweeten'd with slavery's pain:

Where the cant of Democracy dwells on the lips —
Of the forgers of fetters and wielders of whips."

Governor Ritner now came forward and offered a reward for the apprehension of those who had a hand in the Philadelphia outrages, and Mayor Swift, stirred at last to a sense of his duty, issued a similar proclamation, but of course without effect. The dark deed was done. Thousands who would not have been willing to apply the torch themselves, were at heart glad that the baiters of Abolitionists were abroad in the city. The jury to which the question of damages for the destruction of Pennsylvania Hall was referred was three years in making its award, when the large sum the owners asked was measurably scaled. The county at last paid $33,000 as the price of the night of fun in which it indulged some classes of its citizens. A subscription was at once opened for stock in a company which should build a new Pennsylvania Hall, but the movement did not succeed. The lot in a few years was sold to the Odd Fellows, who erected a building devoted to their particular purposes which still stands upon this historic site.

The work was not to stop by reason of one disaster, as crushing as it seemed, but Philadelphia Abolitionists chose now to exert themselves in behalf of their beloved cause in other ways. "The Pennsylvania Freeman" was about to go to press when the hall was burned. Whittier wrote a "Postscript":

"ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE! BURNING OF PENNSYLVANIA HALL!

"Eighteenth day of Fifth month, half-past seven o'clock — Pennsylvania Hall is in ashes! The beautiful temple consecrated to Liberty has been offered a smoking sacrifice to the Demon of Slavery. In the heart of this city a flame has gone up to Heaven. It will be seen from Maine to Georgia. In its red and lurid light men will see more clearly than ever the black abominations of the fiend at whose instigation it was kindled," etc., etc.

The Executive Committee of the state anti-slavery society asked through the " Freeman ":—

" Are Pennsylvanians prepared to yield up their dearest rights to perpetuate a system which cannot live in connection with the free exercise of those rights — which shrinks from the light — which is safe only in darkness and howls in agony at the first sunbeam of truth which touches it? Will they allow it to overstep its legal boundary and trample on the free institutions of Pennsylvania, to smite down the majesty of our law — to hunt after the lives of our citizens — to shake its bloody hands in defiance of our rights within sight of the Hall of Independence and over the graves of Franklin and Rush and Morris? No! The old spirit of Pennsylvania yet lives along her noble rivers and the fastnesses of her mountains are still the homes of Liberty."

These ringing declarations, un-Quaker-like as they may have seemed, were born of a spirit which Whittier did not assume. They came of hatred of a wrong which he strongly felt and did not hesitate to express. The Quakers of America and particularly of Pennsylvania in the twenties, had unfortunately been divided by the forceful preaching of a New York State Friend, Elias Hicks. Hicks spoke vigorously and effectively and soon aroused many of the older Friends to the point of denouncing him as an unfaithful minister of the church. He was charged with denial of the divinity of Christ and with unorthodoxy in several important articles of faith. The rupture was soon complete and the breach irreparable, for although both parties worshipped in the same peculiar way — on plain benches in their unadorned meeting-houses, the women in drabs on one side, the men in their severe coats and broadbrims on the other; the elders being on elevated seats facing the body of the people, while the ministers spoke only in response to the callings of an inner spirit — there were soon the Hicksite and Orthodox Friends. Neither to this day will acknowledge the distinguishing name and each believes itself to be the body of true Friends.

Whittier was an Orthodox Friend and he came to Pennsylvania when the two parties in Philadelphia and its neighborhood were scarcely yet done with the lawsuits to establish themselves in the possession of meeting-houses, schools, grave-yards and other property. In some places the houses were divided by partitions and the members religiously mused and preached in opposite ends of the same building where before they had formed a single congregation. Whittier complained that in Bucks and Chester Counties the Hicksites had obtained control of nearly all the old meeting-houses. There were no Orthodox Friends to contest their rights of possession. In Philadelphia he usually attended the Orthodox Twelfth Street Meeting, but was mostly thrown into the society of the Hicksites, who were leading in the Abolition movement. Hicks himself was an uncompromising Abolitionist. It has never been asserted or believed that the Orthodox Friends were in thought and feeling less hostile to slavery than the

Hicksites; but so distrustful were they of the men and women with whom they had so lately been in union and of their transcendentalism and disposition to free thinking, that they were unwilling to take a very active part in the contest.

With many this view of Hicksite unsoundness seemed to find confirmation when Lucretia Mott assisted the "world's people" in their Anti-Slavery Fairs, and a little later a Society of Progressive Friends was formed at Longwood, Chester County, two miles east of Kennett Square. In this forum of free thought Garrison, Theodore Parker, Lucretia Mott, Fred Douglass, Oliver Johnson, Mary Grew, Anna Dickinson and all the reformers of the day, both men and women, spoke for Abolition, temperance, female suffrage, spiritualism, and religious liberty, deeply exciting the suspicion of the conservative churches.

Of Whittier as of many of his Hicksite friends, it could be said truly that he was an Abolitionist first and a Quaker afterward. In Philadelphia he was working with Dr. Parrish, James Miller McKim, a Presbyterian clergyman of Lancaster County, who married a Chester County Quakeress and was later himself a member of the Society of Friends; William H. Burleigh and C. C. Burleigh, brothers from Connecticut, who were writers and lecturers; Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, the little Quakeress of whom Whittier wrote,

"The world were safe, if but a few
Could grow in grace as Mary Grew;"

Robert Purvis, who pretended to be a negro but who was in reality a white man except for some blood received through his mother from the Moors; Dr. Bartholomew Fussell, Abraham L. Pennock, John Coxe, and the Chester County leaders; Joseph Healy, of Bucks County, who was the financial backer and business man of "The Pennsylvania Freeman"; Daniel Neall and many more.

Whittier lived very quietly in Philadelphia. A poor boy, without family connections that could be very useful to him at home, he was not far past this point in Pennsylvania. As a writer he was not yet known outside of the anti-slavery circle. His first volume, a collection of Abolition poems, did not appear until 1837. There was little of general value to presage his rise to the position he later came to occupy in American letters. In Philadelphia there were many warm-hearted Quakers who opened their homes to him, but he lived mostly at boarding and lodging houses where even common comforts were scantly dealt out. Once he was heard to relate, with the keen appreciation of honest fun which always characterized him, how he and Miller McKim had played a joke on "Charley" Burleigh. Burleigh had red hair that fell in long curls over his shoulders and plumed himself on a resemblance to Christ. He, Whittier and McKim at one time occupied a room together, and Burleigh's clothing had become so shabby that his two fellows resolved to surprise him one night with a new suit. Having taken his measure in a rough manner, they put the garments at his bedside after he had fallen asleep, spirited away the old clothing and in the morning were awake in time to note the results. With their heads half-covered, they watched him take up the suit, eye it suspiciously and then without a word put it on. Not then, nor ever after, did Burleigh allude to the incident.

Whittier was of a delicate build and thus early had many physical ailments which in later life he attributed to the exposing and rough work on his father's farm. It was several times necessary for him to relinquish his editorial duties and visit or travel. From time to time he returned to Massachusetts and for a considerable period was a guest of Joseph Healy at "Spring Grove Farm" on a high bluff overlooking the Delaware River in Bucks County. Although palpitation of the heart, neuralgia and other ills interrupted his labors, his paper throve. In August, 1838, he wrote to his sister Elizabeth, who stayed with him in Philadelphia for some time: "My paper is beginning to attract attention and I should not think it strange if it got pretty essentially mobbed before the summer is out." It was for the most part an appeal to the nation's moral sense and what was not rhetoric to arouse lethargic souls and put courage into faltering hearts, was a collection of items of news depicting the inhumanities of slavery. The pages teemed with horrible tales of bloodhounds, floggings and the auction block. The brutalities of the masters and overseers were magnified. Even in the literary department of the paper the poems and tales were well steeped in Abolition. Early in 1840 Whittier's ill-health caused him to leave the city and neighborhood to which his interest, then and through life, was so closely bound.

Though he was here for less than three years, he felt himself of Philadelphia and of its people, so many of whom were of his religion and of his politics on the slavery question. So long as he lived he did not fail to recall with delight the years spent in Pennsylvania, and to view its people and its places through the favoring eyes of happy youth. A happy youth he was when the city was his home and curiously in later life he never revisited it, nor indeed travelled anywhere, for which reason his only impressions of the outside world, received here, were deepened. He was always particularly drawn to

"The fire-tried men of '38, who saw with me the fall
Midst roaring flames and shouting mob of Pennsylvania's
Hall,"

and their descendants. "Does thee know," he wrote to Sara Louisa Oberholtzer in 1873, "I think the old Quaker settlements of Chester, Bucks, Delaware and Lancaster Counties forty years ago were nearer the perfection of human society than anything I have since seen or had heard of before? As I sit alone these long winter evenings I call before me the men and women, and the scenery and dwellings until I almost live my younger days over again. It is greater than St. Paul's Roman citizenship to have been born in such a community."

To all Pennsylvania writers, especially if they had sprung of Quaker stock and depicted local scenes, he was generous and encouraging. Fame never spoiled him for a service that he cordially enjoyed. Of Bayard Taylor he was a warm admirer and wrote at the request of the Pennsylvania poet, who himself composed the hymn, the ode read at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1776, beginning —

"Our fathers' God: from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,

To thank thee for the era done,
And trust thee for the opening one."

Chester County was to Whittier "that beautiful land of plenty and peace which Bayard Taylor has described in his 'Story of Kennett.'" To the end of his life the poet had a Philadelphia tailor who from time to time sent him the plain Quaker coats which he always wore and without the least change in measurements or style.

Many of the subjects of Whittier's poems are Pennsylvanian. He believed in the virtue of the people as when he sang with the spirit of the anti-slavery time:—

"Will that land of the free and the good wear a chain?
Will the call to the rescue of freedom be vain?

. . . .

No, never! One voice, like the sound in the cloud
When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more loud,
Wherever the foot of the freeman hath press'd,
From the Delaware's marge to the Lake of the West,
On the South-going breezes shall deepen and grow
Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below."

As early as in August, 1838, Whittier wrote to a Boston anti-slavery leader: "Our cause here is slowly and against unnumbered obstacles going ahead. You in New England have got pro-slavery to contend with; we have got into a death grapple with slavery itself. They leave no stone unturned to put us down. The clergy of all denominations are preaching against us. The politicians are abusing us in their filthy papers; and dirty penny sheets, with most outrageous caricatures of Garrison, Thompson and Angelina Grimké Weld, are hawked daily about the streets. But we shall go ahead nevertheless. We are slow-moulded, heavy-sterned, Dutch-built out here away; but when once started on the right track there is no backing out with us. The Abolitionists of old Pennsylvania are of the right material; many of them don't believe in the devil and those who do aren't afraid of him."

Many have sought to involve Whittier in romances with several young women in Pennsylvania on the strength of a few amatory poems that escaped him at this period. As much inquiry and speculation have never led to the precise identification of the lady, it is perhaps right to conclude that his attachments were only friendships, that his ill health and the love he bore his mother and sister, who depended greatly upon him, compelled him, as he said, "to look into happiness through the eyes of others and to thank God for the happy unions and the holy firesides I have known."

The most active, interesting, and, in some ways, literary of the Philadelphia Abolitionists on the Quaker side was Lucretia Mott, who very early identified herself with the movement to free the slave. A married matron though she already was, she almost deranged Whittier's fancy at the Anti-Slavery Convention in Philadelphia in 1833. She had "a clear, sweet voice," said he, "the charm of which I have never forgotten"; she was "a beautiful and graceful woman in the prime of life with a face beneath her plain cap as finely intellectual as that of Madame Roland." Born a Coffin on the island of Nantucket, in 1811 when barely eighteen she was married to James Mott in the Pine Street Meeting-House in Philadelphia. She first spoke publicly in the Twelfth Street Meeting in 1816 before the separation, and thereafter was an acknowledged minister among Friends, adhering to Hicksism until her death, in 1880, at the age of eighty-seven. In that time it may be truly said that her labors were indefatigable and the public acclamation she won, not only in the city and the country over which she travelled in America, but in England, where she later visited, was remarkable.

James Mott seems to have been as indifferent to public notice as he was willing to encourage and support his wife in her humanitarian ministrations. Life with him was at first a serious struggle, but he at length became a cotton commission merchant in which business he achieved considerable success. As cotton was grown by slaves, and his wife, as luck would have it, was at the head of the Free Labor Products Society, he was induced to quit the trade in 1830 and turn his attention to wool which came from flocks that no slave tended. He continued to deal in the fleece of the sheep for more than twenty years, suffering no pecuniary disadvantage by his change from a growth of the southern bottoms to a product of the northern hills. In 1836 James and Lucretia Mott's daughter Maria married Edward M. Davis, another Abolitionist, who was the friend of Whittier, Lowell and most of the anti-slavery leaders. For twenty years the Motts lived on Ninth Street, between Race and Vine, in an old-fashioned house with a large garden. They were there when the mob swept through the streets the night after Pennsylvania Hall was burned, and their home would have been attacked and in all likelihood razed to the ground if the crowd's head had not been turned and its mad fury expended on the Orphan Asylum. Afterward the family removed to 338 Arch Street (old number), and in 1857 to "Roadside," a vine-covered, flower-encompassed cottage about eight miles north of the city beyond Oak Lane on the Old York Road. Edward M. Davis had earlier purchased a farm in that neighborhood, called "Oak Farm," and in this quiet rural locality the rest of Lucretia Mott's days were passed.

To her many came, and with the most various demands. Driving to the old Abington Meeting, silent and secluded among the tall trees near Jenkintown, preaching on her missionary circuits, and lending a hand to public movements that seemed to her good, she was a centre of interest for all manner of women and men. Fugitive slaves, lecturers, reformers — all found their way to her home. "No man in the Abolition party," says Rebecca Harding Davis in her "Reminiscences," "had a more vigorous brain or ready eloquence than this famous Quaker preacher, but much of her power came from the fact that she was one of the most womanly of women. She had pity and tenderness enough in her heart for the mother of mankind. . . . Even in extreme old age she was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen." While Southerners regarded her as "the modern Borgia, the planner of wars and murders," one who saw her remarked in surprise: "Why, she looks like a saint. I believe she is one of the saints of God."

When news of the final passage of the Fifteenth Amendment reached her, Lucretia Mott was with some of her friends, woman reformers like herself. "What will thee and I do now?" one of them said to her with some appreciation of the humor implied by the remark. "Well, there is prison reform," she answered, "or we might stir up women to vote."

None of these practised agitators was long to remain idle. They were perfectionists who had set out to redeem mankind. Yet, strangely, no woman was more domestic than Lucretia Mott. When she left her home to visit her children and friends, she did not forget to put a few eggs or vegetables in her hand-bag. She made marvelous bedspreads and disproved the charge that women who engage in public work are inept and careless about the household vocations. Louis Kossuth and Charles Dickens brought letters to her from Europe where she was regarded as one of the great American liberators, and a feature of the city. On February 25, 1842, she wrote to a friend in the frank, quizzical, half-humorous Quaker way:

" Another lion has just arrived in the city — Charles Dickens. Our children have a strong desire to see him. I, too, have liked the benevolent tendency of his writings, though I have read very little in them. I did not expect to seek an interview or to invite him here, as he was not quite of our sort. But just now there was left at our door his and his wife's card with a kind letter from our dear friend, E. J. Reed, of London, introducing them and expressing a strong desire that we would make their acquaintance. There is not a woman in London whose draft I would more gladly honor. So now we shall call on them and our daughters are in high glee." *

In the ranks of the ordained clergy of the city no man was so early aroused, or did such useful service for the Abolition cause as Dr. William Henry Furness, the good and gifted Unitarian minister, whose son, Horace

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* The letters of James and Lucretia Mott were edited and published by their granddaughter, Mrs. Hallowell, in 1884.

Howard Furness, is today foremost among Shakespearian scholars. Born in Boston in 1802, he, as a boy, was the playmate of Emerson, and graduated at Harvard in 1820, one year ahead of the sage of Concord. Finishing the courses in the theological school in 1824, he came to a little Unitarian congregation in Philadelphia, which had been established by Dr. Priestley. The members had built a small brick church, and Furness, in 1825, still but twenty-three years old, was installed as its pastor. He preached to this people for fifty years when he became pastor emeritus, to continue his discourses twenty years more, or until his death in 1896. Although his life almost covered the century, he seemed never to grow old in spirit, even when time had seamed his face and silvered his hair. He exerted a beneficent influence upon the city in many ways so long as he lived.

Dr. Furness was a kinsman of Wendell Phillips and a friend of Garrison and Lucretia Mott, who with her husband, was accounted to be no small factor in eliciting his sympathy for the slave. He foresaw the result of his unpopular course, but dared all and lost many members who, however, gradually returned to his church. A parishioner was once heard to remark that in twenty-five years he was certain no Sunday passed when Dr. Furness in sermon or prayer did not make an allusion to the evils of African slavery. His temperament did not cause him to rage with the vehemence of Phillips, Garrison and Theodore Parker, but his testimony was long and consistently given against the wrongs of human bondage. His religious writings, which include many titles, would not rank very high in this day of careful criticism of the Scriptures, but his manifest spirituality which so early attracted the Quakers to him, has left its wholesome impress upon the community, and will cause all who ever heard his voice or saw his saint-like face to remember him gratefully. Thus did a great leader in the church, regardless of the cost of the step, arise to heed Whittier's stirring command:

> " Stand in thy place and testify
> To coming ages long,
> That truth is stronger than a lie,
> And righteousness than wrong."

CHAPTER X

LATER WRITERS AND EVENTS

In the middle of the century a number of important changes came over the business of publishing and selling books. For many years the leading publishing firm in Philadelphia and, indeed, in America, was the old house of Mathew Carey, which in 1885 celebrated its centennial, and now, therefore, is 120 years old. In 1817 Mathew Carey admitted to partnership with him his eldest son, Henry Charles Carey, who, from an early age, had been taught the business very thoroughly. Four years later Isaac Lea, who had married one of Mr. Carey's daughters, joined the firm. In 1824 its founder retired from active part in the direction of the business, and afterward the firm was known as Carey and Lea. When a younger son, Edward L. Carey, attained his majority, the firm name became Carey, Lea and Carey, but in 1829 the business was divided. The brothers separated, Edward taking the retail trade as his portion, and inviting to partnership with him a young Jewish business man, but eighteen years of age, Abraham Hart. At ten, upon the death of his father, Hart was compelled to enter a counting-house, where he served for several years without recompense, at length obtaining money enough to establish his mother in the fancy goods business in a little shop in Third Street, opposite the Girard Bank. He soon decided to add books to the meagre stock. The venture was so successful that he attracted the attention of the Careys. Thus was formed the firm of Carey and Hart, long and favorably known, not only as booksellers, but as publishers of much of the best literature of the time. They at one period outstripped the parent house in the brilliancy of their list of authors, and had a class of publications which at a later time gravitated to Boston to the house of Ticknor and Fields.

They published the works of the New England, as well as the Pennsylvania, poets, and in the excellence of their printing, the illustrations with which they adorned their books, and their general high standards of taste, gave the city a pre-eminent reputation. For many years, the firm issued a Christmas souvenir volume called the "Gift," which distanced all other publications of the kind. It was edited for a time by Eliza Leslie. The contents of the volume for 1845 included poems, sketches and stories by Henry W. Longfellow, N. P. Willis, Edgar Allan Poe, R. W. Emerson, H. T. Tuckerman, Wm. H. Furness, Joseph C. Neal, C. P. Cranch, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Sigourney and Charles Fenno Hoffman. The plates, which were by C. R. Leslie, Thomas Sully, Malbone, Huntington and others, were engraved by John Cheney, J. I. Pease, R. W. Dodson, and the best artists of the day.

Edward Carey was a man of excellent taste and wide reading in many fields. He was a liberal patron of the fine arts, his home being veritably a picture gallery. His bodily sufferings for years were acute and he died in 1845 in the fortieth year of his age, some branches of the business being taken over by his nephew, Henry Carey Baird, whose firm still exists; while others, through Mr. Hart, now of established fortune, came into the possession of Parry and McMillan, who were favorably known for several years in the publishing business in Philadelphia. Parry was an old employee of Mr. Hart and his partner, James McMillan, was a bookseller who had come to the city from New Brunswick.

Meantime, upon Edward Carey's withdrawal with the retail business, the parent firm, which now devoted itself exclusively to book-publishing, resumed the name of Carey and Lea. In 1833 William A. Blanchard, who had been an employee of the house for more than twenty years, was taken into the firm, which became Carey, Lea and Blanchard, and in 1836, when Henry C. Carey, by this time a widely known economist, retired, the Carey name disappeared from the firm title forever. It remained Lea and Blanchard until 1851, when the principal glory of the house seems to have departed,— at any rate as far as its activity in the publication of general literature was concerned. Isaac Lea, who had become a noted conchologist and geologist, left the firm in 1851 and was succeeded by his son, Henry Charles Lea, today a leading historian. The house thereafter, until 1865, was known as Blanchard and Lea, when Mr. Blanchard retired in favor of his son, Henry Blanchard. For a time the firm was once more Lea and Blanchard, but ill-health soon compelled the young Mr. Blanchard to leave the business, when Henry Charles Lea conducted it in his own name until his sons and some old employees were taken into the firm. Since 1885, it has been known as Lea Brothers and Company. The house, for many years, has devoted itself principally to the publication of scientific, and particularly medical works, being a factor in con-junction with several other firms with which this business is a specialty, to make the city a centre for the medical text-book trade, as it has long been a centre for medical education.

The history of the Carey firms from the Revolution to the Civil War is the history of the book on its business side in this country. Some personal allusions to Mathew Carey, the Irish *emigré,* whose indomitable energy made the reputation of the house, are found in an earlier chapter. The methods of selling books in his day were in some respects curious. Mathew Carey was instrumental in organizing the American "Literary Fair," the first being held in New York in June, 1802. It was patterned after the book-fairs at Frankfort and Leipsic and was an enterprising business conception. In future it was resolved that it should be held at New York and Philadelphia alternately, in New York in April and in Philadelphia in October. The October Fair in 1802 was postponed until December because of the yellow fever, when Philadelphia extended its first welcome to the booksellers. The meeting lasted for about two weeks, and was held at the Franklin Hotel, on the south side of Market Street, between Third and Fourth, in Franklin Court. At this Fair the idea of auctions was introduced; lots of several hundred volumes, bound or in sheets, of such works as "Paradise Lost," the "Life of Joseph," Cook's "Voyages," Goldsmith's "Greece" and Dodsley's "Fables," were offered for sale to the highest bidder. Mr. Carey was elected the first President of the American Association of Booksellers and before they went back to their various homes they ate a dinner together in the hotel.

These semi-annual sales promised very well, but, in practice, expectations were defeated by the disagreements between the country and city traders. The country printers brought in editions of popular works, run off on inferior paper from worn types, and thus enjoyed an improper advantage, for which reason the Fairs were abandoned after four or five years of rather indifferent success.

The auction feature of the Literary Fair was revived in 1824 by Henry C. Carey, when he instituted in Philadelphia the " Book Trade Sales," later, for many years, in charge of Moses Thomas, the old publisher of the " Analectic Magazine," now a well-known auctioneer. His sales attracted booksellers from all parts of the Union, and were conducted in rooms on the present site of the Bullitt Building, in Fourth Street. Similar sales were held subsequently in Boston and New York, where they were continued after Philadelphia had abandoned them.

Mathew Carey had an odd salesman in Rev. Mason L. Weems, who wrote the " Life of Washington," wherein was started the famous mythical story about the cutting down of the cherry-tree, of which the end will never be heard; and biographies of Franklin, William Penn and other works not so well-known. For several years he was in charge of the Episcopal parish at Mount Vernon in Virginia, and coming to Philadelphia, he was employed by Carey as a book agent. He gave particular attention to the sale of his own works. In 1817 a writer in the " Analectic Magazine " described Weems's peculiar methods. " Our readers should know," said the " Analectic," " that he is an author, a peddler and a preacher. He writes a book, carries it about the country, holding forth a goodly sermon in every village and taking occasion to exhort all manner of persons to open their eyes and read fructifying books. The cart stands ready at the door, and after a congregation have heard a sermon for nothing they will seldom be so hard-hearted as not to pay for a book." In this and other ways more than forty editions of Weems's "Washington" were sold to the American people, and it was found in many homes in which it was the only book except the Bible.

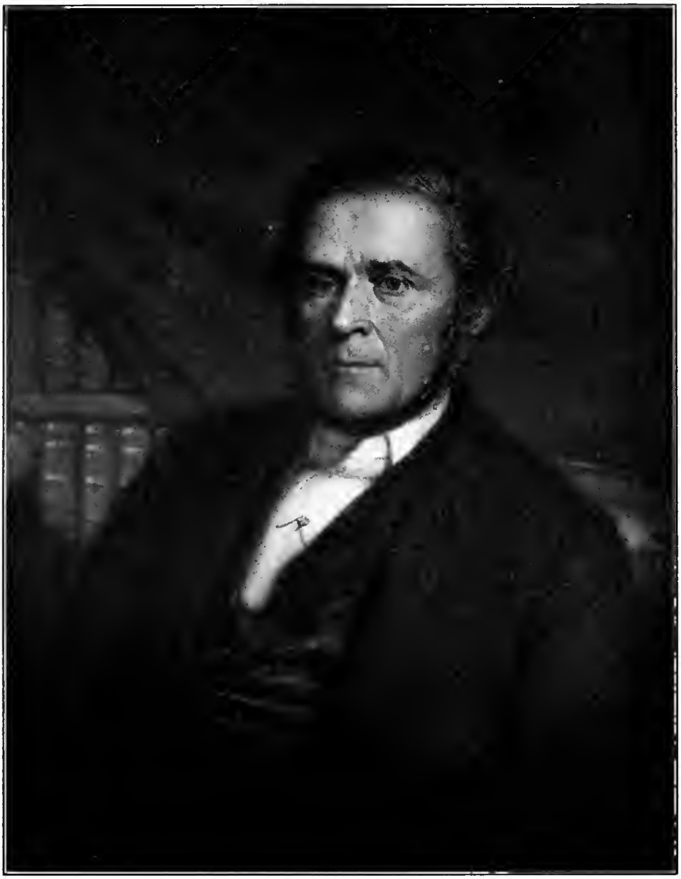
One of the most interesting and at the same time profitable achievements in the history of the Carey house was the republication of Sir Walter Scott's novels. William A. Blanchard, who was a valuable factor in upbuilding the reputation of this house, used to relate how, when a young man, he was sent away with a stage load of a new "Waverley," sitting high on the bundles of books and travelling night and day across New Jersey and over the North River, in order to deliver them at the earliest possible hour to the New York publishers. In those days an English book was for the first printer in America who could get it and place it on the market. International copyright there was none, but to obtain the advance sheets it was customary for enterprising American publishers to make some payment as a slight *douceur* to the author. About £75 would be paid for the early sheets of a "Waverley"; £300 were paid for Scott's "Life of Bonaparte," and the same sum for Lockhart's "Life of Scott"; but the packet service was so undependable that a ship which made its departure a month after some other vessel had cleared the English coast might reach its destination first. Thus, even when the advance sheets were purchased, there was constant anxiety lest a rival would procure the book. As soon as the sheets were received, compositors worked upon them day and night and they were bound with the greatest speed to be sent to market with the least possible delay. The Careys were the first to reprint the "Pickwick Papers," issuing the parts in this country as soon as they could be obtained from England, and paying Dickens for the advance sheets of all his works, until after his visit to this country and his failure to secure an international copyright law, he refused in disgust to have anything more to do with such a people as the Americans.

During the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens to Philadelphia in 1842 (he came a second time in 1867), they presented a letter of introduction to the Careys from Charles R. Leslie, the artist, a connection by marriage of Henry C. Carey, who tendered them a reception at his house, still standing at the corner of Tenth and Clinton Streets. All the visiting cards in the tray in the parlor were used up for autographs, and Dickens expressed the opinion that they had been accumulated for that purpose. Henry Carey Baird, the only guest of that occasion now living, and at that time seventeen years old, secured one of these autographs, which he still reveres. Philadelphia "is a handsome city, but distractingly regular," Dickens wrote in his "American Notes," which were the outcome of his first visit to the United States. "I felt that I would have given the world for a crooked street. The collar of my coat appeared to stiffen and the rim of my hat to expand beneath its Quakerly influence."

At one time, it is stated by the historiographer of the firm, the Carey house regularly published two novels a week, in addition to many solid works, such as encyclopedias, biographies, poems and essays. Among native authors it had Cooper, Irving, Poe, William Gilmore Simms, John P. Kennedy and Robert Montgomery Bird. Early in the forties, suffering from the great panic, the house withdrew from the general publishing trade. For several years no book could be sold unless it was cheap. The firm had in hand large stocks of Cooper, and as an instance of the sudden change in the literary demand, it is related that the boards must be stripped from the books and that they must be re-covered in paper before they could be disposed of.

Another pioneer in the book-trade in Philadelphia and in the country at large, was John Grigg, who established in the city what was probably the largest book distributing house in the world. Grigg was a country orphan boy. When very young, he went to sea and later lived successively in Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky, being in the last named state superintendent of a woolen mill. In 1816 he came to Philadelphia, where he made the acquaintance of Benjamin Warner, a Quaker bookseller, by whom he was hired as a clerk. Warner dying, Grigg closed out his employer's affairs in 1823 and then went into business on his own account in a small store in Fourth Street above Market, effecting revolutions in the book trade in America. He soon developed an important jobbing business; that is, wholesaling the books of all publishers and distributing them to retail dealers in every part of the country. The extension of the public-school system is, perhaps, as much responsible as any other one agency for the remarkable growth of this trade.

Mr. Grigg was a most determined spirit, a natural bookseller it was often said, knowing by instinct what



JOHN GRIGG

others seemed never to learn by experience. In the settlement of Mr. Warner's affairs, it was necessary for him to travel widely. On one occasion, it is related, in evidence of the attention to duty always characterizing him, he was in Charleston a few days before Christmas. He must be in Philadelphia on that day. When he came to Baltimore, he found that the boats had left off running. He turned then to the mail-coach, but it was full, wherefore he must ride outside with the driver. The night was cold, the air thick with sleet, and the road miry. At Havre de Grace another driver took the reins and, he being unacquainted with the road, the passengers, fearful of their necks as the coach plunged in the mud, were in favor of waiting until morning. Mr. Grigg was determined that the stage should go forward. So he procured a lantern and, preceding the coach to light the way, piloted the vehicle through the darkness and mire for two miles. Finally mounting the box again, he took the reins in his own hands and daylight saw the party at Elkton. In this way did Mr. Grigg arrive in Philadelphia at the appointed time.

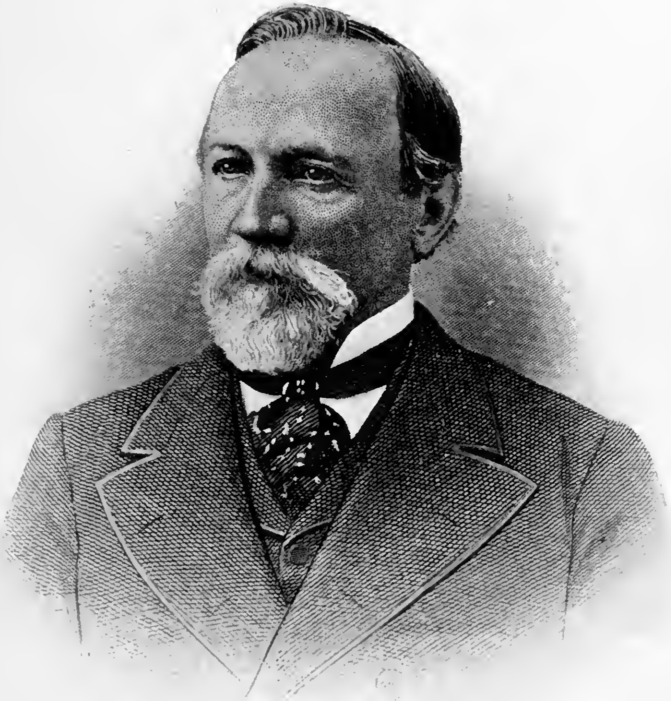
Once when a business engagement was to be kept, he was so ill that he must be carried to the stage-coach, and thus he proceeded to his destination regardless of all personal risks and dangers. Almost military promptness characterized all his business relations so long as he lived.

From time to time Mr. Grigg took into partnership with him young men who were in his employ and had proven themselves faithful to his interests. The firm at first was Grigg and Elliott; then when Henry Grambo was admitted to partnership, Grigg, Elliott and Company; and finally in 1849 both Mr. Grigg and Mr.

Elliott sold their interest in the house to Joshua Ballinger Lippincott, a retail bookseller and publisher who, about 1836, had opened his store at the southwest corner of Fourth and Sassafras (Race) Streets. The firm now became Lippincott, Grambo and Company, and when Grambo left it in 1855, J. B. Lippincott and Company, under which name it established a place as one of the great publishing houses of the country. In 1868 this firm began to issue "Lippincott's Magazine," and it long continued its important jobbing business at 715 Market Street.

Mr. Lippincott, the controlling power in building up the reputation of the house, came of a family which had early settled in southern New Jersey. His parents were Quakers. He was born in 1813 and died in 1886, amassing much wealth in a life assiduously and intelligently devoted to the book-trade, his three sons being the principal factors in the company which now conducts the business of the house in Washington Square. Its list of publications includes many valuable encyclopedic and scientific works, as well as standard books of all classes of general literature by American and foreign authors. J. B. Lippincott introduced to American readers "Ouida's" works and the novels of Captain King. The publication of Amelie Rives's "Quick or the Dead" was one of the marked successes of the magazine, in which the story appeared serially. The house issued Allibone's "Critical Dictionary of Authors" and Thomas's "Biographical Dictionary" and "Gazetteer of the World"; Schoolcraft's "Indian Tribes" in six quarto volumes, an authoritative government work; and the American edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia.

For some time after the Civil War practically its only



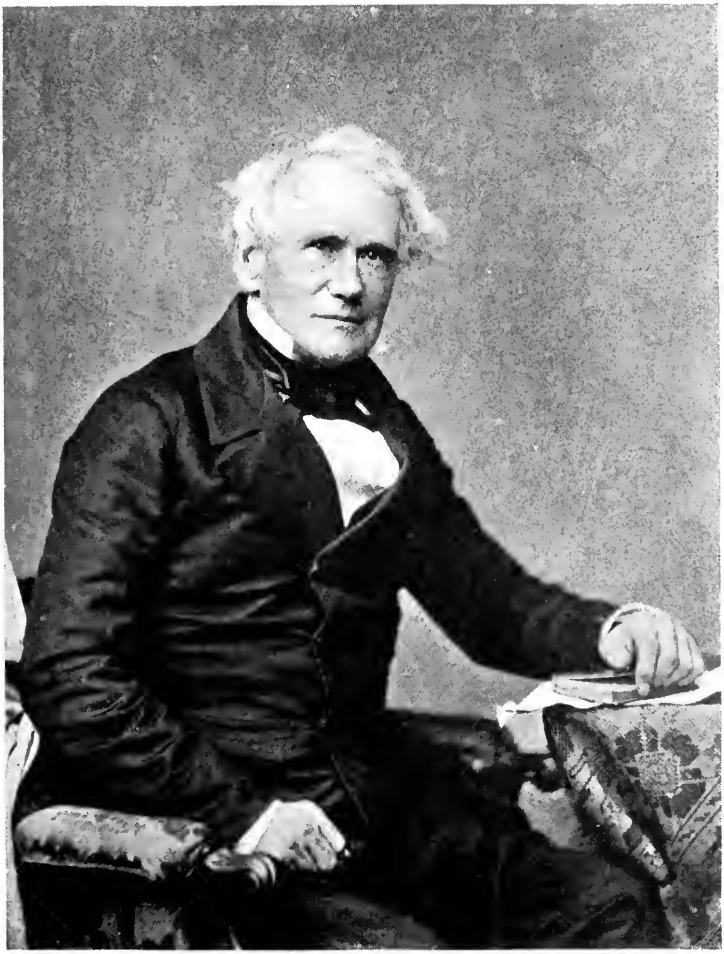
J. B. LIPPINCOTT

rival in upholding Philadelphia's honor in the publishing trade in the field of general literature, was Porter and Coates, who succeeded to the business of Willis P. Hazard. The firm afterward became Henry T. Coates and Company, its plates, rights and accumulated advantages being taken over recently by the John C. Winston Company.

Neither Pennsylvania, nor indeed any colony or state, had yet produced men of great interest in economic questions. A few pamphlets by Francis Rawle, published from 1720 to 1725, are believed to have been the first works of this class in Philadelphia. Tench Coxe was a writer of authority during the Revolutionary period and subsequent years. Born in this city in 1755, and graduating at the College of Philadelphia, he entered his father's banking house, later becoming Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Hamilton and filling other government posts. He lived until 1824, publishing several volumes of economic and statistical studies, the chief of which, "A View of the United States of America," was an elaborate discussion of the material condition of the country at the end of the eighteenth century.

But these works were of little importance as contributions to economic science in comparison with those of Henry C. Carey. Through him Philadelphia won the distinction of becoming the seat of a certain body of doctrines in political economy with which the name of the city is still inseparably associated. Mathew Carey in his later years had exhibited much interest in the tariff question, and maintained an agitation which, if it did not establish his title to consideration as a great economist, testified in one more way to his pertinacious nature. It is often assumed that Henry C. Carey came by his love of economics as naturally as did John Stuart Mill through his father, James Mill; the father educating the son. The analogy is rather striking and the principal difference is found in the substance of the teaching and the fruit born of the process. The Careys, both father and son, were untaught or rather self-taught, while the Mills had opportunities to secure the philosophical and scientific backgrounds for their writings.

Mathew Carey put his sons to work at an early age. His was the gospel of labor. Henry, the eldest son, born in 1793, was sent to Baltimore when twelve years old, to superintend a branch of his father's publishing house, and, upon coming of age in 1814, was made a partner in the business. In 1819 he married a sister of Charles R. Leslie, the artist, and of Eliza Leslie, the novelist. For twenty-one years, or until 1835, when he retired from mercantile life, he was an active spirit in the publishing trade in Philadelphia, reading manuscripts and books, gaging the literary market and developing a taste for general literature, including fiction, that he freely indulged so long as he lived. He was one of the most accomplished publishers of his day and standards invariably high ruled him in all his judgments and appreciations. From 1835 until his death in 1879, nearly forty-five years, Henry C. Carey was a retired gentleman and an economist whose theories, like Henry George's, another Philadelphian by birth and by residence in early life, were generally known even where they were not accepted. It is stated that the younger Mr. Carey began his career as a free-trader, which is a fact rather difficult to reconcile with the theory that



HENRY C. CAREY

From a photograph in possession of Mrs. Howard Gardiner

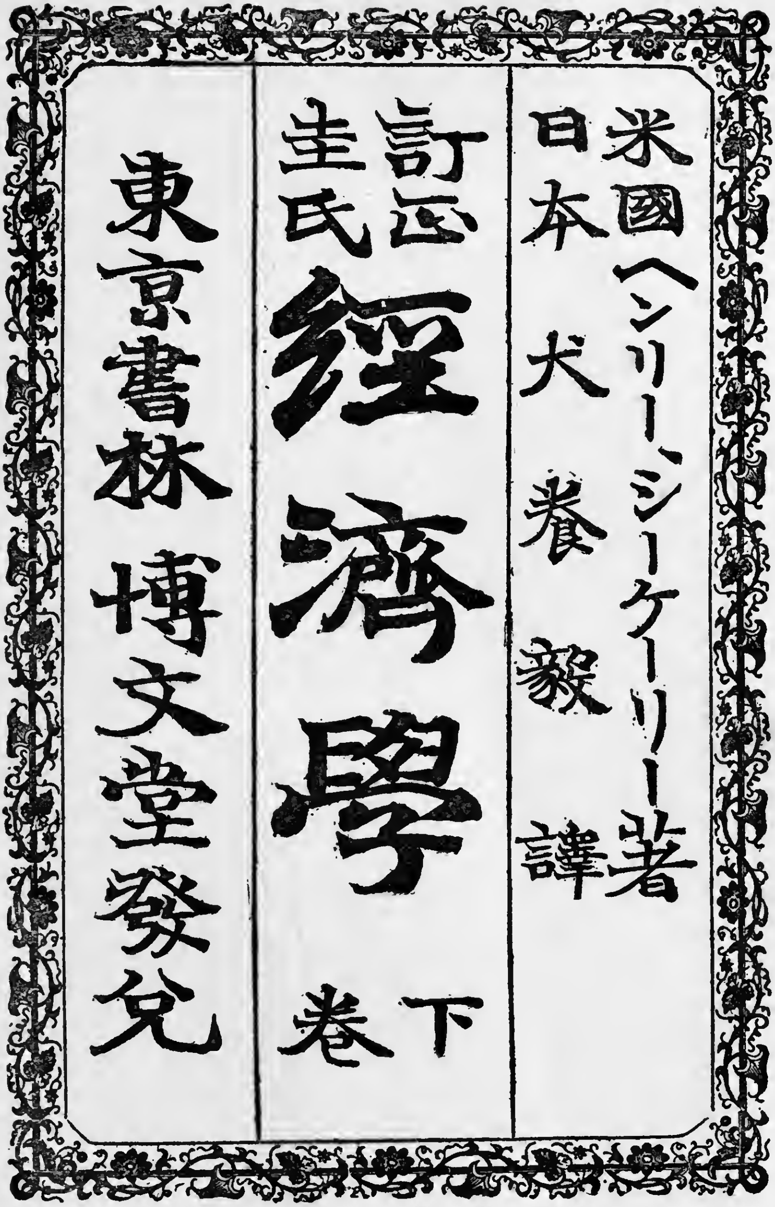
he came by his interest in social science through his father, to whom a protective tariff was the beginning and the end of political economy. In any event, he was not slow or unemphatic in signalling his conversion to protection, which he sought to give a place in an original and independently wrought-out system of social philosophy. In 1840 he completed his three volumes, "The Principles of Political Economy," and in 1858 another three-volume work, "The Principles of Social Science." In all, in his fifty years of authorship, Mr. Carey produced thirteen octavo volumes, 3,000 pages of pamphlets, besides a great amount of writing which was done without pecuniary reward for Horace Greeley and Morton McMichael and appeared from time to time in the editorial columns of the New York "Tribune" and the Philadelphia "North American." His works have been translated into French, German, Italian, Russian, Magyar, Portuguese, Japanese and other languages, and they are of such a character as still to call for examination by the economists of Europe. His "Political Economy" in Japanese has passed through a number of editions, and it has been an unquestioned influence in determining that government to adopt a policy which has brought the nation to a position of wealth and independent power.

With the dogmatism of some of his Irish ancestors and much of their daring and inflexibility, he discarded most of the accepted doctrines of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Malthus and Mill as absurdities, and erected a new structure whose chief pillar was the thought that population could increase and prosper indefinitely, if the government would isolate it commercially and a balance were maintained between the factory and the farm.

Thus he refuted such fundamental and, as they had seemed to most investigators, obvious economic principles as the law of diminishing returns, Ricardo's law of rent, Malthus's law of population, and the wage-fund theory. In this way did he combat free-trade and establish through the agency of his books and newspaper articles his title to be regarded as the founder of a school of American political economy whose home was, and is still accounted to be, in Philadelphia, as opposed to the international English free-trade whose bulwarks were set up in the colleges and universities of New England.

Economists are noted beyond all other men, except perhaps theologians, for their tenacity, their prejudices, and oftentimes their downright ill-nature in controversy. Mr. Carey, like his father, throve in contention. He was a man of no reserves. He would clinch his statements with strong and unfashionable expletives. He lacked humor. He wrote rapidly, often furiously, in a hand which it was difficult for the unpractised to decipher. He gave himself no physical recreation when at work, save an occasional walk through the spacious rooms of his mansion lined with paintings and crowded book-shelves, when he returned with new ideas to be put upon paper with similar rapidity. He published his works without thought, hope, or need of recompense and on balance at his death protection was a large debtor from whom nothing ever came.

With all his intellectual severity, Mr. Carey was a man of much warmth and geniality socially. He snuffed like a gentleman of the old school, and enjoyed his glass of wine. He loved the opera, drama and light literature, and his interests were those of a cosmop-



米國ヘンリー、シーケーリー著

日本犬養毅譯

（訂正生民）經濟學　下巻

東京書林博文堂發兌

Title Page, Fourth Edition, Volume II, of Henry C. Carey's "Political Economy," in Japanese olite. He belonged to a number of clubs, including one of twelve members who met together annually until all but him had gone to other spheres. Upon the appointed day, he continued to dine alone for several years, or until his own death at the age of eighty-six. Once a week, on Sunday afternoons, the leading men of the city gathered at his round table in his mansion at 1102 Walnut Street. These meetings, called the Carey Vespers, before, during and after the war, were characterized by a vigorous discussion of national problems. In 1865 General Grant was at Mr. Carey's house in attendance at one of the Sunday "afternoons." Just prior to his death in 1879, the combined ages of Carey and three men who met at his home,— General Robert Patterson, whose residence, at Thirteenth and Locust Streets, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania long occupied; William D. Lewis, the banker and translator; and Joseph R. Chandler, the old editor of the "United States Gazette,"— was 351 years, or an average of nearly eighty-eight years for each.

Mr. Carey's doctrines, in so far as they justified a protective tariff, were eagerly embraced by politicians and manufacturers, who cared little enough for the Ricardian theory of rent or the law governing the increase of population by a geometrical ratio, and the increase of subsistence by only an arithmetical ratio. These might stand or fall, if there were a scientific defense for the protection of native industries. Carey, therefore, found himself at the head of a large school of thinkers, writers and agitators. In 1859, before his departure for Europe, he made a tour of the eastern Pennsylvania cities. Accompanied by Dr. William Elder, Morton McMichael and others, he visited

Scranton, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Bloomsburg, Mauch Chunk, etc., where processions of miners, factory employees and citizens, mounted and on foot, fire companies and brass bands, followed his carriage through the streets. In Philadelphia his friends tendered him a banquet at the La Pierre House (later the Lafayette Hotel on Broad Street), the leading hotel of the day. At one end of the room was the motto, " Protection to American Labor," while in front of Mr. Carey's plate was a locomotive and a train of cars laden with coal and pig iron, all ingeniously constructed of sugar and chocolate. Mayor Henry presided and Simon Cameron and other notabilities of the day in political and commercial life sat at the board and eulogized him " for the explosion of the absurd doctrines of Malthus, Say and Ricardo in regard to the inability of the earth to meet the demands of an increasing population."

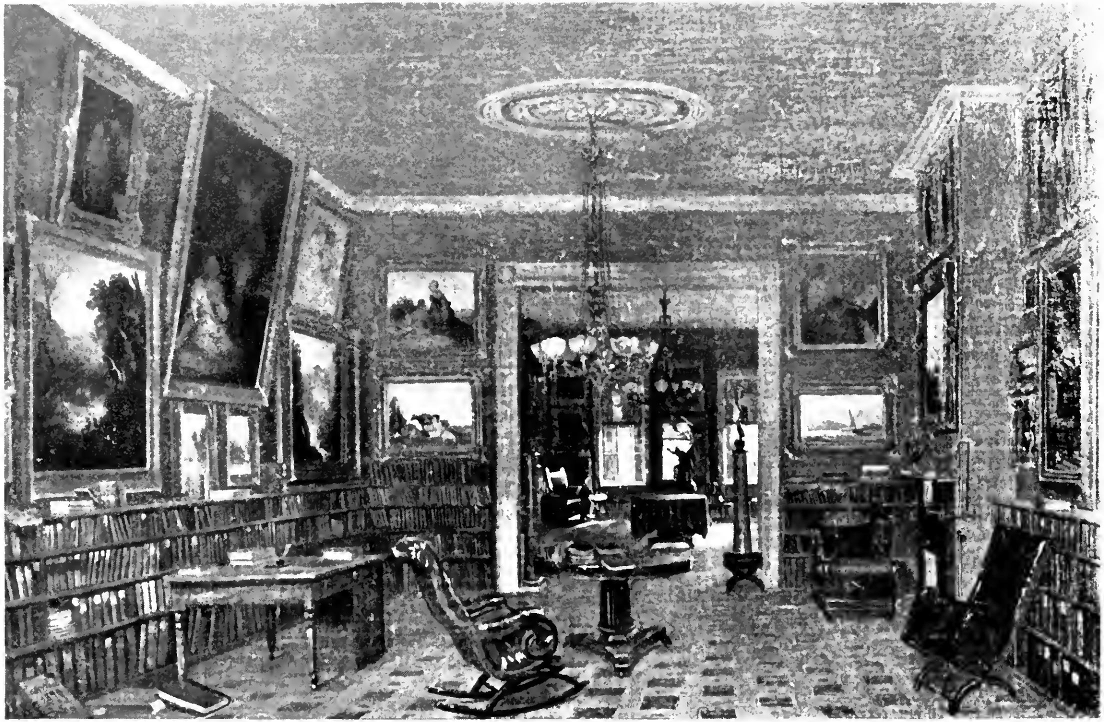
Protection soon became known as the " Philadelphia idea," and newspapers and orators were at hand acrimoniously to discuss the question with representatives of free-trade New England and the free-trade South. The principal writers of the Carey group, omitting several who still live and therefore do not come within the scope of this study, were Stephen Calwell and Dr. William Elder.

Calwell was a West Virginian by birth. He was first a lawyer, practising in Ohio and Pittsburg, but he left his profession to become an iron manufacturer. For a time he had furnaces in Atlantic County, N. J., and later at Conshohocken, on the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, in which city, at his death in 1871, he held many posts of honor. Calwell wrote several treatises on economy and finance, and Mr. Carey said in his eulogium of the dead manufacturer before the American Philosophical Society, that between them there had "never been any essential difference." There was "coincidence of doctrine" reached, as Mr. Calwell believed, by independent reasoning. However that may have been, Mr. Calwell was a diligent collector of works on economic subjects and an attentive reader of them. His library contained about 5000 volumes in various languages which were donated, at his death, to the University of Pennsylvania, as were Mr. Carey's at his demise. When some one commented upon the large number of books on the subject of money in his library, and asked him if he had read them all, Mr. Calwell replied: "Enough to know that there is really little or nothing in them of any value," a sentiment that well characterizes the rather arrogant attitude of the economist.

Dr. William Elder, a Philadelphia physician, came to the city from Somerset, Pa. He wrote and spoke against slavery before the war, and afterward interested himself in economic questions, being at one time the statistician of the Treasury Department at Washington. He delivered an oration, very appreciative of his master, before the Pennsylvania Historical Society in 1880, shortly after Mr. Carey's death.

The Careyites are a small and diminishing coterie in Philadelphia, but they have the coherence and the ardor of a sect. Their devotion to each other and to their chief, though gone out of their midst, is admirable, and their example could be profitably copied by other classes of men in the city's intellectual group.

The Wistar Parties had been abandoned in favor of the Carey Vespers, though not before the literary



THE CAREY VESPERS

The room in which the Carey Vespers were held. From a painting in possession of Mr. Henry Carey Baird

and scientific lights of Philadelphia had spent many happy hours with William Makepeace Thackeray. Thackeray first came to America in 1852, and again in 1855. On his first visit, he stopped at the Girard House, on Chestnut Street, between Eighth and Ninth, and lectured on the "English Humorists" at Musical Fund Hall, in Locust, near Eighth Street; on the second, at the La Pierre House, his subject being "The Georges," at Concert Hall, on Chestnut Street, near Thirteenth. While he had got "smashing criticisms" at Boston, he was more considerately treated in Philadelphia, where the autocrats who report lectures for the newspapers contented themselves with the complaint that he dropped the final "g" of words ending with "ing," said "amiral" for "admiral," and pronounced "humor" as if it were spelled "heumour."

"Here in Philadelphia it is all praise and kindness," Thackeray wrote an English friend. "Do you know there are 500,000 people in Philadelphia? I dare say you had no idea thereof, and smile at the thought of there being a *monde* here and at Boston and New York."

The *monde* for him was made up of several Philadelphians, among them William B. Reed, William D. Lewis, Thomas I. Wharton, Professor Henry Reed, and Morton McMichael. He met the city's younger literary men — George H. Boker, Bayard Taylor and Charles Godfrey Leland, and was taken to hear and admire the singing of Miss Furness, Horace Howard Furness's sister, later Mrs. A. L. Wister, the translator. He went to the Wistar Parties, ate late suppers with Morton McMichael in the oyster cellars, which were then a feature of the social life of the city, enjoying the curious oysters " and all sorts of birds " served by the African waiters, whose black hands on the white plates later amused Dean Hole, as well as many another English visitor — in short, as he wrote, " making and receiving visits all day long and going out to dinner and supper prodigiously." Sometimes he chanted his nonsense rhymes about " Little Billee " in his inimitable way, and he visited Pierce Butler, to carry home to Fanny Kemble, then in London, late news of her children. " The prettiest girl in Philadelphia, poor soul, has read ' Vanity Fair ' twelve times," said Thackeray, in return for which he paid her " a great big compliment about her good looks "; and Kane, the Arctic explorer, told how he had found one of his seamen at a book for many hours which, upon investigation, proved to be " Pendennis." The Quaker girls unsettled him completely. He saw a Quakeress at one of his lectures. " Lord! Lord! how pretty she was! " he wrote afterward. " There are hundreds of such everywhere, airy-looking little beings." " The lectures are enormously *suivies,"* wrote Thackeray again, " and I read at the rate of a pound a minute, nearly." So great a lion was he in the city that his friends seriously proposed that he seek the appointment of British Consul at Philadelphia and remain with them forever.

William B. Reed and Henry Reed were grandsons of Joseph Reed, a rather unsatisfactory and undependable political character in Pennsylvania during the Revolution. William B. was a lawyer who obtained a prominent position at the Philadelphia bar. He held political offices, going once on a mission to China for President Buchanan, and wrote and spoke constantly on various subjects. He was known to Thackeray before the latter reached the city, and by some, though likely without grounds, is supposed to have been the prototype of Barnes Newcome in "The Newcomes." Reed was pretty thoroughly detested during the war, since he was an active Copperhead, and other difficulties in the city that had earlier honored him in many ways, led to his removal to New York, where he concluded his days as a journalist.

Henry Reed also studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1829, but two years later the University of Pennsylvania made him an assistant professor in the College and he soon rose to be professor of rhetoric and English literature, a place he held with honor for twenty years. Professor Reed was undoubtedly one of the ablest men ever closely associated with the University of Pennsylvania on its literary side. He corresponded with Wordsworth, Coleridge and the English Lake poets, of whom he was a profound admirer. He was known as Wordsworth's chief American disciple, and arranged an edition of that poet's verse. He had long cherished the hope of meeting face to face his literary friends in England, and in May, 1854, leaving his wife and children at home, he embarked for Europe in company with his sister-in-law, Miss Bronson. Mrs. Reed and Miss Bronson were grand-daughters of Bishop White. While in Europe, Professor Reed and his companion met many distinguished literary men, and Thackeray wrote to William B. Reed that to see them was " like being in your grave, calm, kind, old Philadelphia over again."

Wordsworth was now dead, but they visited Mrs. Wordsworth, nearly eighty-five, and she had wished them a pleasant voyage as they left " Rydal Mount " for Liverpool, to take the "Arctic" on September 20, 1854, for their return journey to America. On September 27th, when about sixty-five miles from Cape Race, at midday in a fog, the steamship collided with a French iron propeller. Steps were taken to rescue the 200 or more persons on board the French steamer, but this was soon seen to be impossible, for the wounds in the hulk of the "Arctic" were of the gravest kind. It was sought to cover or fill the holes with sails, mattresses and pillows, but they were too far below the water-line; and the vessel, with some 250 passengers and a crew of 150 or 175 men, was doomed slowly to sink under the waves with all on board. The few boats which were launched were filled with the engineers, deckhands and table-waiters. A raft, which was made from the masts and yards, was so awkwardly constructed that the seventy-six who found refuge upon it, were gradually washed off or died of hunger and exposure, only one, a table-waiter, McCabe, being able to cling to it long enough,— twenty-six hours,— to be sighted and picked up by a passing vessel. Some two or three score, mostly seamen and ship's employees, were saved in various ways; all the others finding a common grave beneath the sea. Henry Reed and Miss Bronson perished with the rest, after awaiting the end for more than four hours while the ship sank inch by inch to its destruction. McCabe came to Philadelphia to tell William B. Reed, in the presence of Morton McMichael and Ellis Yarnall, of his brother's fate, and the city mourned the loss of one who had consistently stood before his students and in the community at large as a representative of high and pure literary ideals. Professor Reed's university lectures were published after his death, to be admired and praised in England as well as in discriminating circles in this country.

A man of prodigious learning and devout in his attention to the history and development of literature, was S. Austin Allibone, who was born in Philadelphia in 1816 and died at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he is buried, in 1889. The volume of his critical labors is enormous, but his principal work, completed in 1872, is his "Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors." Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, once spoke of the Dictionary as "that great work which is itself enough to give celebrity to the city in which it was produced." Dr. Allibone estimated that when he began his labors there were about 650,000 books in the English language. He farmed the whole field, which before he did his work, said Dr. S. D. McConnell, in a paper read to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania in 1890, was "in the same state as was the English language before Dr. Johnson did his." "It is not too much to say," Dr. McConnell continued, "that the names of these two men will survive while the tongue lasts. The one traced out the genesis, arranged and assigned a value, to its words; the other did the same thing for its books. But the amazing thing is that Dr. Allibone's Dictionary gives account of five times as many whole books as the great lexicographer's does of single words! And it should be remembered that Dr. Johnson employed a large staff of workers to aid him, while Dr. Allibone was the sole compiler of facts and criticisms, and author of the biographies of the writers assembled in his immense undertaking." Mrs. Allibone copied the work which, in manuscript, covered 20,000 foolscap pages.

Philadelphia's portion of writers in medicine and natural science was still large, larger, perhaps, than for any previous generation. In medicine the list includes Jacob M. DaCosta, Samuel D. Gross, D. Hayes Agnew, George B. Wood and William Pepper.

Dr. DaCosta, who was born in the Danish West Indies, was educated both in Europe and America, graduating at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, where he began his practice in 1854, attaining a prominent local position which became national and international. His interest was in general medicine, and he wrote a number of scientific works which have been widely translated.

Dr. Gross was a Jefferson graduate also, and a teacher in that college of a somewhat earlier period. Born near Easton, Pa., he practiced and taught for nearly twenty-five years in Ohio and Kentucky, being appointed professor of surgery at Jefferson in 1856, an office which he held almost to the time of his death in 1884. He was incessantly active as a translator, editor and writer, and made many original contributions to his science. His works have gone through many editions in many languages. He was a D.C.L. of Oxford and an LL.D. of Cambridge, honors which indicate the esteem in which he was held in other lands.

Agnew, the University's great surgeon, was a native of Lancaster County, who had been a country physician for several years and then entered the iron business until a panic led him to return to his profession. He came to Philadelphia in 1848, attaining, during the war, a high reputation for his skill in the soldiers' hospitals at Hestonville and Chestnut Hill. In 1870 he was made professor of surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, from which he had graduated thirty-two years before. He was one of the surgeons called to President Garfield's bedside to perform the operation whereby it was hoped that his life might be saved to the nation, defeating the assassin's purposes. His principal literary work is a valuable three-volume "Treatise on the Principles and Practice of Surgery."

Dr. George B. Wood came of a Quaker family of New Jersey. He graduated both in the college and medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, where he was for many years a professor in the medical faculty. He wrote a history of the University, in addition to many works upon medicine and pharmacy. In 1859 he became the President of the American Philosophical Society, and was rightly regarded at his day as one of the city's leading scientists.

Dr. William Pepper was a greater figure than any other man identified with medicine in Philadelphia in his time, largely because of the wide range of his public interests and his executive and organizing faculty, which no other citizen since Franklin has possessed in so remarkable a degree. In establishing the University Hospital, a medical journal, free city libraries, a commercial museum, a society for the extension of University teaching, and various schools and scientific expeditions in connection with the University of Pennsylvania, of which he became the Provost in 1881, the works he is remembered by are as numerous as Franklin's and are no less vital to the intellectual civilization of the city that was the scene of his useful and active life. Through his executive talent, his devotion to duty, and his high educational ideals, the University, under his direction, gained an eminence as a seat of learning which it had never held before. His public work, various and exacting as it was, was performed seemingly without cost to his reputation as a scientist or as a private practitioner of medicine. His writings were voluminous and his practice large and valuable. The son of William Pepper, a well-known Philadelphia physician, he was distinctly of the city in which he dwelt, and few have done more that was of practical and lasting value for its intellectual advancement.

In the natural sciences the city continued to produce investigators of the first class, such as Isaac Lea, Joseph Leidy, Edward D. Cope and Daniel G. Brinton. Isaac Lea, the son-in-law of Mathew Carey and for many years the head of the Carey publishing-house, was of Quaker descent, having been born in Wilmington, Del. He forfeited his membership in the Society of Friends, during the War of 1812, by joining a military company that was never called into service. His leisure, while he was a publisher, and all his time after his retirement from business until his death in 1886, when he was nearly ninety-five years old, were devoted to the study of shells and fossils. For several years he was the President of the Academy of Natural Sciences, which continued to be the gathering-point for naturalists of marked devotion and ability. One of his most interesting discoveries was the existence of Saurian footprints in the red sandstone many hundreds of feet below the coal measures at Pottsville, where air-breathing forms were never found before. His scientific writings were as numerous as they were important and he made known to the world many hundreds of new species, recent and fossil. Mr. Lea's services caused his name to be known widely and favorably among naturalists in all countries.

Joseph Leidy, who was born in Philadelphia in 1823, made himself one of the world's great biologists. He was connected with the University of Pennsylvania for many years. His paleontological studies placed him in the first rank among scientists. He was the author of hundreds of published papers descriptive of his scientific discoveries. Like Mr. Lea, Leidy was President of the Academy of Natural Sciences, doing much to increase the world's knowledge of natural history.

Edward Drinker Cope was a grandson of Thomas P. Cope, a well-known Philadelphia merchant of the eighteenth century. Born in 1840, he was educated at the Quaker School at Westtown, at the University of Pennsylvania and in Europe. He also was a paleontologist, and put his researches to use in the explanation and development of the theory of evolution. In this field of study he reached a position of authority and his work causes his name to be associated honorably with those of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Lamarck, Weismann, and the leading evolutionary philosophers of the world.

Daniel G. Brinton, a Chester Countian, was an archæologist and ethnologist, the value of whose work compelled recognition in two hemispheres. He studied medicine in Philadelphia, after graduating at Yale, and was a surgeon in the Civil War. While still in college, he interested himself in anthropology and ethnology, and made exhaustive studies of the American Indians which are a monument to his learning and an honor to the neighborhood in which he worked.

In law, the leading names are those of Eli K. Price, a Chester Countian who rose to much distinction at the

Philadelphia bar, and George Sharswood. Sharswood reestablished the law school at the University of Pennsylvania, wrote various treatises, and edited and compiled many legal works. At the same time, he was a judge in the Philadelphia courts and later in the state Supreme Court. He was perhaps the most accomplished jurist Pennsylvania had produced; at any rate, since the Revolutionary time, when American lawyers were educated in London, where they acquired a notion of the history and philosophy of their subject and were made acquainted with the principles of jurisprudence.

The church in this period yielded at least two names which cannot be passed in a literary history of the city: Albert Barnes, long the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church on Washington Square; and Phillips Brooks, from 1859 to 1869 the rector of the Church of the Advent and of Holy Trinity. Barnes was a native of New York State, who studied theology at Princeton. He was a prolific writer, and of his "Notes" on the Scriptures, which were adapted for the use of Sunday Schools, more than one million copies had been sold before 1872. His collected works fill many volumes. He was once tried for heresy, and, although acquitted, was induced to change some passages in his writings supposed to be unsound.

Phillips Brooks, whose first parishes were in Philadelphia, here laid the foundations for his brilliant career in pulpit oratory. He quickly met with appreciation. A native of Boston, he returned thither in 1869 to lead the largest and wealthiest congregation in the city and to become at length, in 1891, the Bishop of Massachusetts in spite of his "low church" views, which were believed to bar him from it. He was destined, however, to live but two years to occupy his great spiritual office.

Philadelphia has long been foremost in providing daring spirits for the exploration of the Arctic regions, and two pioneers were Dr. Elisha Kent Kane and Dr. Isaac Israel Hayes.

To them the North Pole called loudly and they penetrated latitudes at that time untraversed by any white man, bringing down to more genial climes much useful and interesting knowledge concerning a forbidden land, though at a heavy cost of privation and hardship and amid dangers that again and again proved nearly fatal.

Elisha Kent Kane was the son of Judge John K. Kane, a prominent lawyer, politician and publicist who in his day attended the Wistar Parties, and was accounted one of the city's intellectual lights. He lived at Fern Rock, near Fanny Kemble's and Lucretia Mott's York Road homes, in a stone house which is now a part of a summer hotel. Elisha, after taking a course, that was interrupted by illness, at the University of Virginia, studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and upon his graduation, in 1843, became a surgeon in the Navy. He had travels and experiences the most varied, adventurous and dangerous, in Mexico, China, Egypt, mid-Africa, India and the Philippines.

Once, on the Island of Luzon, he was lowered by a bamboo rope into the crater of a volcano, penetrating its interior to a depth of several hundred feet amid great heat and sulphurous fumes that almost stifled him. When raised to the surface by his companions he was not readily revived, though he had brought with him specimens and drawings of the crater that he considered amply compensating for the hazardous experience.

He was severely wounded by a spear in the thigh during the Mexican War, while protecting Mexican prisoners from a band of American renegades who, having captured their foes, sought now to massacre them in cold blood, for which service his fellow Philadelphians on his return presented him with a handsome sword. Like Mayne Reid, he was for a while given up for dead and news of his safety, when it was received, was welcomed everywhere.

About this time the sympathies of the world were highly wrought up concerning the fate of Sir John Franklin, a British Polar traveller who had gone out on his fourth and, as it proved, his final expedition in May, 1845, with two vessels and 136 men. After waiting long and vainly for his return or for information as to his fate, various attempts to effect his rescue having been made by English explorers and navigators, Lady Franklin appealed to America, and Henry Grinnell, a wealthy whale-oil dealer of New York, offered and fitted out two of his vessels, the "Advance" and the "Rescue," for a polar trip, if the government would semi-officially sanction the enterprise. Lieutenant E. J. De Haven was assigned to command. Dr. Kane volunteered for the service, being appointed the senior medical officer of the expedition. Little was achieved by this party. It left for the north in May, 1850, remained in the ice during the following winter and returned in the summer of 1851 with Kane's appetite well whetted for a greater performance.

Mr. Grinnell now gave him the "Advance," a brig of 120 tons' burden, for a second expedition, and, patronized also by George Peabody and several learned societies, he secured the official recognition of the Navy

HENRY PETERSON

(See page 237.)

E. K. Kane

Department for the momentous voyage of search and discovery which nearly ended the lives of the commander and all his eighteen men. His destination was the highest attainable point of Baffin's Bay, up to that time an unexplored region. He left New York in May, 1853, wintered north of the 78th parallel of latitude, and flying sledge parties crossed the 80th parallel, the explorer making many scientific observations on these journeys. But from his situation Kane could not escape. The ice around his brig remained unbroken during the next summer and the outlook seemed to be certain destruction for the entire party. Long trips were ineffectual in bringing them aid, and a number of his men abandoned him, only to be forced to return to the ship after two or three months of aimless wandering, during which time they suffered terrible privations. The second winter was passed amid bitter cold, with the scurvy, chilblains that called for the amputation of members, famine, little relieved by the friendliness of some miserable Esquimaux; incessant darkness, lack of fuel, and the sickness of men and dogs. All these things made the salvation of the party seem to depend upon a miracle.

Finally, in May, 1855, they left the vessel, dragged their boats over the ice for sixty miles, and then embarking, navigated them amidst floating ice and other perils for 1,000 miles to the nearest Danish settlements in Greenland, which they reached in forty-five days, there to meet the vessels sent by the United States government for their relief. They arrived in New York on October 11, 1855, after an absence of nearly two years and a half, during which time world-wide anxiety was felt for their safety.

Kane was now a hero of the first magnitude. He had come back safely with most of his men, the records of his trip, and one of the small boats, the "Faith," which they had dragged over the ice so far and which was later to be exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia — all else was left in the land of cold. He was invited to England, where Lady Franklin offered him a beautiful home for his own use, and the English government proposed to fit out another expedition for him to pursue the search for the ill-fated explorer. He went to Europe in 1856, but he was unfit for further Arctic exploration. His health was irreparably shattered and he embarked for the West Indies, where he died the next February, a victim of consumption, inflammatory rheumatism, paralysis, a heart trouble, with which he had always been afflicted, and other diseases, the price of such treatment of the human body.

The Spanish authorities showed him every mark of honor and attention. The remains were taken to New Orleans, to lie in state in the City Hall under military guard, and then up the Mississippi and the Ohio. There were impressive ceremonies witnessed by throngs of people at Louisville, New Albany, Ind., Cincinnati, Columbus, Wheeling and Baltimore, state and city officers co-operating to lend dignity to the progress of the corse, which reached Philadelphia on March 11th, to be escorted through the streets by the City Troop and guarded by the Washington Greys while it lay in Independence Hall. Wrapped in his country's flag, buried in flowers, and with the sword which his fellow-citizens had presented him for his exploit in the Mexican War upon his coffin, the young explorer was carried to Laurel

Hill, his pall-bearers including the governor, the mayor, and the most distinguished men of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Kane was but thirty-seven years old; and only thirty-three when he entered the Arctics in command of the " Advance." He was a slight man, never weighing more than 130 pounds, and much of the time his weight was not above 100 pounds. His eye was penetrating and intrepid, and his whole manner absolutely fearless, a quality that made up for a figure which seemed not to favor him as a leader of men upon dangerous expeditions.

The account of his first trip to the north with De Haven, illustrated by John Sartain and other artists, was published by Harpers in New York; but the narrative describing his own " Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin 1853, '54, '55," in two volumes, was brought out in 1856 by Childs and Peterson in Philadelphia, who afterward bought the plates of the first book. No work of the kind by a Philadelphian, with the possible exception of John Russell Young's " Around the World with General Grant," had such popularity, or gained so great a circulation. For the first year, Dr. Kane's royalties were $65,000, making large profits, too, for the publishers, the foundation of the fortune of George W. Childs. It was adapted perfectly for the book agent, who carried it into every part of the Union. It is absorbing reading today and a valuable record of Arctic experiences, even when Polar journeys are less unusual and we hear and read of them with diminishing zest. He wrote of his adventures, explorations and sufferings with commendable simplicity, modesty and unselfishness. All classes were touched by his story, but the task of producing it was too arduous for a frame that already contained the seeds of fatal disease.

Before he embarked upon his expedition, Kane began to show attentions to Margaret Fox, one of the Fox sisters who gave exhibitions in many cities of the remarkable "spirit rappings," the news of which swept the country and brought forward great numbers of spiritualistic mediums. Kane persuaded Margaret, when she was about seventeen, to give up this career, and he sent her to school near Chester, Pa., with a view to educating her to be his wife. His relatives opposed the arrangement, but after his death she called herself Mrs. Kane, asserting that she and the explorer had been married for all the purposes of law, and making a claim upon his estate. At his funeral one of the handsomest of the floral pieces was a wreath, the offering of "Two Ladies"— Margaret Fox and her sister Kate.

Dr. Isaac Israel Hayes was a native of Chester County. He graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, just in time to join Kane on the famous expedition of 1853. He led or joined the group of men who left the ship at the approach of the second winter. They made a long boat journey toward the South, which Kane used all his influence to discourage, and were forced at length to return, after excruciating sufferings, to share the lot of their fellows. Dr. Hayes, upon coming back to civilization, wrote a book to justify this abandonment of his commander, and immediately instituted a movement to fit out an expedition of his own. After the loss of Franklin and the misfortunes of Kane, the world revolted at the thought of further sacrifice of life in the Arctics. Nevertheless, Hayes lectured before learned societies in many cities and wrote in behalf of his project until he succeeded in securing a small sailing vessel, which left Boston for Greenland on July 6, 1860.

The boat was loaded with supplies until its deck was only eighteen inches above the water line. The party consisted of fifteen men, the number being increased later by some Danes and Esquimaux, and before winter arrived it had reached a point only twenty miles south of the latitude which Kane occupied with his little vessel. Hayes found milder weather and made a sledge journey, which, if his observations were right, entitle him to the honor of coming nearer to the Pole than any previous explorer. There he planted a small United States flag which had accompanied Wilkes to the South Pole and both De Haven and Kane on their Arctic expeditions, afterward shown with the " Faith " and other relics at the Philadelphia " Centennial."

Hayes returned to Boston in the fall of 1861, after having been absent more than fifteen months, to find the country in the throes of the Civil War, whereupon he at once enlisted as a surgeon on the Union side. The book describing his travels did not appear until 1867. He believed with Kane that there was an open sea around the Pole which man could reach if he were able to carry boats across the surrounding belt of ice. Hayes's discoveries and writings attracted much less attention than Kane's. He was not so direct and vivid a writer, nor was he so modest in his statements and claims. He passed his later life in New York, where he attained some distinction in politics, and where he died in 1881 in his fiftieth year.

CHAPTER XI

THE PENNSYLVANIA POETS

Four younger men of the Pennsylvania soil found their geniuses comfortably nurtured in the literary atmosphere of Philadelphia, while the city was still a considerable centre for authors and publishers: Bayard Taylor and Thomas Buchanan Read, the sons of Chester County farmers; George H. Boker, the son of the old president of the Girard Bank; and Charles Godfrey Leland. All these men gained their courage in writing for the Philadelphia magazines, whose editors very liberally patronized their budding talents. Taylor narrowly escaped being the principal editor of "Graham's," and he was for a while its co-editor and diligent contributor. Boker and Read wrote much for the magazine; and Leland had an important monthly commission for "Sartain's;" and later, after its fall, made a valiant but vain attempt to revive "Graham's," of which he was for some time the editor. In truth, it may be said that all four of these Pennsylvanians, whose work adds so much lustre to the name of the state in literature, were discovered and put upon the right way, if they were not actually made, by the eager, active literary life which then flourished in Philadelphia.

Bayard Taylor was the largest figure in this group of writers, and he barely missed being as great a character in American letters as Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, or Poe, if indeed he would not be accounted their equal in a just balance of men. Nothing seems to have prevented his attainment to one of the highest of places but the slowness of his literary development, the pressure of the newspaper office and the lecture platform, an almost lifelong struggle with tastes that were too expensive for a poet, the diversity of his literary interests and attentions, and a too early death.

Taylor was named for James Bayard, the Delaware senator of that day, the James being dropped before his literary career was far advanced. He was born in 1825, of parents who had Quaker leanings and connections, in a prosperous Quaker neighborhood, near Kennett Square in southern Chester County. He had no educational opportunities not afforded by a rural community which, whatever its true condition, has boasted from the earliest times of an intelligence and a conscience somewhat quicker than those of other American neighborhoods. He spent his boyhood upon a farm and, while his father was the sheriff of the county, attended an academy in West Chester, the county seat. A little subsequent training at the Unionville Academy completed his education under schoolmasters, and after teaching for so brief a time that the experience may be left out of the account, he was apprenticed for four years to the publisher of the "Village Record," the leading county paper.

Already he was writing verses, which found their way to the "Saturday Evening Post" in Philadelphia, then edited by Rufus W. Griswold, who was at the same time associated with Mr. Graham in the editorial management of his magazine. To "appear" in "Graham's," the young Chester County poet told Mr. Griswold, was his "highest ambition," and it was finally gratified in June, 1843, when he was therefore but eighteen years of age. It was a boyish effusion, to be sure, called " Modern Greece," but it contained a promise of better things in lines like these:—

> "The ancient spirit has not fled,
>   But brighter still will burn,
> Though long the world had mourned above
>   Her desolated urn;
> New bards will rise to rival yet
>   The Theban song of fire,
> And Homer's soul reanimate
>   The voiceless Grecian lyre."

Griswold delighted the young man by asking him to send more poems and to call when he was in the city, which he did eagerly. In Graham's office Taylor met Thomas Buchanan Read for the first time, although they were born and reared not many miles from each other. Already nourishing an ambition to publish a book, Griswold encouraged Taylor to bring out a slender little volume of fifteen titles, " Ximena, and Other Poems," and to his patron it was dedicated as " an expression of gratitude " for the " kind encouragement " which had been given a young man who claimed " no further merits " for his verses than that they were " the sincere and fervent effusions of his heart."

Taylor was bound for four years by his contract with the " Village Record," but he chafed under the restraint and yearned for the sight of foreign countries. He first thought to go to the West Indies, but his plans were revised to cover a trip to Europe. How to obtain the money for such a journey perplexed him. His little volume had made him a figure on the lower slopes

BAYARD TAYLOR

From Eastman Johnson's portrait in possession of Mrs. Bayard Taylor

of Parnassus and he walked to Philadelphia, procured fifty dollars in cash from Mr. Patterson, who then published the "Saturday Evening Post," for twelve letters to that periodical; the same sum from Joseph R. Chandler for a like service for the "United States Gazette"; while Mr. Graham purchased several poems for his magazine, thus giving Taylor a total capital of $140. He bought his remaining time from the proprietor of the "Village Record," and in 1844 went to New York with his cousin, Frank Taylor, to embark for England. In that city he met N. P. Willis, who introduced him to several prominent editors, but only one, Horace Greeley, entered into an arrangement with him, and that was conditional. Greeley had had a surfeit of descriptive letters, he said in his blunt manner, but if they were "sketches of German life and society" he thought he might find a place for them in the "Tribune."

The travellers' passage cost them ten dollars each, second cabin, and with a knapsack on his back Bayard Taylor covered a large part of Western Europe, his letters bringing him a reputation in America and about $500, with which he managed to remain away two years. Advised upon his return to issue them in a book, his "Views Afoot" appeared under the auspices of a New York publishing house in 1846. Six editions were sold in the first year and many printings were called for subsequently.

It may have seemed not a natural thing for so successful a young writer to become the editor of a country paper in a little town near his native place, but this was Taylor's next adventure. With a friend he invested in a small weekly journal at Phœnixville, Chester County, about twenty-five miles north of Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill River. The first number of the Phœnixville " Pioneer," as it was rechristened, was issued on December 29, 1846. From childhood Taylor and Mary Agnew, a neighbor's daughter at Kennett, had loved each other, and he wished to obtain the means, while being not too far away from her, to bring their little romance to a happy result. At first, Phœnixville, in spite of its noisy iron mills, attracted him. " Notwithstanding this is a manufacturing place," he wrote to Mary Agnew, " there is a great deal of poetry about it. The scenery is beautiful and the mills and furnaces which are in operation all night make a grand appearance with their columns and clouds of red flame. The sound of the forges ringing out through the livelong night keeps me constantly in a fitting spirit to work and think and struggle."

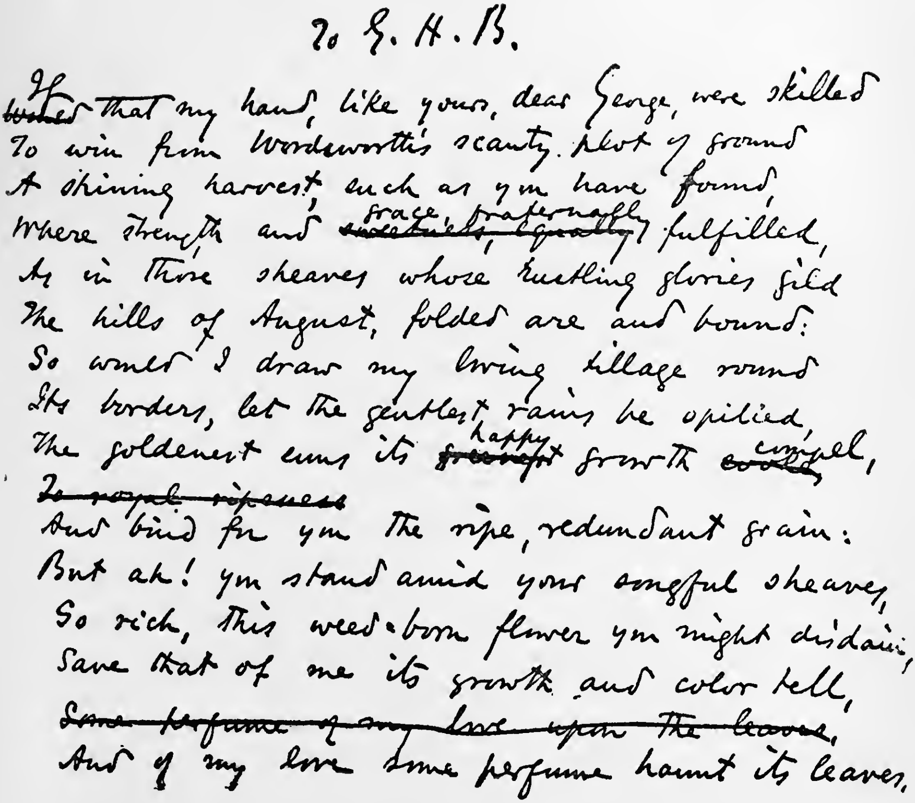
It is plain to be seen that Phœnixville was not very favorable ground for the kind of a paper which Taylor would be pleased to edit, and instead of advancing his fortunes and bringing him near to his wedding-day, the experiment failed pretty miserably, and he came out of it with debts that it took him three years to discharge. Earlier he had written to Greeley asking for a place on the " Tribune," and that man in his frank way had replied: " My own judgment is that you will do ill in leaving work secure and ready to your hands to hunt work in any of the unhealthy crowds congregated on the sea coast. Life is very hurried and fretful in a great city." Nevertheless, in due time, a place was found for him and thus commenced a connection that was continued as an editor, critic, correspondent, or stockholder until his death. He was personally visited by Samuel D. Patterson after Mr. Graham's misfortune, and besought to take an important editorial position on "Graham's Magazine," and to be near his home and the woman he loved he accepted, although the financial position of the periodical was then such that the offer finally dwindled to a non-resident co-editorship, little more than the use of his name on the covers and prospectuses.

He worked fifteen hours a day on the "Tribune," writing all manner of things, and having but one night in seven that he could do with as he liked. During the gold-mining excitement in California in 1849, he went to the Pacific Coast, by way of the Isthmus, for his newspaper, to find, upon his return, the subject of his pretty Chester County romance wasting away with the consumption which had long before lain hands upon her, and which now pointed to her death at no very distant time. The marriage day had been often postponed and the ceremony was performed upon what was practically her death-bed in October, 1850; she died in December and he was left a sorrowing and for a time a bitterly discouraged man.

In New York, Taylor belonged to a group of literary people whose friendship was life-long, the principal of these being Richard Henry Stoddard. He occasionally visited New England where Lowell, Longfellow and the Cambridge poets made much of him, and in Philadelphia, George H. Boker was his close and intimate friend. After another trip abroad, which was extended to India, China and Japan, he became a lecturer of great popularity on the American platform. His newspaper letters had made his name known widely, especially in the west where, as he said, "the 'Tribune' comes next to the Bible." He delivered about one hundred lectures in 1854 and a still greater number in the following year, a "miserable business," as he wrote to his friend Stoddard—"Crammed houses: women carried out fainting; young ladies stretching their necks on all sides and crying in breathless whispers, 'There he is! That's him.'" It was all endured that he might obtain the money to raise himself above daily want and devote his life to poetry undividedly.

The next tour, including a trip on reindeer-drawn sledges through Lapland and journeys over Sweden and Norway, resulted in his second marriage. While travelling up the Nile he had for his companion a German explorer named Bufleb. This friend now provided a house for his residence at Gotha and put him in the way of receiving, in Germany, social attentions and honors that were greatly enjoyed. He in a few months (1857) married Marie Hansen, Mr. Bufleb's niece and the daughter of Hansen, a well-known astronomer.

Returning to America Taylor devoted himself to the building of a handsome home of the proportions of an English manor-house on an estate near Kennett Square. It had early been his ambition to erect "a beautiful homestead in Kennett" where life would be "a sweet dream of poetry," where there would be "no golden threads snapped, no fast ripening fancies trodden under foot by contact with coarse and jarring natures." The wish was now about to be gratified in "Cedarcroft." He had become one of the stockholders of the New York "Tribune," which paid handsome dividends, the owner of valuable copyrights, an industrious magazine writer and a popular lecturer. He told Boker in Feb-



To G. H. B.

~~Would~~ If that my hand, like yours, dear George, were skilled
To win from Wordsworth's scanty plot of ground
A shining harvest, such as you have found,
Where strength and ~~sweetness, equally~~ grace, fraternally fulfilled,
As in those sheaves whose rustling glories gild
The hills of August, folded are and bound:
So would I draw my loving tillage round
Its borders, let the gentlest rains be spilled,
The goldenest suns its ~~greenest~~ happy growth ~~could~~ compel,
~~To purple ripeness~~
And bind for you the ripe, redundant grain:
But ah! you stand amid your songful sheaves,
So rich, this weed-born flower you might disdain,
Save that of me its growth and color tell,
~~Some perfume of my love upon the leaves,~~
And of my love some perfume haunt its leaves.

Sonnet Addressed to George H. Boker by Bayard Taylor, Hanging in the Franklin Inn Club, the Gift of Mrs. Taylor ruary, 1860, that in the preceding eighteen months he had delivered 270 lectures.

But "Cedarcroft," which was ready for occupancy in May, 1860, was built expensively and the cost very much exceeded the estimates; it was inaccessible, even more so at that day than at this; the war ensued and lecturers as well as writers were for a time at the mercy of the elements; and neither at first nor afterward was Taylor destined to get from his beautiful home the enjoyment which he anticipated. It was indeed the instrument of his undoing. The expense of maintaining such an establishment was fatal. Many of his literary friends * found their way to "Cedarcroft" and were made happy by its owner's princely hospitality; but he had been accustomed by travel and many years in a newspaper office to a busier life, and his contentment was not increased by several months more in Europe during the war, as secretary of Simon Cameron, Minister to Russia; and later, when Cameron returned home, as Chargé at St. Petersburg. "A leaf falls from the orange tree in the box and it sounds almost like a crash," he wrote in the midst of the country stillness. "Now a chicken flaps its wings and now again there is only the scratch of this pen to be heard in all the world around me." He had expected to spend the winters in New York, but on grounds of economy it was necessary to make "Cedarcroft" his permanent home and he chafed under the restraints of his rural exile.

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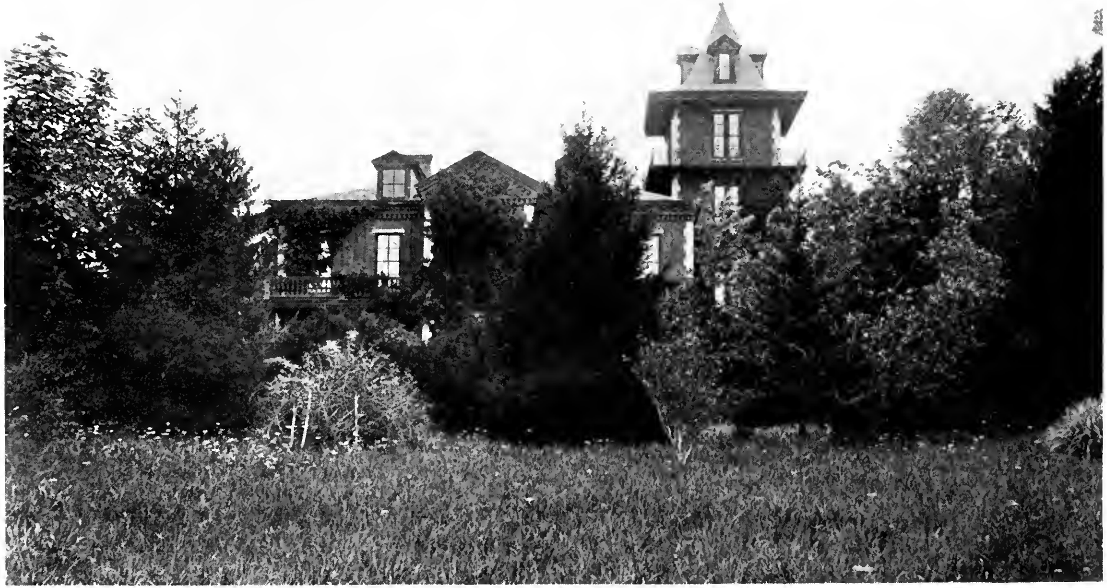
* Among them Sidney Lanier the young southern poet whom Taylor admired and encouraged. Lanier was in Philadelphia in the seventies, an interesting member of Gibson Peacock's literary and artistic circle, and he lived for two summers at Chad's Ford in southern Chester County.



"CEDARCROFT"

Bayard Taylor's home near Kennett Square, Pa.

The slaves being freed, the leaders at Longwood made the neighborhood resound with the demand for other reforms, and Kennett became a kind of Pennsylvania Concord where the principles of correct living were preached assiduously. Taylor wrote with some bitterness in his "Home Pastorals:"—

"Gone are the olden cheer, the tavern dance and the fox hunt,
Muster at trainings, buxom lasses that rode upon pillions,
Husking parties and jovial home-comings after the wedding —
Gone as they never had been! And now the serious people
Solemnly gather to hear some wordy itinerant speaker
Talking of Temperance, Peace or the Right of Suffrage for Women.
Sport that once like a boy was equally awkward and restless
Sits with thumb in his mouth while a petulant ethical bantling
Struts with his rod and threatens our careless natural joyance."

The repressions of Quakerism now irked Taylor's spirit. He had become a comfortable eater and drinker and could not thrive upon an ethical discussion by some professional reformer, as many seemed to do. His ways were not those of any large part of his neighbors, a people seeking perfection, and rather intolerant of those who looked upon life as a time for anything but a serious struggle against the natural impulses.

"Given to preaching of rules, inflexible outlines of duty;
Seeing the sternness of life, but also, overlooking its graces."

He came back a man who was not as they:—

"Was it my fault, if a strain of the distant and dead generations
Rose in my being, renewed, and made me other than these are?
They, content with the glow of a carefully tempered twilight,

Measured pulses of joy, and colorless growth of the senses,
Stand aghast at my dream of the sun, and the sound, and the splendor."

The Kennett people were only half-proud of Taylor, with all his fame, and they maintained a relationship which if it may have done credit to neither side was probably unavoidable. Greeley's presidential campaign and death deprived the poet of his income from the "Tribune" and at a time when he hoped to be at ease, indulging the muse, he must return to active newspaper pursuits and exert himself in every possible way as a writer and lecturer to meet his financial obligations. Comfortable relations with the world seemed about to be re-established when President Hayes appointed him Minister to Germany, but he died in a few months after reaching Berlin, in 1878 and was brought home to be buried with distinguished honors at Longwood beside Mary Agnew.

"Cedarcroft," which had been leased, was finally sold and such an estate in such a situation has never found a use. It is at this writing on the point of being converted into a school after an ineffectual attempt to make of it a memorial to the greatest poet which Pennsylvania has thus far produced.

Taylor was a poet pre-eminently and this he desired to be, although his pen was active in many fields. He wrote essays, books of travel, short stories, novels and translated from the German, notably Goethe's "Faust." The accounts of other travellers have superseded his, as popular as they at one time were; and his novels are not generally read, although "The Story of Kennett" deserves to be. It is one of the great American novels and will not soon lose its title to this place. "Hannah

Thurston," his first long story, was a satire on the reformers of Chester County. "John Godfrey's Fortunes" was an allusion to his own life in New York. "The Story of Kennett," his "pet novel," as he called it, a simple narrative of country happenings some fifty years earlier in his own community — the fox chase, the husking bee, the flood in the Brandywine, the feats of a daring highwayman, and the adventures of the heart of a worthy man, and a true and honest girl,— was as successful as an absorbing well-told story, as it was as a transcript of life in an American neighborhood. Nevertheless, it is Taylor's poetry which lasts and will endure — by that is he particularly to be remembered. He regretted, and his friends complained and will continue to complain, that his situation did not allow him to give poetry his undistracted attention. It was always his ambition to enjoy the leisure and ease which would permit him to devote his time exclusively to this high art and this was one of his motives in building himself a home at Kennett. Its completion was followed by a poetic outburst in some way expressive of his peaceful delight, but the demands of the great estate were paralyzing and the time which he had to devote to poetry afterward was broken in upon by engagements the most various and disturbing.

Taylor was a most exacting critic of his own work, and in the later editions of his poems only the pure gold remained. He discarded the children of his early fancy one by one, and none could go forth as his which did not meet the fullest approval of his mature years. He wrote to Longfellow in 1866, expressing a truth which he did not try to conceal. "My former works," he said, "are simply so many phases of an education which circumstances have compelled me to acquire in the sight of the public. I had, in fact, very little early education except that of travel; I began to publish (it was inevitable) much too soon; and moreover I am descended from two hundred years of Quaker farmers whose transmitted slowness of maturity I have hardly yet overcome. The artistic sense was long dormant and is only at present becoming fairly active; I am perhaps ten years behind a man who has had more favorable antecedents and opportunities." There was in this too much depreciation of self. He had already written his "Bedouin Song," which Robert Browning knew by heart and recited to him in England in 1856, saying it was the finest thing he had ever read, and which begins: —

> "From the desert I come to thee
> On a stallion shod with fire,
> And the winds are left behind
> In the speed of my desire.
> Under thy window I stand,
> And the midnight hears my cry;
> I love thee, I love but thee
> With a love that shall not die —
> Till the sun grows cold,
> And the stars are old,
> And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

There is verse in the later collections of Taylor's work, so sedulously and jealously excluding as they do everything hinting at mediocrity, which will survive so long as poetry is a living form of art.

George Henry Boker, Taylor's close friend and intimate companion, had different opportunities in youth. He was the son of Charles S. Boker, a wealthy Philadelphia merchant and banker, and was sent to Princeton, where he graduated in 1842 while Taylor was still a farm boy. He studied law, but surprised his friends by announcing that he would devote his life to literature, an unusual resolve for a young man of his wealth and social position. His verse early began to appear in "Graham's Magazine," and his inclinations very soon led him to select the poetic drama as his favorite form of expression. He was fond of classical models and his studies of Shakespeare and the masters in this field inspired him to the most ambitious undertakings. When no more than twenty-five, his Spanish tragedy, "Calaynos," based upon the hatred felt by the Castilians for those whose veins contain the blood of the Moors, was put upon the stage in England, winning its author much appreciation.

He later wrote "Anne Boleyn," "The Betrothal," and "Francesca da Rimini." Despite the difficulty of doing a work which at once challenged damaging comparisons with the great poets, Boker achieved notable results. Lawrence Barrett revived his "Francesca," estimated to be the best of the various dramas founded on this theme, thirty years after it was written, and gave it so pleasing a presentation for several seasons, that it has come to occupy a vital place in English dramatic literature. And his other dramatic poems will long be read as poetry if they are not seen in our theatres as plays. Boker had not the spontaneous abundant flow of poetry that characterized Taylor or the New England leaders, but some of his writings, as "The Podesta's Daughter," "The Ivory Carver" and "I Have a Cottage," are of the greatest excellence. They are poetic visions of a great artistic mind expressed with the highest skill. He obeyed the demands of old and unpopular forms rather too much, as in the sonnet of which he was so fond and in which he was so expert a craftsman. Despite some servility to his models, his work had much general appreciation wherever poetry was read; and from his fellow-poets, his genius drew forth unquestioned tributes of admiration and praise. In " I Have a Cottage," in which there is so much of beauty that to make a choice of passages is an ungrateful service, Boker wrote: —

" I have a cottage where the wild bee comes
To hug the thyme and woo its dainties forth;
Where humming birds, plashed with the rainbow's dyes,
Poise on their whirring wings before the door
And drain my honeysuckles as at a draught.
Ah, giddy sensualist, how thy blazing throat
Flashes and throbs, while thou dost pillage me
Of all my virgin flowers!"

There was shrewd and humorous observation as well as poetic imagery in Boker's work. In the beautiful allegory of the Christian religion, " The Ivory Carver," he wrote of Anselm, the spiritual young priest: —

" Why he was not a bishop at least,
Or something more than a common priest,
Is a shrewd question we'll not press home —
They don't make bishops of saints at Rome.
Sometimes a bishop becomes a saint;
But that is after the fleshy taint
Has well worn off in the grave's decay,
And anything can be made from clay;
Saints, poets, heroes — the thing's all one —
A scratching of pens, and the work is done."

George H. Boker

From a portrait presented to the Franklin Inn by Mrs. George Boker

There is a picturesque vigor in the opening lines of "The Legend of the Hounds:"—

"Colebrook furnace in Cornwall stands,
Crouched at the foot of the iron lands —
The wondrous hill of iron ore
That pours its wealth through the furnace door,
Is mixed with lime and smothered in wood,
Tortured with fire till a molten flood
Leaps from the taps to the sow below
And her littered pigs that round her glow,
So that a gazer, looking down
The moulding floor from the platform's crown,
Might think, if fancy helped the spell,
He saw a grate in the roof of hell."

That he could write very successfully in a lyrical vein is shown by his poem, "The River and the Maiden," which is concluded as follows: —

"Crowd yon river with your barges —
All the navies of the main —
Till the loaded tide enlarges,
Till it bursts its wonted marges,
Deluging the pleasant plain!

"Freight them with the precious plunder
Of the lands beyond the sea —
Pearls that make the diver wonder,
All the virgin silver under
The great hills of Potosi;

"All the real and fabled riches
Of the haughty Persian Khan,
All the gold that so bewitches
All the gorgeous broidered stitches
Of the girls of Hindoostan;

"All the furs, the wines, the treasures,
Were they at my bidding laid,
Ten times doubled in their measures,
Ten times doubled in their pleasures,
I would rather have the maid!"

Boker was one of the founders and long an officer, Secretary and later President, of the Union League. He had begun as a Democrat, following Buchanan and subsequently Stephen A. Douglas, until the war came to develop his strong Unionist sympathies. A number of his war poems were published in a small volume by Ticknor and Fields and they breathe forth patriotism warmly. In 1871 General Grant appointed him Minister to Turkey and the Union League tendered him a dinner, which was attended by many men of distinction. Boker's friend, Bayard Taylor, was present and read an after-dinner poem:

"I know that lustrous eyes are sometimes seen
Through garden leaves and latticed window bars,
And fear some twin Circassian stars may wean
His fealty from our seven-and-thirty stars."

This was one of Taylor's stanzas which were warmly received by the diners. Boker was later transferred from Constantinople to St. Petersburg, and was at the Russian Court when Taylor was at Berlin. He was greatly honored in St. Petersburg and, when he was recalled in 1879, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, in receiving his successor, is reported to have declared, rather more truthfully than diplomatically: "I cannot say I am glad to see you. In fact, I'm not sure that I see you at all for the tears that are in my eyes on account of the departure of our friend Boker."

Boker lived at 1720 Walnut Street. Until his death in 1890, he was a familiar figure in Broad Street, Chestnut Street and in the vicinity of the Philadelphia Club, of which he was long the President. N. P. Willis once described him as the handsomest man in America. Tall and imposing in stature, with a ruddy complexion and a military-looking mustache, he was much remarked wherever he went. His poetic output was not large, if we exclude his tragedies, not great enough to leave very much if it had been subjected to the pruning process which Taylor so heroically applied to his work and which Boker's needed not less than his friend's.

With a muse of much less vigor than Taylor's and Boker's, although a most fluent and prolific writer, Thomas Buchanan Read takes his place in the group of Pennsylvania poets. A pleasing versifier with a naturally poetic sense, his work covered a wide gamut of subjects, but yields little that reads as well today as many thought it did at the time it was penned. Read was born in 1822 in the broad Chester Valley in Chester County, in the shadow of the blue hills of Uwchlan, in a cottage still standing near Downingtown.

"Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach tree leans against the wall
And the woodbine wanders over all."

Hard by flowed the Brandywine, that stream of which Read sang: —

"Not Juniata's rocky tide
That bursts its mountain barriers wide,
Nor Susquehanna, broad and fair;
Nor thou, sea-drinking Delaware,

May with that lovely stream compare
That draws its winding silver line
Through Chester's storied vales and hills,
The bright, the laughing Brandywine
That dallies with its hundred mills."

Read's parents were in the humblest walks of life, and when his father died, the boy was apprenticed to a tailor. He quickly left that trade to become a cigarmaker in Philadelphia, and a little later went to Cincinnati where a married sister dwelt. His condition did not immediately improve, but feeling a natural drawing to art, he was taken into the family of S. V. Clevenger, a cutter of tombstones, who had become a sculptor of some eminence. Read, however, preferred painting to sculpture and his first employment was as a wandering sign-painter, gradually advancing to portraits. The field for an artist in the Cincinnati of that day being quite restricted, he, in 1841, returned to the east, settling for a while in Boston where Longfellow noticed his poetry and Washington Allston his art.

In 1846 he came to Philadelphia and opened a portrait studio, at the same time contributing many poems to "Graham's Magazine," which had the effect of making his name known widely in all parts of the country. His first book of poems appeared in 1847 and was rapidly followed by other volumes. Much of his work was praised extravagantly by his admirers and as roundly denounced as valueless by those to whom his school of poetry made no appeal. A writer in "Sartain's Magazine," in 1852, in a learned critique, branded him as a "New Laker," the "most innocent," of the tribe, one of the multitude of feeble imitators of Wordsworth, all "perfumed, gloved and ladylike." Read had begun with work that showed "evidence of indwelling poetry," said the critic, but he had gone off in "the pursuit of mere wordy conceits with a mistaken notion that quaintness and verbal platitudes are wisdom and beauty," relying "on Fancy to accomplish what lies legitimately within the province of a higher power, Imagination." He "sings artificially for artificial audiences and on artificial themes," the critic continued, and his readers feel "no inspiring warmth" in their hearts, and "no tears spontaneously suffuse" their eyes as they follow him. Read sat "at the threshold" of the "New Lake school" in which "many interesting young men in soiled linen and damsels in hair papers erect fabrics of American poetic ginger-bread."

On the other hand, many critics and particularly the "Lakers" in England, found much to admire in Read. Leigh Hunt described "The Closing Scene" in a leading British review as "the only American poem we have read or could read over and over again. It merits the fame that Gray's celebrated elegy has obtained without deserving it nearly so well." Thackeray thought "The Icebergs," the best of modern ballads and, in truth, much of Read's verse was as keenly enjoyed in England as in this country. After 1850 he spent much time in Italy, and during the cholera epidemic in Florence in the summer of 1855, his wife and favorite daughter, Lilian, died.

> "The sun was white in all the streets of Florence
> The splendor burned upon the bridge and river,
> While Fate rained down her pestilence in torrents,
> Bereaving me forever."

He fled to a watering-place in the mountains where he consoled himself in writing "The Song of the Sea."

Returning to America, Read married Miss Harriett Dennison Butler and established his home in this city. He had a studio for some time in Parkinson's Building on Chestnut Street, above Tenth, but our Civil War found him in Italy again, and full of patriotic ardor he returned to serve on the staff of General Lew Wallace and write inspiring war poems for James E. Murdoch, the Philadelphia tragedian and elocutionist, which were read at sanitary fairs and at benefit entertainments for the wounded soldiers. "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies," a long poetic tale of the Revolutionary time, was begun some years earlier, but it was essentially an appeal to the patriotic feeling of the American people. His poem, "The Oath," was much used in mustering in the volunteers and conscripts. Lincoln called it "The Swear."

Of our war president, Read had had a vision in the Thirty-Fourth Book of "The New Pastoral," a lengthy work in narrative verse descriptive of life in eastern Pennsylvania and the West, of which much was expected. It was produced from 1850 to 1854 and in it Read wrote: —

"Here in the middle of the nation's arms,
Perchance the mightiest inland mart shall spring —
Here the great statesman from the ranks of toil
May rise with judgment clear, as strong as wise,
And with a well-directed patriot blow
Reclinch the rivets in our Union bands
Which tinkering knaves have striven to set ajar."

One night during the war, Murdoch was reading Read's poems in the Senate Chamber in Washington. He had closed with "The Oath," the President, with

T. Buchanan Read

A portrait painted by himself when about thirty-seven years of age
Franklin Inn collection

other high officers of the government, having places in the audience. The next night Lincoln was again present. " The Oath " being omitted, he sent up a request for the poem. Murdoch pleaded that he did not have it with him, whereupon Lincoln remarked, " Oh, I have ' The Swear ' in my pocket," and taking it out, it was handed to the elocutionist who read it amid the acclamation with which it was always received. Read's reputation as a poet was widely extended by these popular readings of his works. He was in Cincinnati with his brother-in-law, Cyrus Garrett, Murdoch and some other friends, when one picked up a copy of " Harper's Weekly " containing Nast's picture of Sheridan sweeping through the Shenandoah Valley. Garrett happened to say:

" Buck, there is a poem in that picture."

Read thought there might be but, said he, " Do you suppose I can write a poem to order just as you would go to Sprague's and order a coat? "

Murdoch wished to read it that same evening, November, 1, 1864, and going to the third story of the building and issuing directions that he be not called " even if the house take fire," Read by noon had finished what at once became his most famous poem, " Sheridan's Ride." Inconsequential as it seems today and as it must have seemed then to critical people, it found a nation of admirers, and the favor in which it was held was increased by Read's painting commemorative of the " Ride."

A small, delicate man, who at some times in his life weighed less than one hundred pounds, Read was as indefatigable in art as in poetry. He would often stand at his easel for five or even eight hours at a time without sitting down to rest, his wife reading to him while his work progressed. An irrepressible punster, he maintained Philadelphia's reputation as a seat for this ancient vice. Once while on his way to England in the fifties, he was on deck with the captain, who, as there was a splendid wind, observed that " the ship danced over the water."

" Ah," Read responded quickly, " Is that the reason she has her pumps on ? "

The faculty for the harmless jest was displayed even on his death-bed. A friend sat beside him, holding his hand, when the end was near. On one finger Read wore a ring with a handsome cameo, upon which Shakespeare's features were cut.

" Ah, I see you have a head of Shakespeare," she said as she examined it.

" Yes," he answered feebly, " it is the only way I could get a-head of him."

In the autumn of 1871, while riding with ex-Governor Ward of New Jersey, who wished to see the Coliseum by night, the driver upset the carriage into an excavation and Read was picked up in an insensible condition. He was ill throughout the winter in Rome but sailed for home in the spring. On the steamer he was attacked with pneumonia and, upon landing, was taken to the Astor House, where he died in a few days, on May 11, 1872. His remains were brought on to the home of his wife's sister, Mrs. James E. Caldwell, in Germantown and were buried in Laurel Hill.

Thomas Buchanan Read had to overcome nearly all the obstacles that the world puts in man's pathway, but he surmounted them and rose to distinction in both poetry and painting. If his gifts were not of the highest order, they were at any rate conspicuous. He was a friend of both Taylor and Boker, although not a close intimate of those two men. They struck a deeper note; they had an understanding of men's elementary feelings, the springs of our great human movements. Read, on the other hand, saw a beauty, splashed the color upon the canvas, and passed on, leaving a pleasant record without reaching the heart of anything. He had the power of deeper insight and of stronger expression, as is evidenced in such poems as "The Closing Scene" and "The Brickmaker." There is poetry in these lines from "The Brickmaker" descriptive of the kiln:—

"Narrow corridors extend,
Long and dark, and smothered aisles;
Choke its earthly vaults with piles
Of the resinous yellow pine.
Now thrust in the fettered fire—
Hearken! How he stamps with ire,
Treading out the pitchy wine;
Wrought anon to wilder spells,
Hear him shout his loud alarms!
See him thrust his glowing arms
Through the windows of his cells!"

But what a fall it is to such Lady Book rhyming as—

"She came as comes the summer wind—
A gust of beauty to my heart;
Then swept away, but left behind
Emotions which shall not depart."

Unfortunately it is for such verse-making that Read is principally to be judged, since the three volumes of his " Complete Works " contain so much of this fluent rhyme.

Charles Godfrey Leland, as remarkable as were his talents and achievements, was obviously intended for some higher destiny. He spent much of his life in finding out what he was and nearly all the rest of it in trying to be what he was not. Too often it is thus with men, and Leland is a rather conspicuous example of a first-rate humorist who strove to be a philosopher, philologist and a pedagogical reformer at very considerable sacrifice. No one would undervalue his excellent translation of Heine, his studies of the gypsies whom he followed from place to place with tireless zeal, or whatever he may have done to improve the methods of teaching art; but translation is not the highest form of literary service and what he did in explaining and preserving the lore of the Romanies could have been as well or better done by some dry-as-dust German professor. Leland was a great humorist who might have been a still greater one, if he had not been ashamed of the honorable calling of making the world laugh, and had not encumbered his mental apparatus with lore of the most various kinds, gleaned from all languages. His " Hans Breitmann " ballads are a part of literature and will be enjoyed so long as there is an appreciation of wit of the kind which possesses some degree of subtlety and reflects reading and knowledge and literary understanding.

Charles Godfrey Leland was the son of parents who came to the city from Massachusetts, and he was born in a boarding-house on the north side of Chestnut Street, the second door below Third Street, on August 15, 1824. Of the four men in Pennsylvania's group of this time, Read was born in 1822, Boker in 1823, Leland in 1824 and Taylor in 1825, and they were so near of an age as to be contemporaries in the fullest sense. Leland lived longer than any of the rest, until 1903, largely no doubt because of the easy-going tranquil career which he led, especially in his later years. In childhood and youth, he was far from robust, but he enjoyed the advantages of travel and good schools, his father being a partner of Charles S. Boker, George H. Boker's father, in a profitable importing and jobbing business in boots and bonnets. The two boys, Leland and Boker, were thrown together from their earliest years, the families being connected by marriage as well as by business ties. When Boker was a junior, Leland was ready to enter Princeton, and the young student learned much from the older one at " the closely cramped, orthodox, hide-bound, mathematical " college, as the humorist described it in his " Memoirs," seeming never to have liked the recollection of his college experiences. He was now soon off for his *Wanderjahre* in Europe, where he travelled widely, studied at Heidelberg, Munich and Paris, and in 1848 fought in the barricades, helping to overthrow the government of France, an adventure which was always recalled with warm delight.

Leland's father, having left the commission business with which he was engaged with Mr. Boker, became a dealer and speculator in real estate and stocks. He owned the old and well-known hotel, Congress Hall, and bought the Arch Street Prison, tearing down its walls to erect a number of dwelling houses upon the site; but the successes which established his fortune were gained in later years, and it was now time for Charles to find a pursuit. It was his parent's desire that he study law and he entered the office of John Cadwalader for this purpose, being admitted to the bar after three years' application to his books. He hung out his sign in Third Street, but in six months he had only two clients, from whom he received fifteen dollars, which induced him to give up the profession and he never returned to it. He had published verse in the Philadelphia newspapers before he went to Princeton; while there contributed to the college magazine, and upon his return from Europe, was employed to write articles on art subjects for "Sartain's." Each month several pages of matter, serious and humorous, were furnished to the editor of this magazine which was so soon to meet an undeserved fate. He was also writing for the "Knickerbocker Magazine," with whose editor, Lewis Gaylord Clark, he was on terms of intimate friendliness as he was likewise with Rufus Wilmot Griswold, now in New York editing the "International Magazine," later merged with "Harper's." For Griswold, who greatly appreciated his talents, Leland wrote a monthly review covering current foreign literature in a half-dozen languages. Already he had mastered several out-of-the-way tongues to add to his Latin, German and French, and had laid the foundations for his reputation as a linguist.

It was Griswold who suggested that Leland go to New York to assist him in editing the weekly "Illustrated News," projected on a lavish scale by P. T. Barnum, the showman, and some other capitalists, Frank Leslie being its chief engraver. While Barnum did not use the paper to advertise his new elephants, and designed it to be something entirely apart from his circus.

Charles G. Leland.

From a portrait presented to the Franklin Inn by his sister, Mrs. John Harrison

Leland was often asked by his friends when he fed the monkeys and whether "the great Gyascutus" gave him any trouble, which was irksome to him, and after a year he returned to Philadelphia, leaving the "Illustrated News" to finish a course that was soon run.

Upon his arrival again in his native city, George H. Boker told him of a vacancy on the editorial staff of the "Evening Bulletin." He applied for the place and secured it. He had already published two or three volumes. His "Meister Karl's Sketchbook," a curious *melange* about men, places and things in humorous prose and verse, written between his sixteenth and twenty-fifth years, and appearing in large part in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," was brought out in 1855 by Parry and McMillan, the Philadelphia publishers. Washington Irving wrote that he kept it by him to nibble at ever and anon like a Stilton cheese or a *paté de foie gras,* but, as Mr. Leland remarked truthfully, "it was caviare to the general reader." Yet the description of Meister Karl's "tourifications, trapesings, tramps, trudges and travels through this wavy and windy world," are delightful, and readers of Irving's taste, though they be few, will enjoy it as much today as when it was first published.

Leland was now doing the work for which nature designed him. In addition to much of the general writing which is to be done by the journalist, he was conducting a department in the "Bulletin" called "Social Hall Sketches." It was at this period that he was able to accomplish the marriage which he had planned five years before with Miss Belle Fisher, a daughter of Rodney Fisher, a Philadelphia merchant, and they went to live at the La Pierre House. At this time Alexander

Cummings owned the "Bulletin," and after "shaving" Mr. Leland, reducing his salary materially on the plea of "hard times," the young man was invited to become a part owner of the paper. Leland said that he thought the property could not be very profitable, but Cummings declared that the investment would pay fifteen per cent.

"How can that be when you complain about the times and pay me so little?" Leland inquired.

"Ah," said Cummings, chuckling, "you see that is the way we make our money."

After this revelation, Leland left the paper and was ready for new adventures in New York. A time was now at hand when there was nothing to entice literary men to Philadelphia and little to keep there those indigenous to the soil. Thus did the city lose such a writer as the author of "Rudder Grange" and "The Lady or the Tiger?" The half-brother of Dr. Thomas H. Stockton, a well-known preacher and theological writer of the Methodist church, Frank R. Stockton was born in Philadelphia, graduated at the Central High School and lived here as a wood engraver until after the war, or until he was ready to make literature a pursuit, when he removed to New York. Leland, like Bayard Taylor, had the same experience a little earlier than Stockton. The chief of Philadelphia's magazines, "Graham's," had entirely passed from the control of its old owner, and Leland, while on the "Bulletin," worked manfully but vainly to resuscitate it. He wrote for it industriously, threw pages of matter into it recklessly under the name of "Easy Talk," good, wholesome humor that still lies buried there, though to excavate it and bring it to the light of day would be a real service to American letters. Through his efforts the circulation of the magazine was raised from almost nothing to 17,000, but the proprietor, who was to give Leland fifty dollars a month for his labors, was eighteen months in arrears, although obligating himself to pay the salary punctually; and there was no need to stay longer in Philadelphia to attend the wake of such a corpse.

His first employment in New York, on his second visit, was under George Ripley and Charles A. Dana on Appleton's Cyclopedia. He wrote also for Frank Leslie's publications, "Vanity Fair," an illustrated comic weekly, in editing which he was assisted by "Artemus Ward," and for other magazines and newspapers, his literary star as that of many other men setting for a time with the outbreak of the war.

Now for a short period he edited a magazine devoted to the Union cause in Boston, but in 1862 returned to Philadelphia to bide his time, writing a little, joining the emergency men who went to the front at the time of the excitement caused by Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, and visiting Tennessee and West Virginia to stake out petroleum lands while the oil fever was at its height, gaining new experiences and making humorous observations, wherever he went, of value to him in later life.

Once, he was wont to relate, he had forgotten his blanket and, missing it at length, sent back his guide to recover it. Leland sought shelter in a log cabin, the only inmate of which was a young woman who, upon seeing him, ran at full speed for the wood. When the guide returned, Leland expressed astonishment at her flight; *he* did not but gravely asked:

" Don't the gals in your part of the country allays break for the woods when they see you a-comin' ? "

" Certainly not," Leland averred positively.

" Thank God ! " the man exclaimed impressively, " our girls here hev better morrils than yourn."

Leland was again indebted to his friend Boker for a post on a Philadelphia newspaper. John W. Forney, on Boker's recommendation, invited him to become managing editor of the " Press," a position he held for three years with some absences in the West in the capacity of a correspondent. It was a period of bitter political animosities and Forney was in the midst of every fracas. Mobs attacked the office and threatened to raze it to the ground, while men were not infrequently shot in the riots under the editorial windows. All the " Press " editors carried arms but Leland, who did not, as he humorously explained, because he hated to have " impedimenta " in his pockets. They hung their coats in a closet outside and when Leland forgot his papers and sent his assistant to fetch them, the latter knew which coat was his chief's because it was the only one that had no pistol in it.

Leland was now widely known as " Hans Breitmann," the author of the dialect ballads written to celebrate the very comical doings of a big and bibulous German who was taken through the Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War, up and down and across this country and Europe, his adventures being chronicled in verse which, with all its subtlety of allusion, was not too far beyond the ken of common men. In the Breitmann ballads, Leland jumbled French, Latin, Italian, and Dutch, as well as English and German, into a most amusing jargon, and made many references to German philosophy and literature, the full meaning of which is certainly in many cases incomprehensible to any but well-educated people. Hans, however, gained widespread popularity. He appeared in costume at German balls and in street processions. He was a figure in the plays at the theatres and on the burlesque stage. A cigar was named for him and in London a comic paper called "Hans Breitmann," made its appearance. There were no national limits to his fame. This funny German made his *début* with these accompanying remarks in Leland's pages of "Easy Talk," in "Graham's Magazine" for June, 1857:

"We do not much approve of ridiculing the language or manners of a nation any more than those of an individual — sir 'tis uncosmopolite and therefore vastly wicked — and least of all do we like quizzing our friends the Germans. But we cannot reject the following — it is too genial in its spirit of broad burlesque:—

HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY
FUER GRAHAM'S MONATSHEFT
BEI TSCHUPERTI

"Hans Breitmann gife a barty — dey had biano blayin — I felld in lofe mit a Merican frau. Her name was Madilda Yane. She hat haar as prown as a pretzel bun, de eyes were himmel blue and ven she looket into mine, dey shplit mine heart in two."

And so on to the last lines:

"Hans Breitmann gife a barty — vhere is dat barty now? Vhere is de lofely golten cloudt dat float on der moundain's prow? Vhere is de himmelstrahlende stern — de schtar of de spirit's light? — all goned afay mit de Lager Bier — afay in der Evigkeit.

"Beautiful indeed! 'Goned afay in der Evigkeit'— passed away into eternity, if we translate aright, is a very fine conclusion."

"Hans Breitmann's Barty" was copied widely and the author was encouraged to describe his hero's farther adventures. Leland's student life abroad and later travels in Germany well equipped him for picturing such a character. In this man was found a parody of the whole German nation, done with no less good humor than knowledge. One ballad followed another and Leland improved himself as he went. In "Breitmann in a Balloon" he wrote:—

"O vot ish dis a gomin'?
  Some planet, py de Lord!
Too boor to life in heafen,
  Coom down on eart' to poard;
Und pelow it schwing tree engels,
  Two he-vons, mit a wench;
Boot, mein Gott! vot sort of engels
  Can dose pe, dalkin Fraentsch."

Breitmann not unreasonably expected to find sweet "schmells" in Cologne, but he was disappointed:—

"Of all de schmells I efer schmelt,
  By gutter, sink or well,
At efery gorner of Cologne
  Dere's von can peat dat schmell;
Vhen dere you go you'll find it so —
  Don't dake de ding on troost;
De meanest skunk in Yankee land
  Vould die dere of disgoost."

In Cologne Hans visited the minster:—

"Next tay to de cat'edral
He vent de dings to view,
Und found it shoost drei thaler cost
To see de sighds all troo.
'Id's tear,' said Hans, 'boot go ahet,
I'fe cot de cash all right;
Boot id's queer dat's only Protestands
Vot mosdly see de sighdt!'

"Im Mittelalter I hafe read
De shoorsh vas always sure —
An open bicdure gallerie,
Und book for all de poor;
Boot now de dings is so arrange
No poor folk can get in;
We Yankees und de Englisch are
Pout all ash shbends de tin."

He concludes with some wisdom that —

"Dese Deutsche sacrisdans might learn
More goot in Italy,
Vhere beoples bays shoost half de brice
For ten dimes more to see."

A very successful ballad was "Schnitzerl's Philosopede," produced in a few minutes while he was in the "Press" office. It begins:—

"Herr Schnitzerl make a philosopede,
Von of de pullyest kind;
It vent mitout a vheel in front,
Und hadn't none pehind.
Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,
Und it vent as shure ash ecks,

For he shtraddled on de axel dree
Mit der vheel between his lecks."

The machine flew like the wind:—

"De vellers mit de trottin' nags
Pooled oop to see him bass;
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt,
'Potztausend! Was ist das?'
Boot vashter shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
On mit a ghastly smile!
He tidn't tooush de dirt, py shings,
Not vonce in half a mile."

But the ballads were not collected and issued in book form without misgivings on the part of more than one publisher. One day a friend said to Leland:

"Why don't you publish your Breitmann ballads in a book? Everybody is quoting them now."

"There is not a publisher in America who would accept them," Leland replied, and there was not. A printer undertook to issue some of the ballads in paper covers in 1869, the work soon being transferred to T. B. Peterson and Brothers, although they said they did not hope to sell more than one thousand copies. So successful was the publication that several other volumes followed and there were editions in England, Canada and Australia. It will be difficult in the entire range of American humor to find anything better than Leland's ballads, although he was more than a dialect humorist, as witness parts of "Meister Karl's Sketch Book" and his "Easy Talk" in "Graham's"; and not the least amusing of his works, albeit perhaps unconscious, is his volume of "Memoirs" published in 1893. There is fun enough in "What a Young Man

Saw in Broadway" in "Meister Karl's Sketch Book" to show what Leland might have been without the aid of Breitmann's funny jargon:—

"I stood on the steps of the Astor,
And gazed at the living tide
Of vehicles down the middle,
And people up either side.

"And I saw a maid who was 'pumpkins'
In a shawl of real Cashmere
Jump down from the step of a carriage
While her robe got caught in the rear.

"Oh, the robe was of moiré antique
(A very expensive 'rag'),
But a skirt peep'd out below it,
And *that* was a coffee bag.

"I knew it had once held coffee,
Though now 'twas another thing,
For on it was 'Fine Old Java,'
Y' mark'd in store blacking.

"And I thought as she gain'd the sidewalk,
And the 'muslin' again was furl'd,
How much those out-skirts and in-skirts
Were like man's heart in the world;

"How many a Pharisee humbug
Plays a lifelong game of brag;
His words all silk and velvet,
And his heart but a coffee bag."

Strangely enough, "Breitmann" loathed his calling and devoted but a few years to that work upon which his literary fame will always rest. He disliked himself in the rôle of humorist and wished to be remembered as a learned authority on the gypsies, the Algonquin Indians, education and the problems of sex, upon which subjects he industriously wrote in his later years. Widely known by his pen name, Leland always resented it if he were introduced or in anywise addressed as "Hans Breitmann." To Fisher Unwin, who had published Leland's picture, placing the pseudonym under it, Leland wrote:

"Breitmann has become my autocrat who rules me with a rod of iron, and has imposed his accursed name on me — and thou helpest him!"

Thus did he wish to forget his early and principal service to letters and thus did he rebuke those who sought to regard him as a humorist.

A tall, well-built man, six feet two inches in height, he and his handsome friend Boker, with whom he was often seen on Chestnut Street, were marked figures. He wore a long, sweeping beard. He had a red and white complexion, and when a young man, the ladies of Philadelphia teased him about it, declaring that he painted to produce the ruddy effects. When on his expeditions among the gypsies, who treated him as a brother — he was a true Romany Rye and in later life was affectionately called "The Rye," at home and by his close friends — he dressed in a velveteen coat and a soft-brimmed hat. He owned the house at 1523 Locust Street, but occupied it for but a few months. When he lived in Philadelphia for four or five years, introducing his ideas in regard to the teaching of art into the public schools, he had apartments in a building on Broad Street where the Art Club now stands. In the end he was almost an exile, passing many years in Europe which came to be his home, and dying in Italy in 1903.

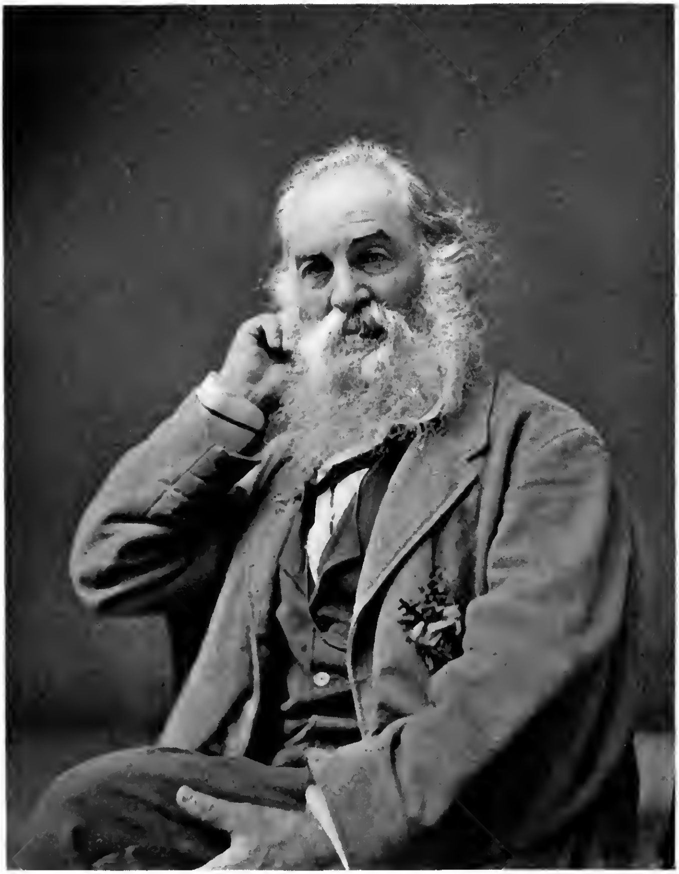
Walt Whitman, though for nineteen years, or until his death in 1892, residing on the opposite shores of the Delaware, was not of Philadelphia or of its people. Born on Long Island, he roamed the country, being engaged in many occupations, in none of which he gained any degree of success. In youth, he was a house carpenter, like his father; sometimes a printer; again a teacher; during the war, a soldiers' nurse and hospital aid; and later a government clerk in Washington, being dismissed from one of the departments for keeping on his desk his "Leaves of Grass," which was accounted by his chief to be immoral. Too ill to go farther, Whitman was stranded in Philadelphia in 1873, while on his way to his friends on Long Island. He found care-takers in Camden, which became his home, and while here the discovery was made, by English appreciators principally, that he was a poet of world size. He became the "Good Gray Poet," the "Bard of Democracy" and a "Friend of Man." It would be vain to deny to Whitman a new, original and compelling genius of some indigenous, not readily classified, kind. His voice was a deep bass from the bowels of our existence. He was the bard of the *unwashed* democracy. He said with truth in his "Leaves of Grass:"—

"I am for those who believe in loose delights; I share the midnight orgies of young men;
I dance with the dancers and drink with the drinkers," etc.

"O you shunn'd persons, I at least do not shun you;
I come forthwith in your midst; I will be your poet;
I will be more to you than to any of the rest."

The brawlers and wantons of the world, whose living he glorifies, did not understand him; indeed, never read him. He is as unintelligible "to the ordinary people of the English-speaking race" as the Greek Testament, one of his admirers has said, and "it will be generations if at all before a people will be produced who will read Whitman, as they now do and will for centuries read the graceful and tuneful poets, Shakespeare, or the Bible." Whitman, by the confession of his friends, is for some *Uebermensch* yet to be developed in the evolutionary process, and when this race of persons is lifted up out of the lower classes, it is safe to predict that colleges and universities, the church and the other agencies of our civilization, will have created in it a taste for more beauty and refinement, and lead to a rejection of literature that exhales the various foulnesses of the sinks and sewers of our being.

Whitman was, is and must remain, the poet of a sect. He is for those who argue, expound and defend — for the advocates of the unorthodox, the image-breaking. He lived in the midst of Philadelphians with whom he came to spend his concluding years, obedient to his own preachings, with the "shunn'd persons." After his brother left Camden, he occupied a little two-story frame house at 328 Mickle Street, in that city, toward which his admirers turned their steps for many years with the devotion that marked the disciples of Nietsche. He was long an object of charity. George W. Childs, it is computed, gave him in all about $3,000, a considerable part of which was used to purchase the Camden house. Others less able to spare it, both in America and England, young men with Socialist enthusiasm, sent him their small and hard-earned hoards,



Walt Whitman

From a Franklin Inn portrait

while he, unknown to them, had thousands of dollars which were to be used for the erection of a tawdry tomb to hold his bones in Harleigh Cemetery.

He was in chronic need. Before Mrs. Davis came to live with him as his housekeeper, he cooked the most frugal meals on a coal-oil stove and ate from a dry-goods box. He slept in a room with a bare floor heated by a wood stove. When Charles Godfrey Leland asked him to put his autograph in a copy of "Leaves of Grass," he said he never did such things except for money, and a peddler thrift characterized him in his social relations. A friend sent him a pass on the Philadelphia and Camden ferry boat lines, and it was his amusement to ride back and forth upon the river, leaning over the boat-rail even in the coldest weather. "I love to hear the ice craunch," said he, always a lover of the elemental, as the boats plowed through the floes that in winter impede the Delaware. He had his "Howdy" for all kinds of persons — deck-hands, vagrants, mechanics, for people of both sexes, all colors, ages and nationalities, and on the Philadelphia side would sit long in a chair furnished him by an Italian street vender, munching peanuts, or make friendships with the drivers of the horse-cars who came to the foot of Market Street, often mounting the stool on the front platform which was resigned to him. Thus he journeyed the entire length of Market Street and back again, regarded as an "odd stick," even by those that he assumed most fully to represent. When Leland met him one time, Walt took him into a squalid little bar-room and introduced him to a number of tramps: "I had in my time been *bon compagnon* with gypsies, tinkers. and all kinds of loose fish, and thought nothing of it all," said the humorist. Others, not so indulgent of gypsies and tinkers, did not find such methods of living consistent with their notions of poetry. Dr. Reynell Coates, the old editor of "Sartain's," who gave him medical attention one time, complained: "I do not object to his going to public houses and getting his tipple upon my credit, but when he impersonates me and does it, it is too much, and I will not stand it."

"Whitman was, from first to last, a boorish, awkward *poseur,*" says Rebecca Harding Davis. "He sang of the workingman as of a god, but he never did an hour's work himself if he could live by alms." Many who contributed in response to the appeals of his energetic friends thought, if they did not dare to say, what Whittier wrote in 1885, when the literary men of the world were asked to subscribe to a fund to buy Whitman a horse and buggy. "I have no doubt in his lameness," said the Quaker poet with the frankness and humor of his people, "that a kind, sober-paced roadster would be more serviceable to him than the untamed, rough, jolting Pegasus he has been accustomed to ride — without check or snaffle."

He addressed Christ as "my Comrade," and at his funeral, Confucius, Buddha, the Saviour and Whitman were confused in the requiem, as they always were in the minds of this "sage" of Mickle Street, and of many who journeyed to his shrine. Whitman was a giant mechanic, the hairs of whose long beard mingled with the growth upon his breast exposed beneath the unbuttoned collar of his shirt. His sect is as devoted to his memory as to his person in life, and the place given him by the critics of literature must depend upon their conception of poetry, their definition of the limits of art, and their ability to dissociate the lamp from the light which it gave forth.

With these five authors — Bayard Taylor, George H. Boker, Thomas Buchanan Read, Charles Godfrey Leland and Walt Whitman — the literary record of Philadelphia may be permitted to close for a time — until the years, flowing by us so inexorably, carry us to a point upon which we can stand and look back at works and lives still unfinished. It may be urged that this group is not one that can properly be compared with the "Cambridge group" of poets. They are not of such quality as artists. Moreover, Read and Leland left Philadelphia to live in Europe, while Taylor and Boker wandered on foreign ground whenever they could do so. As for Whitman, he was not of the place or people and was connected with the group chiefly through the begging letters with which his cashiers assailed his fellow writers.

However this may be, Taylor and Boker were poets of the first rank and in a neighborhood more disposed to make heroes of its men of genius, they would hold a place higher than any which we have given them. When their fame was rising, Philadelphia was losing to New York and New England its pre-eminence as a literary centre. Leland, that strange mixture of humorist and college professor, to be admired so long as there are those who are able to understand and enjoy good wit, faced the same conditions. All must look outside for recognition and the means to their advancement while their fellow Philadelphians contrived theories to explain the passing of the sceptre, one of which, oddly enough, was that the city had ceased to produce writers of any worth. Thus in contention they have latterly belittled their own, instead of reading, admiring, defending and making places in their midst for those that are of them and truly belong to them.

The Quakers have been held responsible for Pennsylvania's literary position. Yet there was a quarterly magazine in Philadelphia in the first half of the nineteenth century, which predicted that trade so paralyzed literary activity in New England that it would prevent the development of imaginative writers in that region. It was Henry T. Tuckerman who responded, complaining of our "calm, prescriptive, and monotonous environment," and describing the Friends as "a class distinguished indeed for moral worth, but equally remarkable for the absence of a sense of the beautiful, and a firm repudiation of the artistic graces of life, and the inspiration of sentiment, except that of a strictly religious kind." Nevertheless, the Quakers produced in poetry William Cliffton, John Greenleaf Whittier, and Bayard Taylor, and in prose so fertile an imagination as Charles Brockden Brown's.

From the day of Nathaniel Evans and Thomas Godfrey, Jr., to "The Story of Kennett," and "The Waggoner of the Alleghanies," the city with its outlying counties has furnished much scenery for the writings of its authors. They have hallowed much Pennsylvania ground, but art needs a wide country, as a poet like Boker understood:

"'Tis well for you beyond the sea,
  Where every toiling mattock delves
Among the spoils of history,
  To bid us work within ourselves.

"All bare of legendary lore,
Our grandest regions stretch away;
These are the pictured scenes, no more;
These are the scenery, not the play."

To many, and to him and Taylor notably, neighborhood had only accidental claims. Said Boker: —

"Not for myself, but for my art,
I claim all ages, every clime;
And I shall scorn the lines that part
Country from country, time from time.

"O poet of the present day!
Range back or forth, change time or place,
But mould the sinews of thy lay
To struggle in the final race."

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