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REMINISCENCES  
OF WILLIAM  
WETMORE  
STORY

MISS M. E. PHILLIPS



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REMINISCENCES  
OF  
WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.







WISCONSIN

OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

STATE OF WISCONSIN

IN SENATE

January 10, 1901

REPORT OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

ON THE

STATE OF WISCONSIN

*William Wetmore Story.*

1912  
7

# REMINISCENCES

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OF

## WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

*The American Sculptor and Author*

BEING

### INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

*TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS ASSOCIATIONS  
WITH FAMOUS PEOPLE AND HIS PRINCIPAL  
WORKS IN LITERATURE AND  
SCULPTURE.*

BY

MARY E. PHILLIPS.

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CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:  
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1897.

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## DEDICATION.

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“All that we ever did were but as dust  
Without these simple words—Hope, Love, and Trust.”

WITH THESE WORDS BY THEIR GRANDFATHER, THIS MEMORIAL  
OF WILLIAM WETMORE STORY IS INSCRIBED

TO

GWENDOLYN MARION AND VIVIEN WALDO,

THE ONLY ONES OF HIS GRANDCHILDREN  
WHO BEAR THE NAME OF

STORY.



## PREFACE.

Material for the following pages was obtained through a letter of introduction to the late Mr. Story from Miss Eliza Allen Starr of Chicago, Illinois.

This letter was written eight or ten years ago with the purpose of enabling the bearer to obtain all possible information for Miss Starr's "Lectures Upon Living Artists." It naturally gave unusual opportunities for hearing from Mr. Story's own lips much that was of the greatest interest and value, and resulted in an acquaintance which afterward became friendship. Most generously has Miss Starr paid an artist's tribute to an artist's memory by devoting her own manuscript, and several manuscripts in Mr. Story's handwriting, to the purposes of the present volume, which also includes incidents and anecdotes furnished by other friends, as well as notices and descriptions from the public press. Besides, frequent reference has been made to the works of the poet-artist himself, whose genius now belongs to the world by right of inheritance.

In writing these "Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story," the chief aim has been to bring out the strong and attractive personality of the man in every phase of his brilliant career, and so help the world to become better acquainted both with his artistic and literary work. As a fitting introduction we quote his own reverent words upon his father—words equally applicable to the son:

"The simple recital of what he did is his best eulogium. His works are his best monument. His life preaches the gospel of labor. In it was no hour wasted, no energy undeveloped, no talent misapplied or unemployed. It was spent in no idle dreaming, in no immoral or empty pursuit of worldly pleasures, but it was earnestly devoted from beginning to end to the attainment of pure ends by pure means. Perfection is not allowed to mortal man, but there was in him a singularly exact adjustment of passions and faculties—the motive power of the one being just equal to the distributive power of the other.

"How difficult to do justice to him! In his domestic life he was the sunshine of our family circle. He was forgetful of himself, yet mindful of the least interest or pleasure of others; self-denying when the sacrifice was unknown and unappreciated; thoroughly unselfish even in the details of life; generous of kind acts and expressions; satisfied with any portion of the good of

daily life which might fall to him; the first to surrender his own wishes to the careless whim of another; and withal, joyous, lively, and beaming.

“So was he every day and all day. Its morning and its evening twilight were alike dear.” Even within the shades of life’s twilight, until bereaved of his wife, “he was a boy in enthusiasm and spirits.”

So far as it lay within the power of human nature, William Wetmore Story beautified and beatified every relationship of life. He sleeps in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, beneath the shadows of its “whispering pines” and the old Aurelian Wall, scarce a span from Shelley’s heart and from Severn. His wife, the love he could not live without, rests here, his nearest and dearest company; and now the memory of his beautiful character and of his gifted and well-spent life seems like “a spire, whose silent finger points to heaven.”



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REMINISCENCES OF  
WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

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I.

ANCESTRY.

(1743-1819.)

On the 12th day of February, 1819, William Wetmore Story, the second son and sixth child of the Hon. Joseph Story, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Sarah Waldo Wetmore, his wife, was born in Salem, Mass.

A few generations back we find the great-grandfather of young Story, also William by name, Register of the Vice Court of Admiralty at Boston. His grandfather, Dr. Elisha Story, was born in that city December 3, 1743, and, as the surgeon of Colonel Little's Essex Regiment, took active part in the American Revolution. He belonged to "The Sons of Liberty," was volunteer guard on the "Dartmouth," November 29th, and on December 16th made one of the "Tea Party." At Lexington and at Bunker Hill he fought as a

volunteer, and was with Washington at Long Island, White Plains, and Trenton.

His grandmother, Mehitable Pedrick, second wife of Doctor Story, is described as "a woman of great pride and courage," qualities inherited from her father, who was said to be "afraid of nothing God Almighty ever put upon earth." She once rescued her young son, the future Judge Story, from a burning bed, he having fallen asleep while reading by a lighted candle, with a presence of mind that justifies such an estimate of her character.

Doctor Story moved to Marblehead, Mass., in 1770, and here, among the honest fisher-folk, great rocks, and ever-splashing waves of the ocean, was born, September 18, 1779, Joseph Story, the father of the subject of these pages, and destined to achieve, through many difficulties and every obstacle, a peerless and international reputation in his vocation of the law.

From "The Life and Letters of Joseph Story," now out of print, will be given a short sketch of Judge Story's life, in order to show the bearing of its conditions and their influences upon his own and his son's remarkable attainments.

The text of this work is, his life preached the gospel of labor. This was equally true of father and son.

As a boy at Marblehead, breathing in the pure



and invigorating salt sea air, Joseph Story absorbed something enduring, both for mind and body, from the very cliffs and stones of his rugged birthplace; and thereby started out in life with a mental and physical constitution of iron. At times, however, he overtaxed his strength by study, beginning with his preparation for Harvard University under incompetent instruction, perceiving which fact he faced the necessity of renewed and redoubled exertions for entering, within a given time, the class of 1795. This lad of sixteen years literally burnt the midnight oil, frequently indeed, continuing till the dawn of day in the pursuance of learning, then perhaps seeking refreshment for his worn-out brain in a head bath under the college pump, instead of rest and sleep. Such a strain upon his nervous system naturally ended in an illness which left in its train the malady of indigestion; but from this the brave boy recovered, and reaped the reward of his labors by graduating with the highest honors in his class of 1798. On his college life he always looked back with the greatest pleasure and affection.

During this year of 1798 he entered the law office of Samuel Sewell, at Marblehead. After the pleasant variety of college associations and pursuits, this circumscribed place was at first exceedingly irksome; so too was the study of the law, but bending his best energies upon it he soon

grew interested and finally absorbed in his future profession, though he never became attached to the locality, and therefore in 1801 went to Salem, where he continued his studies under Samuel Putnam. He was in this same year admitted to the bar and began his practice as an attorney-at-law in Salem.

Notwithstanding his youth, a charming personality and sterling character overcame the many prejudices which usually lie in the way of progress for strong minds of high purposes; and in spite of his adherence to the unpopular political party of his day, he was chosen a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1805 and served therein three terms. It was also in 1805 that he married his first wife, of whom he was bereaved before the close of that year.

The year 1808 was marked for the young man by two important events—becoming a member of Congress, and, in the month of August, marrying his second wife, Sarah Waldo Wetmore, daughter of Judge Wetmore of Boston, and mother of William Wetmore Story. Her superior wifehood and motherhood suggested the beautiful tribute of affection from her son in the dedication to her of “The Life and Letters” of his father.

In 1811 Joseph Story became the speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and in November of that year, at the age of thirty-two,

he was appointed judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He held this office for thirty-three years, up to the date of his death, September 10, 1845.

In 1829 an endowment of \$10,000 was made by Mr. Dane for the purpose of founding a school of law in Harvard University, upon the condition that Judge Story would accept the professor's chair, and also write and publish a certain number of treatises upon the different branches of jurisprudence. In order to accept this trust, Judge Story left Salem and went to live in Cambridge, where he fulfilled with true delight the obligations involved both in his work as instructor and in the writing and publishing of the required and other legal works. Mr. Dane, when asked if he thought it possible that Judge Story would fill up that extensive outline prescribed by the conditions of the endowment, replied: "Yes sir, I know the man; he will do this and more, for, uncommon as are his talents, his industry is still more extraordinary."

A letter from the Hon. Josiah Quincy says: "Knowledge radiated from him into the minds of all around. The spirit in which he taught was beautiful. He taught as well by his character as by his words."

When a great and good man passes away, all nature mourns. "Part of the sunlight of the town will pass away with him," one of his humble

townsmen said. "At nine o'clock in the evening of September 10, 1845, he breathed his last. The name of God was the last word that was ever heard from his lips. Gradually he lost consciousness, and without pain fell into the arms of the good angel. He died full of honors and years. He was at peace, going onward and upward still in the fuller glory and clearer light of a higher existence."

Reared in the atmosphere of an intimate association with such characters as Chief Justice Marshall, Chancellor Kent, Simon Greenleaf, Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Mason, Dana, Edward Everett, Washington Allston, and many others of equal renown and brilliant achievement, it is not difficult to understand how one so highly and diversely gifted as William Wetmore Story should attain to his accredited height in the world of literature and art.

## II.

BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS OF W. W. STORY AT  
SALEM. SALEM HOME AND ASSOCIATIONS.  
LAFAYETTE. POEM, "CHILDHOOD."

(1819-1829.)

While for many reasons it is not easy to enlarge upon the child-life of a person who dies at the ripe age of seventy-six, it is still possible to gain some conception of his tender years from the circumstances by which he was surrounded and the conditions under which he lived.

Judge Story and his wife had mourned the loss of four children, when a daughter, Mary Oliver Story, came to them March 10, 1817. About two years later their son William Wetmore was born. In a letter to Mr. Frank Cousins from Mr. Story, published in the *Salem Gazette*, October 9, 1895, from which a clipping is furnished by courtesy of Mr. Cousins, is this extract concerning the sculptor's birth. "As to the question you ask me in regard to the date of my birth, I have no personal recollection of it, but I have always been told that it was on the 12th of February, 1819. My mother

and father had that belief." Two years later, in May, 1821, came another little daughter, Louisa. Many instances throughout his life and writings go to prove how William Story loved his parents and sisters, in whose devoted companionship the ten years of his Salem life were spent.

The house built by his father in 1812, in which the artist was born, still stands within its beautiful high-walled gardens bordering upon historic Washington Square. It is a large red-brick mansion, most fitting for the reception and entertainment given in it by Judge Story to General LaFayette, August 21, 1824. A cut of this house is given, and of it Mr. Story's letter to Mr. Cousins says:

"MY DEAR SIR: I beg you to accept my best thanks for the three photographs which you have had the kindness to send me and which interest me very much. The house where I was born is somewhat changed since I saw it last, and since I played there in my early youth, but chiefly in the addition of a front over the central door; otherwise it seems to me very little changed from what it was in the old days."

Mr. Henry M. Brooks, secretary of Essex Institute, Salem, writes of Mr. Story thus:

"He retained so much interest in Salem as to send us a very short time before his death, for

*Judge Story's Home in Salem.*









perpetual deposit, the elegant mahogany cradle in which he and his father, Judge Story, were rocked in infancy. It is a conspicuous feature in our collections. The very interesting correspondence on the occasion is on our files and can be seen if desired."

As a background to this family and home picture we may well quote a few extracts from M. C. D. Silsbee's attractive little volume entitled "A Half Century in Salem," which tells of—

"The good old times! times of respectability, of comfort, honest toil and elegant leisure, of steady thrift, of modest charities; a day was a day then, beginning at six o'clock in summer and half-past seven in winter, and usually ending at ten.

"The old homes! how many hallowed memories cluster around the words! A home was a home then, a place to be born in, to live in, and to die in . . .

"All through the long severe winter we were cold, as a matter of course, excepting the side next to the glowing wood fire, and that was scorched; the entries and sleeping rooms were probably at freezing point, ice in the water-pitchers, unmelting frost on the windows. But roaring fires were built up in the spacious cavities with back-log and chips for kindling, with big bellows to blow the flame, and who cared for the cold?

“We kept ‘helps’ then; sometimes they were hindrances. Still, Yankee help was an admirable institution. In winter the breakfast was at eight o’clock; there were no nerves then; coffee was a licensed drink, dyspepsia was an unacknowledged sin.

“At one o’clock dinner was served in reverse order — first the pudding, then the meat. At six the pleasant tea or supper was spread.

“Ministers now and then preached about the trials of life, and pessimists groaned about ‘a vale’; we were firm in the conviction that we should always emerge in triumph from the one and tread on flowers as we journeyed through the other.

“Happy were the little feet that walked in Salem, free to wander up and down the shady streets, out in the green lanes, and through the trim gardens.

“Social intercourse was delightful, as there were readers, thinkers, and plenty of good talkers. Manners were certainly awe-inspiring in 1825.

“Invitations were not written, but sent by domestics or the children of the family. An evening party was from thirty to fifty guests; they began to arrive at seven and to go at ten.”

Speaking of “well-known gentlemen,” the author continues:

“Among these honored names those of Judge

Story and Hon. Nathaniel Silsbee are entitled to special mention for the high position attained in public life. Judge Story left Salem before his great powers had reached their zenith, and his departure was regretted by his adopted city, which borrowed him from Marblehead and lent him to Cambridge.

“The children of 1824 saw LaFayette in the pouring rain, but still they could peep at him through the drops and be thankful. Arches wreathed with flowers, covered with inscriptions impossible to be read, and the star-spangled banner soaked into sullen silence, spanned the streets leading to the Common, where a thousand school children were formed into two lines, making the air ring with shouts of ‘Welcome, LaFayette!’ Then the procession passed to the coffee-house, where Judge Story met the general with beautifully appropriate salutations, to which he made a cordial reply.”

Perhaps no better idea of young Story's delight in these years can be given than he himself expresses at the age of twenty-one in some lines upon

#### CHILDHOOD.

Along my wall in golden splendor stream  
The morning rays,  
As when they woke me from the happy dream  
Of childish days.

Then every morning brought a sweet surprise,  
    When I was young;  
Even as a lark that carols to the skies  
    My spirit sung.

To count the yellow bars of light that fell  
    Through the closed blind  
Was joy enough. O, strange and magic spell!  
    A guileless mind.

Dear were those thoughtless hours, whose sunny change  
    Had gleams of heaven!  
But dearer, Duty's ever-widening range  
    Which thought has given.

With these lines he bade adieu to old Salem, the "city of peace." Through her shaded streets and broad Common those great spirits of a mighty past still linger in name and influence. Among them all none will chime with more enduring charm and harmony upon the ear of Father Time than those of Hawthorne, Choate, and Story.

### III.

“FIRESIDE TRAVELS,” BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.  
BOYHOOD IN CAMBRIDGE. WASHINGTON ALL-  
STON.

(1829-1834.)

“Fireside Travels” was published in 1864, and many of the numbers were ten years afterward printed in magazines. The author has inscribed these travels thus:

To W. W. S.

Who carves his thoughts in marble will not scorn  
These pictured bubbles; if so far they fly  
They will recall days ruddy but with morn,  
Not like these lately past or drawing nigh!

They begin with “Cambridge, Thirty Years Ago,” in a memoir addressed to “The Edelmann Storg in Rome.”

It requires no shrewd guessing to name W. W. Story as “The Edelmann Storg,” and the recipient of this courtesy from his lifelong friend, James Russell Lowell, even if Frances Underwood had not called Mr. Lowell’s “Fireside Travels” “the

most charming and characteristic of his volumes," and referred to them as "a series of letters addressed to Story, the sculptor." Thus it is that "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago" abounds in so many and interesting touches of that time that it becomes a most fitting background for the childhood, boyhood, and manhood of these two brilliant men. It commences with this picture of ease and comfort:

"In those quiet old winter evenings, around our Roman fireside, it was not seldom, my dear Storg, that we talked of the advantages of travel, and in speeches not so long that our cigars would forget their fire (the just measure of conversation) debated the comparative advantages of the Old and New Worlds . . . . After all, my dear Storg, it is to know *things* that one has to travel, and not *men*.

"Now, you know how I stand by the old thought, the old thing, the old place, and the old friend till I am very sure I have got a better, and even then I migrate painfully.

"We had the fortune to journey together through the green, secluded valley of boyhood; together we climbed the mountain wall which shut in and looked down upon those Italian plains of early manhood; and since then we have met sometimes by a well, or broken bread together at an oasis in the arid desert of life, as it truly is.



“With this letter I propose to make you my fellow traveler in one of these fireside voyages which, as we grow older, we make oftener and oftener through our past. Without leaving your elbow-chair, you shall go back with me thirty years. . . . Let us look at Cambridge of thirty years since.

“Boston was not yet a city, and Cambridge was still a country village, with its own habits and traditions.

“We called it ‘the village’ then. A few houses stood around the bare Common with ample elbow room, and old women, capped and spectacled, still peered through the same windows from which they watched Lord Percy’s artillery rumble by to Lexington, or caught a glimpse of the handsome Virginia general who had come to wield our home-spun Saxon chivalry. One coach sufficed for all travel to the metropolis. Commencement had not ceased to be the great holiday of the Puritan Commonwealth — the festival of Santa Scholastica, whose triumphal path one may conceive strewn with leaves of spelling-books instead of bay. The students (scholars they were called then) wore their sober uniform.

“But even Cambridgeport, my dear Storg, did not want associations poetic and venerable. The stranger who took the ‘Hourly’ at old Cambridge might have had his curiosity excited by a person

who mounted the coach at the Port. So refined was his whole appearance, so fastidiously neat his apparel, that you would have at once classed him with those individuals whom Nature sends into the world to fill the arduous office of gentleman. A nimbus of hair, fine as an infant's and early white, undulated and floated around a face that seemed like pale flame. It was a countenance that, without any beauty of feature, was very beautiful. You would have detected in the eyes that artist look which seems to see pictures ever in the air. You ask his name, and the answer is 'Mr. Allston.'

Mr. Story as a boy used to take the "Hourly" into Boston for his music lessons. He tells of one bright cold morning when, entering the stage, Mr. Allston's hand was placed kindly on his young head, and how his heart bounded when from the artist's lips fell these beautiful words of encouragement: "You will make a name for yourself some of these days; it is not difficult; it will be easy for you." Mr. Story adds: "And in the dark days that came afterwards the memory of this incident seemed almost a prophecy and an inspiration to me."

In Mr. Story's communication with Miss Starr upon the subject of her "Lectures" he says: "I am delighted to hear that you are intending to give an essay on Mr. Allston. He was a most

finished gentleman and an ideal artist. I used to see him when I was a boy at Cambridge, and always had the highest admiration for him, gazing at him with wonder, delighted whenever he came across my path, and now and then being admitted to his studio where he delighted me with his charming conversation and his reminiscences of poets and artists whom he had known. He inflamed my spirit with many a noble utterance. He looked upon art from the highest possible point of view. There was nothing in his spirit or ambition but what was lofty.

“A sketch on canvas by him, given me by Mrs. Franklin Dexter of Boston, hangs over my bed, so that I see it every morning—a most interesting work.”

#### IV.

JUDGE STORY'S HOME IN CAMBRIDGE. DEATH OF  
MR. STORY'S SISTER LOUISA. COLONEL HIG-  
GINSON'S LETTER. CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL DAYS.  
SOCIAL LIFE.

(1829-1834.)

Going back from Mr. Lowell's description of "Cambridge in 1834" to the year 1829, we see that the old town in those times could not have materially changed during the period of five years. While she had not yet been awakened by the shrill whistle of steam nor the whirr and whirl of electricity, she was answering the call of intellectual progress in many directions, one of these being the founding of the Law School by Mr. Dane, which brought Judge Story from Salem, with his family, to live in Cambridge and father this endowment with his care and direction.

At this time the family consisted of himself, his wife, and their three children: Mary, aged twelve; William, aged ten, and Louisa, eight. Coming from the simple, homely, and refined environ-

*Judge Story's Home in Cambridge.*









ments, so quaintly pictured by the pen of the author of "Old Salem," and, as common report then bespoke them, healthy, happy, and bright—it is to be presumed that these little folks greatly enjoyed "the good old times, times of respectability and comfort," and did so in the children's ways described in "A Half Century in Salem." All things point to the fact that they enjoyed their new home quite as much.

"Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," from the poet's pen, unfolds the general view of such scenes and incidents as to make it a fitting and charming background for the old Story homestead, which still stands upon the corner of Brattle and Hilliard streets. Time's tyranny has torn away that interesting study-studio shared by father and son, and the old brick mansion which backs upon Hilliard Street is shorn of Judge Story's social portico, while one impertinently new is striving to take its place. The entrance, arched and quaint, with its old-fashioned door, remains, and no doubt misses its neighbor, the study-studio of the L. They both looked out upon the great yard and tall trees, that would talk if they could of those fine old yesterdays, and the men and women who made them so fine.

Within, the slender-columned wooden mantelpieces spoke of "ye grande olde tymes and folke," and the cheering blaze of back-log fires that Mr.

Story evidently had not forgotten, for in 1868 he writes:

How the wood blazes! Fill my glass!  
 This Lacryma Christi goes to the heart  
 And makes the olden memories start  
 Like an April rain on last year's grass.  
 Fitful, whimsical, glad and free,  
 Like a living thing with a heart and soul—  
 Oh, the wood fire is the fire for me!

It is in his works that a man is to be measured; and in this volume, in so far as it is possible to do so, Mr. Story's life will be presented through his works; as he lived and expressed himself in them no more fitting picture of him could be given.

In 1831 Judge Story lost his youngest child, his little daughter Louisa, of whom he wrote some tender, loving lines to be found in his "Life and Letters," edited by his son.

Many years afterward Mr. Story writes of his sister Mary thus:

"She was half my life to me. She entered into all my hopes, cheered me in all my ambitions, gave me always the wisest and tenderest sympathy and counsel. She was what only a sister can be, and if there be anything good in me I owe it to her." He speaks of spending an autumn day in the woods at Beverly with her, both enjoying their youth, and trust, and nature. In "A Poet's Portfolio" is a poem he wrote of her, from which are the following lines:

Our hearts kept fluttering round  
 One sweet, delicious theme,  
 And the happy childish days go by  
 Like music in a dream.

All things go to show that they were happy, well-cared-for children. That the young William had rabbits for pets is shown through a letter of Col. T. W. Higginson of Cambridge, from whose generous contributions to Mr. Story's memory much will be quoted in this volume. The letter, in part, is as follows:

“CAMBRIDGE, MASS., May 8, 1896.

“DEAR MADAM: I am glad to write to you about William Story, whom I knew in boyhood in the admiring way in which a younger boy knows an older one, he being nearly five years my senior in years and three years my senior in college. His father removed to Cambridge in 1829, when I was six years old, and I do not remember seeing him till about 1832, when I began to go to the same school with him. But before that I remember considering it an honor to be allowed to go to his garden and see his rabbits; and he was, even then, regarded as a sort of Steerforth (in Dickens' David Copperfield) among the Cambridge boys. He was very handsome and gentlemanly, always ready and courteous, bright, already accomplished, and, in short, a natural leader, at least in regard to personal popularity.

“The school we went to was that of William Wells, a fine old Englishman, whose teaching was then thought the best near Boston. It was nearly a mile from our house, and we walked there and back twice a day. My older brother was of Story’s age, and I often trudged along beside the older boys. William Story was the wit of the school, and also already a favorite with girls, so a good deal of their talk went above my head; but I remember their talking over the ‘Fairie Queen,’ which they had been reading, and remember well that a shady nook near our bathing place up the river was christened the ‘Bower of Brisbe,’ after Spenser.

“Lowell and Story went to college soon, leaving me at school; but they were stars in my boyish zenith still, and were the same in Cambridge society when I began to go into it. They were intimate friends, but Story was the leader and the more admired. He was very musical, which Lowell was not. He dabbled in painting too (not yet sculpture), and was a capital mimic and actor in private theatricals. I dare say he was a good deal spoiled; I know the older people then called him conceited and irreverent. In his youth he was sometimes led by these overflowing spirits (which he shared with Lowell) into doing fantastic things; thus I remember his going to early morning prayers once wearing a camlet cloak

torn up behind, in the middle, to the very collar, making it into two detached flaps.

"After leaving college he was one of a brilliant set of young people who called themselves the 'Brothers and Sisters'—William and Mary Story, Nathan and Sarah Hale, William and Maria White, John and Augusta King (of Salem), Jonas and Lucy Baxter (cousins of the Whites), and several others, especially James Lowell, who, with Maria White (afterward his wife), were called 'King and Queen,' and took the lead in everything. They constantly had meetings at each other's houses, picnics, etc.; they idealized their 'King and Queen' a good deal, and regarded them as a sort of Dante and Beatrice. Emelyn Eldredge of Boston, whom he finally married, was an occasional member of the 'Brothers and Sisters.'

"Lowell used to laugh at Story as wishing to be an 'Admirable Crichton,' and indeed he came very near it.

"I did not mention that Mary Story (afterward Mrs. George Ticknor Curtis) went to Mr. Wells' school also, but not very regularly. It was a thing then unexampled; and she had a desk quite away from the boys, under the immediate lee of Mr. Wells. She never walked up or down with her brother, and was driven to school, I suppose. The school was a boarding-school, with only a few day scholars. It was almost wholly

classical, and the master never laid aside his rattan; but the day scholars enjoyed it, though I think the boarders did not.

“Judge Story had then an international reputation, and this, with his kindness and *bonhomie*, made him the leading citizen of Cambridge. . . . William took a wholly different line, and people predicted that he was too frivolous to make a lawyer, but he wrote one or two successful law books before he left the profession.

“I do not think of anyone beside myself who would be likely to write you about his ante-collegiate life, but you could easily learn about his college life by writing to his classmates. . . .

“Very truly yours,

“T. W. HIGGINSON.”

## V.

SECOND CENTENNIAL HARVARD COLLEGE FESTIVAL. LETTERS FROM JUDGE STORY AND J. T. COOLIDGE. HOME LIFE. MISS MARTINEAU. CHARLES SUMNER. LETTERS FROM S. L. ABBOTT, JUDGE STORY, AND R. H. DANA.

(1834-1836.)

A letter from Judge Story to Chancellor Kent, dated May 17, 1834, speaks of the severe illness of his only son—absorbing all his thoughts—as an excuse for not responding to a courtesy extended through that gentleman. This son, William Story, was at this time fifteen years of age.

At the age of seventeen young Story witnessed the second centennial celebration of the founding of Harvard College, which, in the way of festivity, must have been a triumph of its time, and with which he was no doubt greatly impressed. He gives, in the "Life and Letters of Joseph Story" the following description of it:

"On the 8th of September, 1836, the alumni of

Harvard University celebrated the second centennial anniversary of its foundation. The occasion drew together a great number of graduates from all parts of the country, who, after listening to an admirable oration pronounced by the Hon. Josiah Quincy, president of the university, proceeded to an enormous pavilion erected in the college grounds, and there partook of a dinner. This pavilion, which covered an area of 18,000 square feet, nearly, was spread with white canvas that sloped in successive terraces from a central pillar sixty-five feet in height, from which the college flag waved with its motto of '*Veritas.*' The scaffolding of these terraces was supported in the interior by forty-four pillars, which were wreathed with flowers and evergreens, while pendants and streamers radiated from the center to the sides of the tent. The pavilion was placed on a slope, so that the tables rose one above another in the form of an amphitheater, while an elevated platform on the lowest part of the area was appropriated to the president and vice-president of the day and the distinguished guests. More than 1,500 persons sat down at this table, of all ages, from the octogenarian graduate of sixty years before to the youth of yesterday, and after the serious demands of the appetite were satisfied a number of eloquent speeches were made which were received with enthusiasm."



The overflowing spirits with which Mr. Story has been generally credited during his college days render it easy to understand what enjoyment such an occasion as this would afford him, especially in the companionship of the future author of "Fireside Travels."

The following letter from Judge Story to his son is dated

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 21, 1836.

"MY DEAR SON: Since I have been here I have continued (by reading a half hour in the night and a half hour in the morning) to peruse the whole of Irving's 'Life of Columbus' in three volumes. It is quite an interesting book, though I think too much spread out by repetition of the same thoughts and descriptions. It is in all respects, however, reputable to the literature of our country. But it proves, and sadly proves (what I have ever believed), that the Europeans were always aggressors of the natives of America. The white man will tell the story in his own way . . .

"Your account of the new bank bills I give you credit for. The pun was good and I had a hearty laugh at it. It is the first time that I ever happened to pass current in the money market, and there is not now the slightest danger but I shall pass for more than I am worth, though I shall be in such good company as President

Quincy. . . . Give my love to your mother  
and Mary and believe me,

“Very affectionately yours,

“JOSEPH STORY.”

“The new bank bills alluded to in this letter were issued by the Charles River Bank of Cambridge; on one side of them was an engraved head of my father, and on the other a head of President Quincy.” (From “Life and Letters.”)

A letter from Mr. Story’s classmate, J. T. Coolidge, says of him :

“During his college life he was enjoying his friends, but not associating freely with his class; yet whenever we met with him we found him always courteous and kind. Perhaps it was because he lived at home and found so much in the large and delightful society of that home that he had no need of roaming much abroad for acquaintance or friendship.

“That he loved his class, the little poem he sent us on the fiftieth anniversary abundantly testifies.

“Very truly,

“J. T. COOLIDGE.”

Mr. Coolidge, on the occasion stated, read the poem of which his letter speaks. In this poem Mr. Story asks his classmates,

What would we not give for our eighteen years again?

This question in itself goes far to prove that they must have been happy years.

Some idea of the "delightful society" of that home life may be had from the description of Judge Story's daily routine (from "Life and Letters"):

"He rose in summer at seven o'clock, and at half-past seven in winter. If breakfast was not ready he went to his library to write during the interval, whether of five minutes or fifty. When the family assembled, he was called, and breakfasted with them, afterward sat in the drawing-room from half to three-quarters of an hour reading newspapers, then returned to his study till the bell sounded for the lecture at the Law School. After lecturing for two or three hours he returned to his study, and worked till two o'clock, when he was called to dinner, for which one hour was allowed; it was always simple. Again, to study so long as daylight lasted, unless called away by visitors or moot-court. Then he came down and joined the family, and work for the day was over. Tea came in about seven o'clock; how lively and gay he was then, chatting over the most familiar topics of the day or deeper currents with equal ease! All his law he left in his library and was here a domestic man in his home. During the evening he received his friends, and was rarely without company; if alone,

he read some new publication, review, or novel, listened to music, or very commonly played backgammon with my mother. In summer afternoons toward twilight he might always be seen sitting with his family under the portico, talking or reading some light pamphlet or newspaper, often surrounded by friends and making the air ring with his gay laugh. This, with the interval of tea-time, would last till nine o'clock. At ten or half-past he retired for the night."

In this picture it is not difficult to touch the source of young Story's enthusiasm and spirits, the superabundance of which, indeed, has led him to be charged with telling Miss Harriet Martineau "some enormous yarns through her ear-trumpet, which she gravely printed."

In "Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner," by Edward L. Pierce, is found the following:

"William W. Story writes from Rome:

"I was a mere boy when I first knew him, but the affectionate kindness which he then showed me remained unclouded by the slightest shadow until the day of his death. His father was in a class two years before my father at Harvard. . . . He used to come to our house two or three evenings in the week. . . . When I heard that he was in the room, I quitted all occupations to see and hear him, though for the most part I only played the *rôle* of listener. When other

persons came in, he would turn to me and make inquiries as to my studies, and endeavor to help me in them; and at last, out of pure good nature, he proposed to me to come to his room in the Dane Law College, and read Latin with him and talk over the ancient authors. I gladly accepted the offer, and many an evening I used to spend with him in half study, half talk. We used then, also, to cap Latin verses; and he so roused my ambition not to be outdone by him that I collected from various authors a bookful of verses, all of which I committed to memory. Of course he beat me always, for he had a facile and iron memory, which easily seized and steadily retained everything he acquired.'"

Another glimpse into this home life is given through a letter from Judge Story, dated Cambridge, April 7, 1837:

"DEAR MISS MARTINEAU: I shall work for you in all ways I can. . . . A word or two about my own family. Mrs. Story has become a permanent invalid. . . . My daughter Mary has been somewhat out of health for the past six months, but she seems gradually to be regaining strength. William is in college, hale and cheerful and flushed with hope, loving music, drawing, and study, as far as study suits the buoyancy of young men.

“We all miss you at our fireside in those two last hours of evening before bed-time, which you used to light up with such delightful conversations and anecdotes—aye, and ghost stories, too—as to make us forget our sleep, and to have waking dreams of pleasure.

“They all send their love to you, and share in my impatience for Miss Martineau’s new work, ‘Society in America.’ Believe me, very truly and affectionately

“Your friend,

“JOSEPH STORY.”

The young man’s love of art, both music and drawing, is emphasized in this letter for the first time.

Many years afterward, when Mr. Story had a summer home in the English lake district, where Miss Martineau lived, their meetings were full of charming reminiscences of her first visit to America. In her book on “Society in America,” Miss Martineau writes appreciatively of “one winter passed in Boston—always in the house of persons who had become intimate and dear friends. . . . Judge Story would enliven a dinner at Pekin.”

Some pleasing pictures are given in “Life and Letters” of Judge Story’s study-studio during his intervals of rest; when he would recline on his

sofa, his son, perhaps, modeling a bust of him, and his daughter Mary reading to them both, until some of Miss Austin's characters seemed living actualities to them all.

From another classmate of Mr. Story's, S. L. Abbott of Boston, is the following:

"My college recollections of 'Bill Story,' as we used to call him, are of very little value. I remember him as a very good-looking, pleasant, popular, young fellow, unusually bright, but not much given to study. . . . So far as Story was known in the college I think he was much liked. . . . He lived at his father's house, which was some distance from the college, and, consequently, was not so much among us socially as he otherwise would have been.

"Story had a beautiful bass voice, and was a member of the only college glee club existing at that time. He was, also, one of a cricket club of which I was a member. I think I also recollect that he had some talent for drawing.

"I remember very well that many years after our graduation, when he had already achieved a reputation as a sculptor, he returned to Cambridge and was one of a procession of the graduates on some special occasion (perhaps it was at the dedication of the Memorial Hall), and I happened to walk beside him. I remember speaking

to some of my classmates, who seemed not to have observed or recognized him, saying 'there's Bill Story,' and as they turned toward him his cordial exclamation, 'Bill Story! How good it is to be called Bill Story once more!'

"I am sorry to say that I am unable to give you anything of more value as a remembrance of William Story. We were all boys together at that time, most of us graduating at an age which, at the present day, is that of a large proportion of those just beginning their college course. I am

"Very sincerely yours,

"S. L. ABBOTT."

At nineteen years of age William Story graduated from Harvard University. He was the class poet of 1838. He now entered the Harvard Law School, and diligently devoted himself to his legal studies under his father and Professor Greenleaf; but his artistic nature had begun to assert itself strongly, as is instanced in a letter from his father dated

"WASHINGTON, January 27, 1839.

"DEAR WILLIAM: I am much obliged to you for your letter, and — what you may not have exactly conjectured — I agree entirely in the view suggested in it. My opinion is that every man should propose to himself one great object in life, to which he should devote his main, but not his



exclusive, attention. Without keeping constantly in view one main object or purpose, a man never can hope for eminence, and not even success. On the other hand, an exclusive devotion to a single aim generally makes a man narrow in his views, vulgar in his prejudices, and illiberal in his opinions. I think every man should widen his learning and literature, and vary his tastes as far as he may, by comprehensive examinations not inconsistent with or superseding his main pursuit.

“I agree, also, that the true secret of study is not merely in constancy, but variety and change in it. Besides, he who has a taste for different pursuits is not only more independent of others in his enjoyments, but he is more master of his own time and thoughts; he wastes less in the mere pursuit of idle and desultory pleasures. So you may perceive that I am not yet so old as not to believe that there are other things besides law which are worth trying one’s mind in grappling with, and improving one’s taste and perceptions by mastering. . . .”

This wide-minded sympathy, dear as it must have been, was the greatest hindrance encountered by the young man in choosing between what he believed to be his duty in pursuing the study of law and his strong inclinations to follow an artistic career.

Harvard Law School now opened its doors to

young Story. In this connection an incident related by R. H. Dana, Jr., in a letter to Mr. Story, dated May 3, 1851, describing a moot-court scene, may be found interesting:

“You remember the importance that we attached to the argument of moot-court cases. Yet no ambitious young man, on his first appearance, showed more interest in the causes than your father, who, as you know, had usually heard them argued before at Washington, or on his circuits, by most eminent counsel. Saturday, you remember, is a *dies non juridicus* at Cambridge. To compel a recitation on Saturday afternoon, among the undergraduates, would have caused a rebellion. If a moot court had been forced upon the law school, no one would have attended. At a close of term there was one more case than could be heard unless we took Saturday. The counsel were anxious to argue it, but unwilling to resort to that extreme measure. Your father said:

“‘Gentlemen, the only time we can hear this case is Saturday afternoon—this is *dies non*, and no one is obliged or expected to attend. I am to hold court in Boston until two o’clock. I will ride directly out, take a hasty dinner, and be here by half past three o’clock, and hear the case if you are willing.’

“He looked around the school for a reply.

We felt ashamed to be outdone in zeal and labor by this aged and distinguished man, to whom the case was but child's play, a tale twice told, and who was himself pressed down with almost incredible labors. The proposal was unanimously accepted. Your father was on the spot at the hour, the school was never more full, and he sat until late in the evening, hardly a man leaving the room."

From this school William Story graduated in 1840, taking his degree of LL.B. in the twenty-first year of his age.

## VI.

### MARGARET FULLER'S CONVERSATIONS.

(1841.)

There is a charming book entitled "Margaret and Her Friends," or "Ten Conversations with Margaret Fuller upon the Mythology of the Greeks, and its impressions in art, held at the home of the Rev. George Ripley, Bedford Place, Boston, beginning March 1, 1841." This work, published in 1895 in Boston, gives as participants in that brilliant society of men and women these names: George Ripley, Sophia Dana (his wife), Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, the gifted Peabody sisters (one of whom was Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne), Mrs. Dall, herself (as Caroline W. Healy), the reporter of the Conversations, and William Story, whom the latter named the "*preux chevalier*."

During one of their meetings James Freeman Clarke asked "Why art should present a so much more inspiring view of Greek mythology than poetry?"

"William Story thought it was because the

poets wrote for popular applause — for recitation and its immediate effect. Sculptors labored more purely for their art." Some pages farther on, when discussing the different merits of genius and wisdom, Story is reported as saying that "genius was indebted to wisdom for means of communication. Genius thinks words impertinent, but wisdom apprehends its intuitions and gives them shape."

When the conversation drifted into moralization, William Story said that "good and evil were related terms; if both did not exist, neither could, an antagonism being the spring of most things in the universe." In defining Creation, he said "it was rather the exponent of a *love* which *must bless* than of an activity which must act. It was a Paternal power that ruled, not an autocratic power which fathered us."

## VII.

PRACTICE OF LAW. LETTER FROM W. I. BOWDITCH.  
LOVE OF ART. CHARLES SUMNER. DANIEL  
WEBSTER. LETTER FROM JUDGE STORY. AD-  
VICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER (A POEM BY JUDGE  
STORY).

(1841-1846.)

Mr. William I. Bowditch of Boston says of Mr. Story: "I did not know him at all intimately until we were in the law school together. Then, although he showed proficiency as a law student, his tastes were evidently toward art. It so happened that he sat immediately behind me at the lectures given by his father, and he would frequently pass round in front of me a sketch of his father made on the spot on a slip of paper, or on the blank leaf of the book we were studying. The sketches were always good and lifelike.

"He published several editions of his father's works, but finally abandoned the law for art, as I felt he would.

"I am sorry I can not aid you more, for he really was one of the most distinguished members of our class."

Mr. Story was admitted to the Essex bar, 1841, and Madame M—— of Philadelphia, the sister of Mrs. W. W. Story, says of the vent of his mind :

“His love of art began to show itself very early, though, to please his father, he began the practice of law with Mr. Hilliard and Charles Sumner, and continued it until his father's death, with Mr. George Ticknor Curtis.”

In her recent publication, “An Epistle to Posterity,” Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood relates one of the very interesting incidents of Mr. Story's life as follows:

“I remember one anecdote of Mr. Webster's immense personal charm told me by W. W. Story, of Rome.

“‘James Lowell and I,’ said he, ‘were very angry with Webster for staying in old Tyler's cabinet, and as he was to speak in Faneuil Hall on the evening of the 30th of September, 1842, we determined to go in and hoot at him, and to show him that he had incurred our displeasure. There were 3,000 people there, and we felt sure that they would hoot with us, young as we were.

“‘But we reckoned without our host. Mr. Webster, beautifully dressed, stepped forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall always think, straight at me. I pulled off my hat; James pulled off his. We both became as cold as ice and as respectful as Indian coolies. I saw James

turn pale; he said that I was livid. And when the great creature began that most beautiful exordium our scorn turned to deepest admiration, from abject contempt to belief and approbation.”

From a “Memoir of Charles Sumner,” by Edward L. Pierce, is the following:

“W. W. Story, then a student in the office of Hilliard & Sumner, writes of Sumner and himself thus:

“‘I studied the practice of law in his office in Boston, and was for two years in constant daily intercourse with him and his partner, Hilliard; and pleasant and instructive days they were. . . . He was uniformly kind and considerate to me, and ready to put down his pen to answer any questions or elucidate any subject. . . . Hilliard and he and I used to talk infinitely, not only of law, but of poetry and general literature and authors, when business would allow — nay, sometimes when it would not allow; but who can resist temptation with such tastes as we all had?’”

A letter from Judge Story to his son at this important period of his life, and the poem inclosed in it, are filled with wholesome counsel and kindly encouragement. The letter reads thus:

“WASHINGTON, February 9, 1841.

“MY DEAR SON: I am glad that you are at length quietly settled in Boston. It is, exactly



as I expected, a striking transition from the literary world and the home department. It reminds me strongly of my own case, when, escaping from the walls of college, of a sudden I found myself in a lawyer's office among the dusty rubbish of former ages. I could say with Spellman that my heart sank within me. But it was only the first plunge. I paddled along, and became encouraged with the hope of success.

"I am very glad to hear that James Lowell's work (*A Year's Life*) succeeds. . . .

"Happening the other day to be at Mr. Webster's, I saw an old edition of Horace, which I borrowed, and have been reading more than one-half of the odes. After all, there is little material in Horace. His principal merit is a certain gracefulness and elegant form of phrase, and a light cheerfulness. But he was a mere fawning sycophant and courtier, and, according to his own account of the matter, as gross a debauchee as lived in his day.

"Your affectionate father,

"JOSEPH STORY."

The poem is as follows:

#### ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.

When'er you speak, remember every cause  
 Stands not on eloquence, but on laws.  
 Be brief, be pointed; let your matter stand  
 Lucid, in order, solid, and at hand;

Spend not your words on trifles, but condense;  
Strike with a mass of thought, not drops of sense;  
Press to the close with vigor, once begun,  
And leave (how hard the task!), leave off, when done;  
Who draws a labored length of reasoning out,  
Puts straws in line for winds to whirl about;  
Who draws a tedious length of learning o'er,  
Counts but the sands on ocean's boundless shore.  
Victory in law is gained, as battles fought,  
Not by the numbers, but the forces brought.  
What boots success in skirmish or in fray,  
If rout, and ruin following, close the day?  
What worth a hundred posts maintained with skill,  
If these all held, the foe is victor still?  
He who would win his cause, with power must frame  
Points of support, and look with steady aim;  
Attack the weak, defend the strong with art,  
Strike but few blows, but strike them to the heart;  
All scattered fires but end in smoke and noise,  
The scorn of men, the idle play of boys.  
Keep, then, this first great precept ever near,  
Short be your speech, your matter strong and clear,  
Earnest your manner, warm and rich your style,  
Severe in taste, yet full of grace the while;  
So may you reach the loftiest heights of fame,  
And leave, when life is past, a deathless name.

Mr. Story devoted himself faithfully, for some years, to the law, being in turn reporter of the Circuit Court, Commissioner in Bankruptcy, Commissioner of the United States, and arguing many cases. He also published the following legal works: "Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the United States Circuit Courts," three volumes, Boston, 1842; "Report of the

Case of Washburn et al. vs. Gould," in May, 1844; "Treatise on Law of Contracts," 1844. Colonel Higginson says of this work of Mr. Story's:

"He should be remembered by women for a passage in his book on 'Contracts,' which was about the first protest in an American law book against the injustice of laws to women." The "Treatise on Contracts Not Under Seal" went to its fifth edition. "Commentaries on Laws of Bailments," edited by W. W. Story, was published in 1846; also, in that year, "Commentaries on Laws of Partnership."

The good, serious New England folk did not quite approve of the strong artistic tendencies, nor of the superabundance of spirits, in young Story, and were led something astray when they decided that "he was too frivolous to make a lawyer." The writings on law noted above go far to refute such an opinion.

## VIII.

### EARLY LITERARY EFFORTS. CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "BOSTON MISCELLANY" AND "THE PIONEER."

(1842-1843.)

Col. T. W. Higginson of Cambridge has paid a generous tribute to his old-time friend by cordially supplying much that is of both value and interest regarding Mr. Story's early life.

Colonel Higginson says: "Nathan Hale (older brother of Rev. E. E. Hale) edited the *Boston Miscellany* for two years, and William Story wrote a good deal in it; and he and Lowell each wrote under different names in Lowell's short-lived *Pioneer*. I could probably tell you which were Story's contributions if you would like to know."

From Colonel Higginson's carefully prepared list of "Contributions by William W. Story" to the *Boston Miscellany* were selected the following poems and essays. Upon page 115 is an essay on

#### THE STUDENT ANTONIUS.

O, thou who plumed with strong desire  
Wouldst float above the earth, beware!  
A shadow tracks thy flight of fire,  
Night is coming.

Shelley gives the text for this pathetic prose-poem of an "Artist in Music" his unsatisfied dreams, his disappointments, and his death. In it Mr. Story says, "There is nothing so hard to meet in life as indifference. Opposition can be met, and the meeting it strengthens, nerves us; but indifference is sickening — and only the strong, whose hearts are full of energy, and firm in hope, and earnest in will, can stand self-supported against that verdict, rejected, not as being without merit, but as being unsuited to the public taste." The student Antonius says, in speaking of music:

"But I can not give it up. O, heavens! how can I give up what is the life of my life?" This seems a reflected thought from young Story's own soul in his personal conflict for his artistic career. A few lines farther on are these expressions:

"Ah, how little do we know of the life that is striving in the next street, in the next room, in the next heart! That which is poetry in the poems we read, is that which is not expressed. We can never tell why we love; it is an incomprehensible tendency of one soul with another which, though inexplicable, can not be contended against. It is not until repeated efforts and repeated failures that the hand becomes married to the thought. But there is no such thing as a perfect expression of one's thought in art; that

which we produce bears no comparison with that which burns in the soul;" yet "more than this is forbidden to the organization of man's mind." In striving to do more than this, the spirit of "The Student Antonius" took its flight, saying :

Music ! Thou thy subtle web entwinst  
Round the inmost feelings of the heart;  
Thou, of all we know on earth, divinest,  
Nature's spirit voice, and soul of Art !

This poem shows clearly what music ever meant to the sculptor. Nearly all who speak of him in his later life, and those who have done so in connection with his early days, place a special stress upon his musical abilities as contributing in no small degree to his generally conceded popularity.

In Lowell's short-lived *Pioneer*, over the pen name of I. B. Wright, is found a criticism of paintings, said to have been written by W. W. Story. It bears the date 1842, and occurs in Volume 1, Number 1, page 12. It is entitled "Catalogue of Paintings at the Boston Athenæum." After some generalization, the writer makes this very frank admission: "Most of our pictures are bad." He then proceeds to give his reasons and remedies. He pays a glowing tribute to the works of Leonardo di Vinci and Perugino, after which he says:

"We now come to modern pictures. We find no fault with anyone for painting bad pictures. We ourselves have painted some very bad ones,

but have never exhibited them. But when a picture makes a claim upon the public attention, betakes itself to a richly-ornamented frame, and seems to dare us to find a single fault with it, we think it is fair game. Indiscriminate praise is always an injury, for he who praises what is bad degrades the standard of excellence, and disallows the claims of merit."

Perhaps it may not be out of place to give here some poetical expressions on this subject, written by Mr. Story about twelve years later:

Why fear the critic's pen? If dipped in gall it be,  
It but corrodes itself, it can not injure thee.

Where thou art strong and stout, thy friend to thee will  
show;  
Where thou art weak, alone is taught thee by thy foe.

Love is the only key of knowledge as of art,  
Nothing is truly ours but what we learn by heart.

Speaking of West's "Venus and Adonis," he continues:

"We used to wonder at the unnatural taste of Adonis in preferring the chase to the embraces of Venus, but Benjamin West has solved the riddle. If this be Venus, we do not wonder at Adonis, and if this be Adonis, Venus was a greater fool than we took her to be.

"'The Sisters' is the best picture we have seen from Mr. Healy. They are what might be called

society pictures, but Americans are a very serious people, and this millinery of expression does not suit their faces. The 'Landscape' by Mr. Allston had much of his great merit. The pine tree in it lives, and one can almost hear the wind whispering through its leaves."

He concludes: "Americans can paint and do paint, but while this is acknowledged most liberally abroad, our artists can not support themselves in their native land. Love of Art has almost become a sentence of expatriation. Where were the Old Masters who taught the Old Masters? Where was their Italy, but in their eyes and soul? The only wise lessons to be learned from the lives of the great masters are, 'Trust thyself,' and 'Forget that any ever lived before!'"

Very practical views of art, as a rather unsatisfactory calling in life, were entertained by the New England folk generally; and that such opinions were essentially those of his own family and friends, was always a matter of keen distress to young Mr. Story. In his serious moments he continually protested against these sentiments, and throughout his life he, from time to time, gave some such expression to his thoughts upon the subject as this:

There is a groveling class who would refuse  
The claims of Art, and ask it for its use,  
Who can not feel the same mysterious power



That wields the thunder, also shapes the flower;  
To whom the burning hope of youth is cant,  
Its longing, folly, and its passion rant;  
And, while they trudge along with downcast eye,  
Sneer at the fool who dreams there is a sky.  
And is it nothing in thy hand to wield  
An ægis, that compels the world to yield  
Within its yoke all bounds of space to bow  
And bar all Time to one eternal Now?

The following generalizations upon Art and Love are taken from "Dream Love":

"These are desultory letters from my journal, and are hasty transcripts of my life. I am a poor painter. This world hath been the hull of many joys and priceless delights, but it hath also had its severe privations and its weary tasks. I fluttered round this one great luminous idea, Art — in its light is joy, but in its flame, death.

"I am a dreamer — well, scoff not at me; our dreams are the best and truest portion of our life. Our hopes are dreams, our plans are dreams; love is a dream, life is a dream, and sin a blindness without dreams. Our hours of anguish and tribulation, under the shadow of night, none ever know who see us smiling.

"May 25th: Dreams seem to be a mirage of the whole spiritual landscape — our experience lifted out of the actual world on a more airy platform; and are but the foreshortened shadows of our hopes. Our dreams at least reveal our nature,

for stupid persons will be stupid even asleep, and genius then runs its wildest vagaries. . . . Has not love always been the greatest inspiration? Genius can not exist without it, for only through love comes knowledge. We, in common speech, hit the truth when we speak of 'learning by heart.'

"June 20, 1843, I shaped this song:

"No hour of life is wholly bright,  
Even love must have its sorrow;  
One-half the word must sleep in night—  
To-day must dread to-morrow.

"June 25th: Life is, after all, just what we choose to make it. . . . No man is so poor that he can not shape a whole world for himself out of nothing. . . . I look down the forest's sombre aisles and hear the groaning of the oaks, wrestling with the night-blast, as if they were struggling in prayer against an evil spirit. . . . Is it not my world I behold? . . . Here from my window all, as far as I can see, is mine. . . . I pay no taxes. . . . We artists live the best lives. The old barnyard, the gnarled oak, and the stunted willow, every sunset and sunrise, and all the clouds, and all the human faces become full of interest to us, filled with an ever-shifting beauty.

"July 3d. Enthusiasm is unfashionable, the ideal a bore, high projects are foolish transcendentalisms, and when the bewhipped heart, after

it has run its gauntlet, turns and asks 'What is true and good?' 'Our forms,' says the world, and he consents for sake of peace.

"July 4th: We must have something to love, though we fashion it from nothing and it be only a dream. We can not live for ourselves alone.

"July 9th: Belief in our ability is the touchstone to success. All great minds have a settled fearlessness and confidence, which look like inspiration. Napoleon conquered and intimidated all Europe by his sublime faith in himself. Oh for a glass to look into the blank future before me!"

Mr. Story at this period of his life, and perchance in a lover's humor, would scarce have brooked the practical advice which he gave many years afterward to a friend. It is —

Cease to peer into the future, nor torture yourself with care  
Of fancied delights or troubles that never may fall to your  
share!

The present alone is ours; in that let us live content,  
Enjoy the daily blessings the gods for the moment have lent.  
And be glad for the gifts that are granted, nor envy what  
can not be thine,  
For the life that with Fate is in balance is peaceful and,  
so far, divine.

"July 11th," he continues: "Genius makes its possessor heir to a thousand pains and imaginary evils, which never jar the less refined and sensitive.

“July the 15th,” Mr. Story concludes: “It makes me smile to think how wholly a fiction of fancy this love is . . . The world, which is so very wise in its own conceit, yet does not know of this life I lead, for all its owliness. ‘To be continued’—it ends; perchance the fancies were resolved into facts.”

The *Pioneer* was concluded with this number.

## IX.

SOCIAL LIFE. COURTSHIP. MARRIAGE. BIRTH OF  
DAUGHTER. EDITH MARION STORY.

(1843 - 1845.)

That young Story was "regarded as a good deal of a flirt," in a harmless sense, is perhaps not a matter for much consideration, it being generally conceded that he was full of life and graciousness, and that of the group of friends, including James Lowell, Nathan Hale, William White, John King, and others, he was "the gayest of them all."

He spent his spare hours in writing magazine articles, and his leisure evenings in music and modeling in clay. That social constellation, "The Brothers and Sisters," counted him their own, while of "Margaret Fuller's Conversations" he had his share with Emerson and others. His sunny disposition no doubt went far to insure favor with his friends, and perhaps gave him reason for being somewhat satisfied with himself; but there was ever the unrest caused by the antagonism of his professional life and his artistic nature which nothing could entirely subdue.

Colonel Higginson says: "Emelyn Eldredge of Boston, whom he finally married, was an occasional member of the 'Brothers and Sisters.' Miss Eldredge belonged to one of the most prominent families of Boston and is described as being 'very beautiful and of queenly presence.'" Probably Spencer's ideal of a boyish cupid,

Whose shafts with roses are entwined,  
Shaking his nine sweet bells upon the wind,

had ceased to give the satisfaction yielded in early youth, and Story's growing years claimed something more than boyish dreams. Miss Eldredge's charming reality doubtless told him "his time had come," as he himself expresses it.

When mad desire born in the sweet abstract,  
Beats its mad wings against the sullen fact;  
When through the veins a sense of loving stirs  
And fuses all this solid universe;  
Through strange mysterious realms obscurely sweet,  
With tenderest care, Love leads our wandering feet.

No doubt the "occasional" presence of Miss Eldredge made young Story a faithful attendant upon "The Brothers and Sisters," whereby he caught those

Gleams of sweet Love mid hurrying hopes and fears,  
And sudden smiles obscured by sudden tears;

and in this sweet lady he seemed to have awakened

The slumbering passions with a word of fire,  
That plays upon the heart as 'twere a lyre,

making her, also, quite sure that

Some trait of grace we all must have to love,  
Some gleam of beauty dawning from above,  
Some God to whom we lift our secret prayer,  
Some love whose light may shield us from despair,

and also made her quite sure that he was all in all to her, for it is a matter of record that upon October 31, 1843, William Wetmore Story and Emelyn Eldredge were married by the Reverend Charles Lowell.

Madame M—— of Philadelphia says of Mr. Story:

“He delivered two poems at Harvard; one his class poem, and the other called the Phi Beta Kappa Poem, as it was delivered on the day that society met, August 29, 1844. His father made the address that day and William read the poem on ‘Nature and Art.’ At the conclusion of his poem Mr. Story paid this tribute to Hiram Powers:

“‘One man there is to whom I look forward with a large hope as the creator of a new and original style, which has Nature for its basis, and which embodies the life and thought of his age. That man is Hiram Powers. . . .’”

They were friends and brother servitors in the temple of “Nature and Art.”

Except casually, or in anecdote, Mr. Story rarely passed judgment upon his fellow-artists, his usual reply to questions which would lead thereto being:

“I do not care to criticise any artist, because every word in that direction should be well weighed and carefully considered.”

Upon one occasion, being urged to do so, he replied:

“Ho, ho! I refuse to answer that question plumply. Do you know, I’m much too good-natured to say one artist is better than another.”

Of Mrs. William W. Story it has been lately written: “Every good man will trace his success to the influence of a woman. It is either his mother, his wife, or some woman he loves. The career of W. W. Story, the sculptor of Rome, is a striking example. For the tranquillity of his every-day life, and to his reputation as an artist and man of letters, he is largely indebted to his wife, who recently died. This remarkable woman was the most conspicuous element in the American and English social life of the Eternal City for almost half a century. Her departure closes the book of a past generation.”

On August 23, 1844, there came to gladden the hearts of her young parents, a little one, named Edith, the sole daughter of their house.



## X.

### JUDGE STORY'S ILLNESS AND DEATH. COMMISSION FOR JUDGE STORY'S STATUE.

(1843-1845.)

At this time Judge Story was seriously considering his retirement from professional life. Of this intention, just prior to his last illness and his death, the following is quoted from "The Life and Letters":

"He was now sixty-five years of age. For thirty-three years he had labored in his vocation as judge, and its duties began to grow irksome to him. He desired the peace and quiet of home, and every recurring year quitted his family for the winter with more and more reluctance. The severe illness of the preceding year warned him that one or the other of his occupations must be abandoned. To quit the law school was out of the question. This institution he had built, and it was the delight of his life. Those who loved him best, most desired him to retire from public life, and to devote himself to those pursuits which had for him the greatest charm. . . .

“On the 3d of July, 1845, a festival was given in celebration of the completion of two large wings which it had been found necessary to add to the law buildings, in order to accommodate it to the increased number of students and to afford a large space for the library. In superintending the progress of these additions, my father took great interest, and a few days before the celebration, he carried me with other friends over the rooms, pointing out their conveniences, and with great enthusiasm expatiating on the delightful days in store for him, little foreseeing that those dreams were never to be realized.

“At the beginning of September my father had finished the hearing of all the cases. No judgments delivered by him are more clear, able, and elaborate than these. But the heat of summer, and the continuous and successive labor, entirely exhausted him, and while thus prostrated he took a slight cold in the beginning of September, which was immediately followed by a violent stricture and stoppage of the intestinal canal. From this very alarming attack he was at last released. His strength was, however, utterly exhausted. But, contrary to the expectations of the physicians, he did not improve, and on Sunday, as the domestic propped him up in bed, he said, smiling:

“Well, David, they are trying to patch up this

good-for-nothing body, but I think it is scarcely worth while.' Soon after he called my mother to him and said:

“‘I think it my duty to say to you, that I have no belief that I can recover; it is vain to hope it; but I die content, and with a firm faith in the goodness of God. We shall meet again!’ He then ceased, and lay as in prayer, with uplifted eyes. In this calm state, and very feeble, he continued for two days. During this time he said, ‘If I were not thus ill, my letter of resignation would have been on its way to Washington; I should have completed my judicial life.’

“On Friday, at about midnight, a change took place, and it was manifest that he could not live long. Wednesday he gradually lost his strength, and lay calm and peaceful, without taking heed of the objects and friends around him.

“At about 11 o'clock, to a question whether he recognized me, he opened his eyes and feebly smiled, stretching out his hands toward me, and murmuring some indistinct words. Shortly after this he breathed his last.

“Most touching instances of affectionate feeling, which his kindly nature had created, were manifested among the townfolk. A cloud hung over the village; business was stopped in the streets, and even over the busy stir of the city his illness seemed to cast a shadow.

“His funeral, which took place on the 12th of September, 1845, was strictly private, in compliance with his wishes; but a large concourse of persons attended the hearse in which his body was carried to Mount Auburn, and clustered around his grave, when to earth we gave back what belonged to it. Among them were the most distinguished men of Boston and its vicinity, and all of the members of the law school. The town-folk also closed their shops and suspended business for the day.

“He lies in the cemetery of Mount Auburn, beneath the shadows of forest trees, and over his remains stands a marble monument erected by him, on which the names of the children he had lost are recorded. On one side of this monument is the motto, ‘Sorrow not as those without hope,’ and on the other, ‘Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.’ On the front now stands the following inscription:

JOSEPH STORY,  
Born September 18th, 1779,  
Died September 10th, 1845.  
‘He is not here—he hath departed.’”

Such is the picture of these last scenes of his father’s life given by Mr. Story in 1851. In these simple, pathetic words are found both affection and devotion.

After many years had passed away and his

own hair has turned quite gray, when touching upon this great loss, his fine blue eyes were dimmed with the mists of tender and loving recollections, and emotion made it difficult, although he had a genius for easy speech, to utter a single word.

The following incident, quoted from "The Life and Letters" of Judge Story, had a marked bearing upon the future life of his son:

"The trustees of the cemetery of Mount Auburn, at a meeting immediately after his death, anxious that some suitable memorial of him should be placed in that spot, for the improvement of which he had so earnestly labored, voted 'to offer to the friends and fellow-citizens of the deceased a place in the new chapel, now in the progress of erection in Mount Auburn, for the reception of a marble statue of Joseph Story, when such a work worthy of the character of the original shall have been completed through the contributions of the public.' In consequence of this vote a sum of money was raised by the contributions of gentlemen in Boston for the purpose of erecting a statue, and the committee to whom the nomination of the sculptor was given did me the honor to entrust it to my hands."

Prior to this time Mr. Story had used his chisel as an amateur only, and before accepting so serious a public trust he made it a condition that he

might first qualify himself for its successful execution by studying the great works of art abroad. For this purpose he went to Paris and Florence.

The following is a copy of the votes passed upon the occasion of the acceptance of this statue in 1855:

“At the meeting of the trustees of Mount Auburn Cemetery, holden June 1, 1855, at the Boston Athenæum, at which the whole board were present — unanimously

“Voted, That the trustees, on receiving the marble statue of the late Judge Story, executed by his son, William W. Story, Esq., feel unqualified satisfaction in the successful result of the work.

“Voted, That they recognize in this statue an exact and living likeness of its distinguished original; a just conception and appropriate expression of character; a graceful arrangement of accessories, and a truthful and lifelike embodiment of what marble can give successfully to commemorate the dead.

“Voted, That this statue be, and hereby is, accepted by the trustees, and that the committee, in relation to the same, be authorized to draw upon the treasurer for the amount of the contract price.

“JACOB BIGELOW, *President*.

“AUSTIN J. COOLIDGE, *Secretary*.”

## XI.

PUBLICATION OF FIRST VOLUME OF POEMS BY W.  
W. STORY. BOSTON: CHARLES C. LITTLE  
AND JAMES BROWN.

(1847.)

These poems, "Inscribed to my friend, George S. Hilliard, Esq.," include miscellaneous poems, sonnets, and translations.

From the preface these few sentences are taken:

"The following poems were written during some of those leisure hours which fall to the lot of every man. Many of them are historically false, the moment's feeling having sometimes strung itself on some mere cobweb of fancy. But I am sure they are all spiritually true—true to the mood in which they were written, and to the thought which they express. . . . Whatever is true in them will live, and whatever is false in them will die of itself."

It has already been said that Mr. Story, when a quite young man, "was regarded as a good deal of a flirt." He was, it seems, engaged to a young lady whom he did not marry, and about whom his poem, "The Mistake," was written. He says

therein: "With a ring of smoke we wedded," and it is true that once when smoking in her presence he wound a wreath round her finger and called it their wedding ring. Some stanzas from this poem will speak for themselves:

THE MISTAKE.

Discontented, listless, weary,  
 All my habits burden me,  
 Comes a feeling sad and dreary,  
 Linked with fleeting thoughts of thee.

Love alone can soothe this sadness.  
 Love — I can not speak the word —  
 But the leaves of dead emotions  
 In my memory are stirred.

Bursts of passion — resolutions  
 Shaped and shattered in an hour  
 When the strengthening soul was wrestling  
 With its newly wakened power —

When thou camest like a vision —  
 Nurtured under southern skies,  
 Young in years, but ripe in passion,  
 With thy dark and lustrous eyes —

'Twas a dreamer's summer palace  
 Built upon the shifting sand —  
 Not a home, by judgment raftered,  
 In our actual life to stand.

Weak mistake ! no after meeting  
 Could be, with the heart of friends,  
 For the wild rapt sense of loving,  
 Friendship makes but poor amends.



With a ring of smoke we wedded,  
And beheld Love's vision wane,  
As the splendid frost-work melteth,  
When the sunbeams warm the pane.

Yes! the very deeps of being  
By the touch of Love are moved;  
Unto him the best experience  
Never came who never loved.

Never comes thy smile of sweetness,  
But that brief and golden dream  
Flushes through my sleeping memory  
Like the sunset in a stream.

Madame M—— of Philadelphia says of Mr. Story:

“I did not know him in his Salem days—it was only in his college life that I knew him first. Then he was most attractive; he and his college friends, James Lowell, Nathan Hale, William White, and John King, were all intimate at our house. William's music was a great charm, and he was ever a most agreeable and lovely character. I was sick a great deal of the time, and he was so kind to me that when he became engaged to my dear sister I was delighted, and my happiness was next to their own. He was very gay and lively, and his conversation was at all times brilliant. I knew him very intimately, and it is my dear recollection of him that makes me wish I could tell all of his life when young.”

That Mr. Story followed the law out of respect

to his father's wishes is a well-known fact; that he did so cheerfully is to be inferred from some lines written about the time of his entering upon that profession; they are taken from his sonnet called

RESPECTABILITY.

Till Goodness is delight, the open day  
Of Virtue hath not shone upon our way,  
For they who do their duty are not best,  
But they who love it most are truly blest.

And yet these days of Blackstone and law reports were filled with dreams of art-life which had their expression in his poem entitled

SHADOWS.

The trees and the clouds in the dreamy river  
Transfigured lie;  
And the shadows of things are sweeter ever  
Than their reality.

The two last lines were his philosophical consolation, but that he always hoped for realization is clearly indicated by a sonnet written in 1840 and published in the volume of poems of 1847:

Ah! never is the path of life so dreary  
As to be left without the lamp of Hope!  
For always to the wanderer, sad and weary,  
Some unseen joy its door is sure to ope.  
Adown Life's slope, as time's chariot steals,  
A silver spoke still glitters in its wheels.

## XII.

BIRTH OF THEIR SON, JOSEPH STORY. DEATH OF  
MR. STORY'S SISTER, MARY STORY-CURTIS.  
PREPARATIONS FOR EUROPE.

(1847-1848.)

On May 3, 1847, a son was born to William Story and his wife. They named him for his distinguished grandfather, Joseph Story. On April 28th, Mr. Story lost his only remaining sister, Mary, the wife of Mr. George Ticknor Curtis.

And now came the struggle against family and friendly advice, against general opinion and long associations, in the consideration of leaving an established and remunerative practice in the legal profession for the new ways and uncertain means of an artistic career.

Miss Starr, in her "Lecture upon William W. Story," says: "The giving up of his profession, however, was far from meeting the approbation of his mother, who exclaimed, when he announced his intention to her, 'William, you are a fool!' We seem to be introduced to a sculptor springing as suddenly into existence as a Minerva from the

head of a Jupiter." But Miss Starr adds of his mother that "she lived to see his success."

Against this strong tide of serious New England's most practical views of life, his artist-heart cried out these lines in answer to their question, "Of what use is Art?"

O wretched ye! who would abjure the light,  
Whose faith is bounded by the touch and sight,  
Whose utmost wealth by numbers can be told,  
Whose music is the jingling of your gold.

At twenty-nine years of age Mr. Story's experiences had been such as to preclude all romantic expectations of easy fame and fortune to be won in the field of art. He realized that the paths leading to success in art are not strewn with roses; and that such roses as do bloom along them, though beautiful, bear their thorns for the unwary, their fragrance and beauty only for the laborers in art's fields. But he wrote:

No time can ever be too late for him  
Whose will is firm, whose trust is never dim;

and so he went forth strong and full of faith in his cause, willing to labor and to wait. To his wife is due the fullest meed of praise for venturing with her two little children upon the long ways of travel by sea and land in those crude days of sailing vessels and carriages. Of this brave woman it has been said:

“It was the hope-inspiring confidence of his wife which encouraged Mr. Story to persevere in a profession which was almost new to him. She had a practical side which supplemented the studious bent of the sculptor. She understood the art of winning the sympathies of her visitors who, thereupon, had an opportunity to study her husband’s talent. She was his critic. No wonder he called her ‘My light, my love, my life.’”

Mrs. Lew Wallace has said in her “Memory,” “No married life was ever happier than that of the poet-sculptor of whom I write.”

Thus, in 1848, they went across the seas together, that he might try his fortune at the fountain-head of art.

### XIII.

MR. AND MRS. BROWNING.

(1848-1849.)

Miss Margaret Fuller, in a letter to Mrs. Story dated January 9, 1848, expresses her pleasure at their having already met the Brownings. To this event Sharp's "Life of Robert Browning" refers as follows:

"He had been called upon by Browning, and by him invited to take tea at Casa Guidi the same evening. There he saw, seated at the tea-table of the great room of the palace, a very small, slight woman, with long curls drooping forward almost across the eyes and quite concealing the pale, small face, from which the piercing, inquiring eyes looked out sensitively at the stranger. Rising from her chair, she put out cordially the thin white hand of an invalid, and in a few moments they were pleasantly chatting, while the husband strode up and down the room, joining in the conversation with vigor, humor, eagerness, and affluence of curious lore, which made him one of the most charming and inspiring of companions!"

In the autumn Mr. Story went with the Brownings to Vallombrosa.

Mrs. Orr says Mr. Browning never received instruction in painting, "though he modeled under the direction of his friend, Mr. Story."

It is said that during the period of Robert Browning's most glorious work he made no figure in English literature, but was at once welcomed and recognized by Americans. His love of genius was worship. Sharp's "Life of Robert Browning" says:

"Summers and winters were passed happily in Italy with the companionship of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his family, or of weeks at Siena with his valued and lifelong friends, W. W. Story, the poet-sculptor, and his wife. It is, strangely enough, from Americans that we have the best account of the Brownings in their life at Casa Guidi.

"Those who have known Casa Guidi as it was could hardly enter the loved rooms now and speak above a whisper. Those who have been so favored can never forget the square ante-room, with its great pictures and pianoforte; the little dining-room covered with tapestry, and where hung medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Robert Browning; the living-room filled with plaster casts and studies, which was Mrs. Browning's retreat; and, dearest of all, the large

drawing-room where she always sat. There was something about this room that seemed to make it a proper and especial haunt for poets. The dark shadows and subdued light gave it a dreary look, which was enhanced by the tapestry-lined walls and the old pictures of saints that looked out sadly from their carved frames of black wood. Large bookcases were brimming over with wise-looking books; Dante's grave profile, a cast of Keat's face and brow taken after death, a pen-and-ink sketch of Tennyson, little paintings of the boy Browning, all attracted the eye in turn and gave rise to a thousand musings. . . . But the glory of all, and that which sanctified all, was seated in a low arm-chair near the door. A small table, strewn with writing materials, books, and newspapers, was always by her side. . . . The low arm-chair and small table are in Browning's study with his father's desk, on which he has written all his poems.

“W. W. STORY.”

Below are quoted some lines of Mr. Story's referring to Mr. Browning's sorrowful loss:

Round every heart some happy memory clings,  
Some winds steal music from the slackest strings;  
The coldest heart at moments must aspire,  
The stoniest sense hath hidden sparks of fire.  
Whate'er we do is less than what we are,  
Where'er we move the horizon is far.



All that we ever did were but as dust  
Without these simple words — hope, love, and trust.  
Knit thus together by a secret bond,  
The spirit and nature must respond,  
For some strange spell unites them at our birth,  
And shapes us half of heaven and half of earth.  
All, from the starry sky unto the clod,  
Shall whisper of the universal God.

#### XIV.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

(1848-1849.)

In Colonel Higginson's "Margaret Fuller Ossoli" is found the history of the intimate and beautiful association between Mr. and Mrs. Story and herself; how she made them her confidants in the trials and struggles of her brave life, and, finally, in the romance which ended in the dawn of a great love, and a shipwreck. She writes to her mother from Rome, November 10, 1848, in these words: "Many Americans have shown me great and thoughtful kindness, and none more so than William Story and his wife."

A letter from Miss Fuller to Mrs. Story, in Florence, shadows forth the second coming of Mr. Story and his little family to Rome. This letter is dated, and, in brief, reads thus:

"ROME, January 9, 1848.

"MY DEAR EMELYN: I was quite disappointed by the reading of your letter, though I wrote you as well as I could both *pros* and *cons*. I had hoped

very much you would come, and still hope your doubts will end.

“Mr. Wetmore says he shall persist in asking you to come. I have been to look at Poussin’s house for you, and also the Casa del Scimia (the house of the monkey) in Quattro Fontane; it is large and sunny, with a beautiful salon, large bedrooms, a good dining-room, abundant linen and table service, and the entrance fine. The back windows look on the Barberini gardens, and they have a garden of their own. I like the ‘Monkey House’ better; then, for me, I like the name; it presents a refreshing contrast to the glories and classicalities so eternal in Eternal Rome.

“I flatter myself that when this arrives William will have finished his model (he is not firm of health to stay in a studio as damp as you described), the fit of content with Florence gone off—for to my mind it is only a paroxysm—and the trunks packed for here. Come on at once if you can. . . .

“I have a letter from Mrs. Browning in which she expresses their pleasure in making your acquaintance. I am very glad for you both. Since I can not see them now, I want some of their thoughts, and, think you, would they not be so cordial as to lend me ‘Bells and Pomegranates’? . . . I am not surprised at what you say of Keats—I always thought, with Byron,

“Strange that the mind, that very fiery particle,  
 Could let itself be snuffed out by an article.

A—P—, dwelling in a trance on a private letter of Keats', was much distressed at finding a degree of selfishness unworthy of his genius.

“I would be glad for William to call with the inclosed letter on Madame Arcerati. He will thus, if she is at home, see one who is considered by many the most distinguished woman in Italy, and who would be distinguished where there was a far greater number of worthy competitors. . . .

“Affectionately your friend,

“MARGARET.”

This letter of Miss Fuller's was inclosed in another to Mrs. Story from Mr. John Wetmore, an uncle of her husband's. His letter was addressed to “Madame W. W. Story, Via della Scala, Florence,” where Mr. Story was located at this time. This street runs from the Piazza Santa Maria Novella to the Porta del Prato (door of the meadow), passing the Oricellari Gardens, teeming with pleasant nooks and recalling some rare phases of Florentine history. The street itself is fairly wide, as the Old-World streets go, but the walls are high, and it is safe to say it had all the dampness with which it was credited. “Casa Guidi,” the home of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, whom they had so recently met, was not far off, across the Arno in

the Via Maggio, under the shadows of the Pitti Palace.

It can be easily understood, with their environments of art, place, and friendships, how loth they were to leave fair Florence. It seemed to them, as to Mrs. Browning, "Love, Life, and Italy"; and yet it was not Rome.

An extract from a letter of Miss Fuller's to her brother, dated "Rome, May 22, 1849," says:

"I am with William Story and his wife and uncle. Very kind friends they have been in this strait. They are going away so soon as they can find horses—going into Germany. I remain alone in the house under our flag, almost the only American except the consul and ambassador.

"MARGARET."

It is thus evident that Mr. and Mrs. Story were in Rome at this date, and these letters show the spirit and courage with which they met and endured such hardships as the Old World imposed in those times, when the journey from Florence to Rome was one of days, not of hours, as now, and that to Germany meant many days; they also show the beginnings of an unusual social and artistic success. Mr. Story had "the gentle art of making friends," and what is better, the common-sense that keeps them; in both making and keep-

ing them Mrs. Story was his valued aid. The prestige of his father's name had its full weight, but within himself was that "sixth sense," as he called it, that subtle power of intuition which made all who came into his presence feel themselves understood.

*Palazzo Barberini, Rome.*









## XV.

### PALAZZO BARBERINI — ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

(1849-1850.)

In Rome we hear of the Storys, at first, as being domiciled in the Piazza di Spagna, and shortly afterward within the gates and walls of the Palazzo Barberini, with its delightful gardens of palm trees, flowers, and fountains, presided over by the statue of Thorwaldsen.

Entering at the left and going up the winding stone stairway, passing niched statues and the old lion relief on the landings, the visitor found a modest doorway with the name "W. W. Story" inscribed thereon. Across this threshold lived the artist for forty-five years. Here he bravely struggled through defeats, and here he rejoiced in many triumphs.

Some scenes of this home-life may bring the charming personality of the sculptor nearer to our hearts and minds, enabling us to see how his broad, beautiful existence was rounded and influenced by these congenial surroundings.

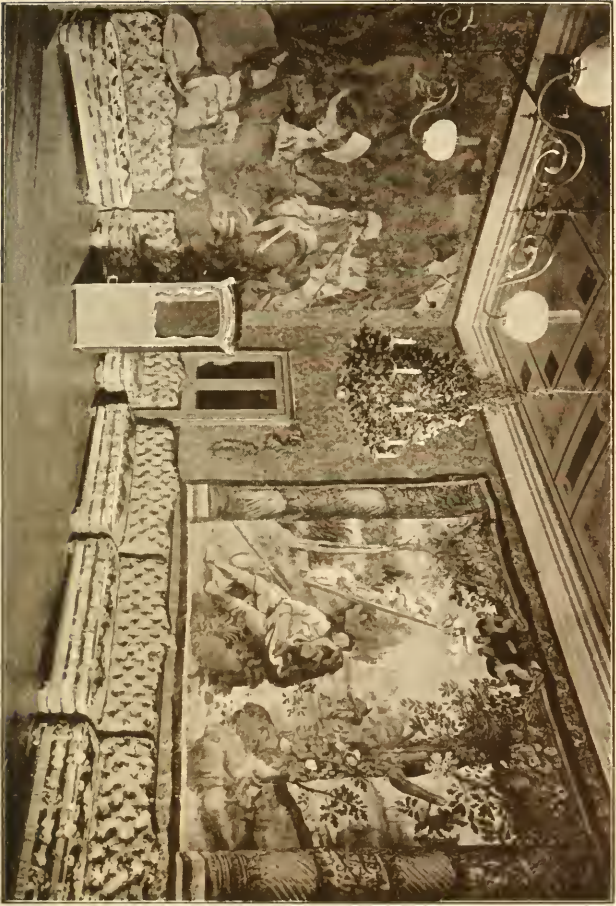
In his home he gathered the treasures of friend-

ship and art. With his wife's tasteful aid it was adorned in the most attractive manner. A friend thus graphically describes it: "It is original; some portions resemble an oriental bazaar, while others are so classical that one would imagine himself in the atrium of a Roman patrician. Through it are noticed a sculptor's conceptions in marble, besides the marks of a literary man; works of art, bric-a-brac, and trophies of travel in all parts of the world. One of the chiefest pleasures in receiving an invitation to the Story home was the opportunity it afforded of drinking in this atmosphere of beauty and artistic taste."

Mr. Story had one of the largest rooms made into a theater, fitted up with a stage, drop curtain, footlights, and scenery. We are told that Mrs. Story made an excellent stage manager, director, and prompter; that Mr. Story was an actor of merit beyond the amateur. English, Italian, and French were the languages of the performances which took place in this little theater. Here many musical compositions were first heard by the public, and many little theatrical pieces first submitted to its approval. Among the latter was a play of Sir Edmund Mallet's, "The Ordeal," performed when the ambassador was an *attaché* to the British embassy, and in which the author himself took a part. Here have been read aloud to sympathizing listeners, both

*Theater Room, Palazzo Barberini.*









before and after publication, many of the host's own poems; his original plays also were sometimes tried on this stage before appearing in print.

In later days this long suite of beautiful rooms constituted a congenial neutral ground where the Romans themselves could forget the dissensions that ordinarily separated the adherents of the Vatican from those of the Quirinal. Political or religious differences were forgotten or ignored the moment one crossed this threshold and encountered the courteous and amiable host passing from guest to guest, giving as a hearty welcome to the papal "Blacks" as to the royal "Whites," and imparting an atmosphere of cordiality in a laughing, merry fashion that caused him to be called "*Il simpatico Americano.*" The admiration and fondness of so many different elements of society for the artist tended to make his large drawing-room a place where Protestant clergymen residing in the Italian capital might meet with eminent prelates of the Roman Church. The venerable Cardinal Giuseppi Pecci, an elder brother of Leo XIII, who resided on the lower floor of the Palazzo Barberini, gave the example for the other ecclesiastics in his regard for his distinguished American neighbor, and among the diplomats having official residence at Rome, whether accredited to the Court or to the Holy

See, the home of the Storys was a favorite place for general reunion.

Several men who afterward became Presidents of the United States were entertained there. When General Grant visited Rome on his journey around the world, a memorable company of illustrious men assembled to meet him in Mr. Story's home. Prime ministers of England have been his guests at various times, and many whose names will be historical for all time, in different countries of Europe, met frequently at Mrs. Story's receptions. Robert Browning and his gifted wife were often visitors in this home. Severn, Leigh Hunt, Landor, Tennyson, Hawthorne, and hosts of others whose names are household words were familiar spirits here.

And now a word regarding the little ones of this happy household. A friend says: "Mrs. Story, as an American lady abroad, took special pains with her children. Only those who have lived on the Continent can appreciate this responsibility. The task of the mother is most difficult. What is not supplied in the school-room, and that means the principal part of education, must be made up at home. After they lost their little 'Joe-Joe' in 1853, two more sons were born to them, Waldo and Julian, and they, with their sister Edith, made a merry household. Many were the frolics and gay doings of these little

folk, Mr. Story often writing verse after verse amid their wildest pranks, and frequently joining in their sport."

Among the most interesting of the friendships that began here was that of William Makepeace Thackeray. A friend says: "It was a good many years ago, but the lapse of time has not effaced the memory of his visit. When he was not engaged in his own literary work, or occupied with the father and mother, he was ever ready with his kindly look to surprise the eager imaginations of the little Storys — for they, too, had their share in everybody's pleasure, and made him their own particular story-teller. What made them gather round him for a purpose even more entertaining than this was his readiness to make pictures for them. This was second nature to him. Fly-leaves of books, scraps of paper, in fact all things brought to him were turned immediately, to the children's delight, into miniature picture galleries. 'The Rose and the Ring, a Fireside Pantomime for Great and Small Children,' was said to have been written by Thackeray for Mr. Story's little daughter Edith and read to her chapter by chapter."

Other great men have been entertained by the Storys, but none, perhaps, ever entered into their sympathies more than did this warm-hearted and honored friend.

“A Memory” of Mr. Story, by Mrs. Lew Wallace, tells us that “at his table Margaret Fuller led her hearers captive. There Hawthorne — poet, though he made no rhymes — was beguiled into society.”

Later on, Miss Harriet Hosmer lived in the Hotel d'Italia, in “a cozy little room which gave a glimpse of the blue Italian sky and overlooked the Barberini Gardens.” Miss Hosmer had selected this room because it made her feel close to her dear friends, the Storys, whose home was a second home to her, and where she was one of the most privileged guests admitted to their private parlor — or their boudoir rather — which they called “Little Bohemia.”



*Red Drawing Room, Palazzo Barberini.*









## XVI.

### THE SCULPTOR'S FIRST AND SECOND STUDIOS IN ROME.

(1851.)

Let us turn from these charming scenes of his home-life to the sculptor's work-a-day world, his studio, where the idealizations of his heart and brain were materialized into bronze and marble.

Mr. Story's first studio in Rome was located on the Via Sistina, which runs from the Piazza Barberini to San Trinita di Monti, giving from the head of the Spanish Steps a view of the whole Leonine City, crowned by St. Peter's itself. He did not long remain there, but removed to Via San Nicolo di Tolentino, which opened from the Piazza Barberini through the new quarters of Rome.

It was in the Tolentino studio that Hawthorne knew and visited him, the two chatting away many an hour together, Mr. Story almost always working at the same time. Hawthorne's description of Kenyon's studio in "The Marble Faun"

is taken from this one of Mr. Story's. It is as follows:

"The studio of a sculptor is generally a dreary looking place, with a good deal of the aspect, indeed, of a stonemason's workshop. Bare floors of brick or plank and plastered walls, an old chair or two, or perhaps only a block of marble (containing, however, the possibility within it) to sit down upon, some hastily scrambled sketches of nude figures on the whitewash of the wall; these last are probably the sculptor's earliest glimpse of ideas that may hereafter be solidified into imperishable stone, or perhaps may remain as impalpable as a dream. Next there are a few very roughly modeled little figures in clay or plaster, exhibiting the second stage of the idea as it advances toward a marble immortality; and then is seen the exquisitely designed shape of clay, more interesting than even the final marble as being the intimate production of the sculptor himself, modeled throughout with his loving hands, and nearest to his imagination and heart. In the plaster-cast from this clay model, the beauty of the statue strangely disappears, to shine forth again with pure white radiance in the precious marble of Carrara. Works in all these stages of advancement might be found in Kenyon's studio."

Success was not long deferred. Pius IX, one

of his earliest patrons, by generously sending, at his own expense, the sculptor's works to the London Exposition of 1862, opened the way that led to the artistic and substantial recognition there accorded to Mr. Story. As this liberal grace came in a moment of supreme disheartenment, the remembrance of it was cherished by the recipient all his life, with the deepest appreciation of, and devotion to, Pio Nono.

## XVII.

### LETTER OF JAMES R. LOWELL. LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOSEPH STORY.

(1849-1852.)

From "The Letters of James Russell Lowell," edited by Charles Eliot Norton, is the following, addressed to Story:

"Every year adds its value to a friendship as to a tree, with no effort and no merit of ours. Every year adds its compound interest of associations and enlarges the circle of shelter and shade. It is good to plant early; later friends drink our lees, but the old ones drank the clear wine at the brim of our cups. Who knew us when we were witty? Who knew us when we were wise? Who knew us when we were green?"

The fullness and joy of friendship were perhaps never experienced in a more perfect degree than by these two gifted men. They always met in the spirit of "when we were boys together," and at such times Voltaire's sentiment, *L'amusement est un des premiers besoins de l'homme*, knocked loudly at their door, and found a welcome, too.

Yet their pleasant ways conformed to Burney's rules, "The first consideration of a legislator is, that his amusement should be innocent; the next, that it should not be below the dignity of a rational creature." One might ask, in Mr. Story's own words respecting Michael Angelo, "Is it for souls like these to be moulded by their age?" His answer is, "No; a higher, nobler task is theirs; beneath their plastic fingers that age shall be as wax, as it is in the hands of the great, forever."

From the date of his father's death, September, 1845, Mr. Story began accumulating and arranging material for the "Life and Letters of Joseph Story." This work of two volumes was finally published in Boston, in the year 1851, by Charles C. Little and James Brown.

In the preface Mr. Story states that he wishes everyone to bear in mind that he is not uninfluenced by those personal feelings natural to the relationship between father and son. He admits that "love lends a precious seeing to the eye," and adds, "I have followed out the wishes of my father as expressed in a letter to a friend who had written a biography of his parents. In this letter my father says, 'Such parents as yours deserve such affection and admiration and reverence. I know not what I should envy so much, if envy could ever mingle with such feelings, as to have such a filial tribute in such a form.'"

To Mr. Story this work seemed truly a labor of love, and in it he has linked together the fondest recollections of both his parents in its dedication:

“To my mother, Sarah Waldo Story.

“These memorials of my father I dedicate to you. Of our home group that lived in the sunshine of his familiar presence, you and I alone are left, and love, gratitude, and the losses we in common have sustained, and the happy memories of the past which bind us so closely together, conspire to make the inscription of these pages to you at once most appropriate in itself and most grateful to my feelings.

“Your sympathy has lightened my labor and cheered me in my progress; and however others may look upon this work, in your eyes I know it will seem well done. To you, therefore, I bring it with the loving regards of an affectionate son.

“W. W. STORY.”

Just what the public reception of this work was is best estimated by press notices of the date of its publication.

The *Edinburgh Review* says: “We look in vain over the legal literature of England for names to put in comparison with those of Livingston, Kent, and Story. After reading his (Judge Story’s) ‘Life’ and miscellaneous writings, there can be

*Judge Joseph Story.*









no difficulty in accounting for his personal influence and popularity."

From the *Eclectic Review* is the following: "The biography before us, as written by his son, is admirably digested, and written in a style which sustains the attention to the last, and occasionally rises to true and striking eloquence."

In 1852 an enlarged edition of Judge Story's miscellaneous writings was edited by his son. They were originally published in 1835, and were dedicated by Judge Story to his friend, Josiah Quincy, president of Harvard College.

## XVIII.

SOME OF STORY'S WORK — "ARCADIAN SHEPHERD BOY," "HERO," AND "MARGUERITE." DEATH OF HIS MOTHER. DELIVERY OF JUDGE STORY'S STATUE TO MOUNT AUBURN TRUSTEES.

(1852-1855.)

"The Arcadian Shepherd Boy" is a happy expression of simple, careless youth, with the curls, semi-nudity, and unconscious grace of his fair country. He is seated upon the slender laureled trunk of a tree, playing on his shepherd's pipe. He seems only to know it is joy to live. This statue was presented to the Boston Public Library in 1858 by several gentlemen.

At this period many ideal works were born of the artist's brain and chisel. Of "a small statue of 'Hero,' torch in hand, looking for Leander," the *Spectator* of June, 1863, says: "It is almost faultless in its representations of anxious, doubtful search. . . . The timid, beautiful girl, overmastered by one sentiment, will probably reappear in a hundred imitations and become a household form."

His "Marguerite," from Faust, was also of this time. It seems, as a statue, the embodiment of simplicity and innocence. Of such unconscious attractions Hill has written,

Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,  
And she who means no mischief does it all.

On August 22, 1855, Mr. Story lost his mother, Sarah Waldo Story. She died just a few months after Judge Story's statue found favorable acceptance from the trustees of Mount Auburn Cemetery, having lived just long enough to share in this success of her son. They laid her to rest beside her illustrious husband, beneath the forest trees of old Mount Auburn.

The year 1855 saw finished, and delivered to the trustees of Mount Auburn Cemetery, the statue of Judge Story, of which the following is a press notice of that date:

"The statue of the late Judge Story, by his son William W. Story, may now be seen by the public in the vestibule of the Boston Athenæum. Among those who have seen it have been a number of friends and acquaintances of Judge Story, and so far they speak in the highest terms of the excellence of the likeness, while, as a work of art, the statue can not fail to commend itself to every observer. It is wrought from a beautiful piece of white marble, which, considering its size, is

singularly free from blemish. The statue is in a sitting posture, a little larger than the size of life. The expression of the features is lifelike."

In her lecture upon William W. Story, March 26, 1889, Miss Starr speaks of her visit to the Mount Auburn Chapel, and then of its statues, as follows:

"More attractive than all of these was the statue of Chief Justice Story, sitting in his judicial robes, and doubtless with a certain judicial look, but this aspect was softened by a benignity so winning that one forgot the Chief Justice in the urbane man of letters and society. There was a lifting up of all these qualities which puts the statue on an ideal plane and proves it to be something more than a portrait. Yet this was not only the work of his son, but that son's first life-sized work."

## XIX.

MR. AND MRS. BROWNING. DEATH OF THEIR  
LITTLE SON, JOSEPH STORY. POEM, "FAIRY-  
LAND." BIRTH OF THOMAS WALDO STORY.

(1853-1856.)

From Mrs. Orr's "Life and Letters of Robert Browning" are the following extracts from two letters, the first of which is dated

"CASA TOLOMEI, ALTA VILLA, BAGNI DI LUCCA,  
" August 20.

"Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Story, helped the mountains to please us a good deal. He is the son of Judge Story, the biographer of his father; himself a sculptor and poet, and she a sympathetic, graceful woman, fresh and innocent in face and thought. We go back and forth to tea, and talk at one another's houses."

Yet, in this sunny land of art, olives, and song, charmed even with such friendships, at times dark shadows hung over the hearts of the sculptor and his wife, and one of these suggested "a sweet, sequestered spot in fair Italy" to him, in the following lines:

There is a sad, sad country  
 Where often I go to see  
 A little child that for all my love  
 Will never come back to me.

A most fitting explanation of this sorrow is given in an extract from Mr. Browning's second letter, dated

“ROME, 43 Via Bocca di Leone, 3° piano,  
 “January 18, 1854.

“A most exquisite journey of eight days we had from Florence to Rome. . . . You remember my telling you of our friends the Storys, how they and their two children helped to make the summer go pleasantly at the Baths of Lucca. They had taken an apartment for us in Rome, so that we arrived in comfort to lighted fires and lamps, as if coming home, and we had a glimpse of their smiling faces that evening. In the morning, before breakfast, little Edith was brought over to us by the manservant, with a message, ‘the boy was in convulsions; there was danger.’ We hurried to the house, of course, leaving Edith with Wilson. Too true! All that first day we spent beside a deathbed, for the child never rallied, never opened his eyes in consciousness, and by eight in the evening he was gone. In the meanwhile Edith was taken ill at our house, could not be moved, said the physician, and within two days her life



was despaired of, exactly the same malady as her brother's.

“To pass over the dreary time, I will tell you at once, in poor little Edith's case Roman fever followed the gastric. She is very pale and thin. Roman fever is not dangerous to life, but it is exhausting. Now you will understand what ghastly flakes of death have changed the sense of Rome to me. The first day by a deathbed, the first drive out, to the cemetery where poor little Joe is laid close to Shelley's heart (*cor cordium*, says the epitaph), and where the mother insisted on going when she and I went out in the carriage together. I am horribly weak about such things. I can't look on the earth side of death. When I look deathward, I look over death and upward, or I can't look that way at all. So that it was a struggle with me to sit upright in that carriage, in which the poor stricken mother sat so calmly, and not to drop from my seat. . . . Well, all this has blackened Rome to me. . . . Still one lives through one's associations when they are not too strong, and I have arrived at almost enjoying some things, the climate, for instance. . . . ”

In the Protestant cemetery at Rome there has been for many years a little grave, now close company to those of his devoted parents. Upon the small white marble headstone are cut these words:

## JOSEPH STORY,

ONLY SON OF WILLIAM W. AND EMELYN STORY,

Born May 23, 1847, in Boston, U. S. A.,

Died November 23, 1853, in Rome.

He was called Joseph after Judge Story, his grandfather, but "Joe-Joe" was his baby name, retained throughout his six short years.

While they "sorrowed not, as those without hope," yet to the sculptor and his wife their little "Joe-Joe" ever seemed a living and lovely presence, and something over a year after their loss, in December, 1854, Mr. Story wrote this poem, beginning

TO J. S.

There sounds the drum in the street,  
 And the soldiers are marching by,  
 And the trumpet sounds — but thy little feet  
 Are still, and thy joyous cry  
 Will never that marching greet.

I think of thee often as gone  
 For only a summer's day,  
 In the earthly gardens laughing to run  
 With thy friends in thy human play.  
 I dream when the day is done  
 I shall hear thy foot on the stair,  
 And welcome thee back with thy innocent face,  
 And thy frank, pure, noble air,  
 And kiss thee again, and see thee again,  
 Till the dream is like despair.

But as Mr. Story himself tells us, elsewhere,

There is no ruined life beyond the smile of heaven,  
And compensating grace for every loss is given.

Such compensation must have come to the  
bereaved parents in their remaining child, their  
little daughter, Edith Marion Story, whom her  
father has so daintily described in

## FAIRYLAND.

When first into Fairyland I went  
I was so happy and so content;  
For a little fairy carried me there  
Who had large blue eyes and golden hair.

'Twas a beautiful wood with great high trees  
That scattered gold leaves as they shook in the breeze,  
Where the oriole flashed and the blue-jay screamed,  
And the trees and the sky in the smooth lake dreamed.

There we played party, down in the glen,  
And made believe ladies and gentlemen,  
And put on their airs and talked of the weather.  
Oh! we were both so happy together.

Our cream and our sugar were only pretend,  
But we found wild strawberries there without end,  
And these on a great leaf-dish we set,  
With an *arum* for pitcher, all dewy wet.

We had at our tea-parties many a friend—  
But they, like the sugar and cream, were pretend;  
So we made believe help them, and pour out their cup,  
And their berries and cakes we ourselves ate up.

And there was a garden we dug with a stick,  
And planted with flower-seeds ever so thick,  
And stuck all the wild flowers we found in it, too,  
And dug them up daily to see how they grew.

Sometimes both our children we hushed into bed,  
And wove wreaths of woodbine to wear on our head,  
And barberries for earrings we tied on with strings,  
And went to make visits to queens and to kings.

Oh! 'twas so pleasant there in the wood;  
How glad I should be to go back if I could;  
But the fairy returns not that carried me there,  
And the place without her would be dreary and bare.

To the "compensating grace" of this little daughter, another was added to their lives in the birth of their second son, Thomas Waldo, upon December 9, 1854.

XX.

CASTLE PALO. AN ESTRANGEMENT. IN ST. PETERS.  
ITALY AND NEW ENGLAND. AT VILLA CONTI.  
PROLOGUE ON CRAWFORD'S STATUE OF BEE-  
THOVEN.

(1856-1859.)

POEMS BY WILLIAM W. STORY. BOSTON: LITTLE, BROWN &  
COMPANY, 1856.

Such is the title and date of the volume in  
which Mr. Story's poems first appeared in book  
form.

Turning a leaf is the dedication:

To  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
This Volume is  
Inscribed  
In testimony of a friendship  
Which, beginning in childhood, has only deepened and  
Strengthened with time;  
And as a tribute of esteem, admiration, and love  
For his high poetic genius; his exuberant  
Humor and wit; his delightful social  
Qualities; and his pure and  
Noble character.

These poems begin with a sad story of Italian  
patrician life, in which youth, love, and happiness

are shadowed and shattered by insanity. It is a weird picture, entitled "Castle Palo." This volume includes a poem on a theme especially difficult to express in words—that change of feeling which is at some time experienced by every one, and of which Mr. Story writes as

#### AN ESTRANGEMENT.

How is it? It seems so strange;  
 Only a month ago  
 And we were such friends; now there's a change;  
 Why, I scarcely know.

I know not the how or why,  
 I only feel the fact;  
 Something hath happened to set us awry,  
 Something is sadly lacked.

Friends! Oh, yes, we are friends;  
 The words we say are the same,  
 But there is not the something that lends  
 The grace, though it has no name.

It is not that I express  
 Less, but a little more.  
 A little more accent, a little more stress  
 Which was not needed before.

Was it not all a mistake?  
 Oh! porcelain friendship so thin,  
 It is so apt, so apt to break  
 And let out the wine from within.

Following these lines is a poem upon St. Peter's, of which so much has been said and written; yet these early impressions seem fresh and

attractive, and therein are interwoven some wholesome lessons for those who may heed or need them.

### IN ST. PETER'S.

#### THE CONVERT TALKS TO A FRIEND.

A noble structure truly! as you say—  
Clear, spacious, large in feeling and design,  
Just what a church should be—I grant alway  
There may be faults, great faults, yet I opine  
Less on the whole than elsewhere may be found.

View it as a whole,  
Not part by part, with those mean little eyes,  
That can not love, but only criticise—  
How grand a body! with how large a soul!

Seen from without, how well it bodies forth  
Rome's proud religion—

See what an invitation it extends  
To the world's pilgrims, be they foes or friends. . .

Step in, behind your back the curtain swings,  
The world is left outside with worldly things. . .

See how grand and bold,  
Key of the whole, swells up the airy dome  
Where the Apostles hold their lofty home,  
And angels hover in the misted height,  
And amber shafts of sunset bridge with light  
Its quivering air.

You scorn the aid of color, exile art,  
And with cold dogmas seek to move the heart;  
But still the heart rebels, for man is wrought  
Of God and clay, of senses as of thought;  
Religion is not logic—husks of creeds  
Will never satisfy the spirit's needs.

And why should you, in this great world of ours  
Give God the wheat, and give the devil flowers?

But list, the sharp bell tinkles—'tis the Host  
The Pope uplifts—you will not, friend, be lost,  
Though you should kneel; we know above  
The incarnate Christ is looking down in love.  
And then, when all was over, like a weight  
The crowd rose up and rustled all elate—  
Ah, friend! the soul is touched by all this art—  
But come—the crowd moves—shall we too depart?

How he lived in both the Old World and the  
New! How dear, and equally dear, were both  
New England and Italy to the poet-artist's heart  
may be, in measure, realized from his own expres-  
sions of their contrasts in this early poem,  
entitled

#### ITALY AND NEW ENGLAND.

Look on this picture, and on this.  
All is Italian here! The orange grove,  
Through whose cool shade we every morning rove  
To pluck its glowing fruit—our villa white  
With loggias broad, where far into the night  
We sit and breathe the intoxicating air  
With orange blossoms filled;  
And at each corner 'neath its roof of tiles,  
Hung with poor offerings, the Madonna smiles  
In her rude shrine, so picturesque with dirt.  
Is this not Italy? Your nerves are hurt  
By that expression—dirt—nay, then I see  
You love not nature, art, nor Italy.

You do not like it? All the worse for you.  
Stop, dearest, here, and let your fancy roam,  
Just for the contrast, to old things at home,



From lazy Italy's poetic shows  
 To stern New England's puritanic prose.  
 Remember that gray cottage at the foot  
 Of the hill's slope, where two great elms have root  
 Beside the porch, like sentinels;  
 The entrance — and the little fenced-in yard,  
 With its heaped flower-plots, banked and edged with laths,  
 Through which were cut those narrow sunken paths.  
 Oh! what a difference 'twixt that and this!  
 Yet there we had an unbought happiness.

Our chamber-windows, where we used to sit  
 Long mornings (Ah! how I remember it),  
 Looked o'er a slope of green unto a grove,  
 ('Twas there I dared to speak to you of love).

. . . . .  
 I lay and read some poem, grand and strong,  
 Of Browning's — or with Tennyson's rich song  
 Reveled awhile, and in your glowing face  
 Saw the quick answer to its power or grace.

Here in this land of orange, olive, vine,  
 How strange these memories of mine and thine;  
 Yet, dear for all its prose, New England seems,  
 Hazed with poetic hues by childhood's dreams.

Mr. Story's love for Rome dwelt ever with him.  
 An early poetic expression of it is dated "Rome,  
 July 5, '52," and occurs in the poem

AT THE VILLA CONTI.

Dear, dear old Rome — Well! nothing is like Rome;  
 Others may please me, her alone I love.  
 She is no place like other cities are —  
 But like a mother and a mistress too,  
 The soul of places, unto whom I give,

How gladly, all my heart, and wish it more,  
 That I might give more. After life with her,  
 With her sweet counsel, tender grace, large thought  
 And great calm beauty, all seems trivial.  
 Ask me not why I love, nor count her faults.  
 Who ever gave a reason for his love?

Mr. Story wrote the prologue spoken at the inauguration of Crawford's bronze statue of Beethoven, at the Boston Music Hall, March 1, 1856, which is, in part, as follows:

Art hath bid the evanescent pause, and know no more  
 decay;  
 Made the mortal shape immortal, that to dust has passed  
 away.  
 There's the brow by thought o'erladen, with its tempest of  
 wild hair;  
 There's the mouth so sternly silent and the square cheeks  
 seamed with care;  
 There the eyes so visionary, straining out, yet seeing  
 naught  
 But the inward world of genius and the ideal forms of  
 thought;  
 There the hand that gave its magic to the cold, dead, ivory  
 keys,  
 And from out them tore the struggling chords of mighty  
 symphonies;  
 There the figure, calm, concentrated, on its breast the great  
 head bent;  
 Stand forever thus, great master! thou thy fittest monu-  
 ment,  
 Where the wings of angels graze us, and the voices of the  
 spheres  
 Seem not far, and glad emotions fill the silent eyes with  
 tears.

Let our voices sing thy praises, let our instruments combine,  
'Till the hall with triumph echoes, for the hour and place  
are thine.

Of the master, Mr. Story has made three representations. One is said to be "a magnificent bust, looking as Beethoven might have looked when thinking out a '*sinfonia eroica*,' the hair thrown wildly back, the face full of suppressed fire and emotion." This bust has found a home in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

## XXI.

BIRTH OF JULIAN R. STORY. SIENA. STATUES OF  
"JUDITH," "PRESIDENT QUINCY," "VENUS,"  
"RELIEF," "RACE WITH GOATS," "LITTLE RED  
RIDING HOOD."

(1856-1862.)

The sculptor's third son, Julian Russell Story, was born September 8, 1856. Speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, two or three years later, Mrs. Orr says:

"We hear of them in September, in Siena, with Mr. and Mrs. Story in an adjacent villa, and Walter Savage Landor in a cottage near by."

Mr. Landor was first a guest of Mr. Story's, and afterward removed to the cottage rented for him by Mr. Browning, near his own.

There is the strength of high and mighty purpose in "Judith." The *Spectator* of June, 1868, says:

"The many English admirers of the most thoughtful and perhaps the most original of modern sculptures, will be glad to hear that Mr. Story's chisel has not been idle lately. His chief finished work has been a statue of 'Judith.' It is the only 'Judith' one sees without the grizzly head of Holofernes. Its conception is a remarkable

deviation from the common look of flushed exaltation and vindictive triumph which Italian artists give. There is no faltering of purpose in the gaze strained upward, no looseness in the grasp of the sword— but the consciousness of an untold sacrifice, the sense of a gulf between the present and the past, the dilation of a mind that is pleading with the invisible world, are unmistakably graven on attitude and brow. This is when she goes to the tent, in the early morning, inspired with courage and patriotism, sword in hand, and one magnificent arm uplifted to heaven as if to call it to witness for the necessity of her deed. The hair is very lightly tinged — not obtrusively; it only adds to the vivid, lifelike impression she makes on you.”

Speaking of his art, Story once said: “The strength of sculpture is in its anatomical correctness and its ideality. It is only to the pressure that the fountain owes its towering column. From the soul and mind these thoughts of art must spring; ideas are purified, taste is refined, and out of the fullness of the whole being the work is accomplished.”

It is interesting to note that when the alumni of Harvard College desired to order a statue of President Quincy, the commission was given to Story. Of this work a correspondent of the *Boston Press* says:

“Mr. Quincy’s statue has long been finished, and Mr. Story spoke with great feeling of the interest he had in working on it, leaving everything else to do that, lest the old man should never see it; and he says it will be a bitter disappointment to him if Mr. Quincy never sees it. The hope of giving him pleasure was in his mind all the time he worked on it. I have heard people say that it is the finest of all Story’s works. I wish they would borrow money and have it brought home — but when it is done, it will probably be too late.”

Another press notice is as follows:

“The thoughtful liberality of the late George Bemis of Newton in the generous bequest of \$5,000 to the subscription (of \$3,000 to \$8,000) to purchase the Story statue of President Quincy, will afford the friend of the college and admirers of Mr. Quincy the satisfaction of seeing the statue of that illustrious man placed where it belongs in Cambridge.”

This encouragement came at one of the many and, at times, unavoidable trials of an artist’s life, which require no little resolution, courage, and patience to live through them. Of these seasons of disheartenment Mr. Story had an artist’s full share.

Complaining of the subserviency of modern to ancient art, Mr. Story says:

“Modern sculpture is so subservient to Grecian, that the human face is generally treated as if it were of no moment in the expression of passion and character, because the Greeks so treated it. We have a thousand Venuses, but no women.” Yet he revered Greek art, and poetically expressed his tribute to it as follows:

Yes! every age in Art its faith hath wrought,  
The Grecian chisel carved the Grecian thought;  
Where is the voice that in the stone can speak  
In any other language than the Greek?

Some one writes: “The marbles of the ancient Greeks leap and laugh their own sunlit laughter in every fragment.” These words are brought to mind by a *basso relievo* which Mr. Story modeled in 1863. It is called the “Race with Goats.”

In the year 1860, “Venus Anadyomene” came from Mr. Story’s chisel, and in its treatment shows clearly what his idealization of this subject was meant to be. In striking contrast to these romantic-classic forms came “Little Red Riding Hood,” with her wee face full of sweet, wondering surprise.

## XXII.

### “SOJOURNER TRUTH, THE LIBYAN SIBYL,” AND “THE FIRST CLEOPATRA.”

(1860-1862.)

Upon page 473 of Volume II of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in the issue of April, 1863, are the following lines from the pen of the late Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, upon “Sojourner Truth, the Libyan Sibyl.”

After graphically giving the history of this singular, strong, sad woman, Mrs. Stowe continues:

“But though Sojourner Truth has passed away from among us as a wave of the sea, her memory still lives in one of the loftiest and most original works of modern art, the Libyan Sibyl, by Mr. Story, which attracted so much attention in the late World’s Exhibition.

“Some years ago, when visiting Rome, I related Sojourner’s history to Mr. Story at a breakfast at his house. Already had his mind begun to turn to Egypt in search of a type of art which should represent a larger and more vigor-



ous development of nature than the cold elegance of Greek lines. His glorious Cleopatra was then in process of evolution, and his mind was working out the problem of her broadly developed nature, of all that slumbering weight and fullness of passion with which this statue seems charged, as a heavy thunder-cloud is charged with electricity.

"The history of Sojourner Truth worked in his mind and led him into the deeper recesses of the African nature — those unexplored depths of being and feeling, mighty and dark as the gigantic depths of tropical forests, mysterious as the hidden rivers and mines of that burning continent whose life-history is yet to be. A few days after he told me that he had conceived the idea of a statue which he should call the Libyan Sibyl. Two years subsequently I revisited Rome, and found the gorgeous Cleopatra finished, a thing to marvel at, as the creation of a new style of beauty, a new manner of art. Mr. Story requested me to come and repeat to him the history of Sojourner Truth, saying that the conception had never left him. I did so; and a day or two after he showed me the clay model of the Libyan Sibyl. I have never seen the marble statue, but am told by those who have that it was by far the most impressive work of art at the Exhibition."

A notice of the two statues, from the London

*Athenæum*, must supply a description better than any I could give:

“The Cleopatra and Sibyl are seated, partly draped, with the characteristic Egyptian gown that gathers about the *torso* and falls freely around the limbs; the first is covered to the bosom, the second bare to the hips. Queenly Cleopatra rests back against her chair in meditative ease, leaning her cheek against one hand, whose elbow the rail of the seat sustains; the other is outstretched upon her knee, nipping its forefinger upon the thumb thoughtfully, as though some firm, willful purpose filled her brain, seeming to set those luxurious features to a smile as if the whole woman ‘would.’

“Upon her head is the coif, bearing in front the mystic *uræus* or twining basilisk of sovereignty, while from its sides depend the wide Egyptian lapels, or wings, that fall upon her shoulders. The *Sibilla Libica* has crossed her knees—an action universally held amongst the ancients as indicative of reticence or secrecy, and of power to bind. A secret-keeping looking dame she is, in the full-bloom proportions of ripe womanhood, wherein, choosing thus to place his figure, the sculptor has deftly gone between the disputed point whether these women were blooming and wise in youth, or deeply furrowed with age and burdened with the knowledge of centuries, as





Virgil, Livy, and Gellius say. Good artistic examples might be quoted on both sides. Her forward elbow is propped upon one knee; and to keep her secrets closer—for this Libyan woman is the closest of all the Sibyls—she rests her shut mouth upon one closed palm, as if holding the African mystery deep in the brooding brain. She looks out through mournful, wavering eyes, under the wide shade of the strange horned (Amorite) crest, that bears the mystery of the Tetragrammaton upon its front. Over her full bosom, mother of the myriads as she was, hangs the same symbol. Her face has a Nubian cast, her hair wavy and plaited, as is meet.

"We hope to see the day when copies of both of the Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl shall adorn the Capitol at Washington."

In his preface to "The Marble Faun," where he accredits to their several creators various art subjects mentioned in the book, Mr. Hawthorne says:

"Not content with these spoils, I committed a further robbery upon a magnificent statue of Cleopatra, the production of Mr. Wm. W. Story, an artist whom his country and the world will not long fail to appreciate." In "The Marble Faun" is this description of Cleopatra's statue:

"Her face was a miraculous success. The sculptor had not shunned to give the full Nubian

lips, and other characteristics of the Egyptian physiognomy. His courage and integrity had been abundantly rewarded, for Cleopatra's beauty shone out richer, warmer, more triumphantly beyond comparison than if he had chosen the tame Grecian type. In a word, all Cleopatra, voluptuous, passionate, tender, wicked, terrible, and full of poisonous and rapturous enchantment, was kneaded into what only a week or two before had been a lump of wet clay from the Tiber."

An Italian critic well observed, "In Cleopatra we are concerned with the heart, in the Sibyl with the intellect."

Moritz Hartman, writing to the New York *Staats-Zeitung* of the London Exhibition:

"Do the Americans know that they have contributed more than the tithe of their fame to Rome at this exhibition? It is true that they have, and they are themselves to be blamed for what is lost to them and gain to Rome. The Roman Government has a separate little building within the palace walls. Even the *Koh-i-noor*, with its ocean of light, attracts fewer people than the statues set up in the Roman department. But among these the truly splendid statues of the American, William Story, carry off the greatest applause—the Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl.

"How do these and other American works come to be found in the Roman department, you

ask? The affair is very simple. The American Government declined to undertake the cost of transporting these works to London. The Papal Government stepped forward, and, in the most liberal manner, offered to send to the London Exhibition, at its own cost, all the works in marble of artists living in Rome."

Prior to this generous action upon the part of the Papal Government, Mr. Story was passing through one of the most serious seasons of discouragement incident to an artist's life. It was a time, indeed, when necessity demanded substantial recognition, or else a return to the legal profession. From Pio Nono came that "word of encouragement that afforded the prompting impulse which shall last forever" in the artist's gratitude and in his success. The Pope, who was one of Story's earliest patrons, and who had previously named him first on a commission of artists, now most generously offered to send, at his own expense, the artist's finished statues to the London Exhibition of 1862.

### XXIII.

“ROBA DI ROMA.” POEM, ROBA DI ROMA.

(1862-1863.)

The fame which these statues gained in “The Roman Pavilion,” and their advantageous financial disposal, re-established Mr. Story as a sculptor in Rome for all his days. Why should he not love it, and call it “dear old Rome” and write “Roba di Roma,” wherein he says: “It was on the sixth of December, 1856, that I landed with my family at Civita Vecchia, on my third return to Rome, to that dear old city. No one can live long in Rome without loving it. ‘Roba’ is everything, from rubbish and riff-raff to the most exquisite product of nature and art; we have no term so comprehensive in English.”

“Roba di Roma” was first published serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*; then in book form, by Chapman & Hall, London; and afterward by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The *Parthenon* of February 14, 1863, speaks of it thus: “This is a book which ought to find many readers, both among those who have been to

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Rome and those who, never having been there, still hope to go. Even the dunce who stays at home may, if not helplessly a dunce, find its pages pleasant reading, for they are full of vivid pictures, quaint jests, and vivid descriptions."

From the *New York Times*, April 4, 1864, are these words: "As a graphic and minute picture of the manners and customs of a people, "Roba di Roma" may be placed on the same shelf with "Law's Modern Egyptians," and it would be difficult to name a third work where the same object is attained with equal success."

The Rome of fifty years ago scarcely survives to-day, even in the Trastevere quarters. These facts, disturbing to the painter and student of the picturesque, will materially add to the value of "Roba di Roma" as a record and enduring memorial of a vanishing state of things.

Upon page 515 of No. 11 of the *Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1863, is found a review of "Roba di Roma" by James Russell Lowell.

Mr. Lowell begins with this quotation: "Traveling was traveling in one part of the world as well as another; it consisted in being such a time from home, and in traversing so many leagues." "This," he says, "is no more than truth of those idle people who powder themselves with dust from the highways and blur their memories with a whirl through the galleries of Europe. They

go abroad to escape themselves, and fail, as Goethe says, 'in the attempt to jump away from their own shadows.' Honest conviction and report will long continue to be one of the rarest of human things; narrative, simple as it seems, can be well done by two kinds of men only — those of the highest genius and culture, and those wholly without either.

"Mr. Story has taken Italy with due deliberation, having lived there now some fifteen years. He has thus been enabled to let things come to him, instead of running after them, and his sensations have had time to ripen slowly toward the true moment of projection. The most beautiful experiences come not by observation. The crumbling temple lured forth, but it was only to see a sunset or to hear a nightingale.

"Anybody can be learned; anybody, except Doctor Holmes, dull; but not everybody can be a poet and artist.

"The chapter on the Evil Eye is a marvel of misplaced erudition. The author has hunted all antiquity like a policeman, and arrested high and low on the least suspicion of a squint. For ourselves, we would have taken Mr. Story's word for it, without the attestation of these long-winded old monsters, who bored their own generation too thoroughly to have any claim upon the button of ours.

"But learning makes a small part of Mr. Story's book; only the concluding chapters happen to bristle with quotations and references, thickly as the nave of St. Peter's, on a festival, with bayonets. The really valuable parts of the book (and they make much the greater part of it) are those in which the author relates his own experiences. It is really refreshing, makes us feel as if Italy is still inhabited by very human beings, and contains something more than tombs and inscriptions. They contain the most cheerful and picturesque descriptions of Italian life and scenery we have ever met with. The chapters on Street Music in Rome, on Games, on Cafés and Theaters, on Villeggiatura and the Vintage, on the Ghetto, the Markets, and Summer in the City, are all of them delightful. And we can not be too thankful to Mr. Story that he leaves a theme, so poetical in itself, to be poetical, and that, though an artist, he does not enter on any of those disquisitions which would have made Sir Joshua shift his trumpet. On the whole, we are inclined to forgive him the polyglot lumber of his chapter on the Evil Eye, in consideration of the scenery and galleries he has spared us."

In charming contrast to the "Roba di Roma" of 1862, there is a short poem of that name, by Mr. Story, dated November, 1878, and to be found

upon page 567 of the *Atlantic Monthly*, No. 42.  
A portion of it is as follows:

(Juliette appears alone at a balcony.)

Romeo! Hist! Madonna, saints and all!  
How the man sleeps, stretched out beneath yon wall,  
Deaf as the wall itself! I shall be missed  
Before I make him hear. Romeo, hist!  
Ah, well! Thank Heaven, I've waked him up at last!  
Quick, *mio*, catch this bottle I've made fast  
To this long cord! 'Tis English wine, as strong as *aqua*  
*vita*.

Now be off at once!

There round the corner—not that way, you dunce,  
Or they will see you!—and come back at ten.  
Who knows what I may find to give you then?  
*A rivederci, caro, ah, va ben!*

That dear old *mio* mine—what luck it was  
That through the pantry I should chance to pass  
Just when old Frang saw had slipped out a minute,  
And no one near to see! The saints were in it!

Hark! who's there?

That *mio's* not come back again, I hope!  
No; 'twas the old goat tugging at his rope.  
All's safe, thank Heaven!

Madonna, what a row!

That's Frang saw—who has missed the bottle now—  
Screaming for me, and swearing at them all.  
*Vengo!* I am not deaf, I heard you call.  
What is the matter? Blessed saints! I say  
I hear you—anyone could, miles away.  
I am coming. Bottle? A black bottle? Oh!  
How in the name of mercy should I know?  
I've just come up to draw some water here.  
Wine? I know nothing of your wine, Monsieur!

Wine of cost?  
Ten bottles were there, and one lost.

There were but nine  
When I last saw them. Oh, yes, that's your way,  
There's not a thing you stupidly mislay;  
But someone stole it;

You heard me say  
Something to somebody? What was it, pray?  
'Pst!' *Via!* quick, be off at once! Oh that?  
That's what you heard? You idiot! you flat!  
*Why, what I called to was the cat—the cat.*

## XXIV.

### “AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.”

(1862-1863.)

From one of the leading American journals of that date is the following:

“The *Daily News* has engaged Mr. William W. Story, the son of our eminent jurist and judge, to contribute a series of three articles on the complex question now distracting the Union.

“Mr. Story sums up the indignities and reproaches which the English papers have heaped upon us, and observes, ‘we are not ashamed to confess that we feel this conduct deeply. We desired the good opinion of England. We thought we were sure of her sympathy, and we are disappointed and hurt.’

“He shows that England has lent moral and actual encouragement to the South, and forcibly contrasts the action of the British Government in our case with that which is adopted toward Hungary and Italy in their revolutionary struggles. He reviews the conduct of France, the question of privateering, the Trent affair, the views of Eng-

lish statesmen on the causes and objects of our civil war, the tariff, and the history of its career from 1816 down to the present time—topics enough for one contribution; but Mr. Story writes with admirable temper and clearness of style. The editor of the *Daily News* warmly commends the article to the public notice, and we think it can not fail to have good effect."

Mr. Story says:

"All nations' difference keeps all nations' peace."

Notwithstanding the alluring charms of that "dear old city," Rome, and his outspoken love for all Italy and the Italians, Mr. Story never, in the whole course of his successful life, passed outside the fostering lines of his own country, and never forgot for a single moment that he was an American; neither in his early adversities and struggles for fame, nor in the hours of its full attainment, when foreign honors fell thick and fast upon him, did he accept a single laurel, or any reward of merit, otherwise than as an American.

While our country was convulsed by the throes of civil war, he served her with his pen as a true American, at the sacrifice of private interests. Just what the nature of this service was is best understood by the following extracts from the American press of that date:

“The more kindly feeling with which our Government and its cause are regarded in England, France, and Germany is clearly due to the light which Messrs. Motley, Story, Weed, and others have been at pains to throw upon a subject which rebel emissaries had thoroughly muddled. The true theory of our Constitution is no longer an insoluble enigma.”

“Mr. W. W. Story has written a long and valuable communication to the *London Daily News*, September 6, 7, 1862-3, on the ‘Precedents of American Neutrality.’ The communication amounts to a respectably sized pamphlet in itself, and well merits publication in that form on both sides of the Atlantic.

“Those of our readers who remember Mr. Story’s beautiful poem on Leonardo da Vinci, which was reproduced from *Blackwood* a few weeks since, will find it difficult, on reading this last production of the versatile and gifted author, to reconcile the junction of such varied talents in the same person, and will perhaps wonder still more that he can turn, in so short a space of time, from weaving the creations of poetic fancy to this last elaborate and important treatise on international law. Our English friends, also, we suspect, must look with curious interest upon the doings of a man who first carries off the highest honors of the great exhibition as a sculptor, then gains a



name in literature such that his 'Roba di Roma' goes to a fourth edition, and then essays to take the field against Sir Roundell Palmer and the English lawyers with a ponderous array of legal precedents and as the champion of American neutrality. Such a specimen we suspect, however, helped our cause not a little, in and of itself, with Englishmen. If Judge Story's name and fame are dragged into the contest by them, as being on their side, it certainly will help strongly to controvert any such idea that the son, taking his father's reputation in charge, and going down into the juridical arena at his side, demonstrates that the Judge's opinions are misconstrued, and that, if alive, his utterances would be upon the American side now, as then; and while the father is thus detached from the English alliance, it is no small recommendation to the Northern cause that the son—at once sculptor, poet, author, and jurist—throws all his weight (enhanced as it is by his English popularity) into the same side of the scale.

"We trust that this effort of Mr. Story in the national cause will attract the attention in this country that it deserves, and that Americans will be sensible enough to afford at least as much respect to writers in their interest abroad, like Motley, Story, Fay, and Sargent, as is paid to them by Europeans who are comparatively unin-

terested in the result of our struggle for our future national prosperity."

It may be added that Mr. Story's loyalty and service were generously acknowledged and cordially accepted by the American popular voice of that day.

## XXV.

SAPPHO. SAUL. MEDEA.

(1863-1864.)

The following extracts are from the *Philadelphia Press* of 1863:

“One of our townsmen has just brought back from Europe the last work of Mr. Story, a statue of Sappho. Mr. Story has represented Sappho sitting in a Grecian chair, lost in reverie, her lyre laid carelessly beside her. Lovely Sappho, with far-away eyes and an unutterable sadness in the curve of her lovely lips—it is the shadow of the great tragedy looming up in the dim future, and it transforms the countenance of a beautiful woman into the face of a poetess—into the face of Sappho.

“The great merit of the statue is its perfect repose. The drapery is managed with rare skill. The outline of the limbs show in places beneath the vestments with a delicacy and truth that prove the severest study. Such parts of the figure as are undraped, the arms and part of one shoulder, are modeled with the most perfect fidel-

ity. There are few statues belonging to modern art which are so profoundly imbued with the feeling of the best age of Greek art, yet which are not weak imitations."

Writing of the artist's inspiration, Mr. Story says: "Wordsworth speaks of the consecration and the poet's dream. That is what we need, and without it there is no art. There is as much in what is omitted as in what is expressed. Suggestion is often better than statement. We have life and love, and these are the *soul of art*." A few stanzas follow from his poem on the subject of

## SAPPHO.

My love is false and my life is lorn,  
Roll on, O! ruthless sea!  
The wreath from my head is rudely torn,  
Moan with me!

Curses on her who stole my love!  
Curses, Lesbos, light on thee!  
False to her! O! Phaon prove,  
As to me.

There is the necklace once he gave!  
Take it, false and changeful sea.  
There is the harp for thy treacherous wave;  
Now take me.

Saul was a grand figure. The Jewish king is seated, but sits as if he might start up at any moment, his head bent slightly forward, a circlet upon it, engraved with the Hebrew word







*Medea.*



“Jehovah.” His brows are bent as if in thought; one mighty hand is twisting his beard, and the other plays with a sword at his side, while his face, glowering and terrible, shows plainly that “the Evil Spirit is upon him.” It is the thought of royalty at stake, the deathless type of kingcraft at feud with prophecy. Saul resists his anguish with kingly pride — it is torture, not despair, that he feels; he is a tyrant, an Eastern tyrant, perhaps, yet thoroughly heroic.

From the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, of October 26, 1875, is the following notice of this marble:

“The Roman Government has just applied to the artist for leave to send, at its own cost, the colossal figure of Saul to the Dublin Exposition, in graceful recognition of the credit reflected upon the Roman Department in (London) 1862, by the ‘Cleopatra’ and the ‘Libyan Sibyl.’ ”

#### MEDEA.

Mr. Story’s “Medea Meditating the Death of Her Children” is best and briefly described by these, his own lines:

What does Medea there  
In that dim chamber? See on her dark face  
And serpent brow, rage, fury, love, despair!  
What seeks she? There her children are at play,  
Laughing and talking. Not so fierce, I say—  
You scare them with that passionate embrace!  
Hark to those footsteps in the hall — the loud

Clear voice of Jason heard above the crowd.  
 Why does she push them now, so stern, away,  
 And listening, glance around — then, fixed and mute,  
 Her brow shut down, her mouth irresolute,  
 Her thin hands twitching at her robes, the while,  
 As with some fearful purpose, does she stand?  
 Why that triumphant glance — that hideous smile,  
 That poniard hidden in her mantle there,  
 That through the dropping folds now darts its gleam?  
 Oh, Gods! oh, all ye Gods! hold back her hand.  
 Spare them! oh, spare them! oh, Medea, spare!  
 You will not, dare not! ah, that sharp shrill scream!  
 Ah! the red blood — 'tis trickling down the floor!  
 Help! help! oh, hide me! Let me see no more!

A friend of Mr. Story says: "This is Medea with her stormy heart chained and still in marble; no actress' ravings ever told the story so well."

The following is from the *New York Times*, dated April 2, 1864:

"Mr. Story is one of the gifted few possessing in equal perfection the eye of the painter and the pen of an accomplished writer, in addition to the mastery over the most arduous materials of art. This combination of the literary and the artistic is rare in any age, and it has raised him to a position of great eminence among the first living sculptors of the world."

It was after a visit to Mr. Story's studio that Robert Browning wrote his "Eulogy of Sculpture" and its advantage over poetry as finding work for uninspired moments.

## XXVI.

LETTER FROM JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. STATUES  
OF EDWARD EVERETT AND DELILAH.

(1865-1866.)

From the "Letters of James Russell Lowell," edited by Charles Eliot Norton, is the following:

"Writing to another friend, Mr. Lowell says:

"The Storys have got home, and look as young as ever. I first saw William on Commencement Day, and glad enough I was. A friendship counting nearly forty years is the finest kind of shade tree I know of. One is safe from thunder beneath it, as under laurel — nay, more safe, for critical bolts do not respect the sacred tree any more than if it were so much theatrical green baize. Well, he and two more came up hither after dinner, and we talked and laughed and smoked and drank *Donerdechanci* till there wasn't a bald head nor a gray hair among us. *Per Bacco* and tobacco, how wisely silly we were! I forgot for a few blessed hours that I was a professor, and I felt as if I was something real."

From the Boston *Advertiser* of February 28,

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1865, is the following extract from a letter then published:

“Will you allow me to express through your paper the great interest I feel that the statue of Mr. Edward Everett should be the work of our countryman, Mr. Story?”

“From no other living sculptor’s hand can Boston be more sure of receiving a work that will do honor at once to the statesman, to the city, and to art.

“I hope this will not be thought to be dictated by any personal feeling on the part of the writer. Whatever friendship I may feel for Mr. Story, I write this note solely as a friend of Boston and a friend of art.

“A. D.”

In that statue the sculptor has delineated the form and features of one of his own, but especially one of his father’s, dearest friends. Mr. Everett is represented as the splendid orator that he was, with uplifted hand, and the fine face full of convincing interest. In the public garden of Boston stands this memorial of the finished scholar and statesman, an honor to his name, and to the sculptor’s who gave it form, likeness, and expression. In this connection the following anecdote may be quoted from “The Life and Letters” of Judge Story:

“On one occasion, at a public dinner in Boston, Mr. Justice Story and Mr. Everett were present, the former presiding. In one of those felicitous little speeches for which he was distinguished he concluded by calling Mr. Everett up and saying: ‘Fame travels where Ever-ett goes.’ Mr. Everett’s remarks, bright and scholarly, as was always the case with him, closed with the repartee: ‘However far my name may go, it can never rise above one Story.’”

From the public press of the time is taken this notice:

“‘A thing of beauty is a joy forever,’ and we were thrilled with joy when we beheld at Hill’s studio the ‘Delilah’ of W. W. Story, the American poet and great sculptor of the age. In his happiest mood he has seized the moment when the siren is commencing to feel the Nemesis which has her in its grasp forever. Deep gloom is seated upon that brow, the heir of a deed of black treachery committed upon her sleeping husband, and there it will sit for all time. The sun in heaven has no brightness for her, and happiness has sighed ‘Farewell.’”

## XXVII.

“THE PROPORTIONS OF THE HUMAN FORM ACCORD-  
ING TO A NEW CANON.” STATUE OF GEORGE  
PEABODY. “CUPID AND THE SPHINX.”

(1866-1867.)

This work came from the pen of Mr. Story in 1866, and when telling you how he came to write it his face fairly beamed with pleasure. He said he had been thinking for years how, throughout their ages of classical art, the old Greeks seemed to have attained a general perfection of the proportions of the human figure; and that he had always believed they had some fixed laws or rules now lost to the world of art.

One night, being very much preoccupied with this absorbing problem, he retired and fell asleep. After sleeping for some hours he awakened with a start. Sudden visions came to him of the circle, the triangle, and the square, and their symbolic meanings as applied to the measurements of the Greek statues. Springing from his bed, he placed upon some scraps of paper what afterward, with due study and care, became the

“Proportions of the Human Form According to a New Canon.”

Not long ago, in Rome, a sculptor of pre-eminent talent said this was the best guide for its purpose that he knew of, and that he held it in constant usage.

It might not, however, lead to that perfect imitation of nature of which Mr. Story spoke as follows:

“Goethe tells a story about a goat that ate up all the green thistles painted in a volume of Natural History; and he adds upon his own account that ‘True art uses nature only as a garment, transfiguring the outer to its own inner life.’”

This volume is illustrated and “is for practical use.”

The Prince of Wales honored by his presence and participation the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of George Peabody, the American philanthropist who had done so much to make comfort possible for the London poor. H. R. H. at that time remarked that it was “worthy of the sculptor’s reputation, worthy also of the man to whom it was to be dedicated.” It stands just back of the Royal Exchange. From it Mr. Story modeled a copy which was presented to the city of Baltimore by Robert Garrett. This statue, which represents Mr. Peabody as an easy and

dignified seated figure, London smoke has turned to hues of gray.

These were the years of his greatest activities, both of pen and chisel. A decade later, to the question, "You have been a busy man these twenty-two years past, Mr. Story?" he answered: "Yes, I have, indeed; I couldn't live without work. During eight months of the year I am in Rome, and every day I am up at eight o'clock and at work, and I work fully eight hours a day."

From a writer to whom many of my quotations are due is taken the following respecting Mr. Story's "Cupid and the Sphinx," an allegory in marble so true and strong that you laugh outright on seeing it: "With his quick taste and insight the sculptor has divested the figure of her Egyptian hugeness without minimizing her. She is still great, though graceful, as she turns her delicately poised intellectual head—with its face full of the old mystery—in wonder at the little fellow who, with bow and arrows, has leaped upon her side as if to assail her. Only because he is hopelessly blind can Cupid withstand that silent scrutiny, too lofty for disdain and too noble for scorn. 'What is an arrow to the Sphinx?' says her high look. But this tiny, winged aggressor, Cupid—what will the Sphinx of him? Nothing. If she but rises to her full height he will tumble into the mire."



Mr. Story says :

Perfect love at its full height  
Kills with rapture. We are made  
With human senses, and we all need  
Illusions, veils, a tempering atmosphere,  
And ignorance to shield us with its shade.

## XXVIII.

SELECTIONS FROM "GRAFFITI D' ITALIA," BY  
W. W. STORY.

(1866-1868.)

These Italian pencil sketches were written at various times, but collected and dedicated at Rome, April 11, 1866, and published by Wm. Blackwood & Sons, London and Edinburgh, in 1868.

After the title page comes the short preface, saying: "Two statements are to be made in regard to this volume: First, many of the poems have been previously published; second, all the poems are intended to be dramatic, and, being utterance of historical or fictitious personages, are not to be understood as expressing the opinions or sentiments of the author."

The table of contents is divided into "Medieval," "Antique," "Modern," and "Scherzi."

After the contents is a page upon which appears

AL MIO AMICO,  
ARTURO DEXTER.

Belli gli estivi giorni a me si cari  
Sotto d'Italia il ciel splendido e puro

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Belle le sere avvolte in velo scuro.  
 Che teco io scorci in dolci favellari;  
 Più belli ancor, più, dolci e più felici,  
 Perché su suol stranier vivemmo amici.

Sotto all’ ombra di pampane contorte  
 Ricorda ch’io scrive la storia mesta  
 Di due ch’amor sospinse a fin funesta,  
 A morte l’un l’altro a peggio che morte.  
 Or questa istoria a te consacro, un pegno  
 Dell’ amicizia mia, sebbene indegno.

ROMA, 11 Aprile, 1866.

Of “Graffiti d’ Italia” it has been said: “While most of our nature-poems are quiet pictures of scenery, these are pictures of men and women — human hearts. They are all alive with bright suggestions and full of devotion to art.”

“Ginevra di Siena” is a type of those Old World tragedies wherein cold un wisdom and hot imprudence end in death, and worse than death — lunacy. The Count’s hard and exacting nature well proves Mr. Story’s words, “On a rock you can not rear a rose.”

“Radicofani” is a ghostly dream of the fierce old medieval days of Italy, when family feuds were heirlooms for generations and only to be extinguished by an enemy’s blood. They had their counterparts among the “Scottish Chiefs” and border barons of Scotland and England.

One not infrequently meets the worldly Mon-

signore del Fiocco, and the beautiful character and simple life of "Il Curato," who says:

So, sir, my house is good enough for me.  
I have been happy there for many years,  
And there's no better riches than content;  
Then I've my little plat of flowers—for flowers  
Are God's smile on earth. I could not do  
Without my flowers.

"Giannone" was pronounced "simply the cleverest poem that we have read for years. The startling yet natural combination of the rhymes is really marvelous, and if William W. Story does not make a name for himself, we are no true prophets." This was from a press notice upon the appearance of "Giannone" in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

It gives more than a story, as, indeed, do all these sketches of the poet-artist—"Marcus Aurelius," "Marcus Antoninus," "Cleopatra," "Nemesis," "Zia Nica," and others. Each has its text, and all show Mr. Story to be a close student of human nature.

His delight in rural nature is happily expressed in several poems, among which is the following, entitled

#### AUTUMN.

The cyclamen, alive with fears,  
Smooths trembling back its hare-like ears;  
The frosted creepers bleeding fall,  
And drip in crimson on the wall;

The rusted chestnuts shivering spill  
 Their bursting spine-burrs on the hill;  
 The day is short, soon comes the night,  
     And damp and chill  
     Along the hill  
     The dews distill  
 Under the harvest moon’s great light.

’Tis lovely still; but yet a sense  
 Of sadness and impermanence  
 Disturbs me — and this flushing grace  
 That mantels over Autumn’s face  
 Is but the hectic hue, beneath  
 Whose beauty steals the thought of death —  
 And this it is that makes me sigh.  
     Ah ! bitter word  
     Too often heard;  
     What thoughts are stirred  
 Whene’er we whisper thee — good-by !

Even as a boy, long before he saw that magic  
 land of history, romance, and the eternal arts,  
 Story loved Italy. Many years afterward, writ-  
 ing to an old-time friend in Rome, he said:

Then I remember you went to Rome,  
     And on the hem of your garment brought  
 Odors back to our quiet home  
     That ravished with sweetness my boyish thought.  
 Everything lovely I seemed to see  
 When you were talking of Italy.

And the Italians loved the poet-artist as he  
 loved them; he found them childlike in a good  
 sense, natural, free from self-consciousness. On

the other hand, his easy speech, his simple, cheery, gracious manner, pleased them. They called him "*Il simpatico Americano*"—the sympathetic American—and spoke of him as "one of those Yankees who are always ascending."

Story had ever been a great mimic. In fact, the good mother of one of his boyhood friends cautioned her son against making faces, lest he should spoil his own face by it, as William Story had done. This power over facial expression, softened and modified by time, was one of the chief charms of his later years; and many have said that had he devoted such talents as he evidently possessed to the stage, he would have made a great actor. It may have been this unconscious mimic power that laid him open to the criticism of being sometimes, in his literary work, an imitator. Two instances are cited: One where Lowell's hand appears; another where Browning is strongly suggested. The criticism has not been generally thought well founded; yet, considering the close and long association between these two gifted men and Mr. Story, and their constant interchange of thoughts and views upon various subjects, it is quite as probable that either of the former may have absorbed something from the varied genius and the creative imagination of the sculptor, as it is that the

latter appropriated their original ideas. On this subject Story says:

In one sense no man is original;  
 Borrowers and beggars are we all.  
 'Tis the small nature dares not to receive,  
 Having no wealth within from which to give.  
 The greatest minds the greatest debts may owe,  
 And by their taking make a thing to live;  
 Each fighting for the truth, and one for all,  
 With no mean pride to be original.

The following lines from “A Contemporary Criticism” make a part of Raphael’s answer to the Duke of Urbino, who is disposed to find fault with the artist’s reaching out toward other arts than that of painting. Raphael replies:

Take, to illustrate my thought,  
 Music, the only art to science wrought,  
 The ideal art, that underlies the whole,  
 Interprets all, and is of all the soul.  
 Each art is, so to speak, a separate tone;  
 The perfect chord results from all in one.  
 Strike one, and as its last vibrations die—  
 Listen—from all the other tones a cry  
 Wails forth, half longing and half prophecy;  
 So does the complement, the hint, the germ  
 Of every art within the others lie,  
 And in this inner essence all unite;  
 For what is melody but fluid form;  
 Or form, but fixed and stationed melody?  
 Colors are but the silent chords of light.

So, colors live in sound—the trumpet blows  
 Its scarlet, and the flute its tender blue.

So, rhythmic words, strung by the poet, own  
 Music and form and color—every sense  
 Rhymes with the rest; 'tis in the means alone  
 The various arts receive their difference.

Carlyle says: "Genius is only illimitable industry." Mr. Story called it "capacity for work." His own capacity for work appeared to be without limit, as the creative power that fed these energies seemed inexhaustible.

Excessive labor and the heat of Roman summers at times led him to Switzerland. He had a summer house at San Moritz. His enthusiasm and delight in this life may be best understood by his "Alpine Song":

With alpenstock and knapsack light,  
 I wander over hill and valley,  
 I climb the snow-peak's flashing height,  
 And sleep in the sheltered chalet—  
 Free in heart, happy and free—  
 This is the summer life for me.

The city's dust I leave behind  
 For the keen sweet air of the mountains,  
 The grassy path by the wild rose lined,  
 The gush of the living fountains—  
 Free in heart, happy and free—  
 This is the summer life for me.



## XXIX.

SUMMER VACATION IN SCOTLAND. MYSTERY OR  
PASSION PLAYS. CANIDIA. SALOME. JERUSA-  
LEM.

(1869-1871.)

Mrs. Orr says, in writing of Mr. Browning:  
“In the summer of 1869 the poet, with his sister  
and son, changed the manner of his holiday by  
joining Mr. Story and his family in a tour in  
Scotland and a visit to Louisa, Lady Ashburton,  
at Loch Luichart Lodge.”

In *Blackwood's Magazine* of December, 1867,  
is a very carefully written article by Mr. Story  
upon “Mystery or Passion Plays.” The author  
gives the definition of the word “Mystery” in  
connection with the Passion Play as coming from  
the Latin *ministerium*, and says it is equivalent to  
the Italian *funzione* and the Spanish *auto*.

Those interested in the history of this subject  
will find both pleasure and profit in reading Mr.  
Story's papers thereupon.

The date of the statue of “Canidia” is not  
known, but the intense realism of this work of  
Mr. Story's is well known. All those acquainted

with the works of Horace know Canidia, whose real name was Gratidia, as a beautiful Neapolitan, of whom Horace was enamored in the bright flush of his youth. Horace, the "not unfavored of the gods," when Gratidia deserts him, revenges himself upon her by holding her up to contempt as a sorceress, and attacks her by the name of Canidia, because her real name, Gratidia, conveyed the idea of what was pleasing and agreeable, while the new one was associated with gray hairs and old age.

It is old age that Story has so marvelously expressed in his statue. Here is Canidia the sorceress, whom the sculptor has chiseled with remnants of youth and beauty seen through the ravages of time—those wonderfully wrought wrinkles of the brow, face, neck, and skinny arms, the veins swollen with very fright at their own disfigurement. The serpent clasped tightly in her hand, the bird's-egg ornaments and the fierce, wild expression of strength and struggle, fixes "Canidia a Sorceress" in marble forever.

In 1869-1870 Salome was modeled. Salome, full of youth, beauty, and consciousness, resting in languorous ease after her dance, forms a striking contrast and foil to Canidia.

In "A Jewish Rabbi in Rome," Mr. Story says:

Hear Jeremiah speak;  
How doth the city solitary sit  
That once was filled with people! How is she







*Jerusalem.*

Become a widow, that among the powers  
 Was great, and princess in the provinces?  
 She weepeth sorely in the night; her tears  
 Are on her cheeks; and of her lovers none  
 Will comfort her. Ah, my Jerusalem!  
 That like a mourner weeping at a tomb,  
 Sits sad in sackcloth, grieving o'er the past,  
 Hoping for nothing, stricken by despair;  
 Sad, lonely stretches compass her about  
 With silence.

Jerusalem is represented by a woman sitting amid ruined walls, leaning her right arm upon a broken pillar, doubtless some part of the shattered temple, while her left hand hangs listlessly across her knee. Some one says: "She is draped as only Story's musical fingers know how to do it." Around her head is bound the traditional *talith*, the tasseled ends falling over her shoulders. On the low but powerful forehead rests the phylactery, an ornament which indicates power among the Jews. Her body is clothed in a loose, sleeveless garment, leaving the arms, throat, and neck bare. Over the knees is thrown a drapery. This work bears inspection even to the minutest details, from the fine modeling of the hands and the quiver of the nostril to the sluggish blind worm that creeps out from among the ruins, and the ivy and acanthus that clothe their sides. There seems to be no one point of view better than another; every line flows into a perfect resolution,

and even in a bad light the shadows fall into beautiful meaning.

The face, in its grief, bitterness, and despair, is a marvel of subtile expression. The eyes gaze afar off, into a mysterious and hopeless distance. We see how "Zion fallen from her high place among nations" draws up "brackish waters from the deep wells of affliction," and from the mouth drawn down at the corners we fairly listen for these words, "Do unto mine enemies as thou hast done with me for my transgression." Yet all in all it tells a tale of trouble that will not allow of words, nor needs the Latin inscription on its base, "How doth the city sit solitary," for explanation.



### XXX.

STUDIO VIA SAN MARTINO. POEM. MR. WALDO  
STORY'S STUDIO. MR. AND MRS. JULIAN STORY.

(1871-1895.)

In 1871 Mr. Story built for himself the studio No. 7 Via San Martino a Macao, just off the Piazza Indipendenza in the new quarter of Rome, and for over twenty-four years this spot was the scene of his incessant labors of "eight hours every day." "I can no more do without working than I can do without eating," he said, and truly; for when he could not work, he died.

It was here that the writer of these pages first met Mr. Story, through Miss Starr's introduction, which led the sculptor into that retrospection which unconsciously dropped many precious bits of his earliest personal life that would never otherwise have fallen from his lips. He wore, when I saw him, a quaintly picturesque costume and cap, not unlike Michael Angelo's; bits of clay clung to his garments. His smile of greeting was like sunshine, so warm and cheering was it, his gentle voice by its gracious strength giving cour-

age to the diffident. He was never too busy to show a consideration and interest far beyond what the occasion required. It is not easy to forget the radiant presence of this simple, splendid man.

His recollections of Rome, as it had been in the old papal days, were very interesting, "flavored as they were with comments upon things as they presented themselves to the poet's mind and the artist's eye, with spicy witticisms upon the changed appearance of Rome under the new *régime*. Like Ruskin, he rather thought it a deteriorating effect of civilization."

Story's studio, a suite of great barnlike rooms, and a long corridor of plaster casts, might well be called a caravansary of plastic art. It was entered from the street through a little brown, wooden doorway, with a convent bell-cord on the right. Just over the center, in the smallest of letters, was "W. W. Story," almost the color of the door, so that one must look twice to find the name. An attempt has already been made in this volume to describe the works within, but the private working room has not been touched upon. The sky windows gave the desired qualities of sculptural light, and when dimmed into twilight, taught him, he said, many lessons, discovering to him general effects which his study of detail had missed in the strong glare of open day.

Here the sculptor followed the motto of his

life, "Industry," and here could be heard the click of the busy chisels of his faithful servitors in the ante-rooms. From without came the music of falling water in the court, a garden rich in vines, flowers, and trees, and strewn with bits of old marbles, broken statues, a piece of cornice, frieze, a capital of curious carving, and other art fragments. The upper floors of this large studio the sculptor devoted to the use of his son, Waldo Story. A visit to these apartments, filled with casts, clay models in various stages of development, designs, and finished works, was a revelation of those preëminent talents which constitute genius.

Among these works may be mentioned the Rothschild fountain, a Galatea in bronze standing life-size in a marble shell drawn by Nereids, and accompanied by cupids in bronze. A double-galleried court, intended for an English country home, is in the rich style and colors of the cloisters of St. Paul's without the walls, and of San Giovanni, at Rome. Mr. Waldo Story has in progress a work of many figures entitled, "Nymphs Drinking at the Fountain of Love." There is also an equestrian statuette of Edward, the Black Prince, every inch royal in line and character.

A press notice of W. W. Story, dated November, 1895, refers to his sons as follows: "It is pleasing to see families perpetuating the qualities

which made their founders eminent. The hope of improvement in the race rests upon the possibility of such reproduction. Mr. Story's two sons are distinguished, one as a sculptor and the other as a painter."

The portrait of his father in the Oxonian cap and gown, exhibited at the Chicago Columbian Exposition, and "Mlle. Sembreuil," in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, are well-known works of Mr. Julian Story. He is now engaged in painting two portraits of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Upon July 31, 1891, Mr. Julian Story was married to Miss Emma Eames, the famous American singer. Madame Eames Story has lately been decorated with the jubilee medal by Her Majesty the Queen of England and Empress of India.

XXXI.

STATUE OF HELEN. INTRODUCTION TO WEYS  
ROME. CUMÆAN SIBYL. STATUETTES OF  
BEETHOVEN.

(1872-1873.)

A woman writes thus of a visit to Story's studio: "Passing on, you meet Helen — false, fatal Helen! What beautiful feet she has! Not pretty, but beautiful as those of old upon the mountains, who brought glad tidings. These feet are full of character. The form is not spiritual, neither is it sensuous; and the face is not noble — not the face of Electra — but the face of Helen, beneath whose still mask of fair flesh dreams war, suffering, and death. Yes, it is Helen — significant of a broken vow, a violated law, a disgraced home."

Mr. Story, writing of the artist's soul and nature, says: "The muses and the graces are the artist's friends, legends and mythology are his guests, and all are welcome who come from dreamland. Where he goes are Orient lights and hues dim with fancy, and Nature takes him by the hand to show him shades of color. They are lovers — the artist and Nature — and if he be

pledged in truth to his royal mistress his reward is certain."

Francis Wey's "Rome" has an introduction by W. W. Story, who therein expresses a few of his own thoughts as to what makes Rome the delight it is:

"The tender gradations of distance, the soft, luminous sky, the delicate light and color, and the refined and lovely atmosphere which enfolds everything with a veil of sentiment and romance, that which the heart of man feels as he wanders over the ruins of Rome or muses on the slopes of the Campagna, and which he remembers afterward as one remembers a perfume or a tone. . . . Everyone, I should think, would be glad to have a copy of this book, who loves Rome and can afford it. But I must not say more lest I arouse the envy of the author of 'Robi di Roma,' who has secretly confessed to me that he has been sorely tempted to purloin Mr. Wey's illustrations for his own work.

"W. W. STORY. ."

"To the publishers of Wey's 'Rome.'"

The Cumæan Sibyl, the *insana vates*, whom Æneas was to find when he should reach Cumæ—*Divinesque lacus et Averna sonantia sylvis*; and who *fata canit, foliisque notas et nomina mandat*.

The *Standard* of August, 1873, says of this

work: "The new statue is a most admirable and suggestive companion to the statue of her Libyan sister. They are both sitting figures, and are contrasts not so much by difference of pose as by difference of expression so singularly and successfully marked as to constitute the pair a real psychological study. In a word, the Libyan Sibyl is the embodiment of the objective, and the Cumæan of the subjective action and attributes of the mind."

The face of the Cumæan Sibyl rests upon the back of her left hand, the elbow supported by a pile of loose leaves, which in their turn lie upon a fragment of architecturally sculptured marble. Her head is bound with a fringed kerchief, tied at the back. She is draped to the hips with a pleasing simplicity of folds. The right foot and knee are drawn backward, and the right hand holds her stylus poised. On her forehead is the winged dragon, the emblem of Eternity. She is pausing for inspection; so also is her sister of Lybia. But the Cumæan prophetess seeks it from within. The Libyan seeress gazes with intently outlooking eyes into the far future. The Cumæan is watching and waiting for the interpretations of fate, which are evolving from her own world of thought and consciousness.

These years added two statuettes of Beethoven to the list of Mr. Story's works in marble. Much

might be said of the small, strong, standing figure, but nothing more appropriate than the sculptor's own words, from his poem upon the unveiling of Crawford's bronze figure of the great musician, at the Boston Music Hall in 1856:

Lift the veil! the work is finished; fresh created from the  
 hands  
 Of the artist—grand and simple, there our great Beetho-  
 ven stands.  
 Clay no longer, he has risen from the buried mold of earth  
 To a marble form, transfigured by a new and noble birth.

The other statuette represents Beethoven seated and lost in contemplation of some musical idea he is just about to transfer to the tablet in his hand. One day a musical visitor at the artist's studio wrote "Fifth Symphony" upon a piece of paper and placed it on this tablet; a gratifying incident, for this composition was the one to the idea of which Story had modeled his statuette.



XXXII.

“PHRYNE BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL.” ROMAN LAW-  
YER IN JERUSALEM. CHARLES SUMNER.

The sculptor chiseled a statue of Phryne in  
1874, and the poet writes of her and Praxiteles  
thus:

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE.

A thousand silent years ago  
The starlight, faint and pale,  
Was drawing on the sunset's glow  
Its soft and shadowy veil,

When from his work the sculptor stayed  
His hand, and turned to one  
Who stood beside him, half in shade,  
And sighing, said, “’Tis done!

“ Phryne, thy ruby lips shall pale,  
Thy rounded limbs decay,  
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail  
To bid thy beauty stay.

“ When all our hopes and fears are dead,  
And both our hearts are cold,  
When life becomes a tune that's played,  
And love a tale that's told,

“ And then, upon thy silent face,  
 Shall unborn ages see  
 Perennial youth, unfading grace,  
 And sealed serenity.

“ And strangers, when we sleep in peace,  
 Shall say, not quite unmoved:  
 ‘ So smiled upon Praxiteles,  
 The Phryne whom he loved.’ ”

“ A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem. A Plea for Judas Iscariot.” First century. By W. W. Story. 1874. This is the title of a most ingenious vindication of Judas Iscariot. This poem, in blank verse, is based upon the supposition that Judas was a worthy and trusted, though very visionary, man, having a perfect and profound faith in the all-powerful God-head of Christ, which would, when identified by the kiss of betrayal, reveal itself in the material glorification of his Divine Majesty to the utter destruction of his enemies. No such manifestation coming to pass, Judas was crazed with grief and remorse, and when the other disciples fled, he came into the judgment hall—

And with a shrill voice cried: “ Take back the sum!  
 ’Twas not for that foul dross I did the deed.  
 ’Twas not for that— oh, horror! not for that!  
 But that I did believe he was the Lord;  
 And that he is the Lord I still believe.  
 But oh, the sin! the sin! I have betrayed  
 The innocent blood, and I am lost! am lost!”  
 So crying, round his face his robes he threw,  
 And blindly rushed away.

Men recollect Story as the intimate friend of Charles Sumner and John Lothrop Motley. His father trained Charles Sumner in his boyhood; the son cultivated with the great Senator one of those friendships which only minds above the common level are capable of conceiving. •

When asked about his poem on Motley, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and of his father's fondness for young Charles Sumner, Mr. Story replied: “Both of these gentlemen were very dear friends of mine, and I venerate their memory. Both were high-minded and noble, singularly pure and elevated in their public and private lives, and eminently worthy of the highest respect and admiration of their countrymen, which they possess in the highest degree. I remember when I was a boy, the fresh, vivacious letters my father used to receive from Sumner while he was abroad. Almost every post brought one. They were full of glowing descriptions of the young man's impressions, and afforded my father the keenest pleasure in reading them. They abounded in weighty information, too, for in that day few Americans were familiar with Europe or its doings. And what a pure, unspotted life the young man led! How he realized his father's predictions of him! Let no man say a word to me of Sumner's double-dealing. The man was utterly incapable of it.”

Story's "In Memoriam" to Charles Sumner is a touching tribute to his lifelong friend. I give a few stanzas from it:

\* For years, dear friend, but rarely had we met,  
 Fate in a different path our feet had set.  
     Space stretched between us, yet you still were near,  
 And friendship had no shadows of regret.

A vaster sea divides us now — a stretch  
 Across whose space we vainly strive to reach,  
     Whose deeps man passes never to return,  
 From whose far shore there comes no human speech.

Gone? What is gone, and whither has it fled?  
 What means this dreadful utterance — he is dead!  
     What is this strange mysterious tie called Life,  
 That bindeth soul to sense by such slight thread?

At least your noble thoughts can never die;  
 They live to stir and lift humanity —  
     They live to sweeten life and cheer us on;  
 If they are with us, surely you are nigh.

That full sonorous voice, whose high-strung key  
 Was tuned to Justice and to Liberty —  
     That sounded like a charge to rouse the world  
 From the deep slumber of its apathy.

Alas! how idle are the words we say!  
 How poor the tribute on your grave we lay!  
     Nor praise nor blame shall cheer or trouble more  
 The parted Spirit or the insensate day.

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\* Page 324 of *Blackwood's*, September, 1874.

### XXXIII.

#### STATUES "ALCESTIS" AND "LEAR." TRAGEDIES "NERO" AND "STEPHANIA."

(1874-1876.)

"Alcestis" is the statue of which Mr. Story tells that he completely changed the position of its head from that of its model. One who has seen this marble writes: "Story's themes are oftenest classic or heroic. You find Alcestis in his studio just as she returns from the shadowy world, whither she went a noble voluntary sacrifice for her husband. The dawning wonder on her sweet, high-bred face, as she finds herself again on earth, is finely expressed, and you would like to make her acquaintance, because such women are rare."

Mr. Story's studio has been called "a pantheon of humanity," where one sees the great of all ages transfigured with a deep and unwonted meaning by the hands of genius. The undying offspring of the artist's love, of his zeal, perchance of his grief, stand before us radiant with perennial life: Lear defying the storm and hurling back upon its fury the white surges of his

own passion and despair; Beethoven, the Jove of music, shaking harmony from his lion locks; and Jerusalem, whose sad star of sorrow has never set.

Another writes thus of Mr. Story's versatility: "Story always had the true author's gift with ink that flows to suit his fancy or his will." Perhaps there is no better proof of these words than the variety of subjects upon which he may be said to have written successfully. In 1875 he produced the tragedy of "Nero," which he himself calls "a closet drama," meaning, not strictly a stage play. In it the author neither curtains nor intensifies the crimes of the characters, nor the horrors of their situation, but in all truth gives them their proper value before the world.

Save to his personal friends or to those who were especially interested, Mr. Story seldom spoke of his own works. To the public at large, or to the simply idle or curious, he would say: "I do not care to speak of my work. It is done, good and bad, and I prefer, like all artists, to let it speak for itself."

The tragedy of "Stephania" was written and privately printed in 1876. Of this, Mr. Story himself says:

"It is surprising to me that the subject has never been seized upon before, though to be sure it is scarcely familiar. All readers of early Italian history, however, know it, and as for me, it has

always filled me with the most stirring interest. The plot is simple, too. When the Emperor Otho came down to Rome, he besieged the Consul Crescentius in his castle, but was unable to dislodge him. Finally he promised that if Crescentius would give up his castle, he would permit him and his followers free passage through the imperial lines to a place of safety. The consul accepted, came out in good faith, and was immediately seized upon and hung upon the battlements by the young, fiery, and unscrupulous Otho. But Otho was immediately afterward seized with the direst remorse, and undertook all means of expiation.

"Among those who came to him was Stephania, the wife of the murdered consul. She came in the disguise of a man; her object was to kill her husband's murderer. Otho fell in love with Stephania, made her his mistress and promised to raise her to the throne. She stayed her hand from his murder, promoted by ambition. He grew tired of her, married a Greek princess, and died before she could accomplish her revenge.

"The historical natures of the two principal parties are full of suggestion. Both Otho and Stephania were filled with the intensest and most contrary passions, and these, with the occasion given for their exercise, give the dramatist a fine field. It is an acting play—it has human interest attaching to it."

## XXXIV.

### MARRIAGE OF MR. STORY'S DAUGHTER.

On the 7th of February, 1876, Mr. Story gave his only daughter, Edith Marion, in marriage to Marquis Simone Peruzzi di Medici, of that old Florentine family whose name, historic through centuries, had been further distinguished by the art of Baldasare Peruzzi, and of Giotto, who immortalized it in the chapel of the Peruzzi, in the church of Sante Croce, Florence, was well bestowed on the daughter of such an artist as Story.

Of such artists as Giotto, Story wrote :

The seeking heart alone shall find  
The germs in Nature's bosom hidden,  
And to the loving, prayerful mind  
The shape of beauty comes unbidden.

But happiest is his peaceful part  
To whom the lofty task is given  
To plant within the field of art  
The seeds that blossom up to heaven.

So Giotto's tower seems a florescence of the shepherd boy's nature culminating in the art that "blossoms up to heaven" in the Piazza del Duomo of fair Florence.



XXXV.

VISIT TO AMERICA—BOSTON, NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA. LECTURE. SOCIAL COURTESIES. WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

(1877-1878.)

Mr. Story's reception on his visit to America in 1877 was an ovation from his many friends and admirers. Of the event the Boston *Herald* speaks as follows:

“After an absence of twelve years, Mr. W. W. Story has returned for a brief period, and has been staying with a friend on Beacon Street. All the Boston gentlemen of the old *régime* remember him as the son of Judge Story, about whom Wendell Phillips never tires of talking. Mr. Story has reputation enough to be remembered by all. With some he is known as the poet who sings sweetly, with others he is proudly remembered as one of the first American sculptors. His judgment and ability as a musician are excellent. He is, as it were, a modern Michael Angelo.

“He is perfectly acquainted with London,

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Paris, Rome, and Florence, but he says with the utmost simplicity: 'This is one of the most beautiful cities in the world; and to think of it! where we are now sitting (199 Beacon Street) was little better than a morass when I saw it before.'

"When asked as to matters of art in Italy, Mr. Story replied: 'It is a great subject—my head is full of it. For twenty years I have been in Italy, chiefly in Rome. I am acquainted with all the artists, more or less, and am familiar, to a greater or less extent, with all the movements in art, its growth and development. Since Rome has become the capital of Italy, she has become more and more an art center. There is a thorough spirit of art preservation, too; the excavations that have been made have resulted in the recovery of many interesting objects which have been carefully preserved by the numerous archæological societies.'"

In these societies Mr. Story was himself a prominent factor, giving lectures from time to time. His name, in fact, was listed for one during the spring before his death. Speaking of art and artists in the Eternal City, he remarked:

"I should say by all odds that Rome is the best place artists or sculptors could visit. The influence of the Spanish school of painting is being strongly felt, particularly among the Italian artists

who have caught its bold, dashing effects and brilliant colorings. Fortuny, the late lamented artist, was a noted exponent of this school. He had not a long life, and his success only came toward its latest years. Of the French school, Henri Regnault, also dead, was perhaps unsurpassed."

Regarding his plans, Mr. Story said:

"My friends have urged me, since my return, to prepare and deliver a lecture on the subject of art here, and I intend to do so in the course of two or three weeks, if I have time. I am going away now to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington."

A most cordial welcome was extended to Mr. Story in his native city. Private houses and the club-house doors were thrown wide open to him, the Union and the Somerset clubs taking the lead.

In New York, where new honors and pleasures awaited him, his arrival was noticed as follows:

"Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor, is stopping at the Brevoort House. With him is one of his sons, a young man of twenty-two, who visits his father's country for the first time. Mr. Story has two other children, one a student of Oxford, England, and the other a daughter, who is married and settled in Florence. Mrs. Story is in Rome.

“He is a man in the very prime of life, full, to all appearances, of health, fire, and vigor. He is rather above middle height, robust and round, but not heavy in figure, quick and nervous in manner, flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes, a fine mass of gray hair crowning a solid forehead, thick mustache and imperial. The gray mustache curls constantly with laughter when he talks. Mr. Story, in speaking, made unusual use of the English language, permitting his voice to fall at periods, as in nature it should do, putting in abundant emphasis and intonation.”

This is a pen picture of the poet-artist at the age of fifty-six years. At seventy he preserved much the same appearance. Of a later visit, in 1882, Colonel Higginson writes:

“I met William Story at Brattleboro, Vt., on one of his last visits to this country, and never saw a man so young at his age; he had all the vivacity of his early days, and went off on an all-day shooting expedition like a boy. This was what I had always heard of him, but the reality went beyond my expectation.”

A New York friend says:

“He was pleased and delighted with the strides of progress and marvelous improvement of the great New World, and expressed himself so with all the enthusiasm of youth. This is what he said:

“‘You ask me if I find anything to please me. I find *everything*. Dear me! what strides have been taken since I was here. The houses have been pushed way out into districts that I never dreamed would be anything else than country forever. I didn't know Boston at all; it is a new city since I saw it last. I find on every hand matters to wonder at and admire.’

“He was quizzingly asked if he referred to art and architecture, and replied: ‘Why, yes, I think Americans have great capabilities for and appreciation of art. You can not expect creative art to spring up full-fledged. I haven't seen the “Indian Hunter” of Randolph Rogers. I understand it is an excellent group, and I mean to see it. Rogers' little things are charming—charming.’”

In November, Mr. Story received the following letter:

“WILLIAM W. STORY, ESQ.

“DEAR SIR: We hear with pleasure that you have thrown into the form of a popular lecture your views of art, and the conditions of its successful development. As we have no doubt that such a lecture would have both interest and value for the public of this city, we hope that you may find it convenient during your present brief visit to New York to make arrange-

ments for delivering it here; and we are very truly,

“Your obedient servants,

“BAYARD TAYLOR,

“JOHN JAY,

“H. W. BELLOWS,

“ALBERT BIERSTADT,

“FREDERIC E. CHURCH,

“S. L. M. BARLOW,

“HENRY C. POTTER,

“MARSHALL O. ROBERTS,

“WM. H. APPLETON.

“NEW YORK, November 5, 1877.”

Mr. Story's answer was as follows:

“GENTLEMEN: I have just received your letter of to-day, in which you are kind enough to express a desire that I should read to the public of New York a lecture embodying my views of art and the conditions of its successful development.

“I feel highly flattered by this request, to which I readily accede, hoping that I may be able to say something on the subject which may be of interest.

“I have the honor, gentlemen, to be

“Your obedient servant,

“W. W. STORY.

“BREVOORT HOUSE, New York, November 5, 1877.”

The New York *World* of November 15th thus describes the audience which greeted the lecturer:

“Chickering Hall overflowed to Mr. Story last evening, upon the occasion of his ‘Lecture on Art,’ and included in the large audience were many well known and distinguished people of the city, whose quick intelligence and liberal culture put them in full sympathy with the lecturer.”

The lecture was in part as follows:

“I propose, in the hour we spend together, to carry you back of the world of work into the world of art, to transport you to Greece and Italy — of the imagination, not those of prose and fact. These names are the symbols and watchwords of art.

“Transfigured against the dark background of history, the art of Greece and Rome blaze with splendor. Their policies and wars pale in the light of art. Marathon itself is dimmed by the side of the Parthenon. The lives of Sophocles and Euripides still live to stir us, and the Zeus of Phidas, though it has perished, stands a tower and lighthouse in the domain of art to cheer and point our career.

“So it is in the Renaissance in Italy. What are the dukes and doges, the captains and mighty men, in comparison with the peaceful figures in the reign of art?

“What was Leo the Great or Lorenzo the Magnificent in comparison with Michael Angelo and Raphael? What are the leaders of the Republic without Dante, whom they drove into exile? Princes and leaders of the republic are dust, and the merchants' gold has vanished, except that which is preserved by art; a hundred powerful names remain only through statues made by artists, and none else. They are the Renaissance.

“The beginning of art is easy. As the artist advances, the horizon becomes larger; the higher he ascends, the more precipitous the cliffs rise above him. He never reaches the summit which does but dwarf all below him, and opens the view to nobler heights above. To keep up that enthusiasm is to hold the keys to success. The tendency of the age is to rest satisfied with its attainments, and thus it falls into mannerisms. Nature never gives; she exacts strict pay. Everywhere there is a desperate wall to bar progress. Early facility is often mistaken for genius. Indomitable will constitutes four-fifths of genius. Easy reading, as Sheridan said, is very hard writing. If creative power be wanting, nothing great can be accomplished.

“The character of art varies with the conditions of every country. Art never flourished under despotism, but only under the auspices of



liberty. It was at the culmination of liberty in Greece that, suddenly, art burst into flower with a splendor never before seen.

“Transplanted to Rome, art was an exotic. Adrian sought to found a Roman school, but Rome, as Rome, produced no great artists. At the Renaissance, the republics of Italy were alive with free ideas, out of which sprang noble creations of art.

“In corrupt ages art is the handmaid of luxury, not the interpreter of religion.

“The question which is the higher, painting or sculpture, is a vain one. Sculpture is at once more positive and the more ideal. Nothing can save it from being commonplace except its ideal character.

“We must clear our minds of the idea that art is an illusion. Art is never false, but scrupulously true; it should be the master, not the slave.

“A servile imitation of nature results in nothing. The great vice of modern art is its over-fidelity to literal details.

“Art is not a low, idle trade, as practical men sometimes insist. Rightly followed, nothing is nobler and higher. What better object in life can a man have than an occupation that lifts the soul, transfigures nature, and makes beauty a daily friend, while it adds to the pure enjoyment of one's fellow-men?

“What is the use of art? you will ask. What is the use of the flower, of a glorious sunset, the light and shade of a distant mountain? God might have made the world blank and gray; but how would the spirit be fed? He might have made the world without love and poetry. To man without this sixth sense, how dull this world must be! Use, forsooth! What is the use of anything?

“Art requires the severest training of work, work which is the demigod of this world.

“The pleasure of success is a great stimulant, not success in point of money, though some money, of course; for the saying of Goldsmith applies: ‘For he who lives to please must please to live,’ but success in point of achievement. A single flower of praise to the living genius is worth a hundred garlands on the tomb. And blessed are those who praise us while we live.

“No perfect work was ever made, or ever will be made. Success is a relative term. It is not victory but the battle that delights.

“There are two kinds of art. One is the handmaid of ignorance. It follows where Plutus nods. It is of the earth earthy. God save us from such art! But there is another kind which has the face and shape of an angel and the form of the gods. It is the sister of religion. It calls its followers to a great mission. It is the interpreter of the high

and pure. Its material is humanity. One is the drudge of the temple; the other is its priest and hierophant."

Mr. Story had invitations to read his lecture on Art in New Haven, in Syracuse, and elsewhere. As a consequence of his Washington lecture, Mr. Story was summoned before the Committee on Public Buildings to give his views regarding the Washington Monument. The event and the design requested of him are described thus:

"Mr. W. W. Story, the artist, gave his views to a Senate committee yesterday, in regard to completing the Washington Monument in its present shape, and also in regard to the building.

"The original design was never looked upon with much favor by persons qualified to pronounce judgment as to its merits. Those who have been aware of this fact were not surprised to hear that Mr. Story, when consulted by the Committee on Public Buildings, advised them to abandon the idea of completing it as originally designed. He thought the plan might be modified so as to make the work an ornament to the city. He deserves special thanks for having emphatically condemned the proposition to use the present structure as a base for a statue of Washington.

"We believe the nation has now escaped the

peril of having that structure made a huge specimen of American bad taste.

“TUESDAY, December 14, 1877.”

The following letter conveys the request of the committee:

“UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER, January 7, 1878.

“MR. W. W. STORY.

“DEAR SIR: At a meeting of the Joint Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, December 5, 1877, a resolution was passed requesting Mr. Story to furnish model and plan for the completion of the Washington Monument.

“I send you this abstract of the record of the committee at the request of Senator Morrill.

“Respectfully yours,

“GEO. W. WALES,

“*Clerk Senate Committee.*”

In consideration of the above request Mr. Story, upon his return to Europe, forwarded a design made by him; also these remarks quoted from the public press:

“In making the design, which I have forwarded to Mr. Morrill, I have founded it upon the existing fabric, having understood that it would be worse than useless to make a design which would not take into account and utilize what had already been done. The monument as it stands I

took as the core of my structure, encasing it with the colored marble in which America is so rich, and changing its character into a tower with a portico at its base. In front of this porch, or rather beneath it, I placed a colossal statue of Washington within reach of the eye, so that it could be seen in all its details as the commanding feature of the front. On the opposite side I proposed a statue of 'Liberty,' achieved by Washington for his country, and on the two sides great bronze doors figured over with the principal events of the Revolution, and the portraits of the distinguished men of the period, the coadjutors of Washington. 'Fame,' on the top of the tower, in gilt bronze, the spiritual essence of life; he himself, at the base, the corporal presence."

There followed some correspondence upon this subject, but upon investigation it was found that the Committee on Public Buildings had pledged themselves beyond recall to the monumental work already in progress—an Egyptian obelisk—between which and George Washington it is difficult to discover any connection whatever. When standing in its meaningless presence, it is melancholy to think what might have been intelligently done to the honor and glory of the Father of his Country in the name of the American people.

Upon Mr. Story's return to New York from his trip to Washington he became the recipient of a

delightful tribute of affectionate regard from one of his old Salem friends; a press account of it is as follows:

“A Christmas Eve reception to Mr. Story, December 24, 1877.—The lower floors of the Brevoort House were turned last night into the likeness of a great private mansion. A temporary marquee, guarded by polite but wide-a-woke policemen, was erected at the Eighth Street entrance, and from ten o'clock onward the street was crowded with carriages bringing up in rapid succession the representatives of the fashionable, the financial, literary, and even the political world of New York to pay the homage of their admiration and respect to an artist who, not less by the simplicity and amiability of his character than by the versatility of his genius, has done his country lasting honor and built himself a name which Americans will not willingly let die.

“The opportunity which was thus seized upon to show Mr. Story how high a place he holds in the esteem of his fellow-citizens was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Shillaber, now residing at the Brevoort House, who issued, more than a week ago, their invitations to a farewell reception in his honor.

“Mr. Shillaber was a schoolmate of Mr. Story's in boyhood, in Salem, Mass., and they spent much of their time together during the artist's visit in

New York. Mr. Shillaber is a cousin of B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington), of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

“The publication yesterday morning in *The World* of a careful sketch of Mr. Story’s new tragedy of ‘Stephania,’ with copious extracts, added greatly to the interest of the occasion; and one of the earliest arrivals was the venerable patriarch of American poets, Mr. William Cullen Bryant, who had much to say in his most felicitous way of Mr. Story’s latest contribution to American letters.

“Among the guests were Bayard Taylor, ‘Sam’ Ward (the brother of Julia Ward Howe, and the ‘King of the Lobby,’ as he is sometimes called), Mr. Charles O’Conor, Mr. Abram Hewitt, Governor Tilden, and others. Among the ladies were the daughters of two well-known poets—General George P. Morris and Samuel Woodworth, the authors respectively of ‘Woodman, Spare That Tree,’ and ‘The Old Oaken Bucket.’”

The sculptor sailed for Europe shortly after this date, carrying with him delightful remembrances of the old friendships renewed and new friendships to be continued throughout his life.

Mrs. Lew Wallace has written of him recently: “It is said that the duration of a man’s friendships is the measure of his worth. The gracious power of making friends was laid, with other

ancestral gifts, in his cradle. From the highest to the lowliest, his friends never dropped from their allegiance."

It is pleasant to note that the honor which Mr. Story received in the New World was a well-spring of joy and of pleasure to his Italian friends.



## XXXVI.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. IN MEMORIAM. CASTLE  
ST. ANGELO AND EVIL EYE. CLYTEMNESTRA.

(1877-1878.)

In speaking of John Lothrop Motley, Mr. Story says: "He was my dear friend. I am familiar with his mind. I was acquainted with the very current of his thoughts. We met frequently in Europe. He was one of the noblest men I ever beheld. I saw him in London after his removal. Said I, 'How did it happen?' He replied, sadly, 'You know as much about it as I do.' This removal, which occurred when Mr. Motley was our minister to England in 1870, was held by his friends to be wholly unwarranted, and proved a sad blow to the brilliant author of 'The Dutch Republic.'"

In the October number of the *Atlantic*, 1877, is a poem written by Mr. Story upon Motley's death. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes included it in his "Memorial of John Lothrop Motley," together with one stanza of William Cullen Bryant's upon the same subject. The following lines are taken from Mr. Story's tribute:

## JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

IN MEMORIAM.

Farewell, dear friend! For us the grief and pain,  
 Who shall not see thy loving face again;  
 For us the sad yet noble memories  
 Of lofty thoughts, of upward-looking eyes,  
 Of warm affections, of a spirit bright  
 With glancing fancies, and a radiant light,  
 That, flashing, throws around all common things  
 Heroic halos and imaginings:  
 Nothing of this can fade while life shall last,  
 But brighten with death's shadow o'er it cast.  
 Ah, noble spirit, whither hast thou fled?  
 What dost thou amongst the unnumbered dead?  
 Oh, say not 'mid the dead, for what hast thou  
 Among the dead to do? No! rather now,  
 If faith and hope are not a wild deceit,  
 The truly living thou hast gone to meet—  
 The noble spirits purged by death, whose eye  
 O'erpeers the brief bounds of mortality—  
 And they behold thee rising from afar,  
 Serenely, clear above time's cloudy bar,  
 And greet thee as we greet a rising star.

Mr. Story modeled a bust of this friend, so well beloved by him.

It was in 1877 that "Castle St. Angelo" and "The Evil Eye" were published by Chapman & Hall, London, and also in Philadelphia. Of this volume *The Academy* of August 18, 1877, gives the following notice:

"A book by the author of 'Roba di Roma,' on a subject so rich in associations as the old mauso-

leum of Hadrian, could not be otherwise than intelligently written. Mr. Story has, however, not confined himself to a merely circumstantial statement of that alone which, strictly speaking, belongs to the history of this monument, but has rather made it the nucleus or center around which to group some account of the political condition and contentions of the factions of Rome during the Middle Ages.

“The second part is an essay on ‘The Evil Eye.’ It is a work of considerable research, and is altogether a valuable addition to our knowledge of this branch of folk-lore. The history of the superstition has been well illustrated, with abundant references to the Greek, Latin, and Italian writers.”

Mr. Story, on being asked, “Which do you like the better, your chiseling or your writing?” replied:

“I love them both; I can put my whole heart into either of them. I am a pretty rapid worker on my marble, though I am a careful one—that is to say, I finish minutely. When I have my idea and lay my chisel to the work I can’t bear to stop. I feel an utter enthusiasm about the thing, and am eager to have it out. I work my models with great care, and finish them perfectly. I suppose I might let the stone be cut by other hands if I could find other hands to suit me; not but what

they would copy my model accurately, but I do not feel bound to copy my model. Don't you see how much freer I am than they could be? If I want a line different—a blow, and there it is. Sometimes I have my model's head quite turned when my marble is completed. 'Alcestis,' which is my last completed work, has a head as unlike her model as you can think, though the model is scrupulously finished. 'Clytemnestra,' upon which I am engaged at present, is another which I have changed as fancy has led me, while the chisel has been in my hand. I can't bear to be bound by settled lines before I have begun. If I wished, half-way, to change 'Medusa' into 'Venus,' I should do it. I follow my own bent and believe my work is better for it. I could not work in any other way. I hate perfunctory labor."

A saying of Mr. Story's was: "Sculptors profess much admiration for my writings," and he would add with a quizzical smile: "Poets amiably admit that my great talent lies in my sculpture." But another said of him: "The world generally held that he had won preëminence in both fields."

The "Clytemnestra" referred to above is represented life-size, standing with folded arms after having committed the murder of her husband, Agamemnon. Her gaze is fixed upon the husband whom she has slain, and her face is expressive of

intense hatred, undying revenge, and awful joy; she is not sorry, she is glorying in the deed.

From the pen of a gifted writer comes the following words on Story's originality: "In their power to idealize truthfully lay the charm of the Greek sculptors and architects. Their ruined temples at Pæstum are to-day immortal music in stone, and the American sculptor, Story, in my mind, has made the nearest approach to the ancient Greek inspiration in marble of any modern artist. Not by imitating them, for I do not remember one copy of an antique statue in his studio, but within his own brain he creates his ideals; then inspiration follows every stroke of the chisel that embodies them in the Italian whiteness.

"Thorwaldsen has been called the Greek renaissance in sculpture, but to me his genius is emphatically Norse. His Norse statues are true children of the Vikings; but in his restorations of the Greek sculpture at Munich, one fatally perceives where the Greek ends and the Norwegian begins, and would rather Ajax had forever gone without a nose than be compelled to wear one of a diminutive Thor. You can not patch one with the other. Thorwaldsen's fauns are copies of Greek fauns. Norway never had any fauns; but its own divinities are as worthy."

XXXVII.

“GIROLAMO DETTO IL FIORENTINO.” POEM, “A  
DREAM.” SALEM ODE. LEGION OF HONOR.

(1877-1878.)

This first-named poem might have been called Disillusioned. While not claiming to be more than the general experience of successful artists, it tingles all through with the truth of Mr. Story's life:

\* While I believed I was strong, I was;  
Self-conscious now, I look around and pause,  
Hindered in all I do by doubts and fears.  
Success! yes, while you stinted me with praise;  
The work is good, altho' the world delays.  
Once I compared it with the world's neglect,  
And proudly said, 'tis better than they see;  
Now I behold it tainted with defect  
In the broad light of what it ought to be.  
Fame seemed, when out of reach, how sweet and grand!  
How worthless, now I grasp it in my hand!  
The glory was the struggle, the affray;  
Victory is only loss.

Oh, not alone a name  
Allures me, something higher, far, I claim,

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\* *Atlantic Monthly*, Volume 39, page 554.



Not yielding a half unwelcome,  
 A meaningless, cold embrace.  
 I felt the long vanquished rapture  
 Auroral above us stream;  
 We loved as we loved at twenty.  
 I woke — it was all a dream.

For the celebration of the fifth half-century anniversary of the Landing of Gov. John Endicott, Mr. Story wrote a poem which was noticed as follows:

“After an exquisite reading, by Mrs. J. Hornslow West, of Mrs. Hemans’ beautiful hymn, ‘The Breaking Waves Dashed High,’ a poem by William Wetmore Story, the sculptor, entitled ‘A Voice from the Old World from One of Salem’s Sons,’ was delivered by Prof. J. W. Churchill of Andover.

“A pen picture of the landing of Endicott, the stern colonial governor, and his company, the gentle lady Arabella Johnson, and the savage Samoset, was admirably drawn; and then, coming down to the bi-centennial fifty years ago, the poet referred to that event and to those who took part in its exercises, and who now were gone.

“He paid a tribute to the eminent jurist, Judge Story, and gracefully remembered the other representatives of the grand old Salem families then present. A severe comparison was finally drawn between the simple honesty of the days of Endicott and these later days of office-seekers, corrupt leg-



islators, and the bulls and bears of the money market, and a strong and eloquent appeal was made to the sons of Endicott and the Puritans to save the Republic from foundering.

“A party was presented as the dangerous enemy of America. A stern rebuke was given to those who, hanging back as too busy to attend to the life of the Republic, allow corruption to gnaw at its heart, and an appeal was made to the young men to come forward and make the future record of the Republic fair, white, and pure.

“The poem closed with a beautiful tribute to Old Salem, which was pictured as an old dame sitting in quiet peace, and reading the page of the honored youth’s bright name, proud of her past career.

“The poem was one of the finest productions of the occasion. It was elegantly and chastely written throughout, and finely delivered.”

In the year 1878, after returning to his home in Rome, Mr. Story was named American Commissioner of Art to the Paris Exhibition of that year—a position which he filled with such credit to his country and himself, and courtesy to France, that he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor by the French Government.

## XXXVIII.

\* ORIGIN OF THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE. STATUES —  
“SARDANAPALUS,” “LORD BYRON.”

From Mr. Story's papers on “The Origin of the Italian Language,” the following is quoted: “The question as to the origin of the Italian language has been much discussed by philologists, among whom there has been considerable conflict. Some have insisted that modern Italian is a corruption of the ancient Latin by the so-called barbarians by whom Rome was overrun; others have maintained that the change of Latin into Italian was effected by the gradual influence of the various dialects of the provinces into which Latin was introduced by conquest, an influence not essentially northern, but rather southern in its character. A third view has been taken, supported by Aretino, Cardinal Bembo, and Cesare Cantù.” He (Story). “holds that modern Italian is the ancient Latin vernacular, or *lingua rustica*, not changed essentially, but simply modified by time and accident. Italian was spoken in Rome while Latin was a

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\* *North American Review*, Volume 127, page 97.  
(210)

living language. Language is like a living tree, which grows and develops new forms, but does not change its vital structure and character. The language of a people is too deeply rooted in all its habits of thoughts and life to be driven out by conquerors and invaders. Each country absorbs its conquerors and changes their language into its own. Modifications they undoubtedly effect.

“The Roman dialect is, of all the Italian dialects, nearest to the ancient Latin. Latin continued to be the literary language of all the world. As early as the eighth century the Italian dialect clearly appears. In the year 1063 is a document which is in clear Italian, showing that the language was already an established one. Latin was in Rome the language of the educated classes. Is it not far more probable that the Italian was an affiliation or modification of the *lingua rustica*, represented in writing according to the vulgar pronunciation? The Italian language in its present form does not appear in writing and documents before the eighth century. Yet suddenly, upon the revival of letters, it burst forth complete and almost perfect. Surely this indicates that it had long existed in the common speech of the people.”

“Sardanapalus,” the king of luxury and indolence more than of Assyria, over whom Byron has thrown a glow of poetical romance, was modeled

by Mr. Story in 1879. The sculptor has represented this effeminate monarch as sitting with every evidence of his royal tastes and uselessness about him. Truly he could have been in no more perfect toilet to leave them all when Myrrha, the Greek slave who was to perish with him, exclaimed, as she applied the torch to fire his palace: "Lo, I've lit the lamp that lights us to the stars." These words of the poet who became famous in one night, bring to mind a most attractive statuette of George Gordon (Lord Byron), modeled by Mr. Story. To the magnetic face and fine throat the sculptor has added the expression with which his subject might have contemplated the Hellespont or Mont Blanc.

### XXXIX.

“A ROMAN HOLIDAY.” “A LAY CONFESSIONAL.”  
(1879-1880.)

In this article \* Mr. Story tells us that Rome's “Old customs and costumes are wearing away daily. The Rome of to-day is no more like mediæval Rome than Pasquin, with his rubbed-out features, is like Lorenzo di Medici. But in the mountains there is little change; the same habits, customs, and dresses which charmed the traveler hundreds of years ago survive to delight the artist and form subjects for his canvas.

“I know no better way of presenting them to you than to give you a few notes of a little excursion which, in the spring of 1857, I made with four friends, and I offer these simply as a card of introduction, and you can verify or contradict my statements by going over the same ground.

“It was early in the morning of the 28th of April, before the sun had dried the grass, that two horsemen — I beg pardon! a large cabriolet, drawn by two stout horses with bells on their necks and

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\* *Atlantic Monthly*, Volume 43, page 135.

cockades on their crests — might have been seen passing through the Porta San Giovanni. This was the carriage which our party, consisting of five persons, had hired to take us as far as Frosinone."

Since Mr. James Russell Lowell made one of this party, it is perhaps admissible to quote from "Fireside Travels" what he says of Mr. Story's ideas of bodily transportation: "Mr. Edelmann Story is not fond of pedestrian locomotion; nay, I have sometimes thought that he looked upon the invention of legs as a private and personal wrong done to himself. I am quite sure that he inwardly believes them to have been a consequence of the fall, and that the happier pre-Adamites were *monopeds*. A carriage with horses and driver complete, he takes to be as simple a production of nature as a potato."

Now we will let Mr. Story continue: "The day was charming, with a warm sun and cool air. *Contadini* stopped plowing with their great gray oxen, to lift their hats to us, and we interchanged '*Buon Giorno*' with them and with Nature." And so on the excursion abounds in delightful and interesting experiences from which only stray sayings can be given. "At Val Montone we lunched, or rather pretended to lunch, for the wine was so sour, and the food so bad, that we soon had enough without getting a feast, thus

disproving the old proverb." Mr. Story gives this living picture of a "troop of pilgrims from the Abruzzi":

"This roused even the enthusiasm of Orso and Carlo, who cried out, 'That is what poets and painters, and romantic travelers, who never can be trusted, lead us to imagine we should see everywhere in Rome.'" After having rested the night he resumes: "By five o'clock we were up, and engaged a *carretta* with a little rat of a horse to take us over to Alatri, which is celebrated for its remarkable Pelasgian remains, and for the beauty of its women. Campo was more interested in the former, and I in the latter. Neither of us were disappointed. The men are as handsome as the women — even the old women looked like Fates. There is probably no more perfect specimen of Pelasgic construction to be found in Italy. 'They were built by the gods,' said our guide, and so in truth they looked. Glancing into the church of San Sisto he says, 'Rows of women were kneeling there, with their great white paniers on their heads, picturesque and strangely Egyptian. For contrast two bonnets were seen above them, looking exquisitely vulgar among those imposing head-dresses.'

"Before we left we did our duty as travelers. Surrounded by wandering men and boys, we read in a loud voice the pages of Murray, in which

the place is described, and they appeared to prefer it to the Mass that was going on in the church."

On page 273 begins a description of the site of Cicero's Arpenum Villa, thus: "The little islands that the two rivers embrace, he might fairly call 'The islands of the blessed.' Now came the *ciociare* costume, and we took the occasion to transfer one or two of these figures to our sketch-books." Then follows the arrival at, and description of, San Germano and the old feudal castle. He then says: "About a mile beyond may be seen the old monastery and church of San Domminico Avate, the scene of the saint's death. This old monastery has claims on our gratitude, too, for here was preserved, during the darkest of the Middle Ages, many a valuable manuscript, which the monks, in the intervals of praying, copied and illuminated. At present there are but few remaining in the library of the monastery."

In conclusion Mr. Story speaks of passing through "The little village of Aquino, the birth-place of Juvenal, and the 'angelic doctor,' St. Thomas Aquinas."

After this they turned their faces homeward. "We were on the Campagna of Rome; our little excursion was over."

This little sketch\* is very briefly and modestly

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\* "A Lay Confessional," *Blackwood's*, July, 1880.



described by its own letter of introduction, which is as follows:

“THE BOX, Monday Evening.

“DEAR E: You are always interested in studio life and incidents, and as I have no news to tell you, instead of writing you a letter I have sketched an experience of this morning, and thrown it into a dramatic form, thinking it may amuse you. Don't try to guess the persons, and do not be deceived by its form into supposing it to be a play. It is only a series of scenes, without beginning, middle, or end — with only the unities of time and place, and perhaps a certain likeness of character, to recommend it, but making no pretense to completeness, and being purely fragmentary and episodal. Do not be disappointed that it ends in nothing. So many things do in real life. Ever yours most faithfully,

“VICTOR HELPS.”

As his name indicates, Victor Helps gives excellent advice and consolation, if not absolution, to two fair, confiding feminine friends, each of whom have made of his studio “A Lay Confessional.”

XL.

A JEWISH RABBI IN ROME.

(1880.)

“A Jewish Rabbi” is something after the style of “A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem.” Some brief quotations from the poem are as follows :

Rabbi Ben Esdra to his dearest friend,  
Rabbi Ben Israel, greeting. May the Lord  
Keep thee in safety !

No more preamble, I am now in Rome,  
Where our Jehovah rules not, but the man  
Jesus, whose Life and Fate too well we know,  
Is made a God, the cross on which he died  
A reverend symbol, and his words the law.  
His words, what were they? Love, good will to men.  
Well, are they followed? That's the question now.  
Thus looking on, and striving as I can  
To keep my mind wide open to new thought,  
I weave my dream of what the world might be,  
A vague wild dream, but not without its charm.  
Nothing was new in Jesus's scheme but this,  
To make Community a fact—no dream.  
(Comment.)

And scarcely this, say I, Ben Israel,  
Commenting on this letter. We of old  
Among the patriarchs ever practiced it.

And well it worked, till, into cities packed,  
 Men grew ambitious;  
 And then confusion came to one and all  
 The good in every age affirms the same,  
 Solon, Confucius, Plato, Thales, all  
 Flee greed, choose equal rights, Meander says,  
 When Greece made question of her wisest men,  
 "What is the best form of government?"  
 Thales replied, "Where none are over-rich  
 None over-poor;" and Anacharsis said,  
 "Where vice is hated — virtue revered."  
 So Pittacus, "Where honors are conferred  
 But on the virtuous;" and Solon, too,  
 In thought if not in words, like Jesus spoke,  
 "When any wrong unto the meanest done  
 Is held to be an injury to all."  
 So also Solomon, "Remove me far  
 From vanity and lies; and give to me  
 Nor poverty nor wealth;" . . . .

Would Jesus's plan succeed? The world thus far  
 Has taken another path. We, most of all,  
 Believe not in him, nor in his scheme;  
 But dreaming, . . . .

At times I stretch my mind out into the vague,  
 And seek upon this plan to build a world,  
 What glory might the world then see! What joy!  
 What harmony of work! What large content!  
 No war, no waste of noble energies,  
 But smiling peace, the enlarging grace of art;  
 Humanity a column with its base  
 Of solid work, and at its summit crowned  
 With the ideal capital of Love!  
 This is a dream that turns this world of ours  
 Quite upside down; I'll say no more of it.

And yet one word more, lest you deem me fool!  
 Think not I dream; none but a fool could dream

Equality of rights; that is the claim  
 To justice, life, food, freedom in the bound  
 Of common benefit, involves the claim  
 To equal virtues, powers, intelligence,  
 Since God in these unequal shaped us all,  
 And fitted each one for his special end.  
 So should the wise, just, virtuous take the lead,  
 For what more fatal, hopeless, than a scheme  
 Where wise and good, and fool and knave alike  
 Own equal powers and rights in government?  
 But how secure the leadership to those  
 Whom God hath made for leaders? Ah, my friend,  
 That is the question none hath e'er resolved;  
 My work is almost done for which I came  
 And soon I hope to see you all again.  
 Greet all my friends—Rebecca, Ismael,  
 And all your dear ones. Peace be with all.

— From *Blackwood's Magazine*, November, 1880.

XLI.

\* "DO YOU REMEMBER?" VALLOMBROSA. MR.  
BROWNING.  
(1880-1881.)

UN BACIO DATO NON E MAI PERDUTO.

Because we once drove together  
In the moonlight over the snow,  
With the sharp bells ringing their tinkling chime,  
So many years ago,

Enough is the joy of mere living,  
Enough is the blood's quick thrill;  
We are simply happy, I care not why,  
We are happy beyond our will.

And jingling with low, sweet clashing,  
Ring the bells as our good horse goes,  
And tossing his head from his nostrils red  
His frosty breath he blows.

And closely you nestle against me,  
While around your waist my arm  
I have slipped — 'tis so bitter, bitter cold —  
It is only to keep us warm.

We talk, and then we are silent,  
And suddenly, you know why —  
I stooped — could I help it? You lifted your face,  
We kissed — there was nobody nigh.

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\* *Atlantic Monthly*, Volume 45, page 18.

And no one was ever the wiser,  
 And no one was ever the worse;  
 The skies did not fall, as perchance they ought,  
 And we heard no paternal curse.

I never told it — did you, dear?  
 From that day unto this;  
 But my memory keeps, in its inmost recess,  
 Like a perfume that innocent kiss.

Vallombrosa,\* as the Italians say it, seems music; and as Mr. Story writes of it, means all that appeals to poetical imagination, for he takes Milton for his text, and begins thus:

“In the latter part of last October I found myself in the lower slopes of the Apennines, on the shadowy hills of Vallombrosa. Its very name, which Milton has made familiar to English ears, has a poetic and romantic attraction; and wherever it is pronounced, there rises in the memory his famous simile of the innumerable legions of angelic forms

Who lay entranced,  
 As thick as autumn leaves that strew the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa, when the Etrurian shades  
 High overarched embower.

“But of the many who know by heart these magical lines, how few there are to whom Vallombrosa is more than a sounding name, suggesting

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\*Originally published in *Blackwood's*, and in book form by Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1831.

at best some vague place in the ideal realm of dreams."

Farther on he tells that he had been invited by a friend (whom he does not name as his daughter, the Marchesa Peruzzi) "to pass a few days with her and her family," at her country place, which was once a stronghold and hunting box of the Medici, situated in one of the most lovely regions of the large tract which bears the name of Vallombrosa. He laments the loss of the two tall towers which once flanked the building, and its earlier castellated form. He tells us that the famous convent is but three miles off. He takes us through the great forest depths of shade and its bits of sunlight shimmering through; where the poet might find "singing brooks," the artist a "wealth of innumerable autumn leaves over which there hovers an undefined mysterious charm of unreality," and the peasant, chestnuts, berries, and faggots, for his winter's store of living. Story gives interesting glimpses of the simple joys and sorrows of these poor people, whose gentle and enduring existence seems crossed and crowned in the one word *pazienza!* He shows us views from splendid heights of distant, misty Florence, and calls up its emperors, popes, poets, scholars, and saints, who, like Rembrandt's pictures, answer from the shadowland in the order of their times and their claims upon the substantiality of this

world. In these wanderings and the home life here, his grandchildren were his dear and constant companions, he himself being as young in heart and as full of glad spirits as any one of them.

Writing of Mr. Browning, Mrs. Orr gives this from his Venice letter of September 24, 1881: "Next day we took stock of our acquaintances, and found that the Storys, on whom we counted for company, were at Vallombrosa, though their two sons have a studio here."



## XLII.

STATUE OF CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL. GROUP,  
CENTAUR AND NYMPH. METROPOLITAN MU-  
SEUM FELLOWSHIP. STATUE, ORESTES.

(1882.)

On Story's return from America, in 1882, he modeled a colossal statue of Chief Justice Marshall. It is now in Washington, D. C. The feeling that inspired the sculptor in this work is finely expressed by his own pen:

But as the bell, that high in some cathedral swings,  
Stirred by whatever thrill, with its own music rings,  
So finer souls give forth, to each vibrating tone  
Impinging on their life, a music of their own.

"Things of art," Mr. Story says, "snatch nature's graces from the hand of time." "Great Pan is dead," and yet he lives in art, in myriad forms from Jupiter to the Centauri. Mr. Story has varied the usual ideals of that people of Thessaly by putting a nymph instead of the customary cupid in a centaur's company, thus expressing perhaps the gentler and more refining influences

of the human over animal nature. "For women," the sculptor says, "should be made of swan's-down and velvet, and nothing else." Thus it follows that their association brings such effects in the artist's mind.

A letter from Mr. Henry G. Story of Brooklyn, N. Y., a member of that family, states that "W. W. Story was made an honorary Fellow for life of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City; his name first appears on the list dated December 31, 1882, for that year."

In 1882 Story modeled the statue of Orestes, the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, who is rescued from his mother's dagger to avenge his father's death upon her. "Struggle at rest," the sculptor says, "is antagonized by repose in action." The following lines on "Orestes" illustrate the artist's conception:

How beautiful the night! How calm and deep  
 This sacred silence! Not an olive leaf  
 Is stirring on the slopes; all is asleep—  
 But see! Half hidden in the columned shade,  
 Who panting stands, with hollow eyes dismayed?  
 Aye, 'tis Orestes! We are not alone.  
 What human place is free from human groan?  
 Look! When he listens, dreading still to hear  
 The avenging voices sounding in his ear;  
 Ah, vain the hope to flee from Nemesis!  
 He starts, again he hears the horrent hiss  
 Of the fierce Furies—as they come,  
 Behold him with that stricken face of doom

Fly to the altar.

“Save me!” he cries; “Apollo! hear and save;  
Not even the dead will sleep in their dark grave.”  
See! the white arm above him seems to wave.

Sleep! sleep, Orestes! let thy torrents cease!  
Sleep! great Apollo grants thy prayer for peace.

### XLIII.

MARRIAGE OF MR. STORY'S OLDER SON TO MISS  
MAUD BROADWOOD. RECLINING "CLEOPATRA."  
POEM, "CLEOPATRA." STATUE, "MIRIAM."

(1883-1884.)

Those who have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Waldo Story can understand what true delight the poet-artist took in the following announcements:

"Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Story have the honor to announce to you the marriage of their son Waldo to Miss Maud Broadwood."

"Mr. and Mrs. T. Capel Broadwood have the honor to announce to you the marriage of their daughter Maud to Mr. Waldo Story.

"Celebrated at the American Church, St. Paul's, Rome, April 25, 1883."

The publication of the sculptor's letters will reveal how truly beautiful this association became to him; for, indeed, he always said that this gracious lady "did everything exactly right." Mrs. Waldo Story was the granddaughter of Alfred Hennin, the distinguished jurist of New Orleans. Her father was an Englishman.

The second Cleopatra is as beautiful as creative genius and the pure white marble can make this sovereign and woman. Egypt's queen is represented by a glorious female figure half reclining in languid grace upon a couch of slender design, delicately finished with lotus flowers in low relief. A tiger's skin is half thrown across its center, the fine head and claws lying flat on the floor as foreground. A soft, full cushion of Eastern stripes and silken texture supports the elbow of her superb arm, upon which is the serpent-bracelet that bars "with a purple stain." Her head, entwined with the mystic *uræus* or basilisk of sovereignty, rests upon her folded hand. Her face is full of beauty, intelligence, and sorrow, while passion seems fairly to ebb and flow through the splendid form, across which some priceless gauze is thrown.

Some years ago a friend asked Mr. Story how it came that his poem upon "Cleopatra" and his first statue of this character did not altogether harmonize. The question set him to thinking, and the result of this thinking became "Cleopatra" the second.

A few stanzas from his poem "Cleopatra," prefaced by some lines from his "Marcus Antoninus," may give the best practicable understanding of this magnificent marble:

## MARCUS ANTONINUS.

What is honor, prudence, interest,  
 To the wild strength of Love? Oh, best of life,  
 My joy, hope, triumph, glory, my soul's wife,  
 My Cleopatra! I desire thee so  
 That all restraint to the wild winds I throw.  
 . . . When I think of her  
 My soul within my body is astir!  
 My wild blood pulses, and my hot cheeks glow;  
 Love with its madness overwhelms me so—  
 Oh, for the breath of Egypt! The soft nights  
 Of the voluptuous East. The dear delights—  
 Oh, for the wine my queen alone can pour  
 From her rich nature! Let me starve no more  
 On this weak tepid drink that never warms  
 My life blood; but away with shams and forms!  
 Away with Rome! One hour in Egypt's eyes  
 Is worth a score of Roman centuries.  
 . . . Tell her till I see  
 Those eyes I do not live—that Rome to me  
 Is hateful—tell her—Oh! I know not what—  
 That every thought and feeling, space and spot  
 Is like an ugly dream, where is she not.

## CLEOPATRA.

DEDICATED TO J. L. M.

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets,  
 They bar with a purple stain  
 My arms; turn over the pillows—  
 They are hot where I have lain;  
 Open the lattice wider,  
 A gauze o'er my bosom throw,  
 And let me inhale the odors  
 That o'er the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony  
 And in his arms I lay;  
 Ah, me! the vision has vanished—  
 The music has died away.

. . . . .

Ah, me! this lifeless nature  
 Oppresses my heart and brain!  
 Oh! for a storm and thunder,  
 For lightning, and wild, fierce rain!  
 Fling down that lute—I hate it!  
 Take rather his buckler and sword,  
 And crash them and clash them together  
 Till this sleeping world is stirred.

. . . . .

Leave me to gaze at the landscape  
 Mistily stretching away,  
 Where the afternoon opaline tremors  
 O'er the mountains quivering play;

. . . . .

I will lie and dream of the past time,  
 Aeons of thought away,  
 And through the jungle of memory  
 Loosen my fancy to play;  
 When, a smooth and velvety tiger,  
 Ribbed with yellow and black,  
 Supple and cushion-footed  
 I wandered where never the track  
 Of a human creature had rustled,  
 The silence of mighty woods  
 And fierce in a tyrannous freedom  
 I knew but the law of my moods.

. . . . .

Come to my arms, my hero,  
 The shadows of twilight grow,

And the tiger's ancient fierceness  
 In my veins begins to flow.  
 Come, as you came in the desert,  
 Ere we were women and men,  
 When the tiger passions were in us,  
 And love as you loved me then!

Mr. Story used to say, smilingly: "Cleopatra was a tiger, you know, before she was a woman."

Rest absolute is death; rest relative alone  
 To nature must belong; the soul must on and on.

So seems "Miriam," singing her song of triumph as she came from the sculptor's chisel in 1884.

"There is 'Miriam' of the grand Old Testament singing her song of triumph and praise, standing with uplifted arm; she is an inspiration as she is inspired."

"Miriam" compels admiration and pleasure; with the magnetism of pure joy, her enthusiasm seems alive, and serves to prove the truth of the sculptor's own words, that "Artists must enchant people as poets do; and nature in art is never good until it is enchanted by the soul of the artist."



## XLIV.

### PETITION OF ROMAN-AMERICAN ARTISTS.

(1885.)

During the visit of a friend to the sculptor's studio the following conversation took place:

"Mr. Story, about how much money does your statue of Christ represent?"

"I ask \$8,000 for it."

"Then, as you are an American artist, there would be no duty added to this amount?"

"Duty! duty! there should be no duty on the works of any artist. Why, you know I drew up a petition a few years ago upon that very subject. It was signed by the American artists here in Rome, and was sent on to Washington, where it is now awaiting the attention of our Government."

The petition referred to best explains itself. It is given in part as follows:

"ROME, June 15, 1885.

*"To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled.*

"This petition showeth: That we, the undersigned, artists and students of art, in Rome, beg to

call to the attention and consideration of Congress the petition hereto appended and addressed by them to the late Congress during the past year, and earnestly to renew their petition that the duty of 30 per cent imposed upon works by foreign artists should be repealed.

“If this duty be levied for the purpose of revenue, we submit that it is not required by our country nor justified by any necessity.

“If it be levied for the purpose of protection of American artists, we submit that they are opposed to such protection. . . . They consider it to be at variance with their personal interests, as well as with the general interests of American art, and to be as injurious to the public at home as it is irritating and offensive to artists and governments abroad.

“The published statistics plainly prove that, since the enactment of this duty, the sales of works of art by American as well as foreign artists have declined. . . . The application of the principle of protection to products of art is, in our opinion, a serious mistake, if not an absurdity. The protection of American manufacturers may enable us finally to produce at home work of an equal, or even of a superior, merit to that executed by foreign nations, and so similar as scarcely to be distinguished from it; but no amount of protection will enable an American artist to produce works

similar to those of any foreign artist, or undistinguishable from them. Manufactures are one thing, Art is another. The character and value of a work of art depends upon the individual genius and ability of the artist himself, and this can neither be transferred to another, nor can he be deprived of it by any law or any prohibition. By weighting with heavy duties the works of the great masters of the past, such as Titian or Tintoretto, or by virtually prohibiting the works of modern masters, such as Fortuny or Millet, Meissonier, or De Nittis, we make no step toward creating in our own country new Titians, Tintoretts, Fortunys, Millets, or Meissoniers. On the contrary, by preventing the free introduction of their works we deprive our artists at home of opportunities of study, comparison, and training; we force them to go abroad for their education, and, under the pretense of helping them, we burden them with difficulties. And not only the artist is thus injured, but the public also suffers, and art is handicapped.

“Art is in itself an education, a benefit, a delight, and a refining influence that no great nation can forego. . . . It is claimed as an excuse for this duty that art is a luxury, and therefore should be taxed. Is it not rather a necessity for every great nation? . . . It was the pride and glory of Assyria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome

in ancient days, and has survived their civilization, their dynasties, and their religion. It was the crowning splendor of the republics and cities of Italy during the period of the Renaissance, and it is cherished, nurtured, and fostered by all the great nations of to-day in Europe as essential to the highest civilization of every country. . . . Through every grade and condition of life it is welcomed and greeted and desired — for the craving for something artistic and ideal, the desire for beauty, the necessity for some influence to lift the heart, gladden the home, and change the current of merely worldly thought, is everywhere felt. . . . There may be only a colored chromo, or there may be a Raffælo on the walls, but everywhere there is something. This universality proves, then, that art is a necessity for human life, and not merely a luxury for the rich. . . .

“Where, then, draw the line? Where lay the tax? Only on the best and highest, because they are costly, and therefore a luxury for the rich. . . . No man can consume his picture or statue. Hundreds and thousands must see it, many in their homes, more when it is publicly exhibited, as it is sure to be, and gain from it stimulation, delight, and instruction. If art be a luxury, so is education; but what nation ever dreamed of laying a tax on education?”

“This tax strikes at the best works of the best

artists abroad even more fatally than at the commonest and cheapest, whereas our policy should be especially to encourage the importation of the best. The less we have of the best the worse for us all. Will excluding the works of the ablest foreign artists induce anyone with knowledge to content himself with poorer work, simply because it is cheaper or executed at home? No! It will prevent him from buying at all. If so, too, our education in art must be through second, third, and fourth rate works, and our knowledge and taste must suffer, the general interest in art decline, and the artist and the public alike be degraded.

“Again, art ramifies everywhere into industry. It opens a field for labor in a hundred directions. It finds its way into manufactures, and tissues, and designs. Where shall we put our hands on it and say, ‘Thus far and no farther shall art be free’? Rather, in the spirit of a great people, let us welcome it, however, and from wherever it comes, not grudgingly and with weights and taxes, but gladly and with outstretched arms, and so shall we afford a larger field for the genius of our people to work in, and glorify the commonest products of our industry and manufactures by the element of beauty.

“We, as American artists, proud of our country, confident of its future, and jealous of its honor

and credit, are opposed to all special privileges and discrimination in our behalf. We ask no protection, deeming it worse than useless. Art is a universal republic, of which all artists are citizens whatever be their country or clime. All we ask is that there should be a free field and no favor, and the prize adjudged to the best.

“WILLIAM W. STORY, *President*.

“DWIGHT BENTON, *Secretary*.

“EUGENE BENSON,	LOUISE LAWSON,
“CAROLINE CARSON,	EDMONIA LEWIS,
“CHARLES C. COLEMAN,	RANDOLPH ROGERS,
“JOHN DONOGHUE,	EDGERTON S. ROGERS,
“M. EZEKIEL,	ALMA J. BOYER,
“A. FREEMAN,	WILLIAM A. SHADE,
“R. S. GREENOUGH,	FRANKLIN SIMMONS,
“C. C. GRISWOLD,	WALDO STORY,
“WILLIAM HASELTINE,	LUTHER TERRY.
“ALBERT E. HARNISCH,	J. ROLLIN TILTON,
“GEORGE H. HALL,	LUELLA M. VARNEY,
“CHAUNCEY B. IVES,	ELIHU VEDDER,
“H. D. IVES,	A. O. WILLIAMS,
“E. KEYSER,	M. E. WILLIAMS.”

## XLV.

STATUES OF EZRA CORNELL AND WILLIAM CULLEN  
BRYANT. KEY MONUMENT.

(1885-1886.)

A visitor once remarked to Mr. Story: "You have been a busy man, sir." The reply was: "Yes; I could not live without work. During my four months' vacation I am away from Rome in the country, but in all that time I am busy with my pen. For my part I never had to learn application—perhaps that is the reason I talk of it so glibly. I really don't know which time is my vacation—whether that which I spend in the city with my marble or that which I spend in the country with my foolscap. I love both occupations. They are both play and work, too, for me; that is the way we should always construct our employments. Have them half work and half play—work to give them earnestness and to drive them through, and play to make them graceful and fill them with attractions."

It was in 1885 that Cornell University commissioned Story to execute a bronze statue of Ezra

Cornell, the founder of that institution of learning. It is a recumbent portrait statue lying in state of cap and gown, much after the manner of mediæval scholars, bishops, and knights, and now rests in the chapel of the university at Ithaca.

The year 1885 also found Story modeling a colossal statue of the poet William Cullen Bryant; and in connection with Bryant's name an incident that occurred in the sculptor's studio in Rome comes to mind. It was upon the occasion of a visit there by the writer, in company with a Washington woman whose husband had been for many years a dear friend and editorial associate of Bryant's. As the curtain was drawn aside from the passageway entrance to the long room of casts, the lady started and turning to her companions, exclaimed, "Why! that's Mr. Bryant! What a speaking likeness!" indicating the poet's figure of heroic size in plaster.

Story's face flushed with pleasure at this instantaneous recognition from one who had known the author of *Thanatopsis* so long and so well.

That this model has never as yet been rendered in marble is much to be deplored.

A cutting from the *Epoch* of September 9th gives this notice of "The Key Monument":

"It is a singular fact that little has been written concerning Francis Scott Key, the author of 'Star Spangled Banner.'



“It seems also strange that, although nearly fifty years have passed since his death, no outward expression of honor has been given to the writer of our national hymn previous to the gift of James Lick, who bequeathed \$60,000 for the erection of a monument to Key in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

“For two years Mr. William Story, the American sculptor and author, has labored in its construction. The chosen material is of travertine, a calcareous stone of a reddish-yellow hue, light and very porous. Its durability has been well tested, for the Colosseum and portions of St. Peter’s Cathedral in Rome are built of this material.

“The monument is fifty-one feet in height, and consists of a double arch, with pillars at each side, resting upon a heavy quadrilateral pedestal, with four bas-reliefs, each four feet in height. This pedestal rests upon three broad steps which form the base. Under the arch is a figure of Key. Instead of modeling him in a frenzy of excitement, Mr. Story has treated the subject with more simplicity, representing the poet in an attitude of thought, as he sits in a stone chair with his head resting on his right hand. Upon the entablature over his head are the words, ‘Star Spangled Banner.’ Surmounting the monument is a figure of ‘America’ standing upon a block of marble, having

a bronze eagle at each corner, typical of her foundation, Liberty.

“Her left hand rests upon her hip, which is drawn slightly forward, while with her right hand she clasps the flag.

“The pose of the figure is heroic and full of national pride, and the expression of the face thoroughly imbued with the enthusiastic spirit of the song. This figure is eight feet in height, while that of Key is slightly above life-size. A verse of the poem is inscribed upon one of the bas-reliefs.

“With respect to the origin of the poem, it may be said that Key witnessed the attack on Baltimore by the British forces, being detained as a prisoner on board of a ship during the engagement. Owing to the position of the ship the flag at Fort McHenry was distinctly seen through the night by the glare of the battle, but before dawn the firing ceased and the prisoners anxiously watched to see which colors floated from the ramparts. Key's feelings, when he discovered that the Stars and Stripes had not been supplanted, found expression in ‘The Star Spangled Banner.’

“On arriving in Baltimore he finished the lines, which he had hastily written on the back of a letter, and gave them to Capt. Benjamin Eades. Seizing a copy wet from the press, Eades hastened to the quaint old tavern next to the Holli-

day Street Theater, where the actors assembled to watch the citizen defenders go through their daily drill. Mr. Key had directed the printer to print above the song that it was to be sung to the air of 'Anacreon in Heaven.'

"The verses were first read aloud by the printer and, on being appealed to by the crowd, Ferdinand Durang mounted an old-fashioned rush-bottomed chair and sang the words for the first time, all present joining in the chorus. The song rapidly sped through the United States and became familiar everywhere."

XLVI.

“FIAMMETTA.” GROUP, “INTO THE SILENT LAND.”  
AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP. PRESS NOTICE OF  
MR. STORY.

(1886.)

In 1886 Mr. Story brought out “Fiammetta” — a summer idyl. It was published by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, and dedicated as follows:

“To my wife and daughter,

“Emelyn Story and Edith Marion Peruzzi:

“This little story, which was written during the summer at the Lago di Vallombrosa, I read to you on three beautiful mornings, as we sat under the shadow of its whispering pines. You thought well of it — too well, I fear — and encouraged me to print it. To you, therefore, I dedicate it, with my truest love, and in memory of those happy summer days in the ‘Etrurian Shades.’

“W. W. STORY.

“ROME, October, 1885.”

In the dedication of “Fiammetta” one discovers how Mr. Story’s quiet days at Vallombrosa were filled with inspiration and delight. “Under the shadow of the whispering pines,” and associ-

ated with those so dear to him, he gave a gentle yet stirring lesson to that world of artist-folk who each year leave the Eternal City to sleep in her summer's heat, and seek beyond her walls and wide campagna refreshment for the body, heart, and the imagination.

“Into the Silent Land,” says a writer of that time, “is a group exquisitely ideal. A beautiful soul, just passed from earthly life, walks away to the Elysian fields in the companionship of an angel who folds one strong arm about the stranger, and the long white wings, symbolical of new-born power, are acceptable and lovely.” It might be called the eternal youth of Joy and Peace.

A letter in the *Home Journal* throws a search-light upon Mr. Story's personal feeling as to his American citizenship :

“In the course of a brief critique upon Story's ‘Proportions of the Human Form,’ through misinformation the writer of the article was inadvertently betrayed into a remark which did injustice to the patriotic sentiments of Mr. Story. We accord to the author the space to correct this impression, and explain his position with the greatest pleasure:

“ROME, November 26, 1886.

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Home Journal* :

“I have just received a copy of the *Home Journal* for the 24th of October, containing a very

friendly notice of my work on the 'Proportions of the Human Form According to a New Canon,' in which the writer states: 'Mr. Story, the author, is an American, and son of the great American jurist; he is now in Rome, but is a subject of her majesty, Queen Victoria. Upon being asked once why he gave up his American citizenship, he answered that he was recognized and patronized by Englishmen and denied by his own countrymen. He very naturally became a resident of that country when his professional ability was acknowledged.'

"The writer of this paragraph has inadvertently made a statement which, in all respects and in all details, is utterly without foundation. Far from having renounced my American citizenship and become an English subject, I am as warmly attached to my country as ever, as ready to stand by her in her success as I was to aid and defend her by word and pen, as far as in me lay, during that momentous struggle for liberty and union which she maintained with such heroism, determination, and fortitude. Now that she has passed through that fiery ordeal of civil war—coming forth from it stronger, more firm of purpose, and higher of resolve than ever, more prosperous at home and honored abroad—my faith and my pride in her are strengthened and confirmed.

"I was born an American and I shall die an

American. Were it true that I am denied by my countrymen (which I hope is not the case) it would be a paltry reason for renouncing my allegiance to my country. I am not 'a resident of that country where my professional ability was acknowledged'; and, grateful as I ever must be to England and Englishmen for their prompt, liberal, and generous recognition of all I have done, or endeavored to do, I can never forget that I am an American.

"Your obedient servant,

"W. W. STORY."

From *Vanity Fair*, October 10, 1895, is the following: "The artistic colony of Rome had its acknowledged and honored leader in the person of William Wetmore Story. He was a man of presence, manner, and accomplishment. On the occasion of one of his rare visits to England in 1887, the University of Oxford accorded him an honorary D. C. L."

## XLVII.

STATUE OF CHRIST. POEM, "IO VICTIS."

(1886-1887.)

During the years of 1886-7 Mr. Story was engaged upon the model for his colossal "Christ," which someone has called "his matchless and magnetic Christ, the grandest idealization of Divinity, moved with the tender compassion for tired and tried humanity. It is a most powerful sermon in stone, and if placed in a Christian temple where the light might fall full upon it, no word of preacher nor song of choir would be needed to draw men to the feet of the loving, tender Master, who uttered the most significant invitation ever given — the invitation that is carved deep into the marble pedestal: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

Our Lord stands a solemn, white, beautiful presence, clothed in the oriental costume of an Arab Sheik, the costume of His country and His time, which includes even the head covering, and, so far as is known, is its first appearance with Him in sculpture.



Wilford Scawen Blunt, who married a granddaughter of Lord Byron, and lives a part of each year on the outskirts of the desert near Cairo (himself the author of many charming poems), loaned to Mr. Story the Arab robes which were used as the draperies of his Christ.

From the head-drapery to the feet these garments fall and flow in fine sacerdotal folds. The poise of the whole figure is patrician. The full forehead, deep-set eyes, the slender and slightly aquiline nose, which alone suggests the Hebraic origin, the delicately formed but strong mouth, which is not hidden by the light, pointed beard, and the beautiful long-fingered hands, slightly uplifted—all express the divine intelligence, compassion, and love which His words, "Come unto me," voiced over 1800 years ago, and will continue to voice for all time, a Godlike understanding of human sufferings and human needs. Intellectual expression in his statues has ever been conceded as one of the strongest points in Story's art; and this powerful representation of Our Lord in marble appeals most touchingly to those of whom the artist has written as *Real Victors*, though vanquished, in his poem called

#### IO VICTIS !

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of  
Life—

The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-  
whelmed in the strife—

Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim  
 Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,  
 But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,  
 Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;  
 Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,  
 From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day  
 With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,  
 With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus — its pean for those who have won —  
 While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun  
 Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet  
 Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat,  
 In the shadow, with those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there  
 Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,  
 Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win  
 Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;  
 Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;  
 Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight — if need be, to die."

Speak, History! who are Life's Victors? Unroll thy long  
annals and say —  
Are they those whom the world called the victors — who  
won the success of a day?  
The Martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Ther-  
mopylæ's tryst,  
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates?  
Pilate or Christ?

“It is a beautiful piece of marble, is it not?”  
said Mr. Story one day to a friend whom the  
query aroused from a reverie before his “Christ.”  
“And just to think that this statue and that Cleo-  
patra,” waving his hand toward his last work of  
that name, “came out of the same block! strange,  
was it not? The marble was an unusually perfect  
piece.” The friend answered:

“Close company, sir, for such characters, but  
not so strange, since this coincidence has its proto-  
type, as a matter of fact, in the uncrowned ‘Mag-  
dalen’ centuries ago; but what is strange, sir, is  
that two such characters could be summoned from  
this little marble world by the same human brain,  
and be by it endowed; the one speaking with the  
supremacy of the Spirit Divine, the other with  
the supremacy of human flesh and blood.” At  
this answer Mr. Story turned away in silence,  
and when he came back there was the quiet smile  
of the satisfied upon his strong, fine face, as he  
changed the subject. He had taken his “flower  
of praise”—so he called genuine admiration—

from a very plain little woman, and placed it in his heart's keeping under the seal of silence, feeling that in doing so he was best understood.

One day there visited the sculptor's studio three Americans, one of whom was a handsome and very bright young married woman from Washington, D. C. The usual stroll was taken through the different rooms, and Mr. Story, after his habit, with natural and justifiable pride, called special attention to some works of his son, Waldo Story—the beautiful reliefs of the Rothschild country-seat, Tring Park, England. After these figures of light and air had received their due praise from all, the party returned to take a last look at the "Christ" and the new "Cleopatra." Extending her hand to bid Mr. Story good-by, Madam C— looked very solemn. She then placed it upon her bosom, and looking directly at the sculptor she said:

"I feel it all in my heart, right here, Mr. Story—I can not say one word."

Story would have been more or less than man had he not also felt what she could not say in his own heart.

## XLVIII.

“THETIS AND ACHILLES.” FESTIVAL OF BOLOGNA  
UNIVERSITY. HONORS AND DECORATIONS.

(1887-1888.)

A cultivated woman writing from Rome of her visit to Story's studio, says:

“Many of the finest creations in his studio I can not now recall by name, but one group is indelibly impressed upon my memory. It is called ‘Thetis and Achilles.’ The goddess mother, Thetis, is seated, holding in her arms the child Achilles. It is a study in Homer and nature. What the poet sang as he perceived it in nature, the sculptor has clothed in form. You may spend as much time demonstrating that there was never any such person as Thetis as you please, but Homer will never be demonstrated out of existence. Science is essential, but she is the handmaid, not the sovereign; and Professor Tyndall himself admits this joyously when he writes of the ‘Scientific Uses of the Imagination.’ And I saw lovely Thetis this morning rise from the waves — not with the scientific, but with Homeric eye of

the imagination. What is art but a means of culture? True art is a teacher, silent but persuasive and permanent. What is \$10,000 for a matchless group of statuary, speaking the love of the ancients, suggesting undying possibilities for the future, and mutely telling every child that passes by of that fair Greek land where life and art and law rose into clearer light than ever before or since upon earth?

“Thetis points to Pericles, and Pericles tells of an eloquence seldom vouchsafed by the gods to mortal man. What else can lift you so high? A statue may be eloquent; so may a building; so may a silent, noble life, unselfishly lived for the benefit of others.”

“The memorable Otto-centenary Festival\* of the University of Bologna, held on the 11th, 12th, and 13th inst., was brilliant and successful throughout.

“The great function of Tuesday was the reception of the delegates and presentation of addresses in presence of the King, Queen, and Minister of Education (Bosselli) in the Archiginasio—a magnificent scene. Some twenty selected delegates presented their addresses, with short speeches in Italian, French, Latin, and Greek, the most warmly received among whom were, Professor Hoffman of Berlin and Professor

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\*From the *Athenæum* of June, 1888.

Story of the Washington Academy (son of the famous judge), who spoke in excellent Italian.”

From the *Nation* of July, 1888, is this notice:

“To return to *Bononia Alma Mater Studiorum*. Seldom has there been seen such a picturesque gathering of learned men as that which met on the morning of June 12th in the courtyard of the university. After the King and Queen had entered the Archiginnasio and had been received by the professors . . . the representatives of foreign universities presented their addresses of congratulation. . . .

“The leaders of deputations made brief addresses, among which that of Mr. W. W. Story was one of the most felicitous, accentuating the fact that America as a civilized country was but half as old as the University of Bologna, and that to Italy we owed both our discovery and our name. As the names of the laureates were called out, each man walked up to the foot of the platform, bowed to the sovereigns, had the great doctoral ring passed on and off his right forefinger, and received the congratulations of the rector, together with his illuminated diploma, from which hung, inclosed in a silver case, the great wax impression of the university seal.”

It was in December, 1888, that the description of “*bononia ducet*” fell from Mr. Story’s own lips. His face lighted up with a glow of its rich

remembrance while he spoke of the festal decorations of flags, banners, garlands, and life in the galleried streets and open piazzas of this old town with its two leaning towers. He dwelt briefly enough upon his own honors and gave generous length to those of others.

In Italy Mr. Story was Commendatore of the Corona d'Italia, member of the Academia della Sta Cecilia, and member of the Society of the Arcadians. In America he was a member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and, as Mr. Henry M. Brooks writes, "Mr. Story was made an honorary member of the Essex Institute in 1887."



## XLIX.

“CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO.” STATUE, “NEMESIS.” MEDALLION OF THEODORE PARKER.  
SHELLEY'S BUST

(1890-1892.)

The New York *Tribune* printed the following notice of this work, which was published in Boston, in 1890, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.:

“Mr. Story's conversations are entirely free from any suggestion of artificiality, and so much the more interesting and impressive. There is, too, something for everybody in these delightful gossiping dialogues, and not a little which will be new to most readers, as, for instance, the information about the prices brought by paintings and statues in antiquity.

“One of the most interesting of the discourses is upon the ancient pronunciation of Latin. Mr. Story holds that in all probability the modern Italian comes nearer to it than any other. Nothing can be sounder than his remarks on the English pronunciation of Latin; moreover, he observes that the church Latin must be very old,

and that naturally it would undergo fewer changes of pronunciation than the vulgar speech. There is force in this consideration, and the whole argument, copiously illustrated as it is by specific examples, will repay careful perusal. The following little piece of evidence concerning English Latin is very much to the point:

“‘At the last council in Rome to declare the dogma of infallibility, bishops were gathered from every part of the earth, and the language they adopted was Latin. English Latin was, however, quite unintelligible, and the representatives from England were forced to use the Italian pronunciation in order to be understood. They might as well have talked Choctaw as English Latin.’

“We despair at any attempt to recount the variety of topics broached and considered in these truly interesting studio talks, for they embrace the lightest and the gravest subjects, and range from the fashions of the day to the problems of life.

“No more attractive mode of presenting the views of a thoughtful artist upon ‘things in general’ could have been devised. The pretty and convenient little volumes can be taken up at almost any moment, and, opened almost anywhere, will unfailingly afford entertainment, suggestion, and information.”

The winter of 1891-2 found Mr. Story working over the clay of a tall, solemn figure. Many and

close were the folds that shrouded her somber form, and her deeply-hooded head, and stern, shadowed face, down to the narrow pedestal upon which the figure stood. The gray light of clouded afternoons filtered through the sky-windows of his private work-room, adding just that ghostly dimness needed to complete this embodiment of gloom, thus described by Mr. Story:

Oppressed by pain, by grief subdued,  
I close at night my weary eyes,  
When in the dubious twilight dim,  
Betwixt reality and dream,  
The awful shape of Nemesis —  
The absolute — before me stood.

Her hands within her robes involved,  
And folded square upon her breast,  
Immovable, in perfect rest,  
From sight of human eyes concealed  
The dread decree of Fate she held,  
By time and death to be resolved.  
Severe was she in mood and mien,  
Like one who never saw surprise;  
Who, deaf alike to love and hate,  
Or joy, or fear, impassionate  
Decreed the doom — decreed the prize —  
Inexorable, yet serene.

This statue has never yet been put into marble or bronze, but has remained in the ungrateful plaster stage.

"An interesting ceremony took place in the cemetery at Florence this afternoon — the old Protes-

tant cemetery, in the Viale Principe Amedio — and was the scene of a pathetic act. It was the occasion of the unveiling of the new tombstone erected over the grave of Theodore Parker, the famous American philanthropist, orator, and divine.

“The new stone is of white marble with a medallion of Parker and an inscription in letters of red bronze. It is the work of Mr. W. W. Story, the distinguished American sculptor, and was a labor of love, Mr. Story declining to receive any remuneration. The fund with which the new monument was paid for was raised mainly through the efforts of Mr. Theodore Stanton of Paris.”

The orator of the day was the Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, formerly United States Minister to Greece.

Mr. Story also chiseled a bust of Theodore Parker. Writing of a visit to the sculptor's studio, a brilliant American said:

“And Theodore Parker's head is there — the great emancipation preacher, whose battle-cry invoked freedom for soul and body. Of all the busts of Parker I have seen, this by Story is the only one which, without destroying the likeness, idealizes the face sufficiently to do justice to the man who was an incarnate conscience. Conscience crudely portrayed is unattractive, but tinted with poetic fire it kindles the world. Parker was not a poet, but only a poet could represent him.”

The year is omitted in the date of the following press notice of Shelley's bust:

“The bust of Shelley, which was placed in Upper School in June and has been presented to the school by some old Etonians, among whom may be mentioned, besides the Prime Minister, two poets, Algernon Swinburn and Robert Bridges. It is the work of Mr. W. W. Story of Rome, who had executed a bust in plaster many years ago.”

The following extract from a letter lately written by the sculptor to one of the subscribers may be of interest:

“I have always been a great admirer of Shelley's poems, and I determined to try my best to make a bust which should not only conform to the portraits now existing of him, but also to the descriptions of his expression and features given by his friends. The portraits are not satisfactory, and acknowledged not to be by those who knew him, and the problem was to reconcile them with the descriptions by his friends. All these representations I carefully examined and endeavored to interpret. I knew Leigh Hunt very well; he often described Shelley's appearance to me, as did, among others, Severn and Landor.”

With such assistance Mr. Story modeled the bust of the poet, which, even in the ungrateful plaster, seems alive with Shelley's poetic soul.

L.

MICHAEL ANGELO. PHIDIAS AND THE ELGIN  
MARBLES. THE ART OF CASTING IN PLASTER.  
CONVERSATION WITH MARCUS AURELIUS. DIS-  
TORTIONS OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, AS IN MAC-  
BETH. ROBERT BROWNING.

(1891-1893.)

“Excursions in Art and Letters,” by William Wetmore Story, D.C. L. (Oxon), Com. Corona Italia, Off. Leg. d’Honneur, etc. Mr. Story begins these “Excursions” with the name of Michael Angelo.

“The overthrow of the pagan religion was the death-blow of pagan art. The temples shook to their foundations; the statues of the gods shuddered; through the ancient realm was heard the wail, ‘Pan, great Pan is dead!’ Orpheus alone lingered in the guise of the Good Shepherd.

“Nothing utterly dies. And after the long, apparently dead winter of the Middle Ages the spring came again—the spring of the Renaissance. The church itself shook off its apathy, inspired by a new spirit. One after another there arose those great men whose names shine like planets in his-

tory: Dante with his wonderful 'Divina Commedia,' written, as it were, with a pen of fire against a stormy background of night; Boccaccio with his sunny sheaf of idyllic tales; Petrarch, lover of liberty, patriot, philosopher as well as poet, and a little later Ariosto and Tasso. Music also began to develop itself; Guido di Arezzo arranged the scale and the new method of notation. Art also sent forth a sudden and glorious coruscation of genius, beginning with Cimabue and Giotto. The marble gods rose with renewed life from their graves and reasserted over the world of art the dominion they had lost in the realm of religion.

"As Italy above all other lands is the land of the Renaissance, so Florence above all cities is the city of the Renaissance. The ghosts of great men meet you at every turn. Here is the stone upon which Dante sat; here Brunelleschi watched the growing of his mighty dome, and here Michael Angelo stood and gazed at it while dreaming of that other mighty dome of St. Peters and said: 'Like it I will not, and better I can not.' One walks through the streets guided by memory, looking behind more than before, and seeing with the eyes of the imagination. Santa Maria Novella, Michael Angelo called his 'Sposa,' and here is Santa Croce, the sacred and solemn mausoleum of many of its mighty dead, and here, among others, is the monument of Michael Angelo. Here are

the fortifications at which Michael Angelo worked as engineer and combatant.

“Of all the great men who shed luster over Florence, no one so domineers over it with his memory and presence as Michael Angelo. Everything in Florence recalls him.

“But more than all other places, the church of San Lorenzo is identified with him, and the Medicean chapel is more of a monument to him than to those in honor of whom it was built.

. . . “A man of noble life, high faith, pure instincts, great intellect, powerful will, and inexhaustible energy; proud and scornful, but never vain; violent of character, but generous and true; never guilty of a single unworthy act; a silent, serious, unsocial, self-involved man, oppressed with the weight of great thoughts and burdened by many cares and sorrows, he could not have been a pleasant companion and he was never a lover of woman. His friendship with Vittoria Colonna was worlds away from the senses. He writes:

Rapt above earth by might of one fair face,  
Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,  
I mingle with the blest of those pure heights.  
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,  
Clasping her beauty in my soul's embrace.

In his soul's embrace, not in his arms. He admired Petrarca for his canzone to liberty, not for his sonnets to Laura.



“With a grim humor and none of the lighter graces of life he went his solitary way. It was in his old age that he made a drawing of himself in a child’s go-cart, with the motto ‘Ancora imparo’ — I am still learning. And one winter day toward the end of his life the Cardinal Gonsalvi met him walking toward the Colosseum during a snow-storm. Stopping his carriage, the cardinal asked where he was going in such stormy weather. ‘To school,’ he answered, ‘to learn something.’”

“Phidias and the Elgin Marbles” is Mr. Story’s excursion into the realm of Grecian art. He goes in the interest of truth into art-history, which he finds, after careful and exhausting research upon this subject, to be as follows:

“The marble statues in the pediment of the Parthenon at Athens, as well as the metopes and bassi-relievi which adorned the temple dedicated to Minerva, are popularly supposed to have been either the work of Phidias himself, or executed by his scholars after his designs and under his superintendence. This opinion has become accepted as an undoubted fact, but a careful examination into the original authorities will show that it is unsupported by any satisfactory evidence.

“The main ground upon which it is founded is that Phidias was appointed by Pericles director of the public works at Athens, and occupied that office during the building of the Parthenon,” etc.

Mr. Story proceeds with a very careful argument, quoting from many authorities in behalf of his belief upon this subject, as above stated, and any student or lover of art would find much pleasure and profit in reading "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles."

"The Art of Casting in Plaster Among the Ancient Greeks and Romans" appears to be a subtle analysis of the work, "*Du Moulage en Plâtre chez les Anciens*," par M. Charles C. Perkins, for the purpose of ascertaining and placing the correct date upon the first usage of this process in art.

"That statues were *modelled* in plaster by the ancients there is no doubt," Mr. Story states, but he denies that they were *cast* in plaster, and referring to Mr. Perkins, he says: "We do not think he has made out his case." The sculptor then gives his reasons for this conclusion. He afterward adds a description of the process of casting in plaster as follows:

"The use of gypsum to take impressions from flat molds is suggested by Theophrastus. From this simple process of stamping in a shallow mold to casting from life or from the round is enormous. It is no longer a simple operation, but a nice and complicated one. The part to be cast must first be oiled or soaped, then covered with plaster about the consistency of rich cream, then

divided into sections while the material is still tender (so as to enable the mold to be withdrawn part by part without breakage), then allowed to set. The mold must be carefully removed by a hammer and chisel. This is an elaborate process as applied to an arm or hand, but when applied to a living face it is not only difficult but disagreeable, and unless due care be used it may be dangerous."

From Laurence Hutton's article on "A Collection of Death Masks," in *Harper's*, 1892, is the following: "Two casts were taken from the living face of Washington, the first by Joseph Wright, in 1783; it was broken by the nervous artist before it was yet dry. The original Houdon mask, taken in 1785, is now in the possession of W. W. Story of Rome. He traces it directly from Houdon's hands, and naturally prizes it very much. He says there is no question that it was made from the living face of Washington, and that therefore it is the most absolutely authentic reproduction of the actual form and features of his face that exists. In all respects any portrait which materially differs from it must be wrong. Mr. Story can not account for the fact that the sculptor opened the eyes, except by supposing that he did not remain long enough at Mount Vernon to study and model the eyes from the face of Washington himself. It is just to add here, Mr. Story says, that never, to his knowledge

or belief, has a cast been made from the original which he owns."

It is rumored that during the removal of the plaster from his face, the Father of his Country used language rather strong than choice, as a clean shave did not prevent a hair here and there (as hairs will intrude) from being imprisoned past remedy in the plaster and pulling hard, as hairs will, without the slightest consideration of so great a man or his deeds. In fact, Mr. Hutton relates that after the mask taken by Wright, "the subject absolutely, and, it is whispered, profanely, refused to submit to the unpleasant operation again," which, notwithstanding, he did in the behalf of Houdon in 1785. From this mask Mr. Story has modeled a bust of Washington.

Resuming the subject of "Casting in Plaster Among the Ancients," Mr. Story says:

"But to cast from a statue in clay is still more difficult. The extremest care and nicety are required in making the proper divisions, in extracting the clay and irons, reconnecting the sections, and breaking off the outer shell of the mold. In fact, the modern process is so complicated that no one can see it without being convinced that it must have been slowly arrived at by many slips and many failures."

In conclusion Mr. Story adds: "The process of casting in plaster, in our acceptance of the

phrase, is of modern origin, and so far as we know was invented in the fifteenth century, a little before the time of Verrocchio (1432-1488), the master of Leonardo di Vinci. He was among the first who employed it."

"A Conversation with Marcus Aurelius" begins with this picture:

"It was a dark and stormy night in December. Everybody in the house had long been in bed and asleep, but, deeply interested in the 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius,' I had prolonged my reading until I heard the bells of the Cappucin convent strike for two o'clock. I laid down my book and began to reflect upon it. The fire had burned out, and, unwilling yet to go, I threw onto it a bundle of canne and a couple of sticks. Again the fresh flame darted out and gave a glow to the room. Outside, the storm was fierce and passionate; gusts beat against the panes, shaking the old windows of the palace, and lashing them with wild rain. At intervals a sudden blue light flashed through the room, followed by a trampling roar of thunder overhead. As I sat quietly gazing into the fire, musing on many shadows of thought, my imagination went back into the far past when Marcus Aurelius led his legions against the Quadi, the Marcomanni, and the Sarmati, and brought before me those bleak wilds of Pannonia, the weather-beaten tent in which he sat so many a

bleak and bitter night, after the duty of the day was done, and all his men had retired to rest, writing in his private diary those noble 'Meditations,' which are one of the most precious heritages we have of ancient life and thought. At his side burns the flickering torch. Sentinels pass to and fro. The cold wind flirts and flaps the folds of the prætorium and shakes the golden eagle above it. He is ill and worn with toil and care. He is alone, and there, under the shadow of night, he sits and meditates, and writes upon his waxen tablets those lofty sentences of admonition to duty, and encouragement to virtue, patient endurance of evil, and tranquillity of life, that breathe the highest of morality and philosophy. Where is he now? What is he now? I ask myself. The hand is dust, yet the thoughts that it recorded are as fresh and living as ever. Here in this little book are rules for the conduct of life that might shame almost any Christian. The mystery is solved for him, which we are guessing, and his is either a larger, sweeter life, growing on and on, or everlasting rest. He believed in his gods as we believe in ours. How could these impure and passionate existences satisfy a nature so high, believing in justice and in unjust gods, in purity and impure gods?

“‘No,’ said a mild voice, ‘I did not believe in impure and unjust gods.’

“And looking up I saw before me the calm face of the emperor and philosopher of whom I was thinking. There he stood before me as I knew him from his busts and statues. I know not why I was not startled to see him there, but I was not. I rose to greet my guest with reverence due to such a presence. ‘Do not disturb yourself,’ he said, smiling, ‘I will sit here, if you please,’ and so speaking he took the seat opposite me at the fire. ‘Sit you,’ he continued, ‘and I will endeavor to answer some of the questions you were asking of yourself.’”

Thereupon follows a most interesting discussion of religion, philosophy, and art, in which the emperor maintains that popular fables are but the mystical garb behind which lie great facts and truths, and that “nature was but the veil which half hid the divine powers.”

Story’s “Essay Upon the Origin of the Italian Language” gives special point to the following: After a question and a quotation from Story, his august visitor remarked: “‘But what was it you said after you asked the question? You seemed to be making a quotation in a strange tongue, at least a tongue I never heard.’

“‘That was Latin,’ I answered, blushing a little, ‘and from Virgil — Virgilius, perhaps I ought to say, or perhaps Maro.’

“‘Ah, Latin, was it?’ he said. ‘I beg your

pardon. I thought it might have been a charm to avert the Evil Eye that you were uttering.' ”

Much of great interest follows, but briefly the visitation concludes thus:

“ ‘Oh, tell me, for you know,’ I cried; ‘what is there behind this dark veil which we call death? What is it?’ ”

“There was a blank silence. I looked up. The chair was empty. That noble figure was no longer there. I rose from my chair with the influence of him who had left me filling my being. I went to the window, pushed by the curtains and looked out upon the night. The clouds were broken, and through a rift of deep, intense blue the moon was looking out upon the earth. Far away the heavy and ragged storm was hovering over the mountains, sullen and black, and I recalled the words of St. Paul to the Romans: ‘When the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves; and the doers of the law shall be justified.’ ”

“Distortions of the English Stage as Instanced in Macbeth.”—In this, the last of these “Excursions,” Mr. Story presents an unusual view of the characters of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, by reversing them as they are accepted from the stage. He begins by saying:

“ ‘Art is art because it is not nature,’ is the



motto of the idealists. 'Art is but the imitation of nature,' say the naturalists. The truth lies between the two. Art works by exaggeration as well as by imitation. As in the arts of painting and sculpture so in the drama and on the stage—a strong reaction is taking place against the stilted conventionalism and elaborate artifice of the last generation!"

Story sees in Macbeth the instigator and perpetrator, remorseless and cruel, of continuous crimes, whose one redeeming trait is physical courage; and he sees in Lady Macbeth, Macbeth's accomplice in one murder alone, that of Duncan, and for the doing of which she shows, in the interest of her husband, a superb force of mental energy until that end is attained; but forever after, until her death, she is consumed with remorse.

Mr. Story takes for the basis of his argument these words of Macbeth to his wife:

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed;

and he counts the ravings of Macbeth but hypocritical cant, adding that Lady Macbeth should be presented by a rather small, light-haired woman, of a quick, nervous temperament and great endurance, rather than by the grand, dark-haired figure of Mrs. Siddons, who represents her as without

heart, tenderness, or remorse, so that we hate her and pity Macbeth. "Nothing could more clearly prove the great genius of Mrs. Siddons than that she has been able to stamp upon the public mind this amazing misconception." He concludes thus: "Such plays as 'Nina Sforza' of Mr. Broughton, the 'Legend of Florence' of Leigh Hunt, and 'The Blot on the Scutcheon' and 'Colomba's Birthday' of Robert Browning, are vigorous protests against these errors of the stage," which, he hopes, are passing away. He says: "The poems and plays of Robert Browning breathe a new life, and if as yet they have only found 'fit audience though few,' they are stimulating the best thought of this age and infusing new life and spirit into it."

Story's friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Browning covered a period of many years, and upon the death of Mr. Browning in Venice, December 12, 1889, it was Story who was sent for to take charge of his affairs. They both loved the Italian land, and upon the outer wall of the Rezzonio Palace is inserted a tablet upon which are engraved these words:

A  
ROBERT BROWNING  
morto in questo Palazzo  
il 12 Dicembre, 1889.  
Venezia  
Pose.

*W. W. Story and Tommaso Salvini.*  
*(Discussing Macbeth.)*







Below in a corner are two lines from his poem  
"De Gustibus":

Open my heart and you will see  
Graved inside of it, Italy.

There are to be seen in Mr. Story's studio in Rome, plaster-casts of busts of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning, from which marbles were sculptured.

## LI.

### GOLDEN WEDDING, OCTOBER 31, 1893, AND MRS. STORY'S DEATH, JANUARY 7, 1894.

“It is to be doubted whether the golden wedding of any Americans on the continent ever attracted more attention than did that of Mr. and Mrs. Story. This event was celebrated in the autumn of 1893. Congratulations poured in from wheresoever the English language was spoken. The presents on this occasion filled several rooms.

“It was as a brilliant hostess and sincere friend that Americans and English in Italy knew Mrs. Story. For many years her position in this respect was the highest in Italy. She was born to shine in society, just as her husband was to excel in sculpture and literature. She held her position, too, because of the good that she did. She was full of resources for entertaining her guests. She was as ready to entertain the poor, struggling artist as the man of accomplished fame. She was an earnest church communicant. Doctor Nevin, rector of the American Episcopal Church of Rome, had no more attentive listener nor more faithful parishioner.”



Mrs. Story's death was caused by progressive paralysis. A second stroke came and she passed away in four days. One of the most sympathetic letters on this occasion came to Story from Margherita, Queen of Italy.

LII.

SELECTIONS FROM "A POET'S PORTFOLIO." "LATER READINGS," BY WILLIAM WETMORE STORY, D. C. L. (OXON), K. C. C. I., OFF. LEG. D'HONNEUR, ETC.

(1891-1894.)

Among the ideal shades and streams of lovely Vallombrosa came the inspiration of "He and She," or "A Poet's Portfolio." "Later Readings" was added three years after, in 1894.

It was "in these regions" that "He and She," whether real or imaginary persons, met with "totally unexpected pleasure." Bright converse and witty repartee formed, with nature, a dainty background for reading "A Poet's Portfolio," whether to one fair woman or to the world.

Upon the flyleaf, in these lines from Shelley, is found the plan and meaning of this little volume:

And how we spun  
A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun  
Of this familiar life! . . . or how  
You listened to some interrupted flow  
Of visionary rhyme, in joy and pain  
Struck from the inmost fountains of my brain,

(278)

With little skill, perhaps; or how we sought  
Those deepest wells of passion or of thought.

And now

Our talk grew somewhat serious, as may be  
Talk interrupted with such raillery  
As mocks itself, because it can not scorn  
The thoughts it would extinguish.

Though cast down by many discouragements,  
what student of art would not feel his spirits  
rebound in reading these inspired words which  
Story wrote of the immortal Phidias?

Speak, Phidias, speak and say,  
Does success ever wait on you?  
Have you never failed? Is your work all play?  
Do you find nothing hard to do?

Ah, my friend, every road that leads  
To the easy, with the hard begins;  
Nothing entirely succeeds,  
To Hope’s goal nobody wins.

Hard? Yes, of course, it was hard!  
Failed? Yes, a thousand times!  
Victory comes to the scarred,  
The heights unto him who climbs.

Through falling we learn to walk,  
Through failure we grow to power;  
And high on the topmost stalk  
Of labor is art’s full flower.

Nature in art seems ever to have been an  
all-absorbing study with the sculptor. “Aye, that  
is the question: What is nature?” he asks, and

goes on to say: "The great object of the artist, it seems to me, is to select from the outward world that he sees, and subordinate it to some idea or sentiment or feeling, not servilely to copy it. No literal reproduction of life or nature, however accurate, results in art. The spirit, the mind, the soul, must come in to give them life and truth."

Story says, "So long as we take delight in life we are young." A glimpse of the shadow side of his own fair youth is given in the following pathetic lines:

A leaf, a name, a date  
 Are all that now remain  
 Of that glad month, that golden time,  
 That ne'er will come again.

A faded autumn leaf —  
 But at its touch arise  
 What odors, wafted from the past  
 Of happy memories!

Thine eyes again I see,  
 Thy lips again I press,  
 Those eyes that looked such love to mine,  
 Those lips that breathed to bless.

Nothing comes back again,  
 Each moment hurries on,  
 Gives us a kiss, gives us a stab,  
 Greets us, and then is gone.

Yes, for a moment brings  
 The past, and then again  
 In the dim past it vanishes  
 To leave a thrill of pain.

Fate, with relentless whip,  
 Lashes the present by,  
 The future tempts us but to cheat,  
 The past is one long sigh.

The sigh, this time, was accounted to neither sweetheart nor wife. “Oh, I am a fool, I know, but that day was one which I passed with my sister in the woods at B——, when we were both young, and both happy, and both trusting. She was half of my life to me. She entered into all my hopes, cheered me in all my ambitions, gave me always the wisest and tenderest sympathy and counsel. She was what only a sister can be, and if there be anything good in me I owe it to her. No one can ever fill the gap that she left. I never wrote anything that I did not read to her, and she thought everything I wrote was remarkable. Dear creature! She had scarcely the heart to think anything of mine bad or to depress me by any severe criticism.”

“It is difficult to grow old gracefully,” he once wrote, “to accept quietly and with dignity the ravages of time, to make no pretense one way or the other, and to enjoy what remains of life.” That he himself possessed the charming art of doing so, may be inferred from the following lines:

After the early morning’s splendor,  
 After the radiant noon,  
 A tenderer sense steals over nature  
 As the sun slopes slowly down.

As we sit in the twilight gray and tender,  
 Is its shadowy light less dear,  
 When we know that the work of the day is over  
 And the stars are drawing near?

The delicate health of his wife, a few years prior to her death, shadowed Mr. Story's usually bright spirits from time to time with the thought that she would surely precede him to "The Better Land." This depression might well occasion such lines as these:

My dearest heart, my life, my joy, my love,  
 Even as I gaze into thy loving eyes,  
 And feel their blessing like the heavens above,  
 At times the o'erwhelming thought and fear will rise  
 Lest thou be taken from me, and bereft  
 Of thy dear presence, life's sad remnant through,  
 I with dead memories, graves of joy be left;  
 Ah, then, what should I do, what should I do?

But ah, the fearful thought like some dark cloud  
 Comes o'er my spirit that at last alone  
 I may be left, with spirit sad and bowed,  
 Joyless to tread life's mournful journey on.  
 Oh, my dear love, stay with me to the end,  
 My hope, my joy, my life, oh stay with me!  
 Till the dark gates of death shall open, lend  
 The blessing of thy love — my angel be.

Knowing his bright, sunny temperament, a woman once asked Mr. Story why it was that his poems were all so sad. He replied:

"I do not know. I suppose that far down in the unfathomed silences of our natures, unless

they are simply thoughtless and superficial, there is a prevailing tone of seriousness and sadness. The stream of life only sparkles and bubbles on its surface. The deeps are still, and there the unknown dwells."

Yet the sculptor had a keen sense of humor, as his description of travelers' stories will prove:

"Travelers' stories are notorious. A man who can not shoot a pea-gun at a fly, at home, does terrible ravages among tigers and elephants in the East and South and the wilds of Africa. 'Then I was all alone, and five hundred tigers came down upon me, roaring for food. Fortunately I had with me my own patent five-barreled, self-loading and priming gun. You should see that gun, my boy! I believe there is not such another in the world. As the wild band of tigers rushed at me, I stood firm as a rock and took deliberate aim at the foremost group, and in less than a moment one hundred of them groveled on the sand in their death struggles.' There is no computing how many lions and tigers one tremendous traveler will dispose of in a minute."

Someone spoke to him rather slightly of \$100,000 as not being any great amount of money. Mr. Story, with a bow, said: "What would you have, Madam, a million a minute and your expenses paid?"

The sculptor had a careless fashion of putting

even his best thoughts on all sorts of paper. He says: "A great white, spotless sheet almost frightens me. It seems like a challenge. But with any old worthless sheet I feel more at ease. I scribble on all sorts of fragments of paper, too. That is a fad of mine." This was strictly true. Even bits of brown paper were often called into use to catch and keep his passing thoughts.



### LIII.

GWENDOLYN MARION AND VIVIEN WALDO STORY.  
MR. AND MRS. WALDO STORY'S REMOVAL TO  
PALAZZO BARBERINI. MRS. W. W. STORY'S  
DEATH. MONUMENT OF MRS. W. W. STORY.

(1894-1895.)

In old Rome there lives a certain little maiden  
who was born in Florence. The sunlight and  
fragrance of her native city seem a part of her  
sweet innocence and merry ways. This little one,  
Vivien Waldo Story, was the very spirit of sun-  
shine to her grandfather, who describes her under  
the name of

#### WOGGINS.

Singing little artless snatches,  
Words and music all her own,  
While her doll she tends and dresses,  
By herself but not alone.  
Round from room to room she wanders,  
Through the hall and up the stairs,  
And her sunny, buoyant spirit  
Knows but trivial shades and cares.  
Now she brings her book of pictures,  
And with large and wondering eyes.  
On my knee she sits and listens  
With a smile of young surprise;

While I tell the same old stories  
 I have told her o'er and o'er,  
 Scores of times, yet when I finish,  
 With a shout she cries, "Tell more!"

All is shut to poet, artist,  
 Till he be a child again,  
 And in play shall be created  
 What was never born of pain.

Vivien is the sister of Gwendolyn Marion Waldo Story, who was born in the Palazzo Barberini. These two little women are all the grandchildren there are who bear the name of Story. This fact apparently worked in Gwendolyn's clever brain, until one day she settled the question in her own young mind, and announced to her family that she intended to ask her husband to change his name for that of Story, as she always wished to keep her "dear grandpapa's" name.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Story insisted that his son Waldo should come to live with him in the Palazzo Barberini. Madam Waldo Story is well described in Milton's lines of Eve:

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love.

The presence and loving devotion of this son and his wife and children proved an untold blessing in the last sad days of the artist's life in Rome.

Mrs. W. W. Story had a practical side which supplemented the studious bent of the sculptor.

*Gwendolyn Marion and Vivien Waldo Story.*







Mr. Story never wrote a poem, an essay, or a dramatic piece without submitting it to his wife, and even if he did not agree with her opinion he yet knew that he could make no mistake in following it. As in literature, so in art, Mrs. Story's critical taste was a thing to be relied on. "My wife is my best critic," was Story's frequent remark. Intimate friends coming upon them unexpectedly, often found the sculptor writing or working away with his chisel, with his wife enthusiastically watching by his side. So much was Mrs. Story absorbed in her husband's various labors that when her physical powers failed—thus limiting her bodily efforts, though not her intellect—she grieved and became silent.

Mr. Story's last work in marble was a monument to his wife. It was begun the spring after her death, which occurred January 7, 1893, and at the suggestion of his family and friends, who saw in it the only means of rescuing him from the despair of his grief. It was a labor of love and inspiration. It represents the Angel of Grief bitterly weeping over the dismantled altar of his life.

Madame M— of Philadelphia said, not long ago: "He and my sister lived the two happiest lives I know; he could not live without her, and that they are together now is my great comfort."

LIV.

DECLINE OF HEALTH. VALLOMBROSA. LETTER  
DESCRIBING HIS LAST DAYS AND PASSING  
AWAY. FUNERAL SERVICES.

(1894-1895.)

During the winter and spring of 1894-95 the sculptor seemed to be gradually fading away, but was still strong enough when the warm weather came to go once more to Vallombrosa — the summer home of his daughter, the Marchesa Peruzzi de Medici — that leafy retreat from whence, during the summers that had flown, so many tender thoughts went out from his facile pen to gladden the hearts and homes of the English-speaking world. There is, perhaps, no place on earth where he would so willingly have passed away.

The Roman *Times*, dated October 16th, gives the substance of a letter written by the daughter of the Marchesa Peruzzi. It reads thus:

“With the deepest sorrow my mother desires me to write and tell you that my dear grandfather, Mr. W. W. Story, died this morning quite suddenly at four o'clock. He had been so very



well of late that he had even been able to occupy himself in looking over some of his manuscripts for publication, and took great interest in everything about him. He was so happy to be up in these lovely woods of Vallombrosa, having always had the greatest affection for the place, and he was able to sit out of doors the greater part of the day, reading and being read to.

“Yesterday being a glorious day, he was able to take a longer drive than usual in his bath-chair, and was full of his old spirit and talk, more than he had been for a long time. In the evening we all sat talking, as usual, in the old drawing-room he liked so much, and when we went to bed we were not anxious about him.

“My mother’s room is next to his, and hearing him moan, she went to him at three o’clock and arranged his pillows with the aid of the maid. While she was arranging them he suddenly passed away, without any suffering, in her arms, and the doctor was summoned, but, of course, too late. He died of paralysis of the heart.”

The end came peacefully. From the home of his only daughter his spirit took its flight. “Oh, dear, I am so glad to have you with me,” were his last words, precious in memory to her, who loved him so tenderly all her life.

Vallombrosa was a fitting place, and early October a fitting time, for the falling of the last

leaves from a tree which half a century ago was in the fullness of its splendor and strength. Lovingly they brought him back to Rome, the Eternal; to the scenes so familiar and endeared to him for over forty-five years of association and infinite delights. Here were held solemn funeral ceremonies in St. Paul's Episcopal Church and at the Protestant cemetery near Porta San Paolo and the Pyramid of Cestius. His family and many members of the American and English colonies and of Italian society were present. America, England, and Russia were represented by their charges d'affaires.

A friend who was present during these last scenes spoke of them thus:

“Who was a more perfect embodiment of unselfish, loving interest in others, of largeness of soul and purity of sentiment, of conscientious—I may almost say spontaneous—devotion to the realization of lofty and noble ideals, than our dead poet-artist, William Wetmore Story?”

“The Psalm of Life, which is really Mr. Story's ‘Ode to Nemesis,’ is only one of the many stanzas of his life, which was indeed ‘a rare, sweet song.’ As I stood with those who so loved this man, who was as great in his goodness as in his genius, it seemed almost impossible to realize that pen and chisel were both laid away forever. But memory, which is one of the sweetest and most priceless

gifts God ever gave — memory of him will always live and always inspire. Memory is immortal; so is the influence of such a man as he, and it is sweet and moving as the breath of the flowers that joined their tribute about his grave that day.”

In the silent city on the hillside, hedged in by Roman walls, rests, with the love of his life and their little son, all that is mortal of William Wetmore Story.

THE END.

## APPENDIX.

### LITERARY WORKS OF W. W. STORY.

- 1842 — Contributions of Wm. W. Story to the *Boston Miscellany*, edited by his friend and classmate, Nathan Hale; Volume I, January to July, 1842:
- Page 104. Sonnet — "The Poet's Soul"; signed, W. W. Story.
  - Page 113. Tale — "The Student Antonio"; signed, W. W. S.
  - Page 155. Sonnet — "The Poet"; signed, W. W. Story.
  - Page 167. Poem — "Music"; signed, W. W. S.
  - Page 248. Prose Sketch — "Catachus"; signed, W. W. S.
  - Page 273. Poem — "The Artist"; signed, W. W. Story.
- Volume II, July to December, 1842:
- Page 9. Poem — "The Stream of the Rock"; translation; signed, W. W. S.
  - Page 79. Prose Essay — "Sympathy and Antipathy"; signed, W. W. Story.
  - Page 122. Poem — "Phases"; signed, W. W. Story.
  - Page 271. Poem — "Lines to —," begins "It was a still October night"; signed, W. W. Story.
- Report of cases argued and determined in the Circuit Court of the United States; Boston.
- Address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association; Boston.

- 1843 — Contributions of W. W. Story to the *Pioneer*, edited by James R. Lowell and R. Coster; only three volumes — January to March, 1843:  
 Page 12. Prose Essay — “Catalogue of Athænaeum Pictures”; signed, I. B. Wright.  
 Page 65. Prose — “Dream Love”; signed, I. B. Wright.  
 Page 121. Prose — “Dream Love”; signed, I. B. Wright.  
 Page 100. Poem — “A Lament”; signed, W. W. Story.  
 Page 132. Prose Essay — “John Flaxman,” with design of head; signed, W. W. Story.
- 1844 — “Nature and Art,” a poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University; Boston.  
 “Treatise on the Law of Contracts not under Seal”; Boston.
- 1846 — Edited — “Commentaries on the Law of Bailments”; written by Judge Story.  
 Edited — “Commentaries on the Law of Partnership”; written by Judge Story.
- 1847 — “Treatise on the Law of Sales of Personal Property”; Boston. With illustrations from foreign law.  
 “Poems”; Boston.
- 1851 — Edited — “Life and Letters of Joseph Story”; Boston.
- 1856 — “Poems” — Prologue on Crawford’s statue of Beethoven; Music Hall, Boston.  
 “Poems” — Second edition; revised with additions; Boston.
- 1862 — “The American Question”; London.
- 1862-1863 — “Letters on American Neutrality”; London.
- 1862 — “Roba di Roma”; London.
- 1866 — “Proportions of the Human Figure,” according to a new canon, for practical use, with illustrations; London.

- 1868 — "Graffiti d' Italia"; Edinburgh and New York.
- 1869 — "Mystery and Passion Plays"; December *Blackwood*.
- 1870 — "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem"; Boston.
- 1872 — "Preface to Wey's Rome."  
 "Nero"; an historical play; Edinburgh.
- 1876 — "Phidias to Pericles"; February *Atlantic Monthly*.
- 1877 — "Girolamo detto Il Fiorentino"; May *Atlantic Monthly*.  
 "Castle St. Angelo" and the "Evil Eye."  
 "A Dream"; June *Atlantic Monthly*.  
 "Stephania"; printed later by Blackwood.  
 "In Memoriam"; John Lothrop Motley, October; by Blackwood.
- 1878 — "Roba di Roma," Poem; November *Atlantic Monthly*.  
 January and February, "The Origin of the Italian Language"; *North American Review*.  
 "Ode," on the Anniversary of the Fifth Half Century of the Landing of Governor Endicott; New York.
- 1879 — "Stephania"; printed by Blackwood.  
 "A Roman Holiday Twenty Years Ago"; February *Atlantic Monthly*.  
 "Salem Ode"; Salem, Mass.
- 1880 — "Vallombrosa"; Edinburgh.  
 "A Lay Confessional"; July *Blackwood*.  
 "Do You Remember"; January *Atlantic Monthly*.
- 1883 — "A New Poet"; October *Blackwood*.  
 "He and She," or, "A Poet's Portfolio"; Boston.
- 1885 — "Poems" (Boston, 1886); Edinburg.
- 1886 — "Fiammetta"; A Summer Idyl; Boston.  
 "Poems"; Boston.  
 "To Zeuxis"; *Atlantic Monthly*.
- 1890 — "Conversations in a Studio"; Boston.
- 1891 — "Excursions in Art and Letters"; Boston.
- 1892 — "In the Corso; Great Street of the World"; New York.

1893—“The Death of Alexander VI—Cæsar Borgia”; December *Blackwood*.

“A Poet’s Portfolio”; “Later Readings”; Boston.

Dates of the following works are not known:

“Dieppe; and its Celebrated Navigators.”

“State Secrets.”

“Edged Tools.”

“Cross Purposes.”

“In a Studio.”

“Second Thoughts.”

Taken from lists sent to Miss Eliza Allen Starr for her “Lectures Upon Living Artists,” made by W. W. Story; also one furnished by Col. T. W. Higginson, of Cambridge, Mass.

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#### STATUES MODELED BY W. W. STORY.

(From a list made by himself for Miss Eliza Allen Starr’s “Lecture on Living Artists.”)

1852—Mr. Justice Story—Mt. Auburn Cemetery Chapel, Cambridge, Mass.

Arcadian Shepherd Boy—Boston Library.

Hero Waiting for Leander—Wm. Douglass, New York.

Marguerite of Faust—Repeated several times. W. Russell Sturgis.

1860—Cleopatra, seated—Goldsmith’s Co. Hall, London. Repeated several times.

Judith Making her Prayer Upon Slaying Holofernes—M. Guinness, Dublin.

The Libyan Sibyl—Charles Morrison, Lord Wentworth, London; Mrs. Dodge, Boston; Count Palffy, Paris; Goldsmith’s Co., London.

Portrait Statue of Josiah Quincy—Harvard College.

- 1860 — Venus Anadyomene — Wm. Stirling Crawford; Thos. Critchley.  
Sappho — W. Stirling Crawford, London; J. C. Peterson, Philadelphia; Martin Brimmer, Boston.
- 1863 — Bacchus and Panther.  
Race with Goats — Basso Relievo; E. S. Bergen, London.  
Saul, When the Evil Spirit Was on Him — Sir Francis Goldsmith; Count Palfy; Mrs. Shillaber, California.
- 1864 — Cleopatra Remodeled — Paran Stevens, New York; Count Palfy, Paris; Goldsmith's Co., London.  
Medea Meditating the Death of her Children — Wm. H. Stone, New York — London; W. Dudley Parkman, Boston, Metropolitan Museum.
- 1866 — Statue of Edward Everett — Public Garden, Boston.  
Delilah — Edward Mathews, New York; Theo. Shillaber, California.
- 1866-67 — Love Proposing his Enigma to the Sphinx.  
Statue of Geo. Peabody — London and Baltimore.
- 1867-68 — Fauness and Child — Robert Garrett, Baltimore.
- 1868-69 — Vesta — Lady Ashburton, London; Count Palfy, Paris.  
Polyxena — John Bixby.
- 1869-70 — Salome — Marshall O. Roberts, New York.  
Helen — I. W. Vanderbilt, New York.  
Restoration of the Antique Statue of Artemisia in the British Museum, London.
- 1870-71 — Jerusalem in her Desolation — Mrs. N. M. Gregg, now in Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.
- 1871 — Shakespere Statuette — George Griswold, Dresden.  
Frank Higginson, Boston; Pierpont Morgan, New York; W. W. Tucker, Boston.
- 1872 — Semiramis — E. L. S. Benzon, London; Wm. Blodgett, New York.  
Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon — I. Taggart, London.



- 1872-73 — Beethoven, standing Statuette — George Griswold.  
 Beethoven, sitting Statuette — Queen of Italy.  
 Cumæn Sibyl.
- 1874 — Alcestis Returning from the Other World — Count Palffy, Paris; Lady Ashburton, London; I. S. Morgan, London.  
 Phryne Before the Tribunal.
- 1874-75 — Monument to Liberty Designed. Sketched the Figure of Liberty, seven feet high.  
 Lear in the Storm — Statuette.
- 1876-77 — Clytemnestra, After the Murder of Agamemnon — Count Palffy.
- 1877 — Eros — Went to America.
- 1879 — Sardanapalus — Lord Battersea, London; Count Palffy, Paris.  
 Shakespere — Mrs. Francis W. Tracy; J. S. Morgan.
- 1880 — Figure with Vase — Mr. Mackay; Mrs. Shillaber.  
 Statue of Colonel Prescott, Colossal, in Bronze, at Bunker Hill.
- 1881 — Saul Remodeled — Count Palffy; Mrs. Shillaber.  
 Colossal Statue of Professor Henry at Washington.  
 Centaur and Nymph.
- 1881-82 — Orestes Fleeing from the Furies — Count Palffy.
- 1882 — Statue of Chief Justice Marshall with two Reliefs for Pedestal, Washington City, D. C.
- 1883-84 — Orpheus — Count Palffy.
- 1884 — Miriam Singing her Song of Triumph.
- 1884-85 — New Statue of Cleopatra reclining on a Couch.  
 Statue of Ezra Cornell — Chapel of Cornell University.  
 Statue of William Cullen Bryant — Colossal.  
 Monument to Francis Scott Key — with Colossal Statue of America and Francis S. Key, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.
- 1886-87 — Statue of Christ, "Come unto me, all ye who are heavy laden."

- 1887—Into the Silent Land, group of two figures—W.  
Thatcher Adams.
- 1887-88—Thetis and Achilles.  
Bust of Shakespere.  
Canidia, the Sorceress—Date unknown.
- Date not known—Polyphemia.  
Lord Byron Statuette—I. Wood.  
Eve in Paradise Statuette.
- 1894-95—Monument to Mrs. W. W. Story.

#### BUSTS MODELED BY W. W. STORY.

Shelley,	Mrs. Sargent,
Keats,	Mrs. W. W. Story,
Washington,	Queen Esther (Ideal),
Lord Houghton,	Marchesa Peruzzi,
Mr. Justice Story,	J. S. Morgan,
Richard H. Dana, Jr.,	General McClellan,
Shakespere,	Bishop McIlvaine,
Beethoven—G. Griswold,	Mrs. Erkenbrecker,
Mrs. Edward Cooper,	Mr. Erkenbrecker,
Theodore Parker,	Mrs. W. W. Astor,
Robert Browning,	Mr. Borie,
Mrs. Browning,	Mrs. Borie,
J. L. Motley,	Mrs. Garrett,
Charles Carroll,	Juliet,
Doctor Ballou,	Ed. Banzon,
Chas. F. Adams,	W. W. Story.
Mrs. Franklyn Dexter,	
Sketches and statuettes without number.	

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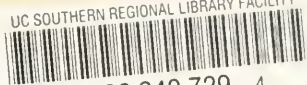
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