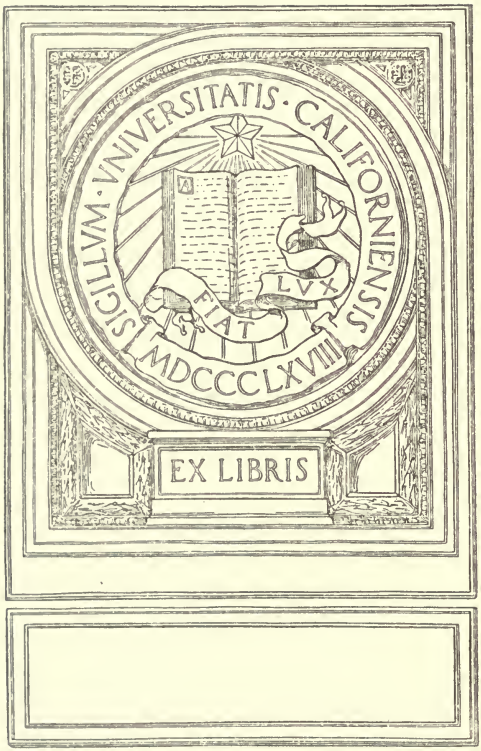
BIOGRAPHICAL AND OTHER ARTICLES

WILLIAM C. TODD, A.B.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BY

WILLIAM C. TODD, A.B.

PRESIDENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD
MCMI

BIOGRAPHICAL AND OTHER ARTICLES.

TO

Mrs. Sarah J. Spalding

IN MEMORY OF

A LONG AND UNBROKEN FRIENDSHIP, AND IN RECOGNITION
OF HER MANY GIFTS, HER REGARD FOR TRUTH,
HER TRUE WOMANHOOD,

AND THE GOOD INFLUENCE SHE HAS EXERTED FOR
HALF A CENTURY ON ALL AROUND HER,

THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

THIS volume is published more from the urgency of friends than from the belief of any special merit. Most of the articles were written years ago for magazines, and have been introduced as originally published, and will receive, I trust, charity from a generous public.

WILLIAM C. TODD.

ATKINSON, N.H., June, 1901.

CONTENTS

DANIEL WEBSTER

THE presentation of a statue of Daniel Webster to the Capitol at Washington by New Hampshire, his native State, has called attention anew to the life and abilities of this gifted man, especially among those old enough to remember the time when he was so prominent in public affairs, and when Clay, Webster, and Calhoun were the intellectual giants of the American Congress. All his intimate friends have passed away; the venerable Robert C. Winthrop was the last; and but few, comparatively speaking, survive who ever listened to him. The writer remembers, when a little boy, hearing a guest at his father's fireside, just after the Knapp trials, say, "Daniel Webster is the smartest man in the United States," and ever after he was interested to learn all about this remarkable man.

The first time I saw Mr. Webster was at the great Whig convention on Bunker Hill, Sept. 10, 1840, which I attended largely to see him. And it was the most fitting of all places to look on him, for it had been associated with one of his grandest oratorical efforts. There he had stood at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, with Lafayette by his side, and before him the "venerable men," "remnant of many a well-fought field," whom he so feelingly addressed. There, too, he delivered the oration at the

completion of the monument in 1843, and it is not easy now to look at the monument and not think of Daniel Webster.

There had never before, probably, in our country been so large a convention, for the recent introduction of railroads had then first made such a gathering possible, nor has one since been more enthusiastic. The country had not recovered from the panic of 1837, and the hard times were charged, as usual, to the party in power. Log cabins and other things associated with General Harrison were in procession; songs were sung with all sorts of changes on "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," "Van, little Van, Van is a used-up man;" and there were no bounds to the excitement of the crowd. The knowledge, too, that Mr. Webster was to preside on such an historic spot drew many who had never seen him, some of whom had come from all parts of New England in the strangest of vehicles, and took part in the long procession through the streets of Boston to Bunker Hill. Mr. Winthrop called the convention to order, and introduced Mr. Webster as the president of the day. He looked older and larger than I had imagined, and his hair, which he brushed back from his massive forehead, was becoming thin. He spoke briefly, and then with appropriate words introduced the different speakers, distinguished men from all parts of the country, to whom the place, the excitement of that remarkable campaign, and the immense crowd gave enthusiasm. In the evening he presided over a meeting in Faneuil Hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. The platform was then but little raised above the body of the hall, and I pushed my way towards it, up close to Mr. Webster, and was so

near that I put my hand on his back, proud that I had touched him. I heard him say to some one, "Mr. Mason, I wish I had a seat for you," and, turning, I saw a man towering above every one else, and I knew it was that giant in body and mind, one of the greatest lawyers New England has ever produced, Jeremiah Mason. He stood upon a little elevation at last, and, with his deep-toned, powerful voice, called the crowd to order. His first words were, alluding both to the financial distress and the struggling crowd in the Hall, "My friends, our opponents make a mistake, as you can all witness, when they say there is no pressure in the country that an honest man need feel." He spoke with much emphasis and gesture, dwelling on the strong reasons for a change in the administration, and then introduced the speakers of the evening. I remember best Ogden Hoffman, the eloquent New York lawyer, then at the height of his fame from his success in a recent noted criminal trial, "Broad Seal" Governor Pennington of New Jersey, George Evans of Maine, Benjamin Watkins Leigh of Virginia, Governor Kent, for whom "Maine went hell-bent," and Reverdy Johnson.

I saw Mr. Webster next at a Dartmouth College Commencement, when Levi Woodbury, who would have been President instead of Franklin Pierce had he lived, gave an oration, and Rufus Choate was present, the three *alumni* of whom the college is so proud. He was dressed in the well-known blue coat with bright buttons, and wore a white beaver. He declined to make an address. Mr. Choate was also requested to make a political speech, but with a sense of propriety that all public men do not have, he replied that partisan politics

should never disturb the harmony of a gathering of scholars.

Such was my interest in Mr. Webster, that if I met any one who had known him, I was anxious to make the most particular inquiries. Professor Shurtleff, of Dartmouth College, remembered him well in his college days as thin, dark and pale, so different from his manhood appearance. He slept in the same room with him the first night young Webster spent in Hanover. He denied emphatically the oft-repeated stories that Webster was an idle student and tore up his diploma. He was not the first scholar in his class, but it is certain that he gave promise of his future eminence.

Remarkable as were his powers, his industry and application developed them to the utmost. He could concentrate all his faculties on a given subject, and he would never undertake difficult work when he was tired. He was an early riser, and labored early in the day, when mind and body were fresh. He stated once that, while Secretary of State, he rose every morning and shaved himself by candle-light.

His competition with Jeremiah Mason, at the Rockingham County Bar, sharpened him as nothing else could have done. He had great admiration for this lawyer, and the story is well-known that when he learned that the celebrated William Wirt was to be his antagonist in a case in Boston, he remarked, "I was afraid it would be Jeremiah Mason."

When he began practice, Parker Noyes was the most learned lawyer at the Merrimac County Bar, and knowing but little law himself, yet having an opinion of what the law ought to be, he would go to Mr. Noyes

and state his point, and ask where the cases could be found sustaining it.

The late Judge Tenney, of Maine, told me that Mr. Webster, when at Portsmouth, heard one of Mr. Mason's students say that the "old man" had been much puzzled over a particular law difficulty, but had settled it. Mr. Webster inquired what it was, and what was Mr. Mason's solution, and did not forget it. A few years after, in New York, Aaron Burr, one of the ablest lawyers of his time, applied to Mr. Webster for his opinion on this very question, and was surprised to hear his ready answer, that of Mr. Mason.

His retentive memory, termed by Mr. Choate "one of his most extraordinary faculties," never lost information once gained. He was ever thinking, studying, preparing for questions that might arise. He had no time to make special preparation for the Hayne speech, the most celebrated ever delivered in Congress, but he was prepared. It is said that some of the sentences that have become so noted had been elaborated in his mind for years before the occasion arose to use them, like the one so often quoted on the power of England, "whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." It does not seem possible that he could have uttered that passage on the power of conscience from his speech at the Knapp trial without previous preparation.

Towards the close of his life especially, Mr. Webster was often dull and heavy, disappointing expectation. It was only when aroused that he was eloquent, while Choate could never be dull. One who often heard him,

told me he only once saw him animated, and that was when the judge, to his surprise, had decided a point against him. It aroused him, and, warming up, he contended that, admitting the decision of the court to be correct, it was so much better for his client, and he put the case so strongly that there was no reply.

An ex-United States senator gave me an account of a visit of Mr. Webster to Richmond. It had been arranged that he should make an address in the evening from the hotel. The distinguished men of Virginia were around him at the dinner table; the conversation was sparkling; all that Virginia hospitality could afford was abundantly supplied; and the condition of the company became at length what can well be imagined. The friends of Mr. Webster began to fear that he was not sufficiently composed for the effort, and proposed to defer the address. Several leading men were sent to consult him in regard to it, but he adhered to his purpose to speak. Mr. John M. Botts, a noted politician of the day, and a special friend, was sent at last to influence him, but his reply was, "Mr. Botts, I shall speak to-night." At the appointed time, he was aided to the balcony, and placed before the audience. He gazed around for a moment, and in his deep, strong voice, such as they had never heard before, extending far beyond the most distant auditor, began, "Virginians." A great cheer broke out from the crowd. Again he cried, "Virginans," and again a cheer. He was aroused then and himself, and made such a speech as only Daniel Webster could have made.

Mr. Webster was dignified and courteous in debate to his opponents, and rarely drawn into personal remarks.

Almost the only instance recalled was in his reply to the attack of Charles J. Ingersoll, in 1846, who had accused him of corruption in connection with the "secret service" fund, and made other charges affecting his integrity. Mr. Webster closed his reply by a sentence whose severity has been rarely equalled: "I now leave the gentleman — I leave him with the worst company I know on the face of the earth, — I leave him with himself."

Hon. Horatio G. Parker, of the Boston Bar, repeated to me recently an interesting statement regarding this Ingersoll charge which he had from the lips of Peter Harvey, whose authority was Jefferson Davis himself.

Mr. Davis had but just entered Congress, and was much surprised when the Speaker appointed him on the committee to investigate the charges made by Mr. Ingersoll against Mr. Webster. Soon after the venerable John Quincy Adams came to his desk and addressed him thus: "Young man, you have received an appointment on a very important committee to consider a very grave charge. I am older than you are, and, perhaps, have given such a subject more thought. The greatness of every nation is mainly due to the sagacity of a few great men who have guided its policy at critical periods. It was so with the nations of antiquity, it has been especially the case with England — and so it has been, and will continue to be, with our own country. The great men of a nation are its chief treasure. You have had placed in your hands the fair fame of one of the greatest men America has produced, and be careful you do not needlessly tarnish it."

Mr. Davis sent a letter to Mr. Webster, asking when

he could meet the committee, and a reply was made at once, when the committee wished. At the appointed time, he produced vouchers for every expenditure but one, and requested delay to find this. In a short time it was found, having been mislaid by his secretary in an old desk in the department. Every matter Mr. Ingersoll desired was investigated, and every accusation shown to be groundless.

Mr. Davis met Mr. Ingersoll soon after, and said to him: "We have examined fully all your charges, and Mr. Webster has authenticated and satisfactorily accounted for every expenditure in question. Now, Mr. Ingersoll, I think you should state in the House that you have been mistaken, and make ample apology for what you have said and done." His reply was, "I do not know about that — I do not think I shall." "Then," said Mr. Davis, "I addressed him thus: 'I wish no more to do with you, sir; and if you ever speak to me again I will shoot you.'"

A lady who was present has recently told me of the great excitement of this debate, and of the pale face and agitated manner of Robert C. Winthrop, Mr. Webster's devoted friend, as he rose to reply.

The only title now to fame of Mr. Ingersoll is his discreditable charge against Mr. Webster, and the latter's reply.

The same lady told me of a gentleman who had judged unfavorably of Mr. Webster on account of his well-known careless money dealings, who paid him a large sum in bills, and soon after, in the excitement of the conversation, Mr. Webster rolled them up and put them in the inkstand as a cork, showing his indifference to money.

All the artists to whom Mr. Webster sat have passed away, the last and most famous, Mr. Healy, only a few weeks ago, who painted the large canvas in Faneuil Hall. Among others to whom he gave sittings was the late Thomas B. Lawson of Lowell, in connection with which the artist told me a singular circumstance. It was at the time of the explosion on the "Princeton," Feb. 28, 1844, when so many distinguished men were present and killed, among them two members of the cabinet. For some reason Mr. Webster did not wish to go on the excursion, and as he had made an engagement with Mr. Lawson he requested the artist to insist on its fulfilment, which was done. The day after the fatal explosion Mr. Webster came to the artist and said with much feeling, "Mr. Lawson, you have saved my life." He expressed to the artist much satisfaction with the portrait, and as he looked at it said, "That is the face I shave every morning." I have seen it stated that he made the same remark to Mr. Healy. The original, or a copy by the artist, was in the family of the late Wm. B. Todd of Washington, D.C., and is now owned by his daughter, Mrs. John Jay Knox of New York City.

Thomas H. Benton, who was on board the "Princeton" at the time of the explosion, gave me an account of it, and, with his well-known vanity, said his own life was saved by his thirst for information. He had requested one of the officers to explain some of the machinery, which took him away from the neighborhood of the gun.

As is well known, Mr. Webster remained for some time in the cabinet of John Tyler, after the latter had

lost the support of the Whigs by his veto of the bank bill, and by so doing displeased many of his friends. General Fessenden, the father of William Pitt Fessenden, and the life-long friend of Mr. Webster, informed me at the time that Mr. Webster said, if it had been a matter of reason, he could have argued with Mr. Tyler, but when the President had stated that it was a question of conscience, as he believed the bill unconstitutional, he could say no more.

An old lawyer has told me how kind Mr. Webster was to him as a student in his office and a young practitioner. He went to Washington to argue a case before the Supreme Court, and in the most delicate manner Mr. Webster counselled him to avoid all attempt at display, or to excite feeling, so common before a jury, but to state his case and his law as simply and clearly as possible, which was all that would be effective before hard lawyers like the judges of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Webster's most common competitor at the Massachusetts bar was Rufus Choate, one of the finest scholars ever sent out from Dartmouth College, and one of the most eloquent advocates America has produced. An anecdote is told of them illustrating Choate's scholarship and Webster's persistency. Webster had used a quotation from the classics, and Choate passed him a slip correcting it. Webster wrote on it "a false correction" and returned it. Choate sent out for the author, and passed it to Webster, showing his accuracy. Webster wrote back, "spurious edition."

After one of Mr. Choate's most brilliant arguments, in which, as was his custom, with logic and close reasoning he had mingled many flowers of rhetoric and

flights of the imagination, Mr. Webster rose to reply, and in his grave tones, with a wave of the hand, as if brushing it aside, he began, "Poetry, all poetry, gentlemen of the jury; now let us come down to facts."

All are interested in the genealogy of distinguished men, from the belief that mental as well as physical traits are inherited, it may be, from generations far back. It does not appear that Mr. Webster had much interest in the subject, though he employed Joshua Coffin, the historian of Newbury, to trace back his ancestry. He was so poorly informed that Mr. Coffin told me he gave him the name of his grandfather incorrectly. Different accounts have been given of the Webster ancestry. By request of General Cushing, Horatio G. Somerby, the well-known antiquarian, looked it up in England, and found that Thomas Webster was one of a colony that came from Ormsby, a village near Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk, and settled in Hampton. The history of Gilmanton states that the first American ancestor of Mr. Webster was John Webster, who came from Ipswich, England, settled in Ipswich, Mass., and was made freeman in 1635. His children were John, Thomas, Stephen, Nathan, Israel, and four daughters. He died in 1647. Thomas, born in 1632, lived in Hampton, where he married in 1656 and died in 1715, aged 83. His children were Ebenezer, Thomas, Nathaniel, and some others. Ebenezer, son of Thomas, was a grantee of Kingston, in 1692, and settled there in 1700, where Ebenezer his son was born. Ebenezer, son of the last named Ebenezer, was born in 1739, and was the father of Ezekiel and Daniel. He enlisted in the French War as a private, rose to be a captain, returned home, and was married.

A large tract of unimproved land had been given by the Masonian proprietors to Ebenezer Stevens, Oct. 25, 1749. Young Webster went there with a colony to settle in 1763, to whom was assigned the most northern portion. Originally called Bakerstown, then Stevenstown, it was incorporated as Salisbury in 1768. He built a log cabin which he occupied for seven years.

Mr. Webster thus spoke of his father's early condition, which cannot be too often quoted: "A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my older brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada."

All his life he remained poor, and, as is well known, was obliged to mortgage his farm to educate his children. Yet he was always honored, respected, and useful, occupying such positions as State representative and senator, member of the Constitutional Convention, and judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was a Christian, too, and active in the affairs of his church. He was with Stark at Bennington, and served during the whole of the Revolutionary War, first as captain, and promoted to be colonel in 1784. He was in the army when news came of the birth of Daniel. Calling to his nephew, he said, "Here, Stephen, I have another boy at home; get a gallon of rum, and we will be merry." This, of course, was long before temperance days, when

even good Christians thought it no harm to use stimulants. The son has alluded to his father's fine personal appearance. He was tall, dark, stout, with keen black eyes and a powerful voice, all characteristics of his son Daniel.

The first wife of Ebenezer Webster died in March, 1774, and soon after he went to his old home on a visit. A lady friend said to him, "Why do you not get married again?" "I would," he replied, "if I knew the right one." "I can tell you," she said, "one who will just suit you; about as black as you are, Abigail Eastman of Salisbury." She gave him a letter of introduction, and he mounted his horse for Salisbury. Reaching the house, a young woman answered his call, of whom he asked for Abigail Eastman. She replied that that was her name, when he handed her his letter, was invited to enter, and before he left the house the business was satisfactorily concluded. They were married Oct. 13, 1774.

She was a tailoress by trade, going from house to house as her services were needed. Her father was the owner of a small farm a short distance from Newburyport on the opposite side of the river. The family came from Wales, and settled first in Salisbury, Mass. She had two brothers, Ezekiel and Daniel, for whom she named her boys.

Both of Mr. Webster's parents were of humble origin, inured to toil. Yet they gave birth to a son by whom they have been more honored than if they could have traced their blood through a thousand titled and senseless ancestors. The father died in 1806, too early to know of his son's fame, though he heard his first effort

at the bar. His mother survived till 1816, and lived long enough to be proud of her son.

Mr. Webster died Sunday morning, as the day was breaking, Oct. 24, 1852, and old people well remember the sadness that passed over the land with the tidings, to most unexpected. The papers for days were full of his life, his intellect, and his services. One paper said, "His greatness and fame have become such a part of our country, we did not think we could ever lose him." To quote from Mr. Choate, "His plain neighbors loved him, and one said as he was laid in the grave, 'How lonesome the world seems!'" Eulogies were delivered all over the country, and party feeling was hushed in the wish to honor his memory. His failings — for he had them — were for the time forgotten.

The most remarkable eulogy was that of Rufus Choate, whose heart was so full of love for his great personal friend, before the *Alumni* of Dartmouth College, the common *Alma Mater*. It was a fine specimen of the style of this gifted orator. One sentence fills over four pages of the printed copy. He traced Mr. Webster's career, and dwelt, specially, on the rare spectacle of great eminence at the bar and in public life. "When he died he was the first of American lawyers, the first of American statesmen." He spoke of the charm of his social intercourse, and no one could testify better than one whose relations with him had been so close as Mr. Choate's. "From these conversations of friendship no man — no man, old or young — went away to remember one word of profanity, one allusion of indelicacy, one impure thought, one unbelieving suggestion, one doubt cast on the reality of virtue, of patriotism, of enthusiasm,

of the progress of man — one doubt cast on righteousness, or temperance, or judgment to come." To this moral tribute from one who knew him so intimately it may be added that when a young man he united with the Congregational Church at Salisbury, and never severed his connection. He inherited respect for religion.

Prof. Roswell D. Hitchcock, the eminent scholar and divine, in a eulogy before the students of Bowdoin College, said, "Daniel Webster before he died had been crowned as the ablest man this continent has ever produced. . . ." "He seemed to belong to another race and order of beings. His brain exceeded in size the common average by at least one-third. Only two such heads had ever been noticed in the world before. The glance of his eye was marvellous, searching as light itself; and when strong feeling roused him it was terrible. Those who came the closest to him were the most delighted and amazed. The impression always made was that of vast power never yet called out."

By invitation of Peter Harvey, there was a memorable festival at Boston, Jan. 18, 1859, to celebrate the seventy-seventh anniversary of Mr. Webster's birthday. All who participated by speech or by letter had been closely connected with him, and spoke from personal knowledge.

Gen. Caleb Cushing was called to preside. In his opening address he alluded to the intimacy existing between them in public and private life, and spoke of "his respect, admiration, and attachment for Webster, beginning at an early date, and acquiring new strength with every day of a constant and most confidential intimacy." . . . "Cherishing and honoring the name of Webster, we cherish and honor the Constitution he defended, the

Liberty he maintained, and the Union he upheld, as one and inseparable, now and forever. We but tread the path of his own great foot-prints, indelibly stamped on the face of the rock of ages, like those of the pre-Adamite colossus-birds on the banks of the Connecticut, so long as we follow the flag, and keep step to the music of the Union." His speech abounded in classical allusions, of which his mind was so full, comparing Mr. Webster with the great men of antiquity. Rufus Choate spoke with his usual marvellous eloquence, so soon to be hushed, for his health had begun to fail, and he died the same year. There was a sad tone to his remarks, for there were forebodings of the terrible strife so soon to deluge the land with fraternal blood, from the sorrow of which, however, he was spared. He dwelt on the reserved power in Mr. Webster and his love of the Union:

"Although I have seen him act, and have heard him speak and give counsel in very sharp and difficult cases, I always felt that if more had been needed, more could have been done; and that half his strength, or all his strength, he put not forth. I never saw him make what is called an effort without feeling that, let the occasion be what it would, he would have swelled out to its limits. There was always a reservoir of power of which you never sounded its depths, certainly never saw the bottom; and I cannot imagine any great historical and civil occasion to which he would not have brought, and to which he would not be acknowledged to have brought, adequate ability. . . . The Union, the Constitution — the national federal life — the American name — *E Pluribus Unum* — these filled his heart — these dwelt in his habitual speech. . . . Oh! for an hour of

Webster now! Oh! for one more roll of his thunder inimitable! One more peal of that clarion! One more grave and bold counsel of moderation! One more throb of American feeling! One more farewell address! And then might he ascend unhindered to the bosom of his father and his God."

Reverdy Johnson, one of the ablest lawyers of his time, in a letter, expressed himself thus warmly:

"From the adoption of the Constitution to the present time, with all the reverence and admiration we so justly entertain for the many great and patriotic men, living and dead, who have illustrated and enforced its true doctrines, it is no disparagement to them, individually or collectively, to say that on the 26th of January, 1830, and the 16th of February, 1833, they received a support from his lips never before furnished, and one that scattered to the winds the sophistry, suggested by an erring sense of State patriotism, that threatened to weaken, and eventually to undermine them. His reply to Colonel Hayne at the first date, and to Mr. Calhoun at the second, eclipsing in eloquence all that the Old or the New World had before exhibited, were so clearly reasoned, so logically powerful, so patriotically perfect, so captivating and persuasive of the heart and the intellect, that the whole nation, as by one irresistible impulse, assented and applauded, and with united voice proclaimed throughout the entire land that proudest of all earthly titles to an American citizen to be his, which the galleries, at the close of the last effort, unable to restrain themselves, and unrebuked, by one spontaneous and deafening cheer, awarded him, 'Daniel Webster, the Defender of the Constitution.'

"But beside my admiration of those almost more than human efforts, and my appreciation of their inestimable value to us as a people, and my knowledge, from an intimacy with which for years he honored me, of his ever perfect patriotism — his constant devotion, to the last moment of his public service, to what he believed to be the true honor and welfare of his country, I remember with delight (who, that knew him well, can ever forget?) the charms of his society, when relieved for the moment from the severe duties of life, surrounded by a few friends, he poured out the riches of his mind, the playfulness of his fancy, the charms of his wit, his anecdotes ever so apposite — the goodness of his heart. Look at his firm figure, his stern, mighty brow, promising nothing but intellect, his evidently concentrated thought — could the tenderness and susceptibility of infancy be there also? Yes, it was. I have seen him, when he supposed himself unseen, weep as if his heart would break at the death of a senatorial colleague. His friend had been ill for weeks, but on that morning was thought to be convalescent, when in the evening death was his fate.

"The suddenness and unexpectedness of the tidings unnerved Mr. Webster, and his nature showed itself as it was, kind, affectionate, loving. Tears, the evidence of it, coursed down his manly cheeks without an effort on his part to check them.

"He is lost to us, and to his country, but his works remain. His speeches are left. What a rich, invaluable legacy to the cause of letters, of eloquence, and of freedom! They show how mighty a man he was. They will live as long as the English language survives, in-

tellect is honored, free institutions valued, and transmit him to after-ages as one of the great of the world, born to influence the destiny of man by inculcating principles of constitutional freedom, calculated to secure to him the liberty he has a right to enjoy, and the submission to authority, without which it cannot exist."

Professor Felton, in his speech, spoke of a breakfast with the eminent poet, Samuel Rogers:

"Mr. Rogers sat at the head of the table, surrounded by the most illustrious lights of English science and literature. There he sat, over ninety years of age, pale as a corpse, and almost as silent, while the conversation upon topics of letters and science was passing around him. But when the name of Webster was mentioned, he started up; a new life seemed to course through his veins; the color came to his cheek. He rose, and taking his knife in his hand, and ringing it down on the table, said, 'Mr. Webster was a friend and correspondent of mine. He was the greatest man of his age.'"

Charles Sumner told Mrs. S. J. Spalding of Newburyport that he was in England at the time when Mr. Webster was there. At a dinner Mr. Webster was obliged to leave, and he listened to the talk about him. One gentleman said that he was disappointed, and when asked why, replied, "I did not know that God had ever made a man so wonderful as that man looks to be."

Mr. Goodrich (Peter Parley) said to Mrs. Spalding that Wm. Wirt spoke to him of Mr. Webster's remarkable face and the sweetness of his smile. Once when they were together his little daughter was present, and as they conversed seemed more and more afraid of

Mr. Webster, and drew away. At last Mr. Webster noticed her, put on his sweetest smile, and said, "Come here and see me, my little girl." She ran to him at once, and he took her in his arms.

As early as 1820, when the great ability of Mr. Webster had only begun to be recognized, John Adams had said of his Plymouth oration:

"Mr. Burke is no longer entitled to the praise, the most consummate orator of modern times. . . . This oration will be read five hundred years hence with as much rapture as it was heard."

No stronger evidence could be given than that contained in these extracts from men of national reputation, his intimate associates in public life, how deeply Mr. Webster's ability impressed his own generation, nor is it believed from the tone of the speeches at the reception of the statue by such men as Senator Hoar, that the intervening years have materially modified that judgment.

Of Mr. Webster's two sons who reached maturity, Edward was graduated from Dartmouth in 1841, though he had studied mostly in Europe under the care of Mr. Everett. He died in 1848 in the Mexican war, and Fletcher in the war of the Rebellion. All his descendants have passed away. The mother of his children was Grace Fletcher, of Hopkinton, N.H., whom he married in 1808. An old lady, her schoolmate at Atkinson Academy, has told me she was a pale, modest, sweet girl, whom all loved. During a recent visit to Hopkinton, the house where she was born was pointed out, and I saw also the grave of her father, Rev. Elijah Fletcher, who died in 1786, at the age of 39.

Most of the leading men of that period have been forgotten by the masses, but much as Webster impressed his contemporaries, the more than forty years since his decease have not lessened his fame. At the World's Fair the thing that most attracted attention in the New Hampshire exhibit was a huge plow, said to have been made and used by him. He was a great lawyer, a great statesman, a great writer, a great orator. He had the faculty of grasping the heart of a question, and presenting it with irresistible power, in plain Saxon language, so that even the uneducated could understand. The speeches of many of our American statesmen have been collected, but none have continued to be read as those of Mr. Webster; none are so often quoted; from none have come down to us so many sentences that have become as household words. He early studied to acquire a clear, condensed style, and was particular in his choice of words. He could not have made such speeches as have distinguished the recent silver and tariff debates in Congress — mountains of words, all striving to ride on the back of a few poor ideas.

The remembrance of Daniel Webster was so strong on my mind Memorial Day, May 30, 1900, that I determined to celebrate it by a visit to Bunker Hill, where I had first seen him, at the great Whig convention, nearly sixty years before. The same hill was there, and towering above it was the granite monument, at the laying of whose corner-stone he made the address, in the presence of Lafayette and the spared "venerable men" of the Revolution; but the great crowd of 1840 had disappeared, and only a few stragglers were idling away the holiday time on the benches around the monument.

Boys were selling newspapers, and the one I bought had the big heading: "Bobs in Johannesburg — will enter the city at noon to-day. Salisbury's statement — Not a shred of independence will be left the Boer Republics" — which statement has since become history, for the Republics have been declared a part of the British Empire.

There was a contrast I could not but feel. England was full of rejoicings over crushing people whose only crime was struggling for freedom, and we, the same day, were honoring the memory of our ancestors, who had fought on this hill for freedom against this same England!

The thought came to me, if Daniel Webster could be called back to address an audience to-day, what would he think, and what would he say? He was born during the Revolution; his father was a soldier in the contest; and the spirit of liberty was born in him. What would he think and say, not simply of the wars now waged against freedom by the two nations claiming to be the most civilized and Christian, as they certainly are the most powerful, of the world, but on many other questions now agitating the country?

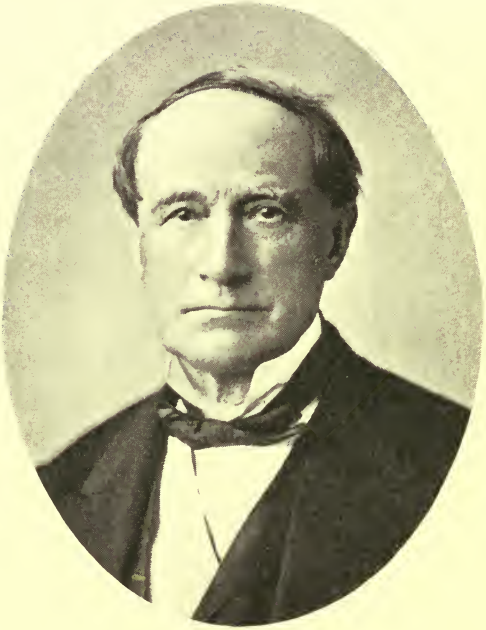
He was taught to revere the Declaration of Independence. What would he say of the way in which it is now spoken of by many of our statesmen? He had some reputation as a Constitutional lawyer. What would he say of the new interpretations put upon the Constitution, by statesmen of easy virtue, to adapt it to every new condition as required? Would he now support, or oppose, the views Senator Hoar has so ably presented? Oh! that Daniel Webster could again address the coun-

try — but who would listen to him? *Inter arma silet ratio*, and with the spirit of aggressive war all over the earth as never before, strongest where civilization and Christianity are supposed to be most advanced, advocated as a means of promoting true manhood and good in itself, how little even the words of the Prince of Peace are heeded! It is sad to believe, *inter arma silet religio!*

CALEB CUSHING

One of the most eminent men of his time for his long and distinguished career as a jurist, statesman, and diplomatist, and for the versatility of his gifts and his great learning, was Caleb Cushing.

Caleb Cushing was born in Salisbury, Mass., just over the river from Newburyport, Jan. 17, 1800. His first ancestor in America was Mathew Cushing, who came from Hingham, Eng., in 1638, and settled in Hingham, Mass. His father was John N. Cushing, who removed to Newburyport in 1802, and became one of the most successful shipmasters and merchants of that place. Young Cushing was prepared for college by Michael Walsh, author of a noted arithmetic, and was graduated from Harvard in 1817. Mr. George B. Emerson, a classmate, said that though one of the youngest, he was the most distinguished member of a class including many who in after years became celebrated. For two years next succeeding his graduation he was employed at Harvard as a tutor in mathematics and natural philosophy —a position given only to the best scholars. While there he became specially interested in plants and minerals, and took many long walks to gather them, and formed, it is said, the best collection of Essex County specimens then in existence. He spent hours, too, in the evening studying the constellations. In 1819 he



CALEB CUSHING.

Taken in Geneva, 1872.

gave a poem before the Harvard chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Resigning his place as tutor, he studied law with Hon. Ebenezer Mosely, of Newburyport, and at the Harvard Law School, and on his admission to the bar opened an office at Newburyport. In 1823 he married Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of Judge Samuel S. Wilde, a most accomplished lady, author of "Letters Descriptive of Public Monuments, Scenery, and Manners in France and Spain," which was very favorably reviewed by Alexander Everett in the "North American Review." She died in 1832, and he never married again. They were childless.

Mr. Cushing at once became prominent in his profession, though the Essex County Bar at that time had a galaxy of able lawyers, among whom was Rufus Choate, of the same age, born within a dozen miles of him, who, perhaps, never had his equal in the United States as a jury lawyer. By contact with these men his powers were stimulated and sharpened. At the same time he entered warmly into the political questions of the day, made frequent contributions to the literary periodicals and the newspapers, and in 1826 published a history of Newburyport. He began life with that indomitable energy and industry which he ever maintained.

In 1825 Mr. Cushing was chosen representative to the Massachusetts Legislature, and in 1826 was elected State Senator, and in both positions was prominent. Too close application, however, had impaired his health, and in 1829 he visited Europe with his wife and remained there two years. Much of this time he spent in Spain, of which country he made a special study, and in

whose language he acquired an unusual proficiency. On his return he published "Reminiscences of Spain," a work in two volumes, which was favorably received, as up to that time this country had been but little visited by American travellers.

Mr. Cushing represented Newburyport in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1833 and 1834, and in 1834 was elected to Congress, where he served till March 4, 1843.

From the first his ability was recognized. Mr. Webster said that "Mr. Cushing had not been six weeks in Congress before he was acknowledged to be the highest authority on what had been the legislation of Congress on any given subject." It was a period of the keenest party feeling, for it was during the close of General Jackson's administration and all of Van Buren's. New questions were constantly arising, some of them of a Constitutional nature, and they were discussed with an ability that had not been surpassed before, and has not been since. General Jackson was opposed to the United States Bank, vetoed bills for its recharter, withdrew from it the Government funds, and deposited them in different State banks, which lent the money freely and encouraged speculation. Then came the severe financial panic of 1837. The result was general discontent with the party in power, unaided now by General Jackson's popularity, and the overwhelming election of General Harrison in 1840.

Into all the discussions in Congress and before popular assemblies, Mr. Cushing threw himself with all his vigor, and with an ability that gave him a national reputation. The campaign of 1840 was probably the most remarkable in American history. It was the first when

large crowds were assembled at political gatherings in every part of the country, for the building of railroads to all the great centres of population had then first made such gatherings possible.

The leading feature of the campaign was the introduction of new means of influencing the masses. General Harrison had been nominated because of his supposed availability, and one of his opponents, to disparage him, had said he lived in a log hut, and drank hard cider. This was taken up as the rallying cry by the Whigs, and log cabins and cider barrels were carried in all the processions, the barrels always empty at the end of the route, if not at the beginning. General Harrison's simplicity of life was contrasted with the alleged extravagance of Van Buren, who was said to use "gold spoons." Many popular songs were composed and sung, full of taking phrases that wonderfully excited the crowds. One that is remembered ran thus in the chorus:

> "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
> For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
> For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
> And with them we'll beat little Van,
> Van, Van, Van is a used up man."

One of the largest of the mass meetings was that on Bunker Hill, September 10, presided over by no less a man than Daniel Webster, and addressed by the most distinguished men from all over the country, of whom are recalled Ogden Hoffman, so celebrated as a jury lawyer, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, Reverdy Johnson, then a young man, and Governor Pennington of New Jersey, besides many orators from New England. The writer

was then a boy, an ardent Whig, anxious above all to look on the face of Daniel Webster, and well remembers the enthusiasm and excitement of the occasion. All the prominent men who took part have passed away, the last to go being Robert C. Winthrop, then a young man, who called the convention to order, and who long survived, — a noble remnant of what seems to have been an heroic age of great men.

In this Harrison campaign Mr. Cushing took an important part. He wrote a life of General Harrison, which was extensively circulated, and made speeches continually, one of which I heard. The meeting was presided over by a man who up to that time had been a leading Democrat, but who had been unable to withstand the strong drift to the Whigs, and had suddenly changed his party. Long before the election it was evident which party would win, especially when the hitherto strong Democratic State of Maine elected a Whig governor; as it was expressed at the time:

> "Maine went hell-bent
> For Governor Kent."

The election of Harrison and the prominence in it of Mr. Cushing would seem to have opened up great possibilities for him, intimate as he was with Mr. Webster, the new Secretary of State; but in one short month the President died, was succeeded by John Tyler, who vetoed Mr. Clay's Bank Bill, and the Whig party, led by their great chief, broke away from the President, and — it is not too strong a word to use — hated him. Whether wise or unwise in his action, there is no doubt President Tyler was actuated by honest motives.

General Fessenden, the father of William Pitt Fessenden, stated to me at the time that Mr. Webster so believed, and had said to him that if it had been a matter of argument he could have reasoned with him; but when Mr. Tyler had put it as a matter of conscience that he could not sign what he believed to be an unconstitutional bill, he could say nothing.

Mr. Webster alone of the Cabinet remained; and Mr. Cushing, sympathizing with the course of President Tyler, also adhered to him, and of course lost the favor of the Whigs, and cast in his lot with the Democrats, with whom he in future acted. He was nominated for Secretary of the Treasury, and his fitness was not questioned; but the party of Mr. Clay transferred their dislike of Tyler to all his adherents, and he was rejected. He was soon after sent as Commissioner to China, and negotiated our first treaty with that country, securing to us great commercial advantages. His success was a matter of national congratulation, for the anti-Chinese feeling had not then arisen.

On his return he was again chosen representative to the State Legislature — an office his home was ever proud to bestow on him.

The Mexican war began in 1846, and in 1847 Mr. Cushing raised a regiment, mainly at his own expense, went to the war as its colonel, served till its close, and returned with the rank of brigadier-general. The war was not popular in New England, for it was regarded as waged for the extension of slavery, and no one could foresee its immense influence over the future of our country by the acquisition of California. To Mr. Cushing, however, it was the war of his country, and it enabled

him also to gratify a natural taste for military affairs. While in Mexico he was nominated by the Democrats as their candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, but with no hope of an election in that strong Whig State.

Newburyport was incorporated as a city in 1851, and Mr. Cushing served as its first mayor.

In 1851 and 1852 he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and was the leader of the opposition to the coalition that elected Mr. Sumner to the United States Senate.

In 1852 he was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, discharging his duties to the admiration of the Bar, who wondered at his familiarity with the reports, and the profound knowledge of law shown in his decisions, drawn as he had been so long from active practice. To prepare himself he read in nineteen days the fifty-seven volumes of Massachusetts reports.

The Democratic convention for nominating a candidate for President met at Baltimore June 12, 1852. There were several candidates. The friends of each were persistent; and after 35 ballots in which his name had not been presented, Franklin Pierce was nominated on the 49th ballot, by a vote of 282 to 11 for all others. The nomination was a surprise to the country, as he had never been publicly spoken of for the position, and it was regarded as one of those unexplained accidents of which history is so full. The newspapers of the day recounted the astonishment of Mr. Pierce, to whom a boy brought the news as he was on a visit to Mt. Auburn cemetery. The truth is, however, it was the successful culmination of an arrangement planned by

Mr. Cushing, General Butler, Paul R. George, and a few others, in anticipation of a deadlock at Baltimore, to spring Mr. Pierce's name on the convention. Mr. Cushing had several times visited Mr. Pierce in regard to it, and leading men in different States had been conferred with, and all the details agreed upon. I had been told this long since by men familiar with the inside history of the political events of that period, but all have now passed away who were actors. Wishing to verify this statement, and also wishing General Butler's opinion of Mr. Cushing, whom he had known so intimately, I once addressed him a letter, to which the following is his reply, and is of value as explaining an important event in American history, not before understood by the public:

BOSTON, May 2, 1891.

DEAR SIR My professional and other engagements are such that I cannot go into any discussion worthy of General Cushing, yourself, or myself, as to his great endowments as a lawyer, and his great learning and ability as a statesman. I hold him in the highest reverence.

As to the question you put me in relation to the nomination of Gen. Franklin Pierce as President, the matter was fully considered by the three gentlemen you name, and the Hon. Charles G. Atherton, and the Hon Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, immediately after the death of Judge Woodbury in 1851, and the means to present his name in the manner it was presented fully determined upon; so that while the presentation of General Pierce's name was a surprise to the general public, it was not to the well informed and active members of the convention which nominated him.

I am very truly yours,
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

Many circumstances combined to make the election of

Mr. Pierce a triumphant one, and he received 254 votes to 42 for General Scott. On the formation of his Cabinet, one of great ability, and the only one in our history unbroken during a whole administration, Mr. Cushing was made Attorney-General.

During Pierce's administration the anti-slavery sentiment was continually growing stronger in the North, intensified by the troubles in Kansas, the attack on Mr. Sumner, and other causes not now to be entered into. The Republican party, just formed on the anti-slavery issue, was fast gaining control of the North, having absorbed the Whig party, and drawn largely from the Democratic. The great moral question of slavery was debated in Congress, and at the fireside, by the press and the pulpit, in all its aspects, almost to the exclusion of every other subject, and the historian of this administration will discuss it more with reference to this question than any other. Many difficult questions connected with our domestic and foreign affairs came before the law department, and the ability with which they were met is conceded. The opinions of Mr. Cushing while Attorney-General fill three volumes of the fifteen up to that date, and no less an authority than William Beach Lawrence said, "They constitute in themselves a valuable body of international law." President Pierce stated that however able Mr. Cushing was in his department, he was equally well fitted for every other position in the Cabinet; and it is said that when a question arose about which all the other members were in doubt, it was referred with confidence to Cushing.

In 1857, 1858, and 1859 he was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, active and atten-

tive to all his duties. A memorable debate on national affairs occurred between him and the late John A. Andrew.

In 1860 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Charleston, S.C., was chosen its president, and was one of the seceders that met at Baltimore. He supported Breckenridge as the only Democratic candidate who could hope to win. President Buchanan sent him to Charleston to confer with the secessionists, but with no result. The "irrepressible conflict" was at hand, and as we look back upon it, sad as were the loss of life and all the horrors of the civil war, it seems the only way by which we could have gained that great blessing, as all North and South now regard it, — the abolition of slavery.

After the war began Mr. Cushing offered his services to his country, as he had before done in the Mexican war, but Governor Andrew for reasons satisfactory to himself declined them. But Mr. Cushing never knew what it was to be idle, and his time was fully occupied in important cases, as one of the recognized leaders of the American Bar. The different departments at Washington largely demanded his valuable services, and not a few high officials received credit to which he was entitled for able papers and opinions.

In 1866 Mr. Cushing was appointed one of three commissioners to codify the laws of Congress, and in 1868 was sent to Bogota, in consequence of a diplomatic difficulty. General Grant, whose friendship for him and confidence in him are well known, appointed him, in 1872, one of the counsel to settle the Alabama claims at the Geneva conference, and the favorable results to American

interests were largely due to his efforts. He could speak French fluently, the language of the conference.

In 1873, when the Senate had refused to confirm Williams as Chief-Justice on the ground of incompetence, General Grant nominated Mr. Cushing, remarking, as was said, that he would nominate one whose knowledge and ability they could not question. The nomination was withdrawn, however, through the efforts of a son of Newburyport, now deceased. In 1874 he was nominated and confirmed as our minister to Spain, where our relations then required a representative of peculiar fitness, and he remained there till 1877. This was his last public position, the remaining years of his life being devoted to his profession.

Until the last there seemed to be no mental decay, though it was perceived that he was losing physically that power of endurance that had ever been so remarkable. When he became conscious of disease, he consulted a physician, and studied medical books, to learn all about his case, as had been his custom on every subject. Realizing how little could be done, he prepared calmly for the end. To one who asked about his health he replied, "I have what I have never had before, seventy-nine years." He talked but little about himself, and preferred to be alone. A little before he died, he requested his friends to leave him, which they did, supposing he wished to sleep; and when they again entered his room he had passed away. He died Jan. 2, 1879. Time had been very gentle with his external appearance, and he was a handsome man to the last. As he lay in his casket at the funeral, dressed as in life, with the sword he had worn in the Mexican war by his side, his face was as calm and

natural as if in sleep; and as I gazed at him, I could but wonder what had become of all those vast acquisitions of knowledge that had been stored in that great brain, now so cold and lifeless. Many of his old friends were there to pay their last token of respect to his memory, among whom was General Butler, who gazed long on the remains of his old friend.

This condensed abstract of his life — for to speak in detail of his different official acts and the prominent legal cases in which he was counsel would require a volume, instead of the limited space of a personal sketch — shows that but few Americans ever filled so many and so distinguished positions. That he was one of the most learned men the country has ever produced cannot be doubted — learned not as most men are in one branch, nor in a few, but in almost every department of knowledge; and in nothing was he superficial.

One of his most marked traits was his industry. Thomas H. Benton once said to the writer that he thought himself the most industrious man he had ever known in public life with the exception of John Quincy Adams. Yet neither of these men was more industrious than Caleb Cushing. After his return from his early visit to Spain he was blessed with good health and a remarkably vigorous constitution, and would toil all day and study or journey at night, and never seemed to know fatigue. I never went by his house at Newburyport, when he was at home, be it ever so late, that I did not see a light in his room; and it was known to be his habit to work till after midnight, then throw himself on a lounge for a few hours' rest, and at daylight resume his labor. Whatever point came up, however trivial apparently, he would

not rest till he was satisfied. A bank officer said that Mr. Cushing once asked him what name was given to the part left after a check had been torn from a check book, and he could not inform him. A few days after he received a letter from Mr. Cushing with the single word "stub." If Mr. Cushing wished for information, he was not above seeking it from every source. An associate in Washington told me he would go into the street and ask the meanest-looking negro, if in that way he could learn what he wished to know. His thirst for knowledge that might be useful to him was universal, and he gave away his plants because they drew too much attention from other things. He was omnivorous in his reading. I took tea with him at the house of his niece not long before he died, and during the conversation he turned to a niece and said, "Margaret, I see the ladies are to wear so-and-so the coming season," giving in detail the new fashions. It was not easy to start a topic of which he was ignorant. When Webster's Unabridged Dictionary first appeared, he read it all through, word by word, and corrected its mistakes.

He had a remarkably retentive memory, that never seemed to lose what it had once gained. Few could quote so freely and accurately from ancient and modern authors. His speeches are full of classical allusions, and show how familiar he was with all classes of literature. His ready memory enabled him to call up as occasion required all the stores of his long and eventful life, and this made him a formidable antagonist. This power made John Quincy Adams so much dreaded by his opponents in debate during his closing years in the House of Representatives. What others knew imperfectly he knew

fully. The opportunities of both these men had been large and fully improved, and it would be difficult to name any other of our public men who could be compared with them in the extent of their acquirements.

Mr. Cushing was a methodical man; every paper was in its place, and nothing disturbed him more than to have any one disarrange the order of his office. He used often to speak of the time lost by many from a want of this habit. He was punctual in his appointments. A Washington real estate man once wished to show him a piece of property, and asked at what hour he should call for him. The reply was at five the next morning. The man was not accustomed to such early hours, but was advised by one who knew Mr. Cushing to be prompt; and as he drove to the door at the appointed time, Mr. Cushing was on the steps.

Mr. Cushing excelled as a linguist, speaking French, Spanish, and other modern languages with fluency, and was said to be able to converse with all the foreign ministers at Washington in their own tongue. It has been stated even that in China he transacted his official business without the aid of an interpreter. One of the last times I saw him was in a railway car, and he was reading a French newspaper.

Mr. Cushing's mind was so well disciplined that he could at once arrange his thoughts and bring his knowledge to bear on any given point. Some of his best efforts were extemporaneous, in reply to an opponent, for then he was in his element. The Hon. E. F. Stone, in his able address before the Essex Bar, has given an instance where some one in the Massachusetts Legislature had quoted from an old speech to show his inconsistency:

"Cushing was uneasy under the attack, and the moment it was finished he sprang to the floor, and defended himself with great spirit in a speech of about fifteen minutes, which for rapid, overwhelming, and powerful declamation was never surpassed in that hall. The effect was electrical. The House and gallery broke out in the most tumultuous applause, which the Speaker tried in vain to suppress; and the member from Monson, instead of scoring a point against Cushing, suddenly found himself on the defensive, and was glad to beat a hasty retreat and withdrew from the field." When able, however, he prepared his speeches with care.

As a speaker Cushing ranked high. He was choice in use of language, seeking from the copious vocabulary at his command the best word to convey his meaning, sometimes an unusual one. He had a power of clear statement, so effective in an orator, and so marked a trait in Daniel Webster. His sentences were well constructed and vigorous — with his mind they could not have been otherwise. He had a good voice, a distinct enunciation, spoke slowly unless excited, and with much emphasis, and held the attention of his hearers. He was logical, appealing more to reason than to passion. He was persistent to the end in whatever he engaged.

Mr. Cushing was a brave man, and never feared an antagonist. Shortly after he entered Congress, an old member from a State where the Code was recognized as the true way to settle difficulties, and who had made himself feared, attempted to browbeat the new young member; but Cushing replied in a way that called out the applause of the House and galleries, and ended by

declaring himself responsible for his words, there or elsewhere.

Mr. Cushing was called a cold man. He was not demonstrative, and certainly had but little of that "magnetism" said to be a trait of some public men. He was naturally retiring, and not generally social, because not caring for the conversation of most social gatherings. He had but little of what is called "small talk." A gentleman at whose fireside he often sat said he would remain silent, absorbed in his thoughts, till some topic was started requiring information, or leading to discussion, when his interest would be aroused, and he would talk for hours. He was accessible, kind, freely giving advice to his friends and neighbors in their troubles; and when he joined, as he often did, in their fishing excursions, he was one of the most agreeable of companions, and laughed and joked with the merriest. A lady said to me that the only time she ever called at his home he took her over his house, and in one room he had preserved every little thing that had been his mother's — surely not an evidence of a cold heart. In his habits he was simple, abstemious, indifferent to food, dress, and outward display.

Mr. Cushing was reproached as not enough in sympathy with the great reforms of the day, especially with the anti-slavery sentiment. In 1836 Henry A. Wise threatened in Congress to plant slavery in the North, and in an indignant speech Mr. Cushing replied: "You may raze to the earth the thronged cities, the industrious villages, the peaceful hamlets of the North; you may plant its soil with salt, and consign it to everlasting desolation; you may transform its beautiful fields into

a desert as bare as Sahara. . . . But I assure every gentleman within the sound of my voice, you shall not introduce slavery into the North." He was a lawyer, however, and had been a judge, and from his whole training had been accustomed to look at the legal aspects of every question; and for that reason he, Daniel Webster, and other statesmen of that period opposed the abolition agitation as against the Constitution which they had sworn to obey. They took the ground that the North had consented to recognize slavery to gain the Union, and however opposed to its existence, the compact should be observed by the North as much with regard to slavery as to every other provision. With the leaders of the abolition movement it was the "higher law" of justice and humanity they were bound to obey, and not the Constitution, — that, as some of them declared, was a "league with hell," — and they justified the invasion of John Brown, and made a hero of him. I once heard Wendell Phillips say in an impassioned speech, — and America has produced but few such wonderful orators, — after Massachusetts, in obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, had returned a slave, "God *damn* the Commonwealth of Massachusetts;" and in a speech after the war began, he said that when he heard of the attack on Fort Sumter, in his joy he threw his hat as high in the air as he could throw it, knowing that by war only could slavery be abolished. The most eloquent speeches of Webster, Choate, and other orators of that period were on the value of the Union. Mr. Cushing felt as they did, and in a Fourth of July oration delivered at Newburyport, in 1850, on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the new City

Hall, the Union was his topic. After depicting the blessings of the Union, the calamities that would follow disunion, the dangers to which the Union was exposed, and urging his hearers faithfully to observe and maintain both the letter and spirit of the Constitution, he closed thus:

"The living men who uttered the Declaration of Independence have all passed away from time to eternity. But their spirits watch over us from the bright spheres to which they have ascended. We stand in their presence. They shall be our witnesses as we solemnly renew this day our vows of unalterable attachment to the Union, and that

> "'. . . nor steel, nor poison,
> Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing'

shall prevail against it, and to this we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, so help us God!"

When Mr. Cushing dismissed the Democratic Convention at Charleston, his last words were: "I pray you, gentlemen, in returning to your constituents and the bosom of your families, to take with you as your guiding thought the sentiment, — the Constitution and the Union."

As the theme for Fourth of July eloquence the preservation of the Union and the danger of a dissolution can no longer be used. No one fears now; the crisis has been passed, the great cause of bitterness between the North and the South has been removed, and both sections are glad. But this generation, looking backward, can hardly realize how dark the future of their

country seemed to many honest men a few years before the war, and how they dreaded a sectional conflict.

Mr. Cushing was called ambitious. So were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and a long list of prominent men of the past; and now almost every young talented American expects to be President, — and with some reason, in the light of our past history. Yet he certainly followed his convictions more than pure ambition in his career, or often he would have adopted a different course; would have abandoned old ideas, and followed the drift of public opinion, as did other prominent Massachusetts men, to their great personal advantage.

His personal integrity no one ever questioned — a rare virtue in a public man, as we have learned by many modern examples. He was indifferent to money, and disregarded it in his public and professional service.

He was called a partisan. If to be a partisan means to follow one's party blindly, he was too independent, too strong in his own opinions, to be one. He was born more to command than to obey; to be a leader rather than a follower; to impress his own views on others, not to receive theirs. If he had been a devoted partisan he would have followed Henry Clay rather than the fortunes of John Tyler, by which he lost the favor of New England. Then if he had joined the Republican party, as most Northern Whigs did, as intimated before, it is not easy to predict to what a position he might not have risen. He must be credited with sincerity in his action, or he showed far less practical wisdom than most men are supposed to possess. He lived at a time when but little charity was shown for difference of action or opinion, and when men who had freely exposed their

lives for their country, and were willing to do it again, were denounced as its most dangerous foes by men who had shunned the battle-field and whose only devotion during the war had been to themselves. Few have even justice from their own generation — that it is the duty of posterity to render.

The death of Mr. Cushing called out a general feeling of regret all over the country. He had for years withdrawn from party politics, and his learning and legal ability and experience had been devoted to the government at a time when they were specially needed, and all had recognized their value. At many gatherings leading men were glad to bear testimony to his great qualities. At a meeting at Washington called to pay respect to his memory, the late lamented and brilliant Richard S. Spofford, — who had been more intimately associated with him, probably, than any other man for a quarter of a century, — after speaking of those "superb attainments and powers that made him second to none among publicists and statesmen," continued: "When in a later age some great orator of the Republic, the Pericles of its meridian splendor, or, if that is inevitable, the Demosthenes of its declining period, here in this grandest of Capitols, shall revert to our times and recount their history, few names upon the roll of our civic fame will seem to him and those whom he addresses more illustrious than his in honor of whom we are assembled. . . . By all will it then be clearly recognized that the true rank to be assigned to him is that of one among the greatest of statesmen, the most learned of lawyers, the most patriotic of citizens, the most accomplished of men; and that, occupying this pre-eminent position, so

great and valuable were his public services that it may truthfully be said that in his day and generation he was one of the pillars of the Republic."

Robert C. Winthrop, whose praise is always golden, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, after enumerating his great services, said: "He has certainly gone through as great a variety of responsible and conspicuous public services as has ever, I think, fallen to the lot of a Massachusetts man. . . . Differing from him far more frequently than I could agree with him, and by no means prejudiced in his favor, I was all the more a trustworthy witness of his varied ability, his vast acquirements, his unwearied application, and his force and skill as a writer and speaker. Nor can I forget the many amiable traits of his character, which prevented differences of opinion or of party from sundering the ties of social intercourse. He knew how to abandon a policy or quit a party without quarrelling with those whom he left behind."

The late Charles W. Tuttle, whose early death was so much regretted, and who was in the same law office with Mr. Cushing for some years, once said: "Mr. Cushing was endowed with extraordinary intellectual powers, with an uncommonly fine physique, and a vigorous constitution. Externally Nature had stamped him as a man of distinguished character. Such was the versatility of his talents that he could master with equal facility any subject. Had he so determined, he could have gone down to posterity one of the greatest scientists or the great philologist of the age, as he was a great jurist and statesman. His capacity and equally great memory, his unwearied industry, his scorn of de-

light, and love of laborious days, enabled him to conquer all knowledge. I know of no subject of intellectual contemplation that lay outside the range of his meditation and study. Like Bacon, he took all knowledge for his province."

Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, Johnson, and Arthur, in his very interesting volume, recently published, "Men and Measures of Half a Century," in giving his impressions of Edward Everett, says: "He was perhaps the finest classical scholar of the day, the greatest linguist that ever went to Congress, except Caleb Cushing. It was said of Mr. Cushing that he could translate all the European languages. While in Congress there came to the State Department a document that no one in the department could interpret. Upon the suggestion of some one who had heard of Mr. Cushing's reputation as a linguist, it was sent to him, and he translated it without difficulty. Mr. Cushing was a ready and effective speaker, and a very able and learned lawyer. He was one of the few men whose voice could be heard in the old House of Representatives, and who never spoke without commanding the attention of the members."

Hon. Horatio G. Parker, of the Suffolk Bar, was in a position to form a clear judgment of Mr. Cushing, and by request has written out his opinion of him:

"You have asked me in a few words to give some idea of that eminent man Caleb Cushing as a lawyer.

"He was in form and feature a fine specimen of manly beauty, power, and elegance.

"At the bar he always showed that he was perfectly familiar with the facts and law of his case, showing as

thorough preparation as industry could give. His manner in examining witnesses was plain and direct, but very searching, and you felt when he left a witness that the examination, whether direct or cross, had accomplished its intended and perfect work.

"In addressing a jury, he was quiet and clear, very attractive, and when occasion required, bold, powerful, and rising to the height of eloquence.

"He was accomplished in every duty a lawyer could be called upon to perform. Whether to draft a statute, write an argument, preside at a jury trial, or decide and write opinions upon cases before the full court, he was equally competent and ready. He had attainments which enabled him to do what very few lawyers could. I very well recollect seeing him dictate an opinion in a Mexican land-grant case to three amanuenses at once, — one writing English, one French, and one Spanish. He easily kept the three busy.

"As an instance of his grasp of principles of law and ability to frame concisely a statute which should accomplish a broad and deeply reaching change in the law of real estate, Chapter 29 of the Acts of Massachusetts for the year 1852 may be cited. The Act reads: 'Aliens may take, hold, convey, and transmit real estate.' I was told by a member of the State Senate at the time that Caleb Cushing drew the Act. The statute now exists in the same words in Public Statutes of Massachusetts, Chapter 126, Section 1.

"The statute has never been amended, and the Court has never been called upon to construe it further than to say that it applies to aliens resident abroad.

"Mr. Cushing sat upon the bench in Massachusetts

only from May 22, 1852 to March 7, 1853, when he resigned to accept the position of Attorney-General of the United States in the Cabinet of General Pierce. He entered upon his duties as Judge as one fully equipped, and performed them with such ease, naturalness, and success as to command the approval, respect, and admiration of all.

"His opinion in Popkin *et al. vs.* Sargent *et al.*, 10 Cush. 327, may perhaps be referred to as a model of what an opinion may be in soundness of law and clearness and grace of expression. The case is upon the construction of a will, and is a wonderful expression of the cardinal principle that in the construction of a will the intention of the testator must govern, while at the same time the circumstances surrounding the testator, as well as the testator's peculiarities and views, should be learned and considered in ascertaining that intention.

"It is an admirable statement of the law, and a most lucid illustration of applying law to conditions and circumstances to be either strengthened or tempered thereby. No one would go far astray in the principles of construing a will who should first read the opinion in Popkin *et al. vs.* Sargent *et al.*

"How Mr. Cushing succeeded as Attorney-General is sufficiently attested by the volumes of his opinions, and the comments made upon them by eminent jurists of this and other countries.

"But the lawyer is only one phase of Mr. Cushing, and the most eminent lawyers seldom do more than write their names in water.

"I had the highest regard for and confidence in Mr. Cushing's ability, integrity, and patriotism. It is well

known what confidence those in authority placed in him during the war, and how often they availed themselves of his gifts, accomplishments, and abilities during our darkest days. I heard him say at nearly the end of the war that he considered the way in which the Administration had kept up the courage and confidence of the people and had availed itself of the resources of the country as worthy of much praise."

The relations of Mr. Cushing with Daniel Webster were very intimate, and he often rendered his friend aid in the way it was not infrequently asked. The seventy-seventh birthday of the great statesman was celebrated, Jan. 18, 1859, by his friends at Boston, when Mr. Cushing presided, and speeches were made by Rufus Choate and others. Some extracts are given from his speech on that occasion as a good specimen of his style; as an indication, also, of how strongly Mr. Webster impressed his contemporaries:

"We, friends, associates, admirers of Webster, assemble on his birthday, not to mourn him dead in the silent grave where his mortal body lies interred, but to rejoice in the immortality of his glory, to honor him as living still, with all his native majesty and strength of lineament and proportions, in our hearts, in the veneration of his countrymen, in the respect and honor of the world.

> "'Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
> For now he lives in fame, though not in life.'

"'*Quicquid ex Agricola amavimus, quicquid mirati sumus manent, mansurumque est, in animis hominum, in aeternitate temporum, fama rerum.*' To the commemoration of all this we have dedicated ourselves this evening;

and fitly we do so, gathered around this flower-decked board, with harmonies of the eye and ear to animate us, and with 'feast of reason' to crown that of sense, — as in the Athenian or Roman days men sat at the banquet table with garlanded images of their honored dead on the seats beside them, in revivified presence, as it were, so — their souls overflowing with speech and song — to celebrate the memory of the heroic persons of the Republic. . . .

"My own respect, admiration, and attachment for Webster, beginning at an early date, and acquiring new strength with every day of a constant and most confidential intimacy through life, settled down into that condition of mind regarding him which rightly belongs to the contemplation of one of Plutarch's men. How it would startle and move us, if Demosthenes were to step out from behind the curtained shadows of history, to rouse the fierce democracy of another Greece against the ambition of another Philip; or a Cicero, in his ample robe and purple-bordered tunic, hurling his consular anathemas at Catiline, or pouring forth his senatorial invectives on the head of Mark Antony. Yet have we not all heard and seen this? Ay, but we may have heard it as though hearing it not, and seen it as though seeing it not. Just as the infinite and eternal God is with us always, though invisible but in his works, so God's vicegerents on earth, to whom he has vouchsafed the gift of genius, of wisdom, and of eloquence, and whom he has thus delegated and sent to be the world's leaders, are with us; and them we see, them we elbow in the streets, them we hear of carelessly in the senate, the council chamber, or the field. Then we come at length to know,

as one of them leaves the earth to its fate and ascends to his congenial heaven, and we then see, perchance too late, by the long train of light which illumines his upward path, that a demi-god and not a man had been with us the while, working out with strong will the inscrutable providences of the Almighty. It may be, and it often is, that the scales of inadvertence fall from our eyes long before the hero man is transfigured by death; it may be, and often is, that not before then does he rise up from the dust into which he has been overwhelmed and borne down by the brute weight and stolid mass of our passions and prejudices. Sometimes he is a Washington, and the world bows down at once in deferential reverence before its foremost in virtue and glory; sometimes he is a Prometheus, chained to Caucasian cliffs in resentment for the good he has done, or a Samson Agonistes in the work-house of the Philistines. And so in this hurly-burly of life, the world's ears filled with dissonant cries as of the multitudinous voices of the sea, men come and go, with various fortune or estimation, according as the lights or shadows of time fall upon their pathway and their persons. Yet that Webster was one of those predestined men of history, none who saw him, either in his public or private manifestations, none who knew him, could doubt. I certainly never did; and it was a source of never-failing interest to me to witness, in life, the working of that great spirit, gigantic in force and sublime in virtue, despite all its infirmities, as it now is to contemplate him in death, with his traits softened by time and distance, and yet brightened into distinctness by the reflected rays of a beam of light from the celestial splendors of the throne of God."

In this same speech Mr. Cushing states that Mr. Webster and himself constantly conferred together in their common adherence to President Tyler.

Mr. Cushing's publications were "History of the Town of Newburyport" (1826); "Practical Principles of Political Economy" (1826); "Review of the Late Revolution in France" (1833); "Reminiscences of Spain" (1833); "Growth and Territorial Progress of the United States" (1839); "Life of William H. Harrison" (1840); "The Treaty of Washington" (1873), and many speeches and addresses. Of these by far the most important is "The Treaty of Washington," by which the different questions at issue between Great Britain and the United States, and especially the Alabama claims, were settled, and which are fully discussed by one who took a leading part, and was thoroughly informed of all the facts. To the historian this work will be invaluable. The American side is presented ably, and with the warmth of an advocate, for the author was intensely American in his feelings. The importance of this treaty is shown in the following extract:

"We have gained the vindication of our rights as a government; the redress of wrong done to our citizens; the political prestige in Europe and America of the enforcement of our rights against the most powerful state of Christendom; the elevation of maxims of right and justice into the judgment-seat of the world; the recognition of our theory and policy of neutrality by Great Britain; the honorable conclusion of a long-standing controversy, and the extinction of a cause of war between Great Britain and the United States; and the moral authority of having accomplished these great objects

without war, by peaceful means, by appeals to conscience and to reason, through the arbitrament of a high international tribunal."

According to Mr. Cushing's request, he was buried by the side of the wife from whom he had been so long separated, and to whose memory he had been devoted. His grave is on the highest point of the old cemetery at Newburyport, overlooking a place that had been his home for nearly four-score years, and that had been dear to him. Surely it can be said of him for his services to his country, as was said of honored men in the days of Rome, "*De republica bene meruit.*"

REV. STEPHEN PEABODY AND WIFE

OF ATKINSON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

AN OLD-TIME PASTOR

" A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich on forty pounds a year."

GOLDSMITH.

IN the general attention now given to the men and customs of a century ago, an old-time pastor and his wife deserve special recognition.

Rev. Stephen Peabody, the first settled minister of Atkinson, N.H., was born in Andover, Nov. 11, 1741. He was a descendant of Lieut. Francis Peabody, who came to this country in the "Planter" in 1635. He was the son of John and Sarah (Ingalls) Peabody. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1769, a classmate of Theophilus Parsons. He was a poor boy, and used to tell in after life of his struggles to obtain an education, earning his board at college by waiting on the table, and carrying with him from home the linen he needed during the term, which his loving sisters had laundered. He was twenty-eight years old at graduation, the *pater omnium* of his class, and it was not a little to his credit that his age did not alter his resolve to obtain an education. Having fixed upon the ministry for his profession, he studied in the family of a minister, for

it was before the day of theological seminaries, and defrayed his expenses by working on a farm and teaching school.

He was ordained at Atkinson as pastor Nov. 25, 1772. This town was a part of land purchased of the Indians by the inhabitants of Pentucket, now Haverhill, Mass., and set off into New Hampshire as a part of Plaistow, and had been separated from that town and incorporated Sept. 3, 1767, five years before the settlement of Mr. Peabody. It seems strange to this generation to learn that the reason for the separation was that the people might have their own church and minister. In their application to the legislature for an act of incorporation, the petitioners state: "That by reason of the great distance of their dwellings from the meeting-house they undergo many and great difficulties in attending the public worship of Almighty God there, and that the said meeting-house is not large enough to accommodate more than half the inhabitants of said town." At that period, as is well known, the church was an institution of the town; the town as a corporation was holden for the support of the minister; and each citizen was assessed for the support of religious worship, as for other expenses.

The small salary offered Mr. Peabody well illustrates the economy of the times. The record is as follows: "Voted, To give Mr. Stephen Peabody one hundred and sixty pounds, lawful money, as a settlement, upon condition that the salary begin at sixty-six pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence, lawful money, the first year, and add on forty shillings per year till it amounts to eighty pounds per year."

Stephen Peabody

"Voted, To give Mr. Stephen Peabody ten cords of wood per year so long as he carries on the work of a ministry in Atkinson." No increase was ever made in this salary during his long ministry.

The people used to settle their tax individually with the minister, with most of whom he had running accounts for articles furnished, or services rendered, and at the close of the year his cash receipts were often very small, as can well be imagined. He was settled for life, as was the old custom, and remained with his people forty-seven years. In Hampstead, an adjoining town, a contemporary, Rev. John Kelly, whom many now living remember, was pastor of his church fifty-six years. The ministerial itineracy of a later period was unknown. Soon after his settlement the Revolutionary war began, and he entered Poor's regiment as chaplain, for he was a brave man and a patriot.

And it may not be out of place here to say, that in praising and honoring those who fought in the war of 1861–65, we should not forget the soldiers of the Revolution who endured hardships to which soldiers now are strangers, with no motive but pure patriotism to draw them into the service. At the beginning of the Revolutionary war the Continental Congress sent the following circular for signatures, which deserves to be more generally known to this generation: "We, the subscribers, do hereby solemnly engage and promise that we will to the utmost of our power, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, with arms, oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies." Every male citizen of Atkinson, ninety-seven in all, signed this pledge. In the last war the

town in filling its quota was obliged to pay many soldiers eight hundred dollars each, as bounty, to induce them to enlist.

On his return to his people Mr. Peabody discharged faithfully all the duties of his pastorate, and they were many and varied. He must preach two sermons on the Sabbath, for in those days of few books and papers the sermons gave food for thought and discussion during the week. They were long sermons, too, and the people were not tired of listening, though seated in a cold church never warmed, and on hard seats with no cushions. All attended church, for it was not respectable to do secular work or seek amusement on the Sabbath. The prayer meetings at which he was expected to be present were more numerous and better attended than now, and more pastoral visits must be made.

Mr. Peabody kept a diary, simply a record of what he did each day, without a reflection or any statement that did not relate to himself, written in a fine hand and condensed. That for 1783 has been preserved, and throws much light on the life of a clergyman at that period. Some entries will be given.

"Oct. 3. Catechised the children at John Dustin's." All the children must be taught the Westminster Catechism, and from Sunday to Sunday the pastor would give notice what families would be visited during the week "to catechise the children," and question them on the points of doctrine found in that little book, once so revered, now hardly known. At the appointed time the children would be gathered in the best room, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with clean faces, to receive their spiritual teacher, and when each child answered readily

every question, beginning with "What is the chief end of man?" and the pastor commended the faithfulness of both children and parents, all eyes sparkled at his words of praise. Parents were proud of their children, and children proud of themselves.

"April 13. Wrote John Little's Will." This entry shows that a pastor's duty was not confined to religious instruction. He was the scholar of the town, and must give advice, and write documents where some education and legal knowledge were required, and he felt as willing to aid his people as they felt free to call on him. There were but few lawyers, so abundant now.

"July 16. Went to Commencement." No clergyman of that day neglected to visit Cambridge on that occasion, if only from religious motives. The strict Puritan theology of the time then prevailed at Harvard. It was regarded as the nursery of the church, where they could receive large draughts of spiritual life as well as mingle with the scholars of New England. For many weeks after his return the minister would tell his people what he had seen and heard, and they were no more tired of hearing than he was of telling.

"Married Jonathan Johnson to Molly Follansbee; Moses Atwood to Judith Wadley, all of Hampstead for a dollar a piece." Again, "Married Major Moore to widow Little for two dollars." These entries show how little it cost to get married a century ago, and explains in part why so few then led single lives. As a "Major" was quite an important personage years ago, and from regard for his dignity would pay the highest price where his happiness was so deeply concerned, it would seem that two dollars was a big fee. With no knowledge on

the subject, it is to be hoped our clerical friends are now more liberally rewarded. One can certainly afford to pay well for a union with a good wife, and if he gets a poor one he may as well begin first as last to pay dearly for his folly.

"Nov. 6. At Mr. Dow's mill raising." Even in the youth of many now living it was quite an event to raise a building. The timbers were large, some of them big enough to give timber for a modern house, and all the men of the town must assemble to aid. The minister went, too, for he could see the people and talk with them. Prayer was generally offered before the work began. Refreshments were provided in abundance, and New England rum was never wanting, of which the minister would take a little with the rest — only a little. It was long before the days of temperance ; it was a pure liquor, not the often poisonous mixture now drunk, and if the people became a little excited their heads were clear the next day.

"Dec. 26. Got my wood." Most pastors of that day were settled for so much money and so many cords of wood, and so it was, as has been stated, with Parson Peabody. Word would be given out that on a given day, all must bring the minister's wood, and a merry time they had of it, for it was a labor of love, and all rejoiced to take part. No one could work too hard, and the heart of the pastor was not more glad than those of his people at the big pile before his door. No sworn surveyor measured the allowance, no short sticks were slyly put in — the minister must be kept warm, for they well knew how welcome they would be to his fireside.

To add to his means of support he had bought a little

farm. He did much of the work on his land with his own hands, and in his diary he speaks of "getting in the corn," and "husking it," "killing the hog and cow," and other such necessary farm labor. The out-of-door exercise kept him in robust health, as it would keep clergymen now. He was a large man, over six feet in height, of great strength, with a keen black eye, swarthy complexion, and curling, bushy hair. He could do every kind of farm work, for which his early life had prepared him, and whether holding the plough, hoeing corn, wielding the scythe, harvesting, or gathering his fruit, about which he was very select, bearing in mind his guests, no one of his neighbors could surpass him. He knew no fear, and in his youth he had been a famous wrestler, and, it was said, bad men had not unfrequently experienced his "muscular Christianity" in a way they did not forget, when they had excited him to holy anger. His farm work was a bond of union between him and his people. He was one of them, he worked as they worked, did as they did, and in all his labors, in time of need, their willing hands were ever at his service. It was the advantage of a long pastorate, that the minister knew all his people. The population was then stationary, with no foreign mixture, and as years rolled on the children and grandchildren of his first charge grew up around him, their history was familiar to him, and they seemed like a part of his own family. At funerals Mr. Peabody could drop a sympathetic and sincere tear, for a friend had departed, and at weddings he was the life of the company, giving loose rein to his exuberant spirits, and interspersing good advice with the cheerful talk befitting the occasion.

Mr. Peabody was very hospitable, and his diary gives evidence of the amount of company he entertained. Almost every day he speaks of persons who have dined or lodged with him, and when the labor of giving names was too great he would write, "full of company."

Before the introduction of railroads it was the custom of the farmers of Vermont and New Hampshire to bring their produce in their own conveyances to the seaport towns, and exchange for groceries and other needed articles. These journeys were usually made in winter, as it was their season of leisure, and in sleighs for ease of transport. Often, however, the snow would suddenly disappear, so that the farmers made all possible expedition, travelling much in the night. So well known was Mr. Peabody's hospitality that many of them would stop at his house, and they were welcome. His doors were left unfastened at night; the big back-log gave heat to his sitting-room; and they would enter, warm themselves, chat with the good pastor in his adjacent bed-room, and depart, their faces unseen, and, perhaps, as in the old days of chivalry, their names unasked.

He was a gentleman in his appearance, and paid full regard to the proprieties of dress demanded of a clergyman at that period. If when at work in the field, in a plain farmer's dress, it was announced that polished visitors had come to see him, he would quickly prepare to meet them, in his best dark garb, with his white cravat, his silk stockings meeting the breeches at the knee, and the silver buckles worn then by gentlemen.

He was a man of large views, and one of his first anxieties was to provide for his people better means of education, and aided by a few friends he established

Atkinson Academy in 1787, though it was not incorporated till 1791, the oldest in the State after Phillips at Exeter. Money was scarce, and to raise the necessary funds was no easy task, and from his own limited resources he expended freely, and incurred debts that embarrassed him to the end of his life. One of the means then common to secure money for such objects was lotteries, for there were no moral scruples in regard to them. In the year 1791 a petition was presented to the New Hampshire legislature, in which it was stated: "That lotteries are now established in Massachusetts for raising funds to support academies, and for various other purposes, by which considerable sums are daily drawn from the citizens of this State." And after enlarging upon the benefit to be obtained from the lottery, the petition prays: "That we might have liberty to raise one thousand pounds, or such other sum as may be thought proper, to be disposed of for the accomplishment of the above purpose." Massachusetts was authority then as now in morals.

The petition was at once granted, Feb. 17, 1791. Then, as the town was so near the boundary, a petition was presented to the legislature of Massachusetts for permission to sell tickets in that State. It was refused, not on moral grounds, but the thrifty Old Bay State wished to reap fully all the advantages to be obtained from the cultivation of its own territory — it believed then as now in a "Home Market." The good man had made several journeys to Boston on this errand, and it was with a sad heart that he turned his horse homeward from his unsuccessful mission.

The lottery scheme was a failure, for but few tickets

could be sold in a section so sparsely settled as New Hampshire. His efforts, however, in favor of the infant institution were not relaxed, and were rewarded by success. It soon gained a wide reputation, and students flocked thither from far around, many of whom, as Levi Woodbury, Governor Kent, Jonathan Cilley, President Brown, in after years gained a national reputation. Grace Fletcher, wife of Daniel Webster, was one of the pupils, and an old lady, one of her schoolmates, told me she was a pale, delicate, modest girl, whom all loved. It was, I think, the first academy in the country to admit ladies to its privileges. The tradition is that "Polly" Peabody told her father she was going to the academy. He was amazed at such a proposition, for up to that time but few girls had received more than an elementary education, but he could deny his only daughter nothing, and she and some of her companions were admitted, sat with the boys, joined their classes, and co-education was established. The advocates of woman's rights should give merited credit to "Polly" Peabody and Atkinson Academy for this advance movement in the higher education of women. Parson Peabody received many pupils into his family, as he had erected a large house, and they were ever after grateful for the instruction and refining influence of his home, largely due to his wife, of whom it will be spoken later.

One of these pupils, the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Gilman, has told how his mother, left a poor widow with four children, had taken him, her only son, a little boy of seven years, to Mr. Peabody's home, and related her condition and anxiety for the child's future. "Madam," was his reply, "leave your little boy with us. He shall be one

of us, and enter the academy. If Providence blesses your efforts to secure for yourself a livelihood, well and good; you may remunerate us in the usual way. But, if you are doomed to struggle with adversity, be not anxious about your son; be sure he shall have a home and an education." His wife was sitting near knitting, and smiled approval of her husband's words. Was not this practical Christianity? It can well be imagined with what a light heart that mother drove back the next morning to her home in Gloucester. It should be added that the debt was fully paid in after years, so far as money could pay it. It is an illustration of the kindness, unselfishness, and hospitality of this clergyman during his whole life.

Not content with the establishment of the academy, in his wish to cultivate the people generally he started a library, with the leading citizens its shareholders, which was continued long after his decease, and had a marked influence in forming an intelligent community. The books were carefully selected, every one instructive, in marked contrast to the volumes burdening so many shelves of our modern libraries. It was before the day of cheap fiction.

With all these traits that could not fail to be appreciated, it is not to be wondered at that he had a strong hold on the respect and affections of his people. No child passed him that did not take off the hat or make a courtesy, and it may be said that at that period every child was taught at home and at school to show this civility to the passing stranger, and punished for disobedience. In far off Hammerfest, in Norway, a few years ago, the writer was struck with this attention to a

stranger, recalling the instruction of his boyhood. Are our children better now for its disregard?

In the church at the close of the service, the congregation rose, and remained standing till Mr. Peabody had left the house, bowing on each side as he passed down the aisle followed by his wife. He was never spoken of, or to, lightly, but usually as "Sir Peabody," or "Parson Peabody."

He was not a learned man, and his theological library was said not to have contained more than fifty volumes, yet his talents were certainly very respectable. He was not unfrequently called upon to preach at the ordination exercises of his brother clergymen, and once preached the annual sermon before the New Hampshire legislature. His sermons were written in a fine hand, on small sheets of paper, for economy was required even in small things. Sermons then were divided into many heads, but he rarely went beyond "fifthly." He had the attention of his hearers, of the older portion from interest, and the younger people seated in the large galleries were kept in order by tithingmen, regularly appointed by the town at their annual meetings to look after unruly boys. Mr. Peabody did not hesitate himself to stop in his sermon and rebuke any impropriety in the house of God. After the religious exercises had been finished, it was the custom of the town clerk to read the intentions of marriage, when all, especially the young, were eager listeners. It was certainly a proof of his ability that his people were for so long a time united under his teachings. But it was a period of faith, of adherence to time-honored views, before the "divers and strange doctrines" that have since divided the churches had crept in. It was a

sufficient ground of belief that "Parson Peabody" and the Bible said it. An unbeliever in the old Orthodoxy was looked upon with suspicion, and suffered in his social intercourse as a dangerous associate, especially for the young. An old Boston teacher who had taught Edward Everett came to spend his declining years in the town, but found it prudent to conceal his Unitarianism, and when asked his religious belief would evade a direct answer by saying: "My wife is a Methodist." He attended the service, and contributed as did his neighbors.

Mr. Peabody had a happy temperament and joyous nature, and was fond of a joke. He was quick to see the humor of any incident, and told a story or anecdote with much glee, often rising and using action to add to the effect, and joining heartily in the laughter that followed. He was a fine singer, revelled in music, and often the first thing heard in his house in the morning was his loud melodious voice in some song like "The bright rosy morning peeps over the hills," arousing the sleeping inmates. When riding alone, or at home, the impulse would seize him, and he would break out in some favorite tune. He joined in the singing at the church, and if there was any deficiency he supplied it, sometimes taking the place of the choir. He played the violin, and would draw from its chords exquisite music, and it was thought that he would gladly have danced but for his profession.

In his domestic relations Mr. Peabody was fortunate. He married his first wife Jan. 19, 1773, soon after his settlement. She was Mary Haseltine, daughter of Deacon John and Mary (Ingalls) Haseltine, of Brad-

ford, Mass., and an aunt of the missionary Mrs. Judson and of Miss Abigail C. Haseltine, so long the able principal of Bradford Female Seminary. She was a devoted wife and mother, whose chief happiness was in her family. She died Sept. 19, 1793. Becoming a widower at an early age, according to the custom of that class he began to look for another wife, and in due time married Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw, widow of Rev. John Shaw, pastor of the first Church of Haverhill, Mass. Her history was specially identified with that of Mr. Peabody and his Society, and it is not easy to speak too strongly in her praise.

She was the youngest of three remarkable sisters, daughters of Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth, Mass., and was said not to have been inferior to either of her sisters. One of them married President John Adams, and the third married Richard Cranch, and was the mother of the late Judge Cranch, of Washington, D.C. Her father had educated her with great care, and as the wife of Mr. Shaw she occupied a prominent social position. The clergy of that period mingled much with each other, to discuss theological and other questions continually arising in their parishes, and to talk about new books, then rarely appearing, and give to themselves and their families the benefit of the best social intercourse. It was a custom then, long since passed away, to hold protracted meetings for three or four successive days, in aid of a revival, at which all the ministers of the surrounding towns with their wives were gathered. As few events but death caused a change of pastorate, the clergymen became very intimate with each other and their families, and so rare a woman

ELIZABETH PEABODY.

as Mrs. Shaw was well known and admired, not the least by Mr. Peabody. As a widower he consulted her about the new wife for whom he was in search. "What kind of a woman do you want?" she asked. "One just like yourself," was the gallant and sincere reply. Soon after Mr. Peabody mounted his horse, and was on his way to visit the lady recommended, when he heard of the sudden death of Mr. Shaw. Other thoughts at once took possession of him, and he turned his horse and went home.

As might be expected, others besides Mr. Peabody were anxious to console the interesting widow in her bereavement, and among them the Rev. Isaac Smith, a cousin and youthful admirer. He was preceptor of Byfield Academy, the oldest in the State, and which has been one of the most useful. But Parson Peabody was only six miles from Haverhill, and Mr. Smith was fifteen, and naturally the former went oftener and stayed later, in his visits to the lady, and the result was then as now to be expected — he won. Mrs. Shaw's domestic, with her eyes and ears open to passing events, a trait by no means lost now in that class, kept herself well informed. She favored Mr. Smith, had regretted his early disappointment, and had encouraged him to renewed efforts. The evening when the momentous question was settled, it rained hard, and for that reason, probably, each had selected it, thinking he would have a clear field and no interruption. But the distance had told, and when after dark Mr. Smith presented himself at the door Lydia said to him sharply: "You are altogether too late, sir; Parson Peabody has long ago dried his coat by the kitchen fire, and has been sitting with Mrs. Shaw a whole hour

in the parlor." Mr. Smith turned home to Byfield and never married. His face was said ever after to have worn a melancholy expression, his mind no doubt filled with the thought of what "might have been."

A word should be said of this domestic, Lydia Springer. She spent her life in the service of this one family, regarded more as a friend than a servant. On the death of her mistress, she was retained by her daughter. Her wages were fifty cents a week, the ruling price then, from which she saved a considerable sum.

No greater blessing could have been bestowed on the people of the little town and on the infant academy than the advent of Mrs. Peabody. She became to them as a superior being. With a cultivation and refinement to which they had not been accustomed, her whole appearance was an inspiration, for her person was very pleasing, and she did not neglect the attractions of dress. By her visits to Boston and Quincy, where she met the best society of the day, she could bring back information of new books and authors, not neglecting the latest fashions for her own benefit and that of her friends. There was a charm about her conversation and a kindness and sweetness in her smile and whole manner that won every heart. She had many students of both sexes in her family, over whom she tenderly and carefully watched, who idolized her, and would never in her presence do or say a rude thing. Everything connected with her lifted them up to something purer and better, and even when they left her home she followed them by her correspondence, giving them needed advice, precious from such a source. She always turned the conversation at the table, and elsewhere, to instructive topics. Familiar with the best

literature, she would quote from such authors as Shakespeare, Pope, Addison, and would interest them by reading such books as "Hannah More's Tracts," then recently published, which had such a wonderful and healthy circulation.

With all these accomplishments, she was not above attention to the common duties of a large household and the requirements of a poor clergyman's wife. She aided her solitary maid in her work, mended the stockings and attended to the clothing and appearance of the little boys in her family, and was above no labor; but, however engaged, or however dressed, she was always a lady to those around her. Careful about her attire, an elaborate "queenly head dress," as one who remembered her styled it, seemed to have impressed itself as peculiar to her, and it is represented in the portrait of her by Stuart still in existence. It is safe to say that no other lady in that vicinity ever exerted such an influence, or was so widely remembered.

She died suddenly April 9, 1815, in the 66th year of her age. John Quincy Adams, then in London, wrote to his mother, under date of June 30, 1815, as follows: "My aunt Peabody was, next to you, one of the earliest and kindest friends and guardians of my childhood. Since that time every recollection that I have of her is of acts of kindness to myself and to my children. The news of her decease, therefore, could not but painfully affect me, and the sentiment was deepened by that of the impression with which I knew you must have been affected by the event." Mrs. Abigail Adams, wife of President John Adams, wrote of her: "Few persons held so eloquent a pen, or could find such ready access to the

heart. I scarcely ever received a letter from her which did not draw involuntary tears from my eyes. Her imagination was brilliant, her affections pure and ardent, her wit and playfulness full of good humor, unalloyed with acrimony. To know her was to love and respect her. How many owe to her the good seed which she planted in their infant minds, and which, I doubt not, will be her crown of rejoicing!"

Two children by Mr. Shaw survived her, a son and a daughter. Her son, William Smith Shaw, was graduated at Harvard; was private secretary of his uncle, President John Adams; studied law and was clerk of the United States District Court. He was one of the principal founders of the Boston Athenæum, to which he gave his valuable collection of coins, tracts, and curios. He died in Boston, April 25, 1826.

The daughter, Elizabeth Quincy Shaw, became the wife of the late Joseph B. Felt, well known as an historian and antiquary, whose acquaintance she had made while he was a student at Atkinson Academy, and an inmate of her mother's family.

The death of his wife was a severe blow to Mr. Peabody, already beginning to feel the approach of old age. The sunshine of his life was gone. He could not sing and joke as of old. He was feeble in the discharge of his parish duties, and rarely wrote a new sermon, but would read from Henry's or Scott's Commentaries. To the last he retained the affection of his people, charitable to all omissions in one who had served them as pastor so long and so faithfully. He died May 23, 1819.

Mr. and Mrs. Peabody sleep side by side in the burying-ground in the centre of the village, over three hun-

dred feet above the sea-level; where can be had a view on which they loved to look, of the Monadnock and other mountains to the west and north; and of the spires of many villages extending for miles south and east to the ocean at Newburyport. A few years ago a loving grandson erected a handsome monument to replace the old broken stones, preserving the original epitaphs that record none too strongly the merits of the departed. They were as follows:

"Rev. Stephen Peabody died May 23, in his 78th year. He was ordained the first minister of this town Nov. 25, 1772, and until his death sustained the office with dignity, possessed the love and confidence of his people, and ardently sought the interest of his charge and of mankind. He was a man of good talents, a sound divine, a Christian in word and deed. He was to the last a friend of those in distress, the patron of merit and literature, and served as chaplain in the army of the Revolution.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they shall turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever.

"In memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody. At her decease she was the wife of Rev. Stephen Peabody of this town. She died suddenly April 9, 1815, aged 65 years. She was eminent for strength of mind and the acquisition of literature. She lived not for herself but for the benefit of others, and the honor of her Maker. The religion she possessed was exemplified in her life. Though dead, her memory is embalmed in the hearts of many. Of her it may justly be said 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'

"In memory of Elizabeth Quincy Shaw, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John and Elizabeth Shaw, of Haverhill, Mass., who died Sept. 4, 1798, aged 18 years."

Those who knew them cherished warmly years after their decease the memory of "Sir" and "Ma'am Peabody," and spoke to their children and their children's children of their many virtues and hallowed influence, as my parents did to me.

Mr. Peabody left two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter. The son, Stephen (Harv. 1794), born Oct. 6, 1773, was judge of the Court of Common Pleas, of Hancock County, Maine, and died April 12, 1851, at Bucksport. He had four sons: Stephen, George, William, and Leonard, all deceased, of whom only Leonard left children, two sons and a daughter. Leonard married Mary, a daughter of Hon. William Todd of St. Stephen, New Brunswick. His eldest son, Harry Ernest Peabody, was graduated from Harvard in 1887, and from the Yale Divinity School in 1891. He is now a Congregational clergyman of Windsor Avenue Church, Hartford, Ct.

Mr. Peabody's daughter, Mary, usually called "Polly," married Stephen Peabody Webster, of Haverhill, N.H., but left no children.

For this sketch of Mr. and Mrs. Peabody the writer is indebted to the recollections of aged people, and especially to a magazine article of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Gilman, written fifty years ago, from a heart full of gratitude for youthful training in their home. Mr. Geo. A. Gordon, my personal friend for fifty years, commencing in college days, also has supplied important facts in regard to Mr. Peabody and his family.

SKETCH AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS HART BENTON

Missouri has recently presented to the Capitol at Washington the statue of Thomas Hart Benton, as that of one of the two men whom she wished thus specially to honor, and attention has been called anew to one of the most prominent of deceased American statesmen.

Thomas Hart Benton was born in Orange County, N.C., March 14, 1782, the same year that gave birth to Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Martin Van Buren, and Lewis Cass, with whom his political life was so closely associated. His parents were of good old English Virginia lineage. He spent some time at a grammar school and at a college, but his education was interrupted and imperfect, and he did not take a degree. His father, who was a lawyer, died when he was quite young, and his mother moved to Tennessee, where the family owned real estate. He studied law, and began to practise at Nashville. At the age of seventeen he first saw Andrew Jackson, then judge of the Superior Court at Tennessee, and afterwards major-general of the state militia, with whom his history was so closely identified. He became an aide-de-camp of Jackson, which gave him his title of colonel, by which he was afterwards generally designated, and he claims in his "View" that Jackson received his appointment in the

regular army by his influence. The two soon became warm friends and so continued until their feud in 1813, which arose through the brother, Jesse Benton, and came near terminating the early career of both.

He served one term in the Legislature of Tennessee, where, though young, he was very active, and caused to be enacted a law giving to slaves the same right of trial by jury as to the whites.

He was appointed by President Madison a lieutenant colonel in the regular army, but resigned on the declaration of peace with England. He removed to St. Genevieve, in Missouri, and soon after to St. Louis, where he opened a law office, became engaged in politics, established a newspaper full of personalities, and was involved in quarrels and duels, in one of which he killed his man, to his deep subsequent regret. Duelling, however, was then regarded as the proper course in a matter of wounded honor, and he was present at the duel between Clay and Randolph.

He was active in securing the admission of Missouri to the Union, though as a slave State, and was rewarded by an election as one of the first senators by one majority. This position he retained from 1821 to 1851, a period of great prominence in American history, when the most celebrated debates were held, and such intellectual giants as Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were participants.

In the Senate, in 1824, he met again Andrew Jackson, then a senator from Tennessee, with whom he had not spoken since their fray in 1813, and who still carried in his arm the bullet of Jesse Benton. Colonel Benton, in a letter written at the time, thus describes the resumption

of their intercourse: "Well, how many changes in this life! General Jackson is now sitting in the chair next to me. There was a vacant one next to me, and he took it for the session. Several senators saw the situation and offered mediation. I declined it on the ground that what had happened could neither be explained, recanted, nor denied. After this we were put on the same committee. Facing me one day, as we sat in our seats, he said: 'Colonel, we are on the same committee. I will give you notice when it is necessary to attend.' (He was chairman, and had a right to summon us.) I answered: 'General, suit yourself; it will be convenient for me to attend at any time.' In committee we did business together just as other persons. After that he asked me how my wife was, and I asked him how his was. Then he called and left his card at my lodgings, 'Andrew Jackson for Col. Benton and lady;' forthwith I called at his and left mine. Since then we have dined together at several places, and yesterday at the President's. I made him the first bow; he held out his hand, and we shook hands. I then introduced him to my wife, and thus civil relations are perfectly established between us. Jackson has gained since he has been here by his mild and conciliatory manner." It has been said that the first salutation of one to the other was, "Shall it be peace or war?" and the answer was "Peace." Both were equally prepared all their lives for one or the other, equally intense in love or hate. Thus reconciled, they were to the end devoted to each other, and were a great power in American politics.

In the election of 1824, Colonel Benton was originally a supporter of Mr. Clay, whose wife was a relative, but

when the contest lay between Adams and Jackson he gave his influence to the latter.

As might be expected from his character, Colonel Benton became at once active, prominent, and influential, speaking often and in elaborate speeches, and watching every opportunity to advance the interest of the West.

He was a bitter opponent of the re-chartering of the United States bank, making his first speech against it in 1831, and without a doubt did much to influence the course of Gen. Jackson on this as on many other questions. He became specially interested in financial questions, advocating hard money, and well earned his title of "Old Bullion." His speeches were carefully prepared, and, though unlike his great opponents, Webster and Clay, he was not an orator, and spoke to an empty Senate, he influenced the people.

General Jackson vetoed the bank re-charter bill, and withdrew the deposits, placing them in "pet banks," and the Senate passed a vote of censure. Colonel Benton at once gave notice of his expunging resolution, which was carried at last, just after the close of Jackson's administration, at a session of intense excitement, against the protest of Webster and others. He professed to fear assassination, and his wife was present in her anxiety. He regarded this as the greatest act of his life, of which he ever boasted. "Solitary and alone," he said, "I put this bill in motion."

He was ever a strong Union man, opposed to Mr. Calhoun in his nullification course, whom he regarded as a personal enemy, and said he should have hung him as a traitor if he had been President.

He early moved in the occupation of Oregon, perceiving its future importance. He opposed the tariff as prejudicial to the interests of the consumers of the West. He advocated preëmption rights and other means to promote settlements in the West, and a national road to the Pacific. He was a friend of Van Buren, and predicted that his rejection as minister to England would make him President. He aided in establishing and, perhaps, was the real author of the Sub-Treasury system, which continued till the Civil War, and in the opinion of many should never have been changed for the greenbacks of Mr. Chase. He was at heart early opposed to slavery, and opposed the resolutions introduced by Mr. Calhoun in 1847, though instructed by the Missouri Legislature to vote for them. He opposed the admission of Texas as a slave State, a most unpopular act in Missouri, and which, probably, defeated his re-election.

In the Mexican War he exercised much influence, sustaining the course of the government, and at one time it was proposed to entrust to him the conduct of the war under the title of lieutenant-general.

He was opposed to the compromise measures of Mr. Clay, which were under discussion when his long senatorial term expired, and to all measures tending to strengthen slavery. In reply to the resolutions of instruction in their favor his reply was that he should appeal to the people. Senator Vest said of him that he never knew a man who in his action thought less of its influence on himself. He did appeal to the people, but he had broken away from his party, especially on the admission of Texas; he was an old man, and had made many enemies; had attempted to conciliate no one, for

all opponents he regarded as his enemies, and he was defeated in his canvass for re-election.

Defeated for the Senate, his desire for public life still continued, and he offered himself as a candidate for the national House of Representatives, and was elected. Here he used all his efforts to prevent the repeal of the Missouri Compromise Bill. Defeated for re-election, he became a candidate in 1856 for Governor of Missouri, and stumped the State with all the vigor of a young man, attacking all opponents in the strongest personal language, but failed. In the presidential contest of that year he sustained Buchanan against Fremont, his son-in-law, on the ground that the Republican was a sectional party, though his action was evidently contrary to his feelings.

With the end of his political career, he had lost none of his energy and industry, and he resumed work on his "Thirty Years View," the first volume of which had appeared in 1854. He completed the second volume, and then engaged on an "Abridgment of the Debates of Congress" from 1789 to 1850, in 15 volumes, which he finished in a whisper on his death bed. He wrote, also, a review of the Dred Scott decision, and proposed a review of the Pierce Administration, with which he was not in sympathy, but he did not write it.

In presenting the statue of Colonel Benton, Senator Vest said of him, in comparing him with Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, the great three of his generation: "He was not as an orator the equal of Mr. Clay; he was not the equal of Mr. Webster as a lawyer; he was not the equal of Mr. Calhoun as a close, analytical debater and disputant; but he was the superior of any one of the three

as a natural, valuable, all-around legislator. His honesty was above question; his courage, morally and physically, equal to that of any man who ever lived upon the earth. His 'Thirty Years View' is the most valuable political treatise in our history."

It can be said, however, of this *Review*, that its value would be much increased, if it had been less Bentonian, less occupied with the part he had taken in the debates, and more with that of other statesmen.

His devotion to the Union was deep, and if he had been spared there can be no doubt that his loyalty would have been unswerving during the Civil War.

Colonel Benton had not been popular in New England, especially in Massachusetts, largely from his opposition to the fishing bounties given to vessels that were out a specified time engaged in cod fishing. As an indication of the feeling, old persons remember that, in the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign of 1840, one of the banners had a picture of Benton stranded on a rock, scourged with a fishing rod, with the words,

> "For Benton a rod,
> And a bounty on cod."

It should be said in his defence, that he was, probably, influenced, not by hostility to New England, but by his opposition to the policy of giving bounties. At a recent meeting of the "Ould Newbury Historical Society," the subject was introduced, and different gentlemen old enough to have had personal knowledge of the subject, and to have been engaged in the business, defended Benton, and spoke of the frauds committed to secure the bounties. Vessels would go out for mackerel, or on

other business, and remain the required time and claim the bounty, when cod had not been fished for. Captain Nichols, of the Custom House, an honest man, incurred ill will by refusing to pay the bounty when knowing that perjury had been used to obtain it. There is no doubt that for political and other reasons Benton had not been an admirer of this section, but his feelings had changed as his anti-slavery sentiments increased.

In the autumn of 1856 the writer was one of the directors of the Newburyport Lyceum, and, wishing to secure the success of the course, it occurred to him to write to Colonel Benton as one of the most distinguished of living American statesmen, and attractive because personally almost unknown in New England. An invitation to come and lecture was accordingly sent to him, suggesting the Union as a subject. He replied as follows: "I have meditated delivering a lecture this winter in different places, intended for practical effect in the present distracted state of the Union. I believe there is danger of disunion, and that the first step towards averting that danger is to face it and to fathom it. After the depth and nature of the disease are known the remedy can be considered, which must be conciliation — an application to all the feelings of patriotism, national pride, and mutual interest, which certainly animate the great majority in both sections of the Union, and an attempt to unite them in a course of conduct which should have harmony and reconciliation for its object. The subject is a large one, and, besides requiring care and knowledge in the preparation of the lecture, would require double the usual time in delivery — say, two hours. If I go into it at all it will be to produce

effect, and, therefore, to be delivered in many places, and to thinking audiences, such as a literary institution and moderate-priced tickets could collect. I have never received anything for lectures, leaving all the proceeds to the institutions whose invitations I have accepted; but if I should go into the business for a winter's work, I should expect the interest to be mutual," etc. Without giving a definite answer he invited further correspondence.

I replied that such a lecture would be very acceptable to us, and, coming from one of his age and long public service, must have a marked effect. Mr. Everett had gone from city to city delivering his lecture on Washington; and how much greater would be the service, and how much deeper the gratitude of his countrymen, for the discussion of a nobler theme even than Washington, "The Union and its Preservation."

After a little negotiation he decided to come, and the details as to terms and time were arranged.

I met him at the Tremont House in Boston as previously agreed. Sending in my card, though early in the morning, he requested me to come to his room, where I found him, not yet dressed, in a loose wrapper, with a cap on his head, sitting at a table writing. And this was my first interview with one I had long wished to see, "Old Bullion," the close friend of General Jackson; the man for years so cordially hated and hating; the survivor of that long list of able men clustering around Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, who was more familiar with our legislation, and had more participation in it, than any other living person.

He spoke of the attention he was receiving; that Mr.

Everett, Mr. Winthrop, and other well-known gentlemen, had at once called on him; said he had agreed to favor a photograph artist; "we must gratify these people, you know;" and after some general conversation, informing him when I must call for him, I took my leave.

After it was announced that he was to lecture in Newburyport he received many invitations from other places, and, as he was ignorant of their localities, he requested me to arrange for him the dates, so that for some days I was much in his company; and I was naturally interested to hear his views of men and things, and to study the man. He was very communicative, never hesitating to speak with the utmost freedom of any individual, living or deceased, or of any measure. He used strong language, sometimes not quite choice, accompanied frequently with that emphasis of tone and manner for which he had been noted in the Senate; and not rarely, as in the case of General Jackson, an expletive would be introduced which a New England Puritan might not have approved.

The lecture which he came to deliver, as stated, was on the Union. It was in November, following the exciting presidential campaign, in which the two parties occupied substantially the same position as in 1860, and which would probably have been followed by the same results had Fremont been elected. He urged that the agitation of the slavery question should cease, both North and South. He blamed both sections for the existing alienation and bitterness, and thought we should endeavor to cultivate the harmony and forbearance of former days. He depicted in forcible language the

blessings of union, and the evils of disunion, to North and South — showed how closely our interests are interwoven — how connected with our prosperity was the union, and that as two nations we could not live in peace. Slavery, customs, the navigation of the Mississippi, and other elements of discord would continually excite ill-will, if not war.

The lecture contained nothing original, but was carefully prepared and able, and evidently expressed the earnest convictions of the author. His elocution was not specially attractive. He used few gestures, and had but little animation, though at times a few words and sentences would be marked by strong emphasis. Sometimes his voice would sink to a whisper, or rather his words would be hissed out. He spoke for about two hours, and the reputation of the man caused him to be listened to with attention, though hardly with enthusiasm, for his politics had never been popular in Massachusetts. The fear of disunion did not then generally prevail in New England, but was regarded as the dream of croakers and timid men. It had been so long threatened that our ears had become familiar with it, and though the audience respected the convictions of so aged and honored a statesman as Colonel Benton, that he should be so disturbed by such forebodings seemed rather an indication of his mental decay. They did not know — they could not know — that he was depicting what was to be fulfilled in their time with all the horrors of our terrible Civil War. The audience was very large, for the fame of the man had brought many from a great distance. He was much pleased with their attention, and said to me: "They sat like statues — I could have

heard a pin drop. The sacredness of the church did not restrain their applause."

He declined proffers of private hospitality, saying as a public man he had never accepted it. The next day was Thanksgiving, however, and he accepted an invitation to dine with the Hon. Albert Currier, and expressed himself as happy to be able to celebrate with us our time-honored festival. In the afternoon, with a party of gentlemen, he rode to Plum Island, and gazed for a long time, much absorbed, on the rolling waves, and the ships in the distance. I think he remarked that it was his first visit to the seaside.

During the days that I spent in his company I noted down many of his remarks, most of which were in reply to questions.

"Tyler was a trifling man, and to this characteristic he owed his preservation at the bursting of the big gun of the Princeton. Word had been given that a song was to be sung in the cabin, and he rushed down to hear it. I was also saved by my characteristic habit of inquiry and investigation. I had been going around all day inquiring into everything, and as a compliment to my business habits was invited to witness the firing, and had just before been requested to change my position that the smoke might not prevent my view. He was a man of great good luck. It was a common observation that whoever stood in the way of Tyler and his advancement would die, and so they predicted the early death of Harrison."

In speaking of Mr. Clay, he said that he once terribly retorted on a South Carolina man. "Mr. Clay had censured severely some disunion sentiments which had been

uttered, when this man rose and said that the author was a relation of his. Mr. Clay rose to his full height, his eyes flashed fire, and in a voice of thunder he exclaimed: 'I care not whose relation he is — he is a *traitor* who utters such sentiments.' Great God! It sank him to the earth, sir. He was never heard of afterwards.

"Mr. Cass was very timid — afraid to take a decided stand. Mr. Wright (referring to Silas Wright) truly said of him: 'He is amiable, but afraid of his own shadow.' Though very amiable in his private relations, never quarrelling with any one, in the Senate he was always for a war with England. He uttered so often in his speeches, 'War is inevitable,' that it became a by-word. I once turned it on him, to the amusement of the Senate. After one of his speeches I rose, and, speaking of the little danger of war, ended with his words changed — 'Peace is inevitable.'

"Douglas was driven into the Kansas-Nebraska bill by the Southerners,— Atchison, and others,— the fire-eaters of the South. They threatened to drop him if he would not take hold of it.

"To advocate disunion is to gain the favor of this administration (that of Pierce). The last foreign appointment was that of an editor from Mobile to Mexico, whose last editorial was in favor of disunion. Those disunion editors from Richmond, vulgar dogs, get the appointments. One wrote that nasty, stinking letter from Turin. As soon as it was known there, they dropped him, sir, — would not notice him at all in that refined circle, — paid him only the attention due a representative from the United States — made a distinction

between the man and the representative — you understand, sir."

I remarked to him that his great vigor surprised me, and his erect and youthful appearance, so different from what I had expected in one of his age. He replied: "That reminds me of what occurred in Missouri last summer. Two anti-Benton men wished to get a look at me, for the first time, but would not come into the room, and so peeped in at the door. I was standing up engaged in an animated conversation with some friends, and, I suppose, I looked more vigorous than usual, and one turned to the other and said; 'Good God! we shall have to fight him these twenty years!' I keep my health by horse-back riding. I might be taken by a foreigner for Gen. Pelissier on my black horse. But few ride so well as I ride. I was once when riding on my black horse, with my little grandson at my side on a white pony, taken for a riding master by a foreigner. Few public men have kept horses to ride. Mr. Randolph was an exception who rode much on horse-back.

"Contrary to the general opinion, Mr. Randolph was very industrious, and labored hard in the committee-room. My seal (exhibiting it) was given me by him after his duel with Mr. Clay. He ordered it for me in London, searching out the coat-of-arms of the Benton family. He said the motto should be, *Factis et verbis* instead of, *Factis non verbis*."

In speaking of the industry of public men he remarked: "John Quincy Adams was the most industrious man I ever knew. I have been compared to him in this respect, though I cannot compliment myself so highly. I am now engaged on my 'Abridgment of the

Debates of Congress' in about sixteen volumes, which will occupy me two years. I hope to live till 1860, and the remaining two years I intend to devote to a history of this Administration." He evidently did not have an exalted opinion of Mr. Pierce and his Administration, and, in reply to a gentleman who wished his aid for an office, replied that he had no influence at Washington. "Mr. Pierce," he said, "has the high honor to have come in almost unanimously, and he will go out with as great unanimity. At the Cincinnati convention he did not know that Douglas had withdrawn, and was presented in the pitiable position of hanging on to the last hope for a nomination." I asked him what influence determined the result at that convention. "An outside pressure," he replied, referring by his manner, without a doubt, to himself, "decided the nomination."

In reply to a remark that Mr. Buchanan did not seem to have much decision, he observed: "It is too true, he is not a firm, decided man — he is too apt to be swayed by others." I asked if he had any opinion who would constitute his Cabinet, and he said: "God Almighty knows — I don't."

Alluding to the aged living statesmen, he said: "I am much younger than Cass, Van Buren, and the other statesmen of my age, much more vigorous than Buchanan. Last summer I made forty addresses in Missouri, of two or three hours each, to acres of people, under a solstitial sun, in successive days, and travelled 1200 miles, over rough roads, unlike yours in New England. I have been careful in all my habits. Too many public men in Washington lead immoral lives. Mr. —— (naming a distinguished New England statesman) thus

shortened his days and purse. I have never employed a letter writer."

I spoke of Silas Wright as an able debater, and asked how he would compare with Mr. Webster. "They are very unlike. Mr. Webster was more labored and rhetorical. The arguments of Mr. Wright seemed to be evolved naturally from the subject — he was very simple and amiable."

In riding through Wenham, I pointed out to him the old farmhouse of Timothy Pickering, calling his attention to the row of fine larch trees planted by his hand. "I remember," he said, "reading in a letter of Mr. Pickering's where he spoke of his fondness for baked apples, the apples taken from trees planted by himself. I knew he must be a man of simple habits, for no one who has pampered his stomach by spices and rich food would relish so simple a diet as baked apples."

"I am five feet eleven inches in height, and weigh 210 lbs. I have eight grandchildren, three of them children of Mr. Fremont."

A gentleman remarked to him that many here were very much attached to Mr. Fremont. "I shall not quarrel with them for that. I did not support him, because I could not then have delivered the address I am now giving. They told many lies about him. The one in regard to his Catholicism was designed to act against him doubly — if believed, it would alienate the Protestants — if denied, the Catholics."

It was remarked to him that he had been received very kindly in New England, yet he had always been regarded as hostile to us, allusion being made to his opposition to the fishing bounties. We had welcomed him,

yet if one of us opposed to slavery were to go South, he would be exposed to personal violence. "It is true," he said warmly. "I wish I had spoken of it in my lecture."

I alluded to the "squatter sovereignty" views of Mr. Douglas, when he dropped the pen with which he had been writing, threw back his head, and extended both arms to give emphasis to his words: "Squatter sovereignty! — it is an insane, demagogical idea, taken up by the timidity of old Cass, as unreasonable as it is for a child to be independent of its father. I am opposed to the farther extension of slavery," speaking with much warmth.

To the observation that few men had ever acted as he did, "solitary and alone," in originating and carrying through the "expunging resolution," he replied, "If I had consulted others, I should never have done anything. There are always timid people to hold one back."

He quoted Edward Everett as telling him that his address was received with much favor in Boston, and that no one but himself could have given it.

I alluded again to the impression that he was hostile to New England, saying it might have originated from his course in the great debate between Webster and Hayne. He said, "My feelings at that time were all Southern, and I did not then believe they entertained disunion sentiments. I supposed they simply meant nullification in the Virginia sense, which was simply remonstrance. I do not think Hayne had disunion views then, though he was drawn into them a few years after, but Calhoun had. Webster saw through their disunion schemes before I did."

"The thirty years I was in the Senate will stand as the most momentous in our country's history."

"I have known all the Presidents since Jefferson intimately, and him to some extent."

"Douglas is now farther from the presidency than ever."

"The abolition of the Missouri Compromise killed poor old Cass."

"Mr. Clayton was a very indolent man. He was accustomed to take off his clothes and go to bed at two o'clock in the afternoon. His soft-looking flesh indicated his habits."

He asked me if Taunton, from which he had an invitation to lecture, was not the home of the man who, after so many trials, was elected governor by one vote, referring to Governor Morton. He referred, also, to the election bet by which Maj. Ben: Perley Poore wheeled a barrel of apples to Boston.

An invitation came to him from Manchester, N.H., and he asked me if he could take that place on his way to Maine, where he had some engagements. I told him he must return to Lawrence. He said, "I must decline, then, for I never like to take the back track." He afterwards concluded, however, to go, as it was in the Granite State, for which he seemed to have an affection.

Wishing him to write in my autograph album, he complied as follows:

"Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, Senator in the Congress of the United States for thirty years, and all that time devoted to the harmony, the stability, and the perpetuity of the Union."

I introduced to him Capt. William Nichols, an old sea

captain and privateersman, of Newburyport, who in the war of 1812, had, by his bravery, captured twenty-seven English vessels. He was much gratified by the interview, and expressed his warm approval of the whole system of privateering. He requested me to write out an account of the adventures of Captain Nichols, and send it to him. I did so, and received the following reply:

WASHINGTON CITY, April 14, 1857.

I am much obliged to you for the letter giving me an account of the vessels which he captured during the war of 1812. His name and exploits shall appear in the notes of the "Abridgement of the Debates of Congress," which I am drawing up, and will constitute a part of the answer to the suicidal policy of the late Administration to give up privateering, which I consider as cutting off our right arm in naval warfare.

Respect'ly, etc.,
THOMAS H. BENTON

Colonel Benton died in Washington, April 10, 1858, after a lingering illness, less than a year and a half after his New England lecture tour, when he seemed so vigorous and hoped for years of life. He was buried in La Belle Fontaine Cemetery, St. Louis, in the presence of forty thousand people. He had labored and retained his mental faculties and interest in public affairs to the last. His personal appearance was striking, and he would anywhere have attracted attention. At the close of his life he was erect, his head thrown back, and he walked and looked, as he felt, with the air and pride of an American sovereign. He was never more useful, never more respected, than during his last few years for his honesty and independence, after he had lost political influence in his State and with the national Administration. He

had risen above partisanship and sectionalism, which had at times characterized his career, and showed himself anxious only for his country and her preservation from the internal enemies seeking to destroy her. Every foe of the Union was his foe and his personal enemy. If he had lived to see the Civil War, which he had dreaded, and which burst forth so soon after his decease, there can be no doubt what would have been his position, and how his influence would have been exerted.

He was a devoted husband, and from 1844, when his wife was prostrated by a paralytic shock, to 1854, when she died, all the time he could spare from business he spent by her side in the sick-room. He died poor, though from government influence he could easily have become rich; the politicians of to-day will laugh at his simplicity. He was moral and temperate in his habits, and abstained from tobacco, gaming, and liquors, saying he obeyed his mother's request. He was courteous and gentlemanly in his general intercourse, but was easily provoked, and never shrank from a contest, whatever might be its nature. Towards the close of his life he manifested a power of invective and sarcasm unknown to his earlier speeches, and which John Randolph might have envied.

Under no circumstances of adversity did he ever lose courage and despond. When an old man, and his house in Washington was burned with its contents, including many valuable papers that could not be replaced, and on which he much depended in his contemplated publications, hastily summoned from the Capitol, he looked on calmly, and gave directions without a murmur.

Able, industrious, surpassed by few of the remarkable statesmen of his day in historical and political information, fearless, wilful, passionate, egotistical, true to his friends and never forgetting his enemies, persevering, unyielding, his memory is stronger to-day, and more respected in Missouri and the country, than ever before. He will ever be regarded as one of the most illustrious of American statesmen, as he certainly was one of the most influential.

TIMOTHY DEXTER, KNOWN AS "LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER,"

OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

AN INQUIRY INTO HIS LIFE AND TRUE CHARACTER

THE writer lost, years ago, much of his faith in history and tradition. Events are misstated; good and wise men are represented as wicked and foolish, and virtue and greatness bestowed on the undeserving. After centuries, often, men and actions are shown to have been entirely misjudged, and, in some cases, as in that of William Tell, history becomes pure fiction.[1]

The "hatchet" story of George Washington, believed

[1] An amusing illustration of one of these persistent and popularly cherished fictions, which even Senator Lodge accepts in his "Story of the Revolution," has recently come to the knowledge of the writer. According to all histories of the United States, Ethan Allen demanded from the British commander the surrender of Ticonderoga, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Prof. James D. Butler, D.D., LL.D., of Madison, Wis., has informed me that his grandfather, Israel Harris, was present, and had often told him that Ethan Allen's real language was, "Come out of here, you d—d old rat."

The late Peter Butler told me that he was acquainted with Israel Harris, and that he had never known a man more truthful. It is hard to believe that a man of Ethan Allen's culture could have uttered such a grand sentence as history has put into his mouth, especially in the excitement of such a moment. Professor Butler is a clergyman, and one of the most active members of the Wiconsin Historical Society.

by many to be veritable history, according to James Parton first appeared in Weem's "Life of Washington," whose author credited to Washington all the stories he could find of a good little boy, and it made his book very popular. Abraham Lincoln read it when a boy, and was enthusiastic over it.

Timothy Dexter, or Lord Timothy Dexter, as he was generally called, had a peculiar and enduring celebrity. Many distinguished men have lived in Newburyport, yet the home of no one else is so frequently asked for by strangers in that city, and in all parts of the country when the writer has spoken of residing there, the first exclamation has been, "Ah! that was the home of Lord Timothy Dexter!" He has been regarded as the most marked example of a man of feeble intellect gaining wealth purely by luck. However unwise seemed the speculation into which he was drawn by his own folly, or by suggestions from others made in joke, it always resulted in large gains, and the stories are still fresh and often repeated, fourscore years since his decease, of his sending warming pans and Bibles to the West Indies, etc., etc. These stories have been received, too, without a question of their truth, even in the place where he lived, and have been endorsed by every history of Newburyport, and a respectable magazine recently published them as real history. It may be well, then, at a time when the credibility of so much in the past, important and unimportant, is subjected to criticism, to examine the correctness of the popular estimate of this man, whose name is so familiar when so many distinguished men of his time have been forgotten. So prominent was he that Samuel L. Knapp, a well-known literary man, author of

the first "Life of Daniel Webster," who came to Newburyport to reside two years after Dexter's death, and had often seen him, thought fit to write his life, now a rare book, though several times republished.

The late John A. Lewis first suggested to the writer, then residing in Newburyport, to examine the authenticity of the Dexter stories as given by Knapp, which he believed to be a fiction. Mr. Lewis was, probably, better informed in early New England history than any other man of his time, and collected the rare and valuable library of "Americana" which after his decease Mrs. Lewis gave to the Boston Public Library. The suggestion of Mr. Lewis led to this account, as is believed, of the real Dexter.

Timothy Dexter was born in Malden, Mass., Jan. 22, 1747. He learned the trade of a leather dresser, an occupation then popular and profitable, and at the age of twenty-one commenced business for himself in Charlestown, where leather-dressing was much carried on, and by his industry and economy was from the first successful. He early married the widow of a glazier, nine years his senior, whose husband had left her considerable property. She was Elizabeth Lord, daughter of John Lord, of Exeter, N.H., and her first husband was Benjamin Frothingham, of Newbury, who was born April 30, 1717, and died June 1, 1769. She was an industrious and frugal woman, and by keeping a huckster's shop added to her husband's income, so that Dexter soon had several thousand dollars in specie at his command, which he was anxious to invest profitably. It was when continental money was so depreciated, and he had learned that Governor Hancock and Thomas

Russell, a noted merchant, had been buying up this paper at a small part of its face value, and in imitation of them he began to do the same. He probably made better bargains, too, because he bought in small quantities, of poor holders, obliged to sell for what they could get. He was fortunate in his purchase, as were all others of that day and during our late war who had faith in the government. The funding scheme of Hamilton gave this depreciated paper its par value, and he soon found himself a rich man for that period, and became an operator in the stocks of the day, which were constantly advancing.

With wealth came different and large ideas. As he had become rich like Hancock and Russell, his vanity led him to think himself their equal, and entitled to the same consideration. Finding that he was not received into the best society as they were, he sought another home where he would be better appreciated, and finally fixed upon Newburyport. His wife's associations with the place probably also influenced his decision. This was at that time a town of much wealth and commercial importance, the third in the State in population, occupying a very different position relatively from its present rank. John Quincy Adams, a law student, then with the celebrated Theophilus Parsons, used to say that he found better society there than at Washington. Harrison Gray Otis, who was often there when a young man, bore similar testimony; and Talleyrand and other distinguished strangers who visited it praised warmly its generous hospitality, its air of wealth and refinement, and the beauty of its long High Street.

Real estate was low, as several large failures had oc-

curred, and Dexter bought and occupied one of the best houses in the town, that now used for the Public Library, but he soon removed to another house on High Street, with ten acres of land, which he fitted up in a manner worthy of his estimate of himself. He laid out the grounds after what he was told was the European style, and had fruits, flowers, and shrubbery of many varieties planted in them. He put minarets on the roof of the house, surmounted with gilt balls, and in front placed rows of columns fifteen feet high, — about 40 in all, — each having on its top a statue of some distinguished man. Before the door were two lions on each side, with open mouths, to guard the entrance. On an arch, and occupying the most prominent position, were the statues of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, and to the other statues he gave the names of Bonaparte, Nelson, Franklin, and other heroes, often changing them according to his fancy. In a conspicuous place was a statue of himself, with the inscription, "I am the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the Western world." All these statues were carved in wood by a young ship-carver, Joseph Wilson, who had just come to Newburyport. They were gaudily painted, and though having but little merit as works of art, and less as likenesses, gave the house a strange appearance, and attracted crowds, whose curiosity deeply gratified the owner, and he freely opened his grounds to them. Knapp says these images cost $15,000; but an old gentleman, who remembered Dexter and knew the artist, has told me the price was $100 for each, and that Dexter made as sharp a bargain as he could with the artist, as he did with every one. Wishing his house to

be in all respects equal to those of Hancock and Russell, he imported from France expensive furniture and works of art, as they had done, and bought many costly books, as he knew they had fine libraries. Having made himself a "lord," he bought good horses and an elegant coach, on which he caused to be conspicuously painted a coat of arms taken from a book of heraldry, in imitation of European lords. Ranking himself with the nobility, he showed much commiseration for the sufferings of the higher classes during the French Revolution, caused the bells to be tolled on the death of Louis XVI., and sent out an invitation to the survivors of the royal family to become his guests. In expectation of their acceptance he laid in a large stock of provisions, which rose on his hands, an act of Providence, as he said, to reward him for his good intentions, but according to the popular idea, another instance of his unfailing good luck.

He had a tomb constructed in his garden, and having heard that some great man had had his coffin made during his life, he also caused a coffin to be made of mahogany, with silver handles, expensively lined, which he kept in his house and used to exhibit to his guests. An old gentleman has told me within a few days that he remembers when a boy looking in at the window to see it.

With no regular business, and restless, Dexter gave himself up to his whims, was much of the time in a state of intoxication, and was occasionally doing strange things, of which many instances are given. Acting on some impulse, he had a mock funeral. Some one was procured to officiate as clergyman, cards were sent out to invite the mourners, and Dexter watched the people

to see how they were affected. He was satisfied with all except that his wife did not shed so many tears as he thought were becoming, for which, as the story is, he caned her severely after the ceremony. Persons would go to his house professing to be lords, and saying they were desirous of paying their respects to one whose fame had become so world-wide, whom he would receive with consideration, and offer them the best he had to eat and drink. Mr. Ladd, the well-known peace advocate, of Portsmouth, used to describe such a visit. One of the party told Dexter that this gentleman was one of the first lords of England, and Dexter wished to know what the king had said about him lately. A gentleman told me recently he had often heard his father speak of a visit made to Dexter with other young men, who asked for the honor of crowning him. He consented, and they placed him on a table full of liquor, and all had a carousal. Only a few days ago a gentleman said to me that one of his ancestors, a clergyman, called on him, and after some conversation wished to offer a prayer, for which permission was given. At the close, Dexter turned to his son and said, "That was a d — d good prayer, wasn't it, Sam?"

Wishing to extend his fame, he bought a country seat in Chester, N.H., on which he spent considerable money in ways to make a show, and called himself "Lord of Chester." He often visited Hampton Beach, then as now a favorite resort, and was delighted with the sensation he made. At one time he was sent to the county jail at Ipswich, for attempting to shoot a man in a drunken frolic, and rode thither in his coach, boasting that no one else had ever been carried there in that style.

He was accustomed to walk through the streets wearing a cocked hat and long coat, and carrying a cane, followed by a peculiar-looking black dog with no hair; and boys knowing his vanity would follow him and salute him as "Lord Timothy Dexter," whom he would reward by money, a scene which a few now living can remember.

Newburyport at that time was a large market town, and countrymen came from far with their market wagons to buy and sell, and they all carried home wonderful stories about Dexter, his great wealth, his house decorated with images, and his many strange acts. With but few newspapers, and so much less than now to discuss, it is not to be wondered at that his eccentricities should have been so much talked about, and that people came from a great distance simply to see him and his images.

Persuaded of his own greatness, and that he was equal to any undertaking, like other eminent men, he thought he must become an author, and so he wrote a book called "Pickle for the Knowing Ones." It was a small volume, with some sense and much nonsense jumbled together. There were no punctuation marks, and as this was commented upon, in the second edition he placed at the end a page of different punctuation marks with this note:

"Mister printer the Nowing ones complane of my book the first edition had no stops I put in A Nuf here and thay may peper and solt it as they plese."

He had thousands of copies printed, and gave them away, and this, perhaps, more than any other one thing, increased his notoriety. Even now there is a demand for this little work, and though it has been reprinted

several times, a short time ago its market price was a dollar for what had cost but a few cents. He expresses his views on many topics, and some of his remarks indicate shrewdness. He condemns the folly of Newburyport in being set off from Newbury with an area of only six hundred acres, and within a few years it has been reannexed to a large part of Newbury, from Dexter's advice, or for some other reason. In speaking of the ministers he says: "I suppose they are all good men, but I want to Know why they do not agree better. They are always at swords' points, and will not enter each other's houses, nor hardly nod to each other in the street." This remark certainly would not indicate a want of sense.

Having heard that the kings of England had a poet laureate to sing their praises, Dexter thought he also should have one, and he found him in the person of Jonathan Plummer, a young man who had been a peddler of fish, then of sermons, songs, and sheets on which were printed horrible events, and who in the end turned poet and sold his own verses. Dexter took him into his service, gave him a suit of black livery ornamented with stars, and crowned him with parsley, and, thus equipped, the bard travelled around selling verses in praise of his patron. A few stanzas from a long poem will illustrate the character of his productions:

"Lord Dexter is a man of fame;
Most celebrated is his name;
More precious far than gold that's pure,
Lord Dexter shines forever more.

"His noble house, it shines more bright
Than Lebanon's most pleasing height;

Never was one who stepped therein
Who wanted to come out again.

" Lord Dexter, thou, whose name alone
Shines brighter than King George's throne;
Thy name shall stand in books of fame,
And princes shall thy name proclaim.

. . . .

" Lord Dexter like King Solomon
Hath gold and silver by the ton,
And bells to churches he hath given —
To worship the great King of heaven.

. . . .

" In heaven may he always reign,
For there's no sorrow, sin, nor pain;
Unto the world I leave the rest
For to pronounce Lord Dexter blest."

Dexter was superstitious, had a collection of dream books, and was much governed by the advice of others. He used often to consult a fortune-teller, Madam Hooper, and after her decease, Moll Pitcher, a fortune-teller celebrated in the whole region around Lynn, her home, both of whom knew how to make money out of him. The one who had the most influence over him, however, was Lucy Lancaster, a colored woman, whose father was said to have been the son of an African prince. She was shrewd, well-informed, well-disposed, and used her power over him to restrain his excesses. She gave him more credit for intellect than did most others, saying that he was honest, and that his follies sprang in a great degree from his uneasy nature and want of regular employment.

But the great notoriety of Dexter, as has been stated, is as a man who with poor judgment gained his wealth by luck. Did he so gain it?

There is no doubt that his first wealth was gained by the exercise of his trade, in competition with skilled workmen, and without ordinary business capacity it is hard to understand how he could have succeeded. He added to his wealth by marriage, and as this union is the result of luck, or calculation, or love, which decided it in his case is unknown. He certainly made a large sum by his speculation in continental money, as did all who bought it. In the case of Hancock and Russell, this would be called shrewd foresight; in Dexter it was regarded as his luck. After he gave up his trade he seems to have speculated in many ways, generally or always, as is supposed, taking hints from others, as all speculators do; but it is hardly credible, from his early history and constant success, that he did not reason about his ventures. Knapp says: "Many who attempted to take advantage of him got sadly deceived. He had no small share of cunning, when all else seemed to have departed from him. He by direct or indirect means obtained correct opinions upon the value of goods and lands, and seldom made an injudicious speculation." He was in the habit of finding out what articles were scarce, thus making what would now be called in Wall Street parlance a "corner." The shrewdest Wall Street operators fail — Dexter seems never to have made a mistake. He would transact no business when intoxicated, and made his appointments for the forenoon, saying he was always drunk in the afternoon. In buying he gave the most foolish reasons to blind the seller, who thought he was deceived when deceiving. He bought up such articles as opium, of which it was easy at that period of limited supply to secure most in the market. Knapp

says: "It often happened that shrewd merchants were suspicious of selling him an article, apprehensive that it was almost a sure sign that it was going to rise, although they could see no reason for it."

Dexter's ostentation in so many foolish ways naturally caused a high estimate of his wealth, and much curiosity how a man of his capacity could have gained it. He seems to have been often questioned about it, and in the "Pickle for the Knowing Ones" gives his answer, which is quoted in full as a good illustration of the style of the book.

"How Did Dexter Make his Money ye says bying whale bone for staing for ships in grosing three hundred & 40 tons bort all in boston salum and all in Noue york under Cover oppenly told them for my ships they all laffed so I had at my own pris I had four Counning men for Rounners thay found the horne as I told them to act the fool I was full of Cash I had nine tun of silver on hand at that time all that time the Creaters more or less laffing it spread very fast here is the Rub in fifty days they smelt a Rat found where it was gone to Nouebry Port spekkelaters swarmed like hell houns to be short with it I made seventey five per sent one tun and halfe of silver on hand and over one more spect Drole a Nuf I Dreamed of warming pans three nites that they would doue in the west inges I got no more than fortey two thousand put them in nine vessels for difrent ports that tuck good hold I cleared sevinty nine per sent the pans thay made yous of them for Coucking very good masser for Couckey blessed good in Deade missey got nice handel Now burn my fase the last thing I Ever see in borne days I found I was very luckky in spekkelation I

dreamed that the good book was Run Down in this Countrey nine years gone so low as halfe prise and Dull at that the bibel I means I had the Ready Cash by holl sale I bort twelve per sent under halfe pris they Cost fortey one sents Each bibbel twentey one thousand I put them into twenty one vessels for the west inges and sent a text that all of them must have one bibel in every family or if not thay would goue to hell and if thay had Dun wiked flie to the bibel and on thare Neas and kiss the bibel three times and look up to heaven aunest for forgivness my Capttains all had Compleat orders here Comes the good luck I made one hundred per sent & littel over then I found I had made money enuf I hant spekalated sence old time by government securities I made or cleared forty seven thousands Dolors that is the old afare Now I toald the all the sekrett Now be still let me A lone Dont wonder Noe more houe I made my money boas."

It would be difficult to condense into the same space more improbable statements than are found in this explanation of how Dexter made his money, as a little examination will show.

The first speculation named is that of whalebone. The year is not stated, so that it is not possible to give the amount in the country and the price at that date, which have greatly varied at different periods. The amount in the country in 1830 was 120,000 lbs.; the maximum quantity was 5,652,300 lbs. in 1853. The price is now $2 a pound; within three years it has been $3 a pound; and I have heard of sales as low as eight cents, the price of course varying with the demand and supply. Three hundred and forty-two tons would be in the old reckon-

ing 761,600 lbs., costing at the highest price given over two millions of dollars, and at the lowest over 60,000 dollars. It is not probable that this quantity was in the country nearly a century ago, nor that it could have found a market, as the demand for it has always been limited. Dexter never could have bought this quantity except at the lowest price, and even that is doubtful, as will be shown later. The tradition is that as soon as he had purchased it the fashion for broad skirts was introduced, and it was all in demand. How far a ton of whalebone would go in satisfying the expansive desires of the ladies of that time, the writer has no data for a calculation. Most of them, however, were practical, hard-working, and economical, from necessity; merely fashionable ladies were rare, and visits to Newport and Saratoga unknown. As to the foolish reason for the purchase, it was characteristic in him to give it if he wished to buy.

He says he had nine tons of silver on hand, which would be worth in round numbers $300,000, a sum which he never could have commanded, as will be shown farther on. It was just after the commencement of our government, when hard money was scarce, and most of it foreign, as we had coined but little before the day of safety vaults, and banks were few. If one had had such a large amount of coin, where could he safely have deposited it? Who ever dared to keep such an amount in a private house?

His next most noted speculation was in sending 42,000 warming pans to the West Indies. No hardware was made in this country until a little more than half a century ago, and all the warming-pans in use

came from Great Britain. The amount named would have cost about $150,000, to be paid for in hard money, as bills of exchange were then but little used. Such an importation and exportation would have required months of time, and would have made a sensation indeed, for, though common, a large part of the families had none, and they are now rare as old curiosities. Is it possible, rating his intelligence very low, that, if he had attempted such a speculation, he would not have been persuaded of its folly long before he could have executed it? Except for the purpose for which they were made, they are of no value. Dexter says they were sold in the West Indies as cooking utensils, but a glance shows how inconvenient they would be for such use. The tradition is that they were sold to dip and strain molasses, but they are poorly adapted to this, and nearly a century ago, when sugar plantations were few in the West Indies, but a small part of 42,000 would have satisfied any such demand. Did any visitor to the West Indies ever see or hear of one of these 42,000 warming-pans?

Of all his speculations the Bible venture seems most improbable. If there was an over-supply, they would be English Bibles, sent to a Roman Catholic country, where Bibles are but little circulated, to a Spanish speaking people that could not read them, and of course could not be made to understand their terrible destiny if they did not buy one.

There is another speculation often spoken of, and mentioned by Mrs. Smith in her "History of Newburyport," but which Dexter does not give in his "Pickle for the Knowing Ones,"—a consignment of mittens to the West Indies, which were bought at a large advance by a vessel

bound for the Baltic. It is enough to say of this that wool and labor have always been cheaper in the North of Europe than here, and there has never been a time since 1492 when mittens could have been shipped there from America at a profit. The sale of this article is limited everywhere, as the supply from lady friends usually equals every demand. If one consignment of mittens, or of any other article in which Dexter was so fortunate, could yield such a return, why did not some other Yankee, taking the hint, repeat the venture?

All these professed importations and exportations would naturally have been made at Newburyport, where Dexter lived, and which had a large trade with the West Indies; yet the collector of customs of that place has told me that the books of the custom house contain no evidence of any such transactions. Every old person in Newburyport with whom I have conversed has accepted all these stories, yet could give no foundation for them except the common belief. If Dexter dealt in warming-pans and the other articles named at all, it was probably in small quantities, as he would have dealt in other articles in common demand, to make a little "corner," and, to conceal his object, he would give the most foolish reason. The only direct evidence I can find is Dexter's own word, and he professes to tell a "secret," when such large and unusual speculations could not have taken place without general knowledge and discussion. Knapp says: "Tricks without malice made up the great amusement of his latter days. He devised it in the morning and cherished it at night, and no doubt it filled his dreams." The only satisfactory explanation, then, of these stories which Dexter tells to those inquiring minds

so anxious to learn the secret how he made his money, is that they were the creation of his own brain, a great joke worthy of Mark Twain, successfully imposed on the community, — that instead of being the fool he is commonly regarded, he fooled others.

The inventory of Dexter's estate, taken from the Probate Office, is as follows:

Real Estate	$12,000 00
Personal Estate . . .	15,500 00
Goods	7,527 39
	$35,027 39

This small estate shows how largely Dexter's wealth was overestimated, and how improbable are the statements of transactions calling for such large sums as have been named. He was sharp in all his business affairs, and spent but little except to gratify his vanity and his passion for drink. A little money in those days of small means and great economy made much show, and it is doubtful if he ever could have been worth as much as $75,000. There is no reason to believe he ever had any serious losses; this would be contrary to the tradition that he was always a lucky fool. All the business operations of which we have any knowledge seem to have been marked by good sense. He was interested in public affairs, and gave judiciously, but not largely, to objects of charity. He took one hundred shares and was the largest stockholder in the new bridge over the Merrimack, at Deer Island, now the attractive home of Richard S. and Harriet Prescott Spofford, and at its opening, July 4, 1793, delivered an oration which one of the

newspapers of that day, thrusting greatness on Timothy Dexter as they have done on many a Dexter since, pronounced "for elegance of style, propriety of speech, and force of argument, truly Ciceronian." And it may be stated that these shares are all the stocks named in his will, or in the inventory of his estate. It has been said that his motive for putting up the images was to make the new bridge a paying investment by drawing travel over it and past his house, and he wrote some newspaper articles against other proposed bridges. He gave a bell to one of the churches, and sums to the other churches to be used in benevolence. A gift was made to St. Paul's Church on condition that a tablet should perpetuate it, and there it hangs to-day with gilt letters, a monument of his vanity and of his shrewdness in so ingeniously perpetuating his name. He offered to pave High Street if it should be called by his name, and to build a market house for the use of the town with a similar condition. Both objects were much needed, and he showed far better judgment in the offer than did the town in its rejection.

His family, mainly his own fault, was not a happy one. His only son was allowed to spend money as he pleased, was sent to Europe, and had every opportunity for improvement; but, as might be expected, he became dissipated, a prodigal, and died a drunkard one year after his father. His only daughter, with some beauty but a feeble intellect, was sought on account of her reputed wealth, and married a judge, who soon became tired of her, and obtained a divorce, with or without reason, and sent her home an imbecile, with confirmed habits of intoxication. A child of this daughter married respecta-

bly, but died early, and with the death of the daughter, about 1850, the family became extinct.

A lady in Newburyport has a portrait of Dexter, taken by an artist in New Haven, where his daughter had married. He is represented dressed as a gentleman of that day, wearing a wig, a ruffled bosom, and ruffled wristbands, and his face certainly indicates no lack of intelligence.

He died Oct. 26, 1806, his death caused or hastened by intemperate habits. His will was judicious. He provided carefully for his family and others having natural claims on him, and made some sensible bequests, among them $2,000 to Newburyport, the income to be expended for the poor, and $2,000 for the support of the gospel, and $300 for a bell to his native town, Malden. He requested to be buried in the tomb he had constructed in his garden, but the board of health interfered, and he rests with his follies in the cemetery close to the beautiful mall. On the plain stone over his grave is the following inscription :

IN MEMORY OF TIMOTHY DEXTER
WHO DIED OCT. 26, 1806,
ÆTATIS 60.

HE GAVE LIBERAL DONATIONS
FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE GOSPEL;
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR,
AND FOR OTHER BENEVOLENT PURPOSES.

Near his grave are those of his wife, who died July 3,

1809, aged 72, and of his son, who died July 20, 1807, aged 36.

The images remained as at Dexter's decease until the great gale in 1815 blew down most of them, which were sold by auction for a small sum. The three presidents on the arch, however, occupied their place till about 1850, attracting much attention, and keeping alive the old curiosity about the former eccentric owner.

The house was used as a hotel and the home of the daughter till her death, and with the grounds was neglected. It was then bought by a gentleman of good taste, the late Dr. E. G. Kelley, who greatly improved the buildings and grounds, and sold it to the Hon. George H. Corliss, who made it one of the most attractive homes of the city. The eagle on the top remains, the last of Dexter's images.

The heirs of Mr. Corliss sold the property to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander B. Johnson, the last owners up to 1900, who were both lost in the sad burning of the Windsor Hotel at New York.

KNAPP'S LIFE OF TIMOTHY DEXTER

THE life of Timothy Dexter, now a very rare book, was written by Samuel L. Knapp, a graduate of Dartmouth College, class of 1804, a lawyer and one of the best-known literary men of his time. Knapp settled in Newburyport as a lawyer in 1808, only two years after Dexter died and when his notoriety was at its height, and was in a position to learn all that could be known about him. He had seen Dexter, and in the preface states: "All the *dramatis personæ* were well known to me, and were the subjects of my particular study," and that he wrote his book from "memoranda made many years ago." His account of Dexter is that he was apprenticed as a leather-dresser in Charlestown; that he commenced business for himself in that town at twenty-one; that he soon after married a widow Frothingham, who had some property and aided him by keeping a huckster's shop; that by industry and fortunate speculations in continental money, state securities, etc., etc., taking hints from Governor Hancock and Thomas Russell, the most eminent merchant of that day, he became rich; that, failing to receive the social standing of these men to which he thought himself entitled, he sought a new home where he would be better appreciated, and came to Newburyport, "bought two palaces," one of which

(now the public library building) he occupied for a short time, and then moved to the other, which he elaborately decorated with images, etc., etc. Knapp narrates, also, all the well-known speculations by which Dexter, in his "Pickle for the Knowing Ones," explains how he made his money, as of undoubted accuracy, and his statements have always been so received, even in Newburyport.

In the article on Dexter in the October number of the "Register," 1886, the writer gave reasons why the oft-repeated speculations could only be regarded as Dexter's lies, or jokes, but the main events of his life were assumed to be as Knapp gave them. An examination, however, shows that even here the Life is full of errors.

Mr. O. P. Dexter, of New York City, has traced out very carefully the genealogy of the Dexter family, and I am indebted to him for calling my attention to the many errors in "Knapp's Life." In a communication, he says: "Timothy Dexter, son of Nathan and Esther (Brintnall) Dexter, was born at Malden, Mass., Jan. 22, 1746–7. I have never seen any proof that he lived in Charlestown. If any one will examine the land records of Exeter, N.H., he will find that Stephen Noyes of Hampstead mortgaged land at Chester to Jonathan Mulliken and Timothy Dexter, 'leather dresser, of Newburyport,' March 16, 1770. He married, May, 1770, later than the mortgage above given, Elizabeth, widow of Benjamin Frothingham, and daughter of Deacon John and Abigail (Gilman) Lord, of Exeter, N.H. Mr. Benjamin Frothingham seems to have died at Newburyport, so the marriage of Timothy Dexter probably took place at Newburyport, Newbury, or Exeter. The land records

of Exeter mention Timothy Dexter as of Newburyport in 1779, 1780, 1784, 1786, 1787, 1790, 1795." These dates, it will be seen, cover nearly all the business life of Dexter.

I have had the land records of Salem examined, and they show that, Jan. 2, 1770, a deed was given by William Wyer, mariner, to "Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, leather dresser, for 59 pounds 8 shillings," and at different later dates are many conveyances, in which Dexter is styled "leather dresser," then "trader," "merchant," and "gentleman," — rising in dignity with increase of wealth, though the last designation seems a strange misnomer.

I have in my possession an indenture dated Feb. 9, 1785, by which "Timothy Dexter of Newburport, leather dresser," covenants to sell his interest in "four undivided fifth parts of a certain dwelling house, barn, and of the land under, adjoining and belonging thereto, and also all the said Timothy's right, title and interest in and to certain three acres of land, all the premises being situate in Exeter, in the County of Rockingham and State of New Hampshire, and being the whole estate that was taken by an execution issued on a judgment recovered by said Timothy against Daniel Gilman of the same Exeter leather dresser . . . on payment of the sum of two hundred and thirty-three pounds lawful money of the State of Massachusetts, &c."

This indenture was signed by the two parties to it, Timothy Dexter and Samuel Sawyer, and also by the celebrated Theophilus Parsons as a witness, who wrote the paper.

At the earliest dates above given, Dexter was only

twenty-three years of age, yet he had been in business long enough to invest in real estate, not only in Newburyport but also in New Hampshire. There can be no room to question, then, that though he may have learned his trade in Charlestown, he commenced business at Newburyport, and that all his money was made there. I remember a few years ago an old gentleman told me that his father was associated with Dexter, and related anecdotes of him when poor, and living in an humble way as a leather dresser in one of the poor sections of the town, which I could not reconcile with "Knapp's Life."

The Dexter, then, of "Knapp's Life" and of common belief, the fool who made his money by senseless speculations that always turned out well, is a fiction. There is not the least evidence in support of his stories but his own word. He was not in a position to get hints from Governor Hancock and Russell, and he never had the wealth to engage in large operations, for his estate at his decease was valued at only $35,000, of which his real estate was $12,000.

The real Dexter, with all his folly, acquired his property as other people do — by prudence, industry, and business sagacity, which gave him a fortune for that period. Towards the close of his life, his vanity, ignorance, and drunken habits led him into foolish display and eccentricities, and to increase the wonder he told the stories that have given him such wide and peculiar notoriety, and which have been so strangely credited. As a man he was worthless, and only deserves the space devoted to him as an example of erroneous biography and tradition, of which so much still remains accepted.

GEN. NATHANIEL PEABODY

OF ATKINSON, N.H.

NATHANIEL PEABODY was born at Topsfield, Mass., March 1, 1741. He was the son of Dr. Jacob Peabody, who removed to Leominster in 1745, and died there in 1758. His mother, Susanna, was the daughter of the Rev. John Rogers, for thirty years minister of Boxford, Mass., and tenth in descent from John Rogers, the martyr of Smithfield.

Young Peabody never attended school a day, but all his education, both academical and medical, was received from his father, who must have been a man of large acquirements. He studied and practised with his father till he was eighteen years of age, when his father died. At the age of twenty he went to Atkinson, then a part of Plaistow, and established himself as a physician. He soon gained a high reputation in his profession, and many young men came to him for instruction, for there were no professional schools at that period, and students became pupils with some one of reputation in the desired profession. March 1, 1763, he married Abigail, daughter of Samuel and Sarah (Follansbee) Little, born Sept. 15, 1745.

He soon became active outside of his profession, and interested in all town, State, and national affairs. The

people of Atkinson wished to form a separate township, and a petition was presented to the Legislature "May ye 20, 1766," that the westerly part of Plaistow be set off as a town. The name of Nathaniel Peabody was first on the petition, which he probably wrote, and the reason seems strange to us now, who live in such degenerate days as the official head of the State portrays for New Hampshire. The petition urges that the request may be granted, "By reason of the many and great difficulties they undergo in attending the Public Worship of God at the Meeting House where it now stands, through the great distance of their dwellings therefrom, and that the Meeting House is not large enough to accommodate more than one-half of the inhabitants of said town."

The petition was granted, for such a weighty reason could not be disregarded by our church-going forefathers, and the town was incorporated Aug. 28, 1767, and named for Theodore Atkinson, a prominent man of the State, and a large landholder in the town.

Dr. Peabody early formed the acquaintance of many of the leading men of the State, and April 30, 1771, was commissioned by Gov. John Wentworth as Justice of the Peace and Quorum, a far more important office then than now. He developed, too, a taste for military service, and Oct. 27, 1774, was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 7th regiment. He was a candidate for the Legislature in 1774, and his friends thought he would have been chosen at a fair election, and petitioned in vain for another trial.

The first New Hampshire Provincial Congress, or Assembly, met at Exeter, July 21, 1774, and the second

Jan. 25, 1775. Nathaniel Peabody was a member of both.

The struggle between the colonies and the mother country was now approaching, and Colonel Peabody did not hesitate as to his duty. He is said to have been the first officer in the State to resign his commission in the king's service. He joined John Sullivan, John Langdon, Josiah Bartlett, and others in December, 1774, who made the attack on Fort William and Mary, captured the captain and five men, one hundred barrels of powder, fifteen cannon, all the small arms and other stores, and carried them into the country. This was the first act of armed hostilities in the colonies, and if there had been resistance New Hampshire and Portsmouth would have had the honor of shedding the first blood for American Independence, and not Massachusetts and Lexington. The powder thus seized did good service at Bunker Hill, where the failure of ammunition obliged our soldiers to retreat. Nor was it alone New Hampshire powder that was so effective at Bunker Hill. My friend Colonel Gilmore, of Manchester, has shown that two-thirds of the soldiers in that engagement were from New Hampshire. New Hampshire men are so modest as not to have dwelt enough on the seizure of Fort William and Mary, and their part in the Bunker Hill engagement and the credit due the Granite State.

Soon after the struggle for independence began the Continental Congress sent out a request — "That all patriotic citizens should pledge themselves to risk their lives and fortunes against British aggression," and what was called the "Association Test" was circulated by order of the Committee of Safety. Every citizen of

Atkinson over twenty-one years of age at once signed the pledge. It was signed by Colonel Peabody, and he was one of the selectmen of the town who certified to the list of signers, Sept. 25, 1776.

In November, 1776, a convention of some forty towns of New Hampshire and Massachusetts was held at the house of Joseph Varnum, of Dracut, Mass., to see about the currency and the high price of the necessities of life. Colonel Peabody was a delegate from Atkinson, was made clerk of the convention, and was one of the most active members. It was claimed that the "honest mechanic and laborer were much distressed by the extortion of the trader and farmer, whereby many good and valuable men are discouraged from engaging in the service of the States, to the great damage of the continental army, upon which under God the future safety and well being of these States very much depend." Two committees were appointed to petition the States of New Hampshire and Massachusetts to act in the matter. Colonel Peabody was one of the two named to prepare the reports, and he wrote the one addressed to the Legislature of Massachusetts which was adopted for New Hampshire. It would seem very strange now to our granger friends to hear complaints of the extortion of the farmer, and a demand that his products must be sold at a price fixed by law.

The condition of the currency at this time was very unsatisfactory, and for years following, all over the country, and the demand was urgent for an issue of paper money. A few years after the Dracut convention, a petition was presented to the New Hampshire Legislature, from Atkinson, — without a doubt written by Colonel

Peabody, — in which the subject is discussed after the manner of the greenback advocates of a modern date, and fully as ably. The following is an extract: "Silver and gold have taken wings, and flown to the other side of the Atlantic, without leaving a substitute, or even its shadow; besides which, to support the late war the private debts of individuals have been in many cases augmented — people are called upon to pay large taxes in gold and silver which are not to be had — neither the United States, nor this State, have a single shilling to call money, but for which they are indebted to foreigners — the silver and gold heretofore in circulation in this State being English, French, Spanish, Portugal, or other foreign coin. . . . Therefore the said inhabitants beg leave to suggest as their opinion and request the Hon. Court cause to be issued 250,000 pounds, lawful money, to be emitted in paper bills." The committee of the Legislature made a report which was not satisfactory to Atkinson, which voted that it preferred its own plan to that of the Legislature. It is to the credit of New Hampshire that it voted against any plan to issue paper money in payment of private contracts, though money was so scarce and hard to obtain. Mesheah Weare wrote to Colonel Peabody, March 28, 1780: "The price of a cow is 12 or 1300 dollars, 40 dollars for a bushel of corn, 80 dollars for rye, 100 pounds for broadcloth, 50 to 100 dollars for linen, and is still daily rising."

Colonel Peabody was elected a member of the house returned to sit at Exeter, Dec. 18, 1776. December 20, he was appointed one of a committee to report upon a petition from the Dracut convention concerning the regulation of trade and the price of the "necessities of

life." The committee brought in a bill to fix the maximum price, and a fine for its violation, but no action seems to have been taken on it.

Jan. 1, 1777, he was appointed on a committee "to draw up and bring in a bill for the trial and punishment of persons who shall by any misbehavior in word or deed be adjudged inimical to the liberty and freedom of the states of America (not within the act against treason) and directing how judgments thereon shall be executed.

Jan. 6, 1777, he was appointed on a committee to report "how and in what manner the officers taken in prize vessels shall be removed from Portsmouth and distributed in different parts of the State."

Jan. 10, 1777, he was appointed a member of the Committee of Safety, with such men as Mesheah Weare and Josiah Bartlett. This committee was appointed by the General Assembly of New Hampshire, March 9, 1775, and was the real executive of the State during the war, with power to transact all business during the recess of the Legislature, and was one of the most important positions of the State, given only to men of trust and influence. Its first president was Mesheah Weare.

July 18, 1777, Colonel Peabody was appointed with Josiah Bartlett to attend a convention at Springfield to act on paper money with delegates from other States, and in the same month was made Adjutant-General of the State.

Aug. 23, 1777, he was ordered with Josiah Bartlett "to repair to Bennington to look after the sick and wounded in General Stark's regiment, and to consult with General Stark on future operations, and give an exact account of the late action with British troops."

Dec. 26, 1777, he was chosen by ballot to go to New Haven with Jonathan Blanchard, to meet commissioners from other States Jan. 15, 1778, "to endeavor a regulation of trade and the price of labor agreeable to the 5th article of the Continental Congress of Nov. 22 last." To show the importance attached to this convention, men like Roger Sherman were members.

Colonel Peabody was a member of the house in 1778. In August of that year a brigade was sent to Rhode Island to operate in connection with the French fleet in driving the enemy from that State. It was commanded by Gen. Wm. Whipple, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Colonel Peabody was adjutant-general of the brigade. His name is also given as one of the thirteen volunteers from Atkinson, agreeably to a requisition of the Committee of Safety, and an order was given on the Receiver General to pay him £130, or £10 for each volunteer.

Colonel Peabody was chosen to the Legislature in 1779, but March 25 was elected a delegate to Congress, and took his seat June 22. He at once took an active part in legislation, and his abilities were recognized. He was made chairman of the medical committee, for which his profession so well qualified him, a committee of special importance at that period of the war. The high price of provisions and the depreciation of the currency were the cause of general complaint, and Colonel Peabody and John Langdon were appointed commissioners from New Hampshire, Nov. 6, 1779, to meet commissioners from other States at Philadelphia to consult on a remedy, several conventions having already been held for the same purpose in different parts of the country.

The winter of 1779–80 was the darkest time of the American Revolution. Bancroft says of it: "Every department of the army was without money or credit, and had been unpaid for five months at the beginning of 1780. For a long time the troops had from one-half to one-eighth rations of meat, and sometimes had none. The credit of Congress was exhausted — there was no regularity in the supplies. Sometimes the army was without bread for five or six days, at other times without meat — and at times for two or three days with neither. Continental money was 30 to 1."

Lafayette wrote to his wife: "No European army would suffer a tenth of what the American troops suffer."

Washington wrote: "For a fortnight past both officers and men have been almost perishing from want. They have been alternately without bread or meat the whole time, with a scant allowance of either, and frequently destitute of both." It was reported that the medical department had no sugar, coffee, tea, chocolate, nor spirituous liquors of any kind.

Impressed with the gravity of the situation, Congress voted to send a committee of its members to the quarters of the army at Morristown, to consult with General Washington and other officers, and plan and execute any schemes that might reduce expenses, provide for the sustenance of the army, and generally promote its efficiency. The committee was elected by ballot, April 13, 1780, and choice was made of Philip Schuyler of New York, John Mathews of South Carolina, and Nathaniel Peabody of New Hampshire. To have been elected a member of so important a committee indicates his prominence and

the confidence placed in him. The Peabody papers, consisting of letters to and from Colonel Peabody, found in an old junk shop, and now the property of the New Hampshire Historical Society, give much information concerning this critical period. In a letter to Mesheah Weare at this time, he spoke of his fatigue and anxiety as impairing his health, but hopes that prosperity will soon give him relaxation, and remedy every evil. He wrote: "I sensibly feel for ye distress of ye citizens, and of them in particular, for they have undertaken a great and courageous work. I wish them to be strong and courageous, and the Lord shall prosper them."

In a letter to Congress dated May 28, 1780, in regard to the investigation of the committee chosen to visit the army, he wrote: "In the letter of the 9th instant to Congress, we observed that, if the spirit of discontent then prevailing among the soldiers should fully establish itself, it would produce the most serious consequences. The causes which contributed to the first rise of dissatisfaction continuing have increased and ripened into mutiny. Two entire regiments of Conn. line paraded on Tuesday evening, with their arms, accoutrements, and packs, intending to march off, and return home. They complained of inability any longer to endure the torture of famine and the variety of distress they experienced. . . . The brave, patriotic, and virtuous band of officers have given up their rations to the soldiery, and submitted literally to bread and water as their only sustenance."

In a letter to Col. Josiah Bartlett, dated at Morristown Aug. 6, 1780, he wrote: "The whole dependence of our army for success has not been for a long time the

real weakness of America, but ruining our finances, which is well nigh completed, and on our not having an army properly established in the field. It might not be improper to observe in this place, that the usual calculations in all armies are that a much greater proportion of men die from sickness within the first four months of camp life than for four years after that term has expired." He was opposed to short enlistments, but wished all to be for the war. He compliments New Hampshire: "I cannot conclude without mentioning the high sense I entertain of the honor and merit due that State for its decisive and spirited exertions at this critical and alarming juncture. It is confessed by many that no other State in the Union has a claim to higher, if there is one to equal, merit with the State of New Hampshire upon this occasion."

There were complaints made in regard to General Greene, so that he intended to resign, and Colonel Peabody wrote him a letter dated Morristown, Sept. 18, 1780, to dissuade him from such a step. He said: "I have the satisfaction of knowing that I fully joined with my colleagues in representing to Congress the probable consequences of your resignation, and of making a change of men and measures at so late a period of the campaign, and have shared largely in the honor of being censured for giving out sentiments upon the subject." The judgment of history has been that General Greene was next to Washington the ablest general of the Revolutionary War. He was soon after appointed general of the South, and had a large share in the movements that forced the surrender of Cornwallis and the close of the war. It reflected much credit on Colonel Peabody

that he sustained General Greene, and won his friendship.

The report of the committee excited much opposition in Congress, and its members were severely censured. In regard to which Colonel Peabody wrote: "Do you imagine a sacrifice of three men only could by any means expiate the sins of those who have begun to crucify them for no other fault than speaking the truth, and of endeavoring upon just principles to promote the situation of a distressed sinking country? Though I should highly esteem the good will and opinion of Congress, and should place the approbation of my fellow citizens among my choicest treasures, yet neither the frowns nor flattery of the former, nor the expectation of applause from the latter, nor any other consideration whatever, shall in any circumstance of life induce me to censure, or approve, men or measures contrary to my real sentiments."

In a letter to Richard Henry Lee, dated Morristown, Oct. 7, 1780, he wrote: "I cannot quit the subject without congratulating you, my dear sir, on the appointment of Major-General Greene to the command of the Southern Army. That gentleman's great abilities in the field, his extensive knowledge of the various departments in the army, gives him the advantage of almost any other general officer in America in restoring immediately to order and system an army and its officers, which at present are almost without form and void. But, alas! of what avail will be the exertions of the greatest generals unless aided with men, money, and other necessary supplies? In the present deranged situation of our public affairs can this aid be furnished? Our treasury is empty, our military and ordnance stores in that quarter are much

exhausted, and I fear the resources of the country, under its present embarrassments, will prove incompetent for those other supplies. Your zeal and exertion in the cause of our distressed country on every former occasion forbids my mentioning a single argument to induce your utmost efforts in the present alarming conjuncture."

In our gratitude to the fathers of the Republic we are inclined to think that those then in military and legislative positions were too great patriots to have aught at heart but the good of the country. The student of history, however, is aware that there were divisions in counsel, and the same rivalry and jealousy so manifest in our late war.

General Greene wrote to Colonel Peabody, Sept. 6, 1780, in regard to the work of the committee: "You have your day of difficulty as well as I. Congress seems to have got more out of temper with the committee than with me, and, I am told, charge a great part of the difficulties upon the committee that have taken place between them and me. . . . The committee stand fair with the army, and I believe we are altogether indebted to the committee for the tolerable state we are in. I am made very unhappy by your long and obstinate sickness. When you left the army we were in hopes it was only a slight touch of a fever, which a relaxation and recess from business would soon remove; but, to my sorrow, we hear you are still persecuted with an intermittent fever, which threatens you with a long confinement. You have my prayers for your speedy recovery, as well from motives of private friendship as for the public good."

Richard Henry Lee wrote to him in approval of his course in Congress, Nov. 2, 1779: "Though not per-

sonally acquainted with you, I hope I shall be pardoned for this letter. I have seen the proceedings of Congress in a late affair, and I have observed N.H. supporting the cause of virtue against a powerful, and not less artful and wicked, cabal, aiming at the public injury through the sides of its faithful servant; and I have been particularly informed, sir, of your very worthy support of a character that has not deserved the treatment he has met with. New Hampshire has long been celebrated for its spirit, and it has now on an extraordinary occasion, when powerful efforts were made to debauch and mislead, proved its title to still higher qualities of wisdom and virtue. There was a wicked cabal in Congress that sought to ruin General Greene and other men that were an honor to the country, and whose services were specially valuable."

John Langdon wrote to him in complimentary terms. Washington, also, thanked him for valuable information, and expressed an interest in his health. A perusal of the Peabody correspondence, and all that we know of his course in Congress, seem to reflect much credit on him and his State; and of all his services his active support of General Greene, when such powerful influences were used to remove him from the army, was one of the most important.

But his health had long been impaired, and he was anxious to return home, and resigned Nov. 9, 1780. He soon, however, became again active in State affairs; was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention called to meet at Concord, June 5, 1781, and was chairman of the committee that drafted it. The first report of the Convention was rejected, as has often been the case since

in New Hampshire; and it was not till Oct. 31, 1783, an interval of two years, four months, and twenty-six days, that an acceptable constitution was framed.

Colonel Peabody was a member of the House in 1782 and 1783. June 1, 1782, he was one of the committee to prepare all bills necessary to be passed. He was appointed on a committee with Woodbury Langdon and Joseph Whipple, to present an address of the General Assembly to Count de Vondreuil. In 1784–5 he was a member of the House, was chosen counsellor, and appointed a justice of the Court of Common Pleas, which last position he declined. At the opening of the session of the General Court in June, 1784, the first under the new constitution, he was appointed chairman of a committee "to make what provision they shall judge necessary for the entertainment of the revered clergy who this day may attend at this place," showing the respect entertained by our forefathers for their religious teachers, thought to be sadly wanting in this degenerate age. He was on the committee to prepare rules for the government of the House, and to draft all such bills as were thought necessary to be passed. During the session he served on committees to determine what action shall be taken on Continental money in the hands of private persons in the State, to make sale of the excise, to see what can be done about horse-thieves, about the property of refugees that may return, about State notes issued prior to 1775, on the better observance of the Lord's Day, on the amount of money to be raised the current year, to nominate managers of the Dartmouth College lottery, and on nearly all the important committees.

In the Legislature of 1785 he was senator from Rockingham County, and was elected counsellor. June 21 he was elected delegate to Congress for one year from the following November, but he probably did not take his seat. He was appointed one of a committee to revise the laws of the State. He reported a bill for a lottery to raise money to build a bridge over Sugar River at Newport. Lotteries, so much condemned now, were a favorite way of raising money at that period.

In 1786 he was not a member of the Legislature, and his opponents took the opportunity to injure his good name. A vote was passed June 21 to recall him as a delegate to Congress, and July 31 it was voted in the House: "That an address be presented to the President that the appointment of Nath'l Peabody, Esq., to the office of brig. general of light-horse brigade has given the good citizens of the State much uneasiness, and, we fear, will retard (if not entirely hinder) the arrangement and forming of that important corps, as gentlemen of character and fortune will not serve under him; and, therefore, we pray that your excellency, with the advice of the council, will remove said Peabody from that important post, in order that it may be filled by a person more to acceptance."

It will be observed that no distinct charges affecting his integrity are made, and we can only infer that it was the result of personal unpopularity. It is singular that the same House repented of its action, and December 27, only a few months later, voted: "That the vote of this House of the 24th of June last respecting the removal of Nath'l Peabody, Esq., from the office of brig. general of light-horse (which was not concurred

in by the Hon. Senate) be reconsidered, and made null and void." The opposition to him did not appear to have lessened his popularity and influence, for he was chosen a member of the next Legislature.

He was chosen a member of the House in 1787, was elected speaker *pro tempore*, and, as usual, on the committee to consider the message of the governor. He was appointed on committees to consider a further revision of the laws on the bill to prevent the bodies of debtors being taken on execution, a law that later bore so severely on himself; and was chairman of a committee to receive revenues by excise, and to make sale of excise for Rockingham county. He was chairman of committees on schools, on receiving State notes for taxes, and to draft all bills directed to be drawn during recess. He was on the committee to act on the proposed convention to ratify the Constitution of the United States, and on the committee that reported in favor of a Dartmouth College lottery, not to exceed £1,800.

He was representative in 1788, and chairman of committees on a new State valuation, on the salary of the President, to consider the military laws of the State, and to act on most questions relating to finance. The first election for United States senators occurred this year, and the first chosen was John Langdon. In the ballot for a second senator General Peabody received in the House forty votes to thirty-six for all others, and was chosen on the part of the House, but the Senate did not concur, giving him only two yeas to six nays. Josiah Bartlett was chosen, but declined, and later Paine Wingate was elected. It was certainly a high honor to have come so near an election to so coveted a position,

with so many able men, as New Hampshire always had, from whom to select. This failure was due to personal opponents, whom he generally made no attempt to conciliate, and especially to a bitter speech and active efforts of William Plumer, then a young man, later governor of the State.

General Peabody was a member of the House in 1789, and was chairman of committees to report on the message of the governor and necessary business — on the distribution of insolvent estates, on the sale of property for taxes, to run a line on the northern part of the State, and to see if the State laws militate against those of the United States. It was voted, Jan. 23, 1790, that Jeremiah Smith, Nathaniel Peabody, and John Samuel Sherburne be a committee to select, revise, and arrange all the laws and resolves of the State in one volume, with an index, and later he was appointed one of the committee to inspect the press during the printing. It was certainly an extraordinary compliment to be placed on such a committee for one not a member of the legal profession.

In 1790 General Peabody was chosen a member of the House, and later elected senator by the Legislature, and took an active part in all the proceedings. A petition was presented for the incorporation of Atkinson Academy, and to authorize a lottery. The request for the lottery was rejected, but subsequently granted. The academy had been in operation since 1787, and was the second in the State in the date of its establishment, though not incorporated till Feb. 3, 1791. But little money was raised by the lottery, as Massachusetts refused permission to allow the sale of tickets, though the

Rev. Stephen Peabody, whose wife was a sister of John Adams, made repeated visits to Boston to secure consent. The refusal was not based on moral grounds, but the State wished to retain the whole field for home cultivation.

In 1791 General Peabody was a member of the House, and elected speaker, but was soon after chosen senator, and preferred that position. He was chairman of the committee to carry into effect that part of the Constitution directing a convention to be called for a revision of the same. He made a written protest against a law in regard to the militia as unconstitutional, because "it implied that no law of the United States is valid in New Hampshire until it has been recognized and enacted by the Legislature of the State."

He was a member of the Constitutional Convention at Concord, Sept. 7, 1791, and active and influential in all the debates. He was one of the two chosen by ballot to represent Rockingham county on the number and proportion of senators, and was chairman of the committee "to take into consideration the constitution and resolves passed at this session, and the several motions for alterations that have been acted upon, and prepare and report to the convention at its adjournment alterations and amendments to be submitted to the people." It was the most important committee of the convention. At the adjournment, Feb. 8, 1792, the convention resolved itself into committee of the whole, with General Peabody as chairman. The Constitution was accepted by the people, and went into operation, September, 1792. He was elected senator by the popular vote, for the Legislature of 1792, and March 27, 1793, was appointed major-

general of the first department, in place of Gen. Joseph Cilley, declined.

He was a member of the House in 1795, the last time he served in any legislative body. For twenty-five years he had been almost constantly in public life, and in all that period he had received the approval and confidence of the people he represented. He had been interested not only in civil and military affairs, but in all that seemed to him of benefit to the community. He was active in the cause of education, was one of the most active in founding Atkinson Academy, so prominent in its early history, aided young men to secure an education, and helped to establish a circulating library that did much for the general intelligence of the community. He was one of the principal founders of the New Hampshire Medical Society, in 1791. He was a friend of Dartmouth College, and in appreciation of his interest he received a special invitation to attend the Commencement, at which the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him. Though his many and varied other duties occupied much of his time, he continued to practise his profession, and sustained his reputation as an able physician.

His declination of all public office after 1795 was due in part to ill-health, but more to debts from which he could not extricate himself by the easy methods of modern civilization. Not only could all the property of the debtor be seized, but his person living, and even his dead body, could be attached. A striking instance was that of Major-Gen. John Sullivan. To few had the country been so much indebted for valuable patriotic service. He was a delegate to the first Continental Congress, in

1774, — had had a long and distinguished military career, had represented his State in many positions, and had been its president. Largely from neglect of his affairs in the cause of his country, he had become involved in debt, and when he died, in 1795, by means of the statute then in operation, his body was attached, and held from burial, until General Cilley, his old companion in arms, drawing his pistols, held the creditors at bay till the remains were consigned to earth.

This same law was executed in the case of General Peabody. He had been drawn away from his profession, and public service was not then, as it often is now, a means of gaining wealth. He had often spoken in his letters of the sums he had expended in attending to his official duties. In 1800 he stated that previous to 1794 his creditors were few, that the aggregate of their demands on him did not exceed twenty per cent. of the debts due him, including his lands and other property at a just valuation, although he had before that time done many acts of humanity to persons in distress, by means of which he had sustained considerable damage. He complained, also, of the losses by suretyship and the misconduct of agents and supposed friends. Whatever may have been the truth, whatever his business errors, one thing was certain in those good old days of our fathers, a man must pay his debts or must go to jail, and as General Peabody could not pay, he was committed to the jail at Exeter, where he was confined some twenty years till his decease, June 27, 1823. By a law then in force he was allowed what was called the "liberty of the jail yard," by which he could go anywhere within prescribed limits, which included most of the town, and he

resided in a house east of the Great Bridge, known as the Hacket House. He practised his profession, and had many patients drawn by his high reputation. The governor of the State was so favorable to him that his commission as justice of the peace was continued to him nearly to the last. His intellect was unimpaired even in his old age. His wife survived him several years. No children had ever been born to them.

It is not easy to write history, and almost impossible biography. When the writer was a young man it was a favorite topic for the local debating society, "Was Cromwell an honest man?" and both sides of the question convinced themselves. Abbott's "Life of Napoleon" pleased the French, and was very popular with the many admirers of the great soldier, yet Caleb Cushing used to say he could point out twenty errors on every page. The writer has heard favorable and unfavorable opinions of General Peabody in the town where he lived. All are now dead who could speak of him from personal knowledge, and a century ago there were but few newspapers to discuss men, and if there had been more the difficulty in forming a just estimate might have been increased.

It is difficult to read a review of General Peabody's life, his prominence in all the positions he filled, and his influence, without the conviction that he was one of the ablest men of his time in New Hampshire, and one to whom the State was greatly indebted at a critical period of her history. Educated as a physician, untaught in schools, he was a power in the State and nation. He was an authority even in positions requiring high legal knowledge, and associated with such eminent lawyers as

Jeremiah Smith. At nearly every session of the Legislature he was on committees to direct the most important legislation, and on all questions he was a leader, not a follower. He wrote well and debated well. We have good testimony in regard to him from those who spoke from knowledge. The Rev. Dr. Bouton, so learned in New Hampshire history, in a notice of him said: "He was one of the most distinguished men of his time. . . . By turns he held almost every office of trust and honor in the town and State, selectman, representative, justice of the peace and quorum, colonel, adjutant-general of the State, member of the Continental Congress, major-general of militia."

John Farmer, to whom New Hampshire is so much indebted for biographies of her prominent men, published a sketch of General Peabody, January, 1824, less than a year after his decease, when he could know the opinions of his contemporaries, and his estimate of him is entitled to more credit than any other source of information. He thus spoke of him: "His perceptions were quick, his invention powerful, his reasoning tolerably prompt, just, and perspicuous, and his memory remarkably tenacious, but he was most distinguished for his caustic wit and resistless ridicule." "At the time when he was speaker his influence was so great that by means of three or four associates he ruled the State." "He was an able and leading legislator." "In his habits he was regular and correct; he ate and drank but little, and that of the best, and seldom slept more than four or five hours." "One who knew him well for forty years always considered him a cheerful, sociable, witty, and friendly man. He was generous, sincere, and constant,

never deserting a friend in the hour of need." "His character was honored by a man so universally esteemed and respected as his friend General Sullivan." "He was a patron of merit and enterprise, and several young men were indebted to him for a liberal education." "His mind was steeled against vicissitudes — they did not sour his temper nor cloud his intellect. His mental powers were but little impaired by age, and he bore the anguish of sickness and disease with fortitude." "But General Peabody was not without foibles and faults, He was always rather vain and opinionative. At middle age he was almost passionately fond of dress and ostentatious parade, and expended large sums for that purpose. He was a fine horseman, and in his golden days usually travelled with the most elegant horses (of which he was a good judge and great admirer), attended by his servant."

"On a candid review of General Peabody's long life," wrote Mr. Farmer, "we are compelled to the conclusion that he was a useful citizen, an enlightened politician, and in times of trial and danger as well as in the halcyon days of peace and prosperity, a firm and ardent friend of his country. When the waves of time shall have rolled over the present generation, and washed away the last trace of prejudice and enmity from his character, who will venture to predict that he will not be placed by grateful posterity in the bright and glorious constellation of Revolutionary worthies, and with his compatriots and friends, the illustrious Weare, Bartlett, Sullivan, Langdon, Lee, Laurens, Greene, Matthews, Gerry, and Schuyler, shine with unclouded lustre, through long ages of American freedom and glory?"

It is to his credit that in his long career he retained the support of his constituents, who returned him to the Legislature till his voluntary retirement. It is also to be remarked that though his habits were expensive and he was often in need of money, and was entrusted from time to time with large sums by the State, as far as I know no suspicion of the wrong use of public money was ever charged against him, so common a crime in our modern civilization.

Governor Bell, in his history of Exeter, has a notice of General Peabody as one of the distinguished persons who had resided in the town, though detained as a prisoner. He thus speaks of him: "General Peabody in his best days had the confidence and respect of the prominent men among whom he moved. But pecuniary embarrassments exposed him to dishonorable dealings, and his manners were not such as to render him an agreeable companion. He was cynical in his notions, and having great powers of endurance, he had little patience with those who complained. He had probably acquired the rough habits and expressions of the camp, also, and employed them without much discrimination. He is said to have been a man of wit, and to have had a softer side. But apparently he did not often present it to others. He was undoubtedly a man of much ability, and, if he had paid less attention to public affairs and more to his own, might have acquired fortune and a life of ease. His patriotic services for his country entitle him to our gratitude, and his foibles may well be consigned to oblivion."

The remark of Governor Bell that General Peabody would have died richer, and led a life of ease, if he had

attended more to private and less to public affairs, was true of him, and could have been made then of most men in public life. Allusion has been made to the case of General Sullivan, and it is well known that the private affairs of Washington suffered by his army service. No one could have grown rich by the Revolutionary War, but he served his country in the hour of need, the only reward expected. Now in these "halcyon days," to quote from Governor Bell the expression, millionaires are elected to Congress and other halls of legislation, and grow richer and richer while they serve rich corporations and their country.

The aim of all true biography should be to photograph the man. If Oliver Cromwell had a large wart on his face, the artist should paint it. In too many biographies the high qualities of the man, his freedom from faults have become for the first time revealed. When I once criticised a distinguished author of biographies for the perfection of his heroes, he replied that it was not right to turn a man out into the world naked. It seems more honest, however, to tell the truth, as is done in the Bible, where the crimes as well as the virtues of David and Solomon are faithfully given, and present the real man. It should be said, then, as Governor Bell intimates, that the tradition in his town is not entirely favorable to General Peabody. His ability and patriotism have not been questioned, but he was said to have lacked integrity, and to have wronged those who trusted him. He was, also, skeptical in his religious views, a sin not so easily forgiven in those Puritan days as now. He had expensive tastes, whose indulgence required far more than his professional income, and he may have

been tempted to wrong acts, so common to humanity, to gratify them. Even Washington has been said of late to have had some blemishes, and in a recent discussion I heard a man say that he was glad to know that the "Father of his Country" was human, like himself. But, whatever may have been the faults of General Peabody, he suffered a severe punishment in the loss of personal liberty for twenty years, and it should not be forgotten how faithfully he loved and served his country.

The many patriotic and historical societies are now honoring as never before the memory of those who founded the Republic, and among them General Peabody well deserves to be remembered. It is a coincidence that he died the year the New Hampshire Historical Society, for which this article was prepared, was established. He left no descendants to honor him. Let this society, then, do justice to his great ability, his patriotism, and his distinguished services.

His wife died at her brother Daniel's home in Hampstead, Feb. 8, 1831, having survived her husband nearly eight years.

A SUMMER IN NORWAY

I WENT to Norway in 1879, before it had been generally visited by tourists, and before even Baedeker had issued a guide-book of the country. There are two lines of steamboats from Great Britain to Norway — one from Leith, the port of Edinboro', the other from Hull. I chose the latter, because nearest to London, my starting point. My route to Hull was near the east coast of England, through a country of peculiar historical interest, and with many noted towns. Peterborough has a grand cathedral, where are interred the remains of Catherine of Aragon, and Mary Queen of Scots. This section, however, is most interesting to a native of New England as the old home of the Pilgrim fathers, who first gathered as an independent sect at Scrooby, a little village on the line of the railroad; then moved east to Boston, on the coast; then to Holland, and subsequently, in the "Mayflower," to America. I went a few miles out of my way to visit York, the metropolis of the old Romans in England, where Hadrian and other Roman emperors lived, Constantine the Great was born, and Severus died. It was famous in all the early English wars. Its great pride now is its cathedral, probably the grandest in England. Hull is a large thriving seaport, very different from its little namesake on our coast.

When I went on board the steamer I found it

crowded, for it was the season to visit Norway. We expected to start early in the afternoon, but some broken machinery caused delay, and an Englishman, full of indignation that any accident should happen to a steamboat where *he* was on board, at once telegraphed to Mr. Wilson, principal owner of the line and a member of Parliament, that all the passengers were deeply disgusted. We all went to our state-rooms at last, and when I awoke at daybreak the next morning we were just leaving the harbor. If any one expects to find in the steamers plying between the different ports of Europe the comforts of theAtlantic and our American boats, he will be disappointed. I had one of the best berths on the boat, for I had engaged my passage early, and the fare was more than I had ever paid before for an equal distance; yet four of us were crowded into one state-room, so small that only one could dress and wash at a time. The passengers were of many nationalities, as is the case on all European steamers, most of them Americans and English, visiting Norway from curiosity or to hunt and fish. One of the Americans soon made the acquaintance of all on board, and as he, like myself, was bound for the North Cape, I was destined to see much of him for the next few weeks. He had a large fine physical development, reminding me of Charles Sumner, though the comparison should not be extended too far. Like a few more of his countrymen, he was always ready to express an opinion on any subject, however abstruse, at a moment's warning. He had been a miner, had owned a coffee plantation, had been a speculator, and travelled the world over; had become a doctor (by which title we all addressed him) — whether with or

without study I do not know; had made money, and then, very naturally, had drifted to Paris. He was a remarkably well-preserved man, and always in good spirits, whether because he had *married* three times or become three times a *widower*, I cannot say. One trait was marked in him, perhaps from his residence in California, — he was always anxious to bet on something, no matter what.

The North Sea is generally unpleasant, but it received us very kindly, and a smooth passage of thirty-six hours brought us among the rocks on the coast of Norway. A fog came over us, and we were obliged to stop till it cleared away. This gave the doctor an opportunity to propose a pool on the hour when we should land at Stavánger, the first port at which we were to touch. Each one who participated was to pay a given sum, and name the hour, and the one who came nearest the time was to receive all the money. The fog detained us but a few hours, and then, with a clear sky, we wound our way among great rocks into the harbor of Stavánger, about nine o'clock in the evening, but in broad daylight. The work of the day was over, and a great crowd of men, women, and children were gathered on the wharf to receive us, who scanned us with as much curiosity as we them. We were to stop here several hours, and we all went on shore to see the place. Several men and boys came forward, and in broken English offered to guide us, but a few of us put ourselves in charge of an Oxford professor of our party, who had been there often before. He was a very plain-looking man, with his long gray beard and smoking a pipe, but his old slouch hat covered brains enough to make a score of average Congressmen.

Stavánger is a thriving, busy town of 20,000 inhabitants ; built on rocky, irregular ground, its houses generally of wood, and one-story; its streets narrow and irregular. It is one of the oldest towns in Norway, dating back to the eighth century. We visited an old lighthouse tower on an eminence in the centre, from which we had a fine view of the surrounding country. On the walls inside were portraits of different generals celebrated in our late war, and under them the words "Honor the Brave." Truth to history compels me to state the names were those of Stonewall Jackson and other famous leaders of the Confederate army, showing that the sympathies of the people were with the South in our struggle. The most interesting object in the town is its cathedral, one of the oldest and finest in Norway, dating back to the eleventh century, the best specimen of early English and Norman architecture I have ever seen, — better, our Oxford professor told us, than any in England. I noticed one peculiarity on the signs in Stavánger which I had never seen before, but which I found was universal in the country. If a woman doing business was a widow, the word *enke*, the Norwegian for *widow*, was added. For example, if the widow of John Smith continued the business the sign would read: "*John Smith's Widow.*" Such a sign in America, I think, would be taken as indicating the willingness of John Smith's widow to form a partnership in the business.

We left Stavánger a little before midnight, and at ten o'clock the next morning were at Bergen, where I left the English steamboat. This is the largest city on the West Coast, and the second in Norway in size, with a

population of 40,000, and by far the most interesting to visit. It is very old, having been founded by King Olaf in 1070, and for centuries it was the most important place in the kingdom, and the scene of many remarkable events. It soon became the centre of the fish trade of Norway, and probably now is the greatest fish mart in the world. It is located on a hilly peninsula and isthmus, with mountains behind it rising to the height of 2,000 feet, high up the slopes of which are beautiful villas. I have seen but few cities so picturesque and attractive, or presenting finer views. The streets are generally narrow, with small sidewalks, if any, so that the people walk in the middle. The houses are nearly all of wood, and with two stories. Along the water's edge are immense fish houses of peculiar construction, and two old forts are more remarkable for the service they have rendered in the past than formidable for the future. I arrived on a bright Sunday morning, and the harbor was full of vessels, all with flags flying, and the streets were filled with people clad in their best clothes. It was the longest day in the year, and was observed as a holiday, and at night fires were built on the mountains around, a custom always observed on that day. I attended service at the cathedral, an old church of strange architecture. There were double galleries, partitioned off into stalls like a theatre for the seclusion of the worshippers of the better classes. The clergyman wore around his neck a wide plaited collar, what a Scotchman said was a "John Knox ruffle." The singing was congregational, the numbers of the hymns put up in different parts of the church, as in Germany. The people sat or stood, as they inclined. After the service there was the baptism of a child, which

was long, and attended with much ceremony, the parents and friends entering and leaving with a formal procession, and the congregation rising to do them honor. The baptismal font was held in the arms of an angel suspended from above, as if coming down to bless the child thus presented to God by its parents.

There are many very pleasant excursions in the neighborhood of Bergen. One day a gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made, took me to his house a few miles distant. He had an immense estate, comprising fifteen distinct farms, which had been many years in his family. He told me his father had lived to the age of ninety-two. He showed me a beech-tree seven hundred years old, and seventeen feet round, and offered me wine fifty years old. His estate had an abundance of apple and cherry trees, gooseberries, currants, and growing all around were horse-chestnut trees, the English hawthorne, azaleas, honeysuckles, tulips, etc., etc.

He told me the winters were not very cold, the thermometer rarely falling below 15° Fahrenheit.

There was no real darkness, and I found it at first difficult to sleep. I kept rising and looking out, and could read distinctly at midnight. It took me many days to accustom myself to the strangeness of no night, but one unending day. I ought to add in regard to Bergen, that, unlike Bayard Taylor, I found a good hotel, clean, and with good fare. It was the hotel where Ole Bull stopped when in Bergen, whose home was only a few miles distant.

From Bergen I took passage on a Norwegian steamer for the North Cape. The boat was crowded with passengers from many nations, and among them a large

party of Cook's excursionists, made up of Americans and English. Some of the Americans were very pleasant people, among whom were the well-known scientific gentleman, Dr. Smith, of Louisville, and the daughter and two grandchildren of James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury under President Pierce. Every state-room was occupied, and the cabin was filled with temporary berths, of which I had one, and near me was the American doctor of whom I have spoken. He became very much excited the first night, because, on retiring, he discovered that he had lost a very necessary night garment, which he shouted to the waiter in English, louder and louder, to find. It came to him at last that the waiter could not understand him, and he went to bed, declaring in language quite emphatic, but such as our Puritan Fathers would have strongly condemned, that he would never again go on a boat where the waiters could not understand English.

A voyage along the coast of Norway is, probably, unlike any that could be taken elsewhere. A chain of mountains runs the whole length of the western part, rising to the height of 7,000 feet, and descending abruptly to the water, terminating often in precipitous cliffs. Outside of the true coast are thousands upon thousands of rocky islands of all sizes, shapes, and elevations, acting as a breakwater. For nearly the whole distance to the North Cape, our course was between these islands and the mainland, in smooth water, rarely catching even a glimpse of the ocean. It seemed as if we were moving at times on a river, the high banks approaching so close together as to leave hardly room for the ship to pass through; and then expanding we seemed to be on

a broad lake, the islands forming such a maze that we could not tell how we had entered, nor where would be our way out. It was an enchanting panorama, ever presenting new objects of interest, the rocks of the coast and islands forming strange figures, to which many names have been given, and the imagination suggested many more. One island rising up 1,700 feet is called the "Horseman's Island," from its resemblance to a man on horseback, the story being that a lover was turned to stone on a visit to his lady. Whether this sad fate overtook him going or returning, the legend does not say. Why he should be thus punished, I do not understand, for it was a very pardonable offence.

In one place was a mountain called Torghaetta, the "market hat," because pierced by an immense hole resembling a hat. The captain kindly stopped the boat one midnight to allow us to visit it — a rough mountain walk of three miles. The aperture is about 500 feet long, and 200 feet high and wide, and is a remarkable natural curiosity. We had not yet reached the Arctic Circle, but it was broad daylight, and we picked wild flowers all along in our midnight walk. We passed close to cliffs rising 3,000 feet out of the water. On all these islands and on the mainland here and there was a fisherman's little hut, for catching fish is nearly the whole occupation of the people of western Norway. The snow and ice were still on all the mountains and high hills, and it was so strange to see down close to the water's edge green grass and flowers, where there was soil enough for them to grow, — above them a belt of dark rock, — and, still higher up, the white snow, or perhaps a glacier from which were flowing innumerable water-

falls. It was hard to go to bed with all these changing scenes ever before us, and most of us remained on deck, night after night, till long after midnight, nothing but fatigue and our watches telling us it was time to retire. Some persons were playing whist generally till two o'clock in the morning, the sun always giving them his light.

As we journeyed along, our boat touched at all the towns on the coast, remaining a longer or shorter time, according to their importance. Some places were small, consisting of a half dozen fishermen's houses; others numbered a population of some thousands, and here we went on shore, stopping, sometimes, one or two days, and examining everything of interest.

The first town of importance, after leaving Bergen, was Aalesund, with 7,000 inhabitants whose principal business is in fish. It is finely located, and is of much interest historically. Near this was the home of the leading Vikings, or sea kings, who roamed over all the seas for plunder. A little south was the castle of Rollo the Walker, who became the conqueror of Normandy, and founder of its duchy, and was the ancestor of Wm. the Conqueror, and, of course, of Queen Victoria. He was called "Rollo the Walker" because he was so large a giant that he could not ride on a horse, and was obliged to walk. From all this neighborhood, too, went out the Northmen, who, without a doubt, discovered America, 500 years before Columbus. We went on shore at eleven o'clock at night, but found the streets all quiet. Almost the only one I saw was a man sitting on his doorstep reading his newspaper, by daylight, before he went to bed. A few hours later and we reached Molde, one of the most beautiful towns in Norway, where many

travellers make a prolonged stay. Then came Christiansund, a town of 8,000 population, picturesquely located on several islands, and at midnight of the same day we entered the harbor of Throndhjem, a large place of 22,000 population, founded 1016, and, next to Bergen, the most important on the western coast. We could not yet see the midnight sun, but the sky in the west looked as bright as with us about five minutes after sunset, and many people were at the wharf on business, or from curiosity.

I wish I could describe this celebrated old city as it deserves. An old traveller thinks its bay equal to that of Naples. It was founded by a famous old sea-king, also a saint and martyr, St. Olaf, about the year 1000, and his body was interred in the cathedral, a magnificent structure, the finest of the kind in Norway, where all the kings are crowned. I ought to add in regard to this St. Olaf that he was regarded as a very cruel man while he lived, and, like many others, his holiness was not discovered till some time after his death. When it was known at last that he was really a saint, his resting-place became the resort of thousands of pilgrims, and was regarded as the holiest spot in Norway. The cathedral has fallen to decay, but is probably one of the best specimens of old architecture in Europe, and some of the stone carving is wonderfully delicate and elaborate. The town interested me much, and I wandered through and through its streets, examining all its peculiarities and inspecting its people. A new railroad has been opened connecting it with Christiania, which will add much to its prosperity. I made an excursion a few miles distant to see two waterfalls which the Oxford

professor thought were the finest in Norway. They are certainly fine falls, one about eighty feet and the other one hundred feet high, the river being perhaps five hundred feet wide. An Oxford student of the company seemed very much impressed, and turned to me and asked if Niagara was much superior. I informed him that Niagara was twice as high, and a thousand times as large, and he was silent.

We continued our course from Throndhjem, between islands and the mainland as before, stopping at many interesting little towns. At one place they were holding a fair of three days, and the harbor was full of boats and people. The boats had no keel, were very sharp, and seemed to be only one board thick. After two days we crossed the Arctic Circle, and are at last in the region of the midnight sun, passing through the wildest scenery, hemmed in by huge rocks covered with ice and snow. Bodö is the first place of any size in the Arctic zone, containing about 1,500 inhabitants, on one long street parallel with the shore. Louis Philippe once lived here some time when a refugee from France. We landed here at midnight, as we did at many places, and were obliged to make much noise to arouse the people with whom the boat had business. The midnight sun was shining, but it was behind a hill, and we could only see his reflected light. We walked through the town, where all was quiet, every store closed and the people in their beds, though in many cases the doors of the houses were open, for there is no fear of thieves in Norway. The only persons awake seemed to be here and there a young man and woman, of immature age, sitting on a doorstep, or wandering at large in earnest conversation — why

out so late, or what they were talking about, most know better than myself. The Doctor was in unusually good spirits, and finding at last a young man playing a violin, he hired him to march through the street at the head of the large company on shore from the boat. Much noise was made and the people began to open their windows and look out, rubbing their eyes and wondering at such an unusual disturbance. Soon an officer came up, and said such things were never allowed there. Then the doctor was anxious to get up a pool, and proposed that each one should guess how many boards were in a pile a hundred feet away. This was done, and the guesses varied from twenty to two hundred, and many were much surprised to see how wild were their estimates. I wandered off alone to gather wild flowers and inspect from a hill near by the surroundings of this strange spot at such an hour.

From Bodö we crossed the West Fjord to the Lofoden Islands. Our course was in the open sea, the whales spouting all around us. The Lofoden group of islands is one of the most remarkable in the world, forming a perfect maze of mountains, bays, and straits. The mountains rise out of the sea, many of them to a height of 3,000 feet, with countless pinnacles and the most remarkable shapes, generally great rocks, destitute of vegetation. The islands number thousands, some very small, others with rivers, lakes, and villages. Here is the famous maelstrom, defined when I was a boy as a fearful whirlpool, drawing into its vortex vessels and even whales, if they approached too near. Jules Verne has made good use of it in one of his stories. It has now, however, like so many creations of the past, lost

all its terrors. It is simply a violent rushing of the tide between two islands. The whole area of these islands is about 1,600 square miles, and they contain a population of 20,000, all engaged in fishing. More than 20,000,000 of cod are annually taken here in small boats. This whole region, too, is the home of the eider-down ducks, which were continually swimming around our vessel, and as it is forbidden to harm them, they are very tame. They build their nests on the rocks, and suffer them to be robbed of their down twice, and the third time desert them. They pluck the down from the body, and that taken from a dead bird has no value.

For many hours we coasted along these remarkable islands, any one of which would make the fortune of an American hotel-keeper. Occasionally we passed a neat little village, and at one place we visited a curious old church, which the pastor who showed us around said was 400 years old. It had some paintings of considerable merit, brought from Holland, and some rare old frescos on the walls. One night a Lapland chief came on board with his daughter, taking passage for a town a few hours distant. He was said to own 2,000 deer, which would make him an important man. He was small, unclean, clad in deerskins, and generally very unattractive, and the daughter was like her father.

The next important town was Tromsö, with 6,000 population, a really beautiful place on the slope of a hill, with many handsome houses and an air of prosperity. We stopped here a day, long enough to examine all of interest in the town, and what we cared for most, to visit a camp of Lapps, four miles distant. It was a rough, hard walk, especially for the ladies of our party,

up a deep valley, over heaps of snow, swift mountain torrents, quagmires, and fallen trees, with a profusion of wild flowers and ferns everywhere. We reached the camp at last, and found about twenty Lapps and a hundred reindeer. The Lapps were of all ages, dressed in skins, the men and women apparently alike, so that it was difficult to distinguish them, and all were disgustingly filthy. They were very diminutive, yet larger than I expected. The men are inveterate smokers and drinkers, and the women, assimilating to their beloved husbands, are the same. I went into their houses, which were made of poles covered with sods. There was no furniture, dried venison was hung up all around; and in the centre was suspended over a fire a large kettle, the smoke, after filling the hut, passing out of a hole in the top. The men, women, and children sleep on the ground, or on leaves and twigs of trees, and never remove their clothing, their only covering reindeer skins. The deer seems to supply all their wants. He gives them meat, milk, clothing, and transportation. A soup is made from his meat, and each one dips his spoon of wood, or deer's horn, into the boiling vessel, and eats till all is gone, or his hunger is appeased. They seemed very pleasant — started off the deer at a furious speed and then caught them with lassos — milked them and offered us the milk to drink and brought out skins, spoons, and deerskin shoes to sell. I wanted to taste the milk, and many of the party did, but the bowl was too unclean, and my stomach revolted. Some of the party fondled the children, but I could not do that, the risk of vermin was too great. It did not require many hours to satisfy us that we had seen enough, and we

left them. They are a harmless, superstitious, ignorant, roving people, living an animal existence, bearing some resemblance to the gypsies, but far less intelligent, and seemed to me then and afterwards when I saw them, the most uninteresting race I had ever seen.

We left Tromsö in the evening, and that night with a clear sky and unobstructed horizon we saw the sun for the first time at midnight — before on account of hills we had only seen his reflection. I went to bed at one o'clock, the sun shining in my face with painful brilliancy through the cabin window. The next day at noon we were in Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world, with a population of 2,200. It is situated under a long cliff on a bay well protected from storms, and, when we saw it, was full of vessels from many nations. The sun was shining bright as I passed through the long street and it was very warm, the children playing with bare feet, and everything looked cheerful and everybody happy. When I was a boy in the country I was taught to make my "manners," as it was called, to strangers, and though the custom has passed away here like many other habits, with modern improvements, it still exists away off in Hammerfest, for every boy made his bow to me, and every girl a curtesy. The great trade of the town is in fish, cod-liver oil, and eider down, and as it was the busy season the streets were very lively. The odor of cod-liver oil filled the air, and I went into several factories to see the process of extraction, bought some eider down as a curiosity, and then went into the fields to get some wild flowers, of which I found only a few, looking lonely and sickly enough. I returned to the town, and visited the shops and ani-

mated wharves, and thought how different must be the scene in winter when the never-ending day gives place to never-ending night, spreading its gloomy pall over man and nature. Dr. Kane has depicted in vivid language the depressing influence of constant darkness on the health and spirits of his men and dogs, and the familiar lines of Byron beginning: "I had a dream that was not all a dream," etc.

I would not like to spend a winter at Hammerfest. It is just to state, however, that though the sun is below the horizon for ten weeks in winter, as for the same time it is always visible in summer, there is most of the time more or less twilight. The harbor, too, is always open. The average temperature of January is 23° Fahrenheit, and that of July 50°. This exemption from extreme cold is due to the influence of the Gulf Stream, conveying its heat thousands of miles from the tropics, without which a large part of Norway would be uninhabited.

It is one hundred miles from Hammerfest to the North Cape, and for nearly the whole distance we were in the open sea, unprotected by the island belt, which had made our voyage so picturesque and agreeable. On the coast all was desolation of desolation, great bare rocks rising out of the water, not a tree nor shrub, — these had all disappeared from this far northern region. Not a vessel was in sight — we were *alone* on our voyage of curiosity. The sea soon became rough, and poor sailor as I am, I succumbed to its influence; and, as all victims of sea-sickness can well comprehend, lost all my interest in North Capes, midnight suns, and everything else in Norway and out of it but my own miserable condition. I threw myself

on a lounge in the cabin, with only one small comfort, that opposite me was stretched the Doctor, for the first time in the voyage subdued and speechless, evidently more unhappy than myself, with no proposal for a bet or pool. The dreary hours passed on, and at last some one came down and cried, "The North Cape — we can see it!" Not, however, till our boat had rounded the cape and come to anchor on the east side could I arouse myself to go on deck — and there it *was* before me, that great mountain rock, the famous North Cape I had come so far to see. We landed with difficulty on the rocks, and most of the party made the steep ascent to the summit, a work of great toil, and there raised the flag of the Stars and Stripes amid many cheers.

The North Cape is a great cliff rising in the form of a wedge nearly perpendicular out of the sea to a height of one thousand feet. Longfellow describes it correctly in the following lines:

> "And then uprose before me,
> Upon the water's edge,
> The huge and haggard shape
> Of that unknown North Cape,
> Whose form is like a wedge."

We were now north of lat. 71°, and a glance at the map will show that we were four degrees farther north than any part of Iceland — farther north than any permanent human habitation. Around us, north, east, and west, as far as the eye could reach, was the mighty Arctic Ocean, whose mysteries so many have tried in vain to penetrate in their search for the North Pole, dashing in great waves at our feet. We reached there

a little before midnight, and watched the midnight sun, shining with dazzling brightness, moving down slowly to within six or eight times his diameter above the horizon, then seeming to rest a few moments as if to gather strength for renewed toil — then, slowly rising, the sunset and sunrise had mingled in a golden union, and a new day had commenced! Were I a clergyman I could find no better comparison of the Christian's death and resurrection — a transition, without darkness, from one golden state to another! I will not attempt to describe the feelings of the coolest mind on such a spot at such a time.

Many others, masters of the English language, have tried to do that. I will only say, it was an impressive scene, well worth the long journey that must be made to witness it. We were fortunate in being able to land, which cannot be done in rough weather, and we were more fortunate in having the clearest of skies during the whole time we were in the Arctic Circle, so that we could always see the midnight sun, which many frequently wait weeks in vain to see. One midnight I burned a hole through my hat by the heat of the sun with a little glass. By a happy coincidence we reached the Cape a little before midnight preceding the fourth of July, and as the day of our great national holiday was ushered in, we had guns fired, and the steam engine gave a loud scream for each State in imitation of the American eagle; toasts and cheers were given; and at the dinner of the day champagne was served, speeches made, and we had all that belonged to a regular fourth of July celebration, and none of us had ever before celebrated the day with so much enthusiasm. It certainly could never be more

impressively celebrated than in that strange situation, with the midnight sun for our fireworks, and our music the screaming of the sea birds and the dashing of the Arctic waves on the great North Cape.

I have been surprised to find what singular ideas exist as to the midnight sun. An American professional gentleman on the steamer expected, no matter how far north we were, to see the sun descend every night to the horizon, and then begin to mount into the heavens, and an English lady of education once asked me if we could see the sun at midnight, when it rose. I need hardly explain that the sun goes round and round in a low circle, highest and in the south at noon, and lowest and precisely north at midnight. Though the sun shines the whole twenty-four hours, there is no intense heat, because it runs so low in the heavens.

From the North Cape our steamboat turned back, and visited again the same places we had seen on our journey north, taking at each little town, especially at the Lofoden Islands, immense quantities of fish for southern markets. At Molde I left the boat, as did the Cook's excursionists, who had formed such a large part of our company to the North Cape. Here I paid my fare, for as I was uncertain at first how long I should remain on the boat, I was told I could settle at the end of my journey. The idea seems never to have occurred to them that I could take my leave with unpaid bills. I stopped at Molde several days, and made the acquaintance of a Norwegian physician who had been ten years a resident of America, and was a surgeon in our army during the war, but his love of home had drawn him back.

It was my object, now, to travel inland and visit some

of the valleys and fjords that form such a marked feature of Norway scenery. A few years ago it was not easy to traverse Norway, but now the government roads are the best in the world, and steamboats with respectable accommodations are running in all its waters. The government has established a system that, I think, exists nowhere else for the convenience of travellers. There are stations about ten miles apart, the keeper of which is obliged to furnish a horse and carriole, at a fixed tariff, to every traveller, and also to entertain him. A book is kept where the charge for conveyance is stated, and each traveller records his name and any complaint, and these books are inspected at regular intervals by government officials. The carriole is the national carriage, a small, light vehicle for one person, very much like the gigs used by physicians when I was a boy. The horses are small but hardy and active, and a boy or girl goes with the traveller to take the horse back at the end of the station, riding on the back of the carriole. A journey in this way is very entertaining if one knows enough of the language to converse with the boy.

The whole coast of Norway is indented with fjords, a name here given to inlets from the ocean, extending a great distance inland, throwing out arms in every direction, and bounded by the most remarkable cliffs. At the end of each fjord is a deep valley, bounded by similar cliffs, and running to the top of the mountain range that forms the backbone of Norway. I went for miles through some fjords where the rocks rose up, almost perpendicular, four thousand feet, and, strange to say, houses have been built two thousand feet high on some of these cliffs, and there the fishermen live, descending

by a zigzag path to the water to fish. Not a safe home, we should think, for children to play, or a somnambulist to walk. The Hardanger and Sogne fjords extend a hundred miles into the country, and present the most varied scenery. Wherever a valley connects with the fjord is usually a little village, its church and sharp-pointed spire reminding me of our New England country churches. Little islands are scattered everywhere through the fjords, and waterfalls and cascades, dashing over the cliffs and down the hills, are ever in view.

Taking a steamboat from Molde, I went up a fjord to a place called Vaeblungsnaes, and then walked about five miles to Aak hotel, where I remained a week. This was, probably, in 1879, the best known hotel in Norway. It was a large log house, with a birch-bark roof covered with sods, a roof common in western Norway, and very durable. All the furniture was of the most primitive sort, yet it had the advantage of most of the hotels of the country in being able to give each guest a separate room, though small. Generally in the country hotels of Norway the rooms are large, and a dozen beds may be placed in one chamber, and one chamber is often made a passageway to another, without a thought that any one can object to such an arrangement. It interested me much while at this hotel to study the peculiarities of the different travellers, as they came from many different nationalities. There were a few Americans, but most were Englishmen, clergymen on a vacation tour, and sportsmen, visiting Norway to hunt and fish, paying a fixed sum for the right to fish in a stream between certain points. In these bargains it seemed to me, from what I heard, the Norwegians had very much the best of the

trade. One English gentleman told me he had paid six hundred dollars for a fish right, and had not caught a fish, and he was going home in deep disgust. Another told me he had paid fifteen hundred dollars, and had caught three salmon.

Among other guests at the hotel were a young Englishman and his bride, whom I had occasion to meet at several different times. They were not specially interesting, nor did they seem so demonstrative as most young married people, probably because they had more control of their feelings, but I remember them mainly because they were always getting into difficulty, and they seemed to take it all as a matter of course. They could not speak a word of the language, and when they wanted to go one way were pretty sure to be started the other. Once they intended to take a steamboat south from Bergen, and found when out of the harbor that they were bound north. Once as we were about to start on a steamboat the gentleman told me that he had left his valise with his money at the hotel. With my little Norwegian I induced the captain to wait for him to get it, and advised him in future to take his money from his valise and give it to his wife, as women always know what to do with it, — advice which, I know, all ladies will regard as very sage. One day they heard a boat was to start at eleven o'clock, and were on the wharf in the morning, and waited till the boat started, which happened to be eleven o'clock at night. I am sure they were made wiser by their Norwegian experience, better fitted to bear together the little trials of life, which fall to the lot of all. The Aak hotel is at the entrance to the Romsdal, the grandest valley in Norway. It is nearly 30 miles long,

and for 20 miles is hemmed in by cliffs from 3,000 to 6,000 feet high. On one side there is no path out of the valley, and on the other only two places where a footman can climb up. The valley is in some places nearly a mile wide, and through it runs a stream forming a succession of waterfalls. At one place the valley is contracted to a narrow pass by two mountains, one 5,000 feet high, and the other nearly 6,000 feet, forming one of the wildest gorges I have ever seen. Over the cliffs were pouring waterfalls, thousands of feet high, and I counted in some places a dozen at a time. I walked through this valley and back, going about ten miles a day, and stopping at the little Norwegian hotels, and rarely have I enjoyed an excursion so much.

Leaving Aak hotel, I took a boat for Vestnaes, and then crossed a mountainous peninsula to Söholt, a beautiful town, distinguished for its salmon and herring fisheries, and for an iron mine. I met here a highly cultivated gentleman from Christiania, a nobleman in the day of titles, who expressed a very poor opinion of many of the English tourists, and complained that by their money and habits they had demoralized his countrymen. He did not speak of the Americans, probably knowing my own nationality.

My object now was to visit the Geiranger Fjord, the finest in Norway. We passed up the Stor Fjord, every moment giving us picturesque views of mountains, cliffs, waterfalls, with little villages and a church scattered here and there. I spent the night on the boat at Hellesylt, where a deep valley runs down to the water, and early the next morning the boat entered the Geiranger Fjord. I can find no language fitly to describe it. Imagine a river

half a mile wide, hemmed in by cliffs 4,000 or 5,000 feet high, nearly perpendicular, over which waterfalls are pouring, little houses perched high up on the rocks, pinnacles of strange shapes rising above the cliffs, and deep gorges running through them, the whole scene dark and gloomy, because the rays of the sun cannot penetrate. The captain sounded the steam whistle, and it was echoed and re-echoed along the cliffs till it died away in the distance. I know not where except in Norway such a scene can be witnessed.

I returned through the same fjord to Aalesund, of which I have already spoken. It was full of vessels after fish, and a large English yacht was in the harbor, its inmates expecting, English-like, to see all the wonders of Norway in about a week. I visited some shops where old Norwegian silver was for sale, and saw some fine old silver goblets, covered with exquisite carving, indicating the wealth of its owners years ago. I found the boat for Bergen crowded, for there had been a large gathering at Throndheim, and the people were homeward bound. Not one English-speaking traveller was on board except myself, most of the passengers being Norwegians or Germans. The captain gave me a bed in the cabin, which was more than he had promised, and I passed the night very comfortably. Though the boat was full, there was no noise, no rudeness, no card-playing, such as we too often see on American boats, especially on our Western rivers. It rained most of the time, so that many of the fine views I had so enjoyed on my upward journey were lost to me. It was a bright sunshine, however, when I reached picturesque Bergen for the second time, and I was most fortunate in my visit, for the king was expected that day,

and a grand celebration was preparing for him. No king of Norway had been in Bergen for 200 years, and I have never seen so much enthusiasm displayed, nor so many flags from the houses. I had a front window on the main street, and as he drove past, his carriage was literally filled with flowers. He seemed much affected by the warmth of his people, and said: "Bergen could move a heart of stone." He is a fine-looking man, the grandson of Bernadotte, the handsomest king I have seen in Europe, and I have seen most of them. He had with him two of his four sons, fine-looking boys. Thousands of peasants had come in from all the country around, and I had an opportunity I could have had at no other time to see their peculiar costumes. I wish I could properly describe the dresses of the peasant women, but, unfortunately, it is a subject I am poorly prepared to discuss. They wore caps, white or black, fitting close to the head and covering the ears, — woollen homespun dresses, black or green, short and elaborately plaited at the waist and down the skirt, and open at the breast to display a finely wrought linen bosom, much ornamented with jewelry, as was the neck. Many of the costumes were striking and attractive, full of bright colors and worsted embroidery, the work evidently of their own hands, and the jewelry had been heirlooms in the families for centuries. The whole city was given up to festivities during the presence of the king, many entertainments were prepared in his honor, the streets were full, and the king made himself very familiar, willing to see everything. A ball was given to him Sunday night, and fireworks were displayed, which I did not see, for I waited for the darkness till after eleven o'clock, and then was tired and went home.

Bergen will long remember that visit of the king, and one American certainly will long remember it, and will remember Bergen, too, as one of the most fascinating cities the world contains. I might add that as I was walking one day a little out of Bergen alone, the king came along, and was not too proud to bow to me, and I was not too proud to take off my hat, and make my very best bow to him.

I took a boat at Bergen for the Hardanger Fjord, the largest fjord of Norway, and one of the most celebrated for its varied beauty and grandeur. Like all the fjords, it is enclosed by mountains, with waterfalls, glaciers, smiling villages, and all that can make scenery attractive. One could pleasantly pass a whole summer at its many places of interest. I stopped longest at Odde, at a little hotel kept by a Norwegian and his sister, who had both lived in America. It is at the end of the fjord, at the entrance of a valley, enclosed by mountains, with a great glacier in full view. Wishing to see one of the most celebrated waterfalls in Norway, I made an excursion with a few others to the Skjaeggedals, regarded by many as the grandest in the country.

It is a hard journey, and few ladies have the strength to undertake it. We went an hour over the fjord in a boat, then walked two hours over the wildest mountain path I have ever trod, yet affording the grandest views. We then reached a little lake that we crossed in a boat, and after a walk of twenty minutes reached a second lake, a cascade connecting the two. This second lake is five miles long and about two wide, is 1,600 feet above the sea, and hemmed in by cliffs from 1,000 to 2,000 high, nearly perpendicular on every side except the outlet.

Taking a boat and passing several smaller falls, we reached at the extreme end the great fall, made by a river dashing over the cliff into the lake nearly a thousand feet below. All around the scenery was of the wildest nature — not a human habitation for miles — not even a fish lives in the cold clear water, and I have rarely been so much impressed as by this great waterfall and remarkable lake, so difficult of access and almost unknown. Place them where they could be easily visited, and they would be regarded as among the wonders of the world, and poets would work themselves into a frenzy in singing their praise.

The great glacier near Odde is forty miles long and fifteen miles wide, coming down close to the fjord, the flowers springing up by its side. I took a long walk one day to a lake at the foot of this glacier, and while there watched a woman bringing down in her arms large bundles of hay, which she had cut from a fertile spot on the mountain. She placed it in a large boat till the boat could hold no more, then rowed over the lake several miles to her home. Another woman was making hay with a babe in her arms. One of the saddest sights to an American in Europe is the hard lot of the women, and no American woman can see the condition of her sex over the Atlantic without thanking her Maker that she was born in our favored land. Some people have said — I have no opinion of my own — in our country the men were made for the women. There can be no doubt that in the Old World the women were made for the men — theirs are the hardest toil, the most sacrifices, the smallest recompense. I have seen women doing the most menial work — making roads, digging canals, drag-

ging along canal boats by the side of horses, at work in barn-yards, etc., etc., — an unknown sight, I am proud to say, in America.

Taking a boat from Odde at two o'clock in the morning, I touched at many beautiful villages till I came to Eide, when I left the boat, and passing over a high ridge of land by a magnificent zigzag road, crossing repeatedly a river descending with many cascades, I at last entered the Vossevangen Valley, one of the most fertile and best known in Norway. Its excellent hotel, where the king had stopped a few days before, was kept by a man who had lived years in America, and was a place of great resort. The church here is six hundred years old, with a round Norman arch doorway, and has a Bible printed in 1589. At Vossevangen I saw one of the bridal gowns of the peasants, with a dazzling gilt crown for the head, all prepared with much labor. The gown is used for a village and for many years, a custom that will never find favor with American brides.

I moved on, partly on foot, partly by carriole, over a romantic road, with fine views of mountains and valleys, lakes and waterfalls. Some of the little hotels where I stopped were very plain, but the people were everywhere kind and honest. At one place they could only give me for dinner a bottle of Norwegian beer and some hard dry bread, called *flad-brod*, of peculiar manufacture, and which will keep a year. The old landlord wanted to know where I came from, and when I told him from America, he repeated with amazement, "*Fra America!*" as if it was a thing hardly to be credited that one should visit Norway from so distant a land. But he had friends in America, and he called his old wife to tell her about

it. He had solid silver buttons on his jacket, and as he saw they attracted my attention, he said they had been two hundred years in the family. He took me to the top of a hill, and pointing to the great gorge towards Gudvangen, said it was one of the grandest views in Norway, and he was right. Leaving him, I descended by zigzags cut with immense labor, a precipitous slope between two superb waterfalls, into a deep valley, bounded by lofty and imposing mountains, thousands of feet high, contracting in some places so as to leave only room for the road and the river, and so it continued to Gudvangen, seven miles. It is called Naerödal. A storm came up while I was traversing it alone and on foot, so that its gloomy depths seemed almost terrible, a fit home for the most horrible creations of ancient mythology.

Gudvangen, the end of this wild valley, is a village with only six houses, and lies so deep in the gorge that in winter not a ray of sunshine can reach it. Several waterfalls are near it, one twice as high as the famous Staubach of Switzerland, and much grander. The Naerofjord, which here begins, is a continuation of the dark valley, with the same narrow passage between high cliffs, the same fine views of mountains and waterfalls, quite like the Geiranger Fjord of which I have spoken, and by some claimed to be its equal, if not its superior, in grandeur.

I was now on the Sogne Fjord, rivalling the Hardanger Fjord in its objects of interest. Touching at many places, I at last reached Laerdalsören, the most inland town of the fjord, and leaving the steamboat I turned my face towards Christiania. My course was up a long

valley, by the side of a river springing from the top of the mountain range that runs the whole length of Norway, and continually enlarged by streams from the lateral valleys. I went about ten miles a day, nearly the whole distance on foot, having sent my baggage before me, stopping a day, sometimes several days, at each hotel, examining at my leisure everything on the way, talking with the people, and trying to learn all I could of their condition, manner of life, etc., etc. At the hotel where I stopped the first night the only other guests were a professor from Christiania on a pedestrian tour with his two sons as a reward for diligence at school. They were the only pedestrians I saw for pleasure, which struck me with surprise; for I have been in no other country where the invigorating air makes walking so easy and healthful. As they rose from the dinner table the sons shook their father by the hand to express their gratitude for the meal, after the universal custom of Norway. The national method of expressing thanks is by hand-shaking, and it was sometimes very amusing to see a little carriole boy offer his unclean hand to a nicely-gloved lady when at parting she gave him a small gratuity. The second day I visited the Borgund Church, the oldest in Norway, built 400 years before Columbus discovered America; a quaint little building, full of gables, somewhat resembling a Chinese pagoda. When I started the third day I was twenty-one miles from the summit of the mountain, over which my path lay, and intended to stop at Maristuen, ten miles distant. The hotels, however, in the country, rarely have any signs, nor anything else, in fact, to indicate their character, for everybody is supposed to know

everybody for a hundred miles in that thinly-peopled region; and before I thought I could have walked ten miles I had passed the little hotel unobserved, and was high up the mountain. The trees had disappeared, and houses and snow-capped peaks were overhanging me. I wandered on, and on, evidently near the summit, and wondering where the hotel was, and at last came to some saeters, as the rude mountain stone huts are called, where were many cows in charge of some women and children, driven there for pasturage, as is the custom in Norway in summer, so hard is it to find food for them in the valleys. I asked the women how far it was to Hotel Maristuen, and they began to laugh, and pointed back. It was late, and I was tired, and asked them where I could get something to eat, and spend the night. They said they could give me nothing but milk, and that I must go to the top of the mountain. I walked on, and in about an hour reached Nystuen, 4,000 feet high, on the summit of the Fille Fjeld Pass, having walked twenty-one miles with but little fatigue in that bracing air. There was a large lake near the hotel, and wild flowers were growing around, but mountains prevented distant views. I descended rapidly the next day, and found the country and houses were better, and the hotel where I rested for the night was very comfortable. They were making hay on the large farm belonging to the landlord; and when I went to bed at nine o'clock I saw from my window many women and a few men hard at work, and when I awoke at four they had commenced again the labor of the day. No one talks about eight hours a day in Norway. The following day I dined with a landlord who was a member of Parlia-

ment, and of whom I bought some silver jewelry 200 years old. For two weeks I went on in this manner, through the most enchanting scenery, along lovely lakes, through fine groves of pine, spruce, fir, and birch trees, lingering here and there to enjoy a fine prospect, regretting every step that I left behind me, and only wishing my friends could be with me to share my pleasure. One day, in the finest part of a long lake, I met a double carriage with four English travellers, and had quite a chat with them. They were making a tour in Norway, and were having a nice game of whist, as the carriage moved along amid this lovely scenery, to relieve the monotony of travel. Not all English travellers are intelligent. Some months later I met in Italy an English gentleman and his wife, who had been travelling a year for their mutual improvement, and asked them where they had been. With some difficulty the gentleman got as far as Berlin, and then turned to his wife, after a pause, and said: "My dear, where *did* we go to from Berlin?"

I ought to add, in justice to the truth, that of the thousands of Americans let loose on Europe annually, many are not more intelligent than the English. In my last visit to London an American asked me to tell him who that Wellington was whose statue met him everywhere; and some years ago I found by my side in the speaker's gallery of the House of Commons an American who wished to know who was at the head of the British Government. His finger-nails were of the color of ink, and his soft hat had evidently seen years of service. He told me he was on his way as consul to represent us at one of the most cultivated cities of Switzerland. An

Italian gentleman in Rome told me of the American who was trying to find the studio of Michael Angelo. He had heard a great deal about the gentleman, and wanted to see him.

So few people make tours on foot in Norway that I found I had become very well known all along the road. It is a custom to place benches where fine views can be had, and I was seated on one of these one day when a gentleman in a carriage stopped his horse, and asked: "You are an American, and came from Laerdalsören?" I answered, "Yes." "You are bound for Christiania?" I replied, "Yes." "You are travelling on foot?" I said, "Yes," and I learned that other people besides Yankees asked questions.

After one hundred and fifty miles on foot I took a steamboat for thirty-five miles over the long, narrow Lake Spirillen, bounded on both sides by thick forests. At Heen I had my first experience of a Norwegian railroad. The first-class car in which I journeyed was a little room, nearly square, with a table in the centre, and seats all around, so that one could move about as in a parlor, and it was really very comfortable. There were but few people in the car, for in Europe nearly all journey third class. At Hönefos is a fine waterfall, and the town contains a thousand inhabitants, the largest place I had seen since I left Bergen. Here I left the railroad, and went on foot through a great forest, — ascended a rocky mountain, Kroghleven, for a superb view, called one of the finest in Norway, — then continued over a most interesting road, with mountains on one side and the Tyri Fjord on the other, to Sandviken, where I again took a railroad; and passing villages, and hand-

some country houses, along the shore of the Christiania Fjord, was soon at Christiania, the capital of Norway, and largest city, finely built, with handsome palaces, museums, etc., etc., but which I do not propose now to describe. I was sorry when I reached the city, for it was to be the last city I should visit in Norway, and I never expected again to find such enjoyment in travel as I had received the whole summer in this most northern country of Europe. I had travelled on foot three hundred and fifty miles, and had become a stronger, wiser, and better man.

I should have passed a poor examination on Norway before I went there, for my knowledge of it was very vague. My early impressions of it when a boy at school were from a picture in Peter Parley's Geography, representing a Norwegian dressed in skins, killing a bear with a knife. Both man and bear were erect, facing each other, and it was not easy to tell which looked the most savage. I naturally inferred that all the Norwegians wore skins, and that killing bears was their daily occupation. My summer spent in the country gave me a very different impression of them. They are plain in dress, independent in manner and speech, disregarding many of the courtesies of other nations; but I have never seen a kinder, more honest, or more obliging people. Education is compulsory, and all can read and write. In the back districts, where the children are too far separated to be collected in schools, the masters go to their homes to instruct them. No nation in the world is more free. They have a king, but his power is nominal, as laws can be passed over his veto, and there are no rich corporations to control legislation, as with

us. Hereditary titles were abolished years ago. I know of no country where such uniformity in religion prevails. Nine adults in ten are members of the Lutheran church, and the societies of other denominations are very small, and confined to the cities. It is the only country I ever travelled in where people do not lock their doors. I do not believe there is a civilized country in the world where life and property are more secure. I trust English and American travellers will not corrupt them. They leave money and valuable articles anywhere with no fear of losing them. They regard everybody as honest, and have no suspicion of fraud. I had a draft on London, for which I wished the money, and it was cashed at once at a Bergen bank, stranger as I was, with not a question as to identity. I went into a store at Bergen with an American gentleman and lady to look at some old Norwegian silver, and the shopkeeper told us if we had not the money with us we could give our checks. Were a man in America to begin to sell goods to strangers for checks his friends would start him at once for an insane asylum, with the deepest anxiety as to his ultimate recovery. At restaurants in Norway and Sweden guests are often allowed to eat what they please and report to the cashier for payment. Would such a restaurant be a success in America?

The people are generally poor, and must always remain so, for only one acre of land in one hundred and twenty can be cultivated; much of their flour and meat is from America, and but for the fisheries nearly the whole western coast would be depopulated. Most of the common people wear homespun clothes, and as you go through the country you can still hear the music of the loom and

spinning-wheel, the only instruments our grandmothers played upon, but of which the daughters know so little. They have a genuine politeness. I never met a man or boy in the country that he did not take off his hat and say *god-dag* — good-day. The men are generally finely developed and good looking. I saw no beauty among the women. It may be my home in America has made me too critical to appreciate beauty abroad. They pay their doctors by the year, and soon get well. I have never seen a more contented people. Living lives of extreme toil, in log houses, tilling a barren soil, deprived of nearly all the fruits and other luxuries of a more southern clime, their whole struggle, not to become rich, but simply to exist, on the plainest fare, and with the simplest clothing, they love their homes with the deepest affection. I saw many who had lived in America for years, and they told me how much better off they were there, but they said the yearning for *gamle Norge*, — old Norway, — as they always call it, had been too strong to resist, and they had come back to the home of their fathers to die.

The exports of the country show its poverty, and also its industry. Fish, lumber, and ice are nearly all, yet, with these products, the commercial fleet of Norway, having a population of less than two millions, is next to those of Great Britain and the United States. It is sparsely settled, its 122,752 square miles averaging but fifteen persons to the square mile. Sometimes I journeyed many miles without seeing a house, and the stillness of the forests was oppressive. On the long country roads I found everybody knew everybody for a hundred miles. I noticed but few birds, more frequently the chat-

tering magpie and noisy brown crows, screaming when disturbed, as if to complain that any one should encroach on their homes.

I remained in Norway till September, and left it with regret and with deep respect for its honest, industrious people, wishing Heaven had granted them a milder climate and a more favored soil. But it may be their very hardships have made them better. The influence of country, however, on national character I shall leave to others to discuss.

From Norway I visited Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and Austria, and the following spring and summer was in Italy, the land of poetry, music, and art, where ruins of the mighty past meet you at every step, and the fragrance of orange blossoms fills the air — where every sense and every passion finds enjoyment, and one lingers and lingers, so reluctant to depart — on many accounts more interesting than Norway, and in all respects so different. Then I visited Switzerland, France, and England, and started for America. It will be seen I saw many different people, varying as much as possible in external life and mental traits. The great lesson I learned from it all, and from four years in Europe at different periods, was that in everything essential we are far better off than any other nation in the world. I pity the understanding and heart of him who returns from a foreign tour with his tongue full of comparisons unfavorable to this country. I left England covered, as it had been for weeks, with fog, and, day after day, not a ray of sunshine, and my next view of land was when I entered Boston harbor, on the loveliest of Sunday mornings, the sun illuminating everything with his golden light,

and all nature and every being reflecting it joyously back, and looking so bright and happy, — can it be a wonder that the contrast between the old world and the new struck me as never before, and that my heart of hearts was filled to overflowing with a gratitude I could find no language to express that I was born in America, and was home again?

"There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free —
The home, the port of liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.

"Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared on high to mock
The storm's career and lightning's shock,
My own dear land forever!"

SOME PERSONS I HAVE SEEN

The first man of national reputation that I ever saw was John Quincy Adams, at Newburyport, July 4, 1837. He had been a law student there when a young man, and his return to give an oration, after such a distinguished career, was a marked event, and people gathered from a great distance around to see him. I was a little boy, but I had an intense desire to see distinguished men, — far more than now, — and I came sixteen miles to see an ex-President. There was a great crowd, and Mr. Adams was introduced to the people, on Brown square, by Caleb Cushing, then a young man, thirty-seven years of age.

The procession was formed to go to the Pleasant-street Church, and I joined it. At the church the officers in charge objected to my entrance on the ground of my youth, but I pleaded that I had walked the whole distance in the procession; kind people around me took my part, moved by my earnestness, and I was admitted.

Nothing in the now long past is fresher in my mind than Mr. Adams and all the exercises. He was short and thick-set, very bald, a trait of the family, and seemed old and feeble, yet when he began to speak it was with the energy of a young man. His voice was sharp and shrill; he gesticulated much, and used great emphasis when he wished to call attention to a point.

He spoke naturally, had no arts of oratory, and though an earnest, forcible speaker I was disappointed. He was not the cultivated orator I had expected to hear in the "old man eloquent," for even then such he was called. He was a most remarkable man in his industry, acquirements, long public service, and mental powers unimpaired to the last. He was a formidable antagonist in his congressional career, as he knew so much more of public affairs than any other man in Congress and was thoroughly informed where the knowledge of his opponent was imperfect. It is remembered that, towards the close of their lives, a distinct issue was made between him and General Jackson as to a question of fact, and Mr. Adams in Faneuil Hall showed his diary, where he had made his record in regard to it, and there was no more doubt as to whose was the error. It should be said of him, too, that his sincerity and integrity were never questioned. The manuscript of his oration is one of the treasures of the Newburyport Public Library.

The next great man that I saw was Daniel Webster, the idol of my youth, at the great Whig convention of 1840, on Bunker Hill, of whom I have written in another article.

Rufus Choate was at this time at the height of his fame as an orator, and as a successful jury lawyer, probably, he never had his superior in the United States. I heard him many times in court and on the stump, and always with admiration. His person was striking, with his pale face and waving hair. He was one of the best scholars ever graduated from Dartmouth, and had a copiousness of language, a richness of illustration, and a keen wit, combined with strong logic, that gave an interest to the most barren topic. It was said of his

arguments that they were an iron cable covered with roses. As we have elsewhere stated, on his oration on Daniel Webster before Dartmouth College, one sentence fills four pages. He was so earnest that he was always eloquent, whether pleading before a justice of the peace or before a jury in a crowded court room. No man ever more loved his profession, and it was with reluctance that he was sent to Congress, where he did not feel at home. Brilliant as was his reputation with his contemporaries, like that of most other lawyers, his fame will not, probably, be enduring. A very intelligent gentleman, living all his life in New Hampshire, recently asked me who Jeremiah Mason was, the greatest lawyer ever in his State. I rejoice that a statue of Rufus Choate has recently been placed in the Court House at Boston, the gift of a Boston schoolmaster.

Edward Everett was one of the most remarkable of American orators. Distinguished as a scholar at Harvard, while little more than a boy drawing great crowds as a clergyman in Boston, he became professor at Harvard, member of Congress, governor of the State, secretary of state, president of Harvard University, and few men ever gave more learned and finished addresses on many different occasions and subjects. He was a candidate for vice-president on the Union ticket with Bell of Tennessee in 1860. He was active in raising a fund to make Mount Vernon the property of the nation, and delivered an address in many places for that purpose which in manner and matter was the finest effort I have ever heard. He was not successful as an extemporaneous speaker, in which his gifted son so greatly excels, but prepared carefully, committing to memory,

and if every movement, every gesture, every tone of the voice was studied, they were natural. He was a high-toned, sensitive man, and, it is feared, would have had poor success as a politician in this pushing age. I doubt if he ever sought any position, but the office sought him, showing how times have changed.

About 1840 what was termed Millerism deserves mention for the sensation it created in New England. Mr. Miller, its author, had been a sailor, and had devoted much time while at sea to a study of the Bible, with which he became very conversant. He had but little education, but became a man of "one book." He came to the conclusion that the prophecies all pointed to the end of the world in 1843, and so skilfully did he quote and explain different passages that his opponents found it difficult to answer his points. Many publications were issued to sustain his position, and his followers numbered thousands, many of whom gave away their property, and prepared for themselves white robes in which to ascend to Heaven. I heard him speak several times in churches, and once at a camp meeting of his people. He was an old man, very stout, his voice and hands trembling with age, but speaking with an earnestness that left no doubt of his sincerity, and that impressed his hearers. He would quote passage after passage, all pointing to 1843 as the end of all things earthly, and then, in the most solemn manner, urge them to prepare for the judgment so soon to come; and I have never before or since seen an audience so moved as once in Haverhill. Man after man arose, and expressed his belief in what had been said, and even the skeptical were excited by the almost universal sympathy.

The years 1845 and 1846 I spent in Kentucky; was introduced to William J. Graves, and saw and heard much of him. Old people remember the excitement all over the country caused by his killing Jonathan Cilley in a duel, Feb. 24, 1838, an excitement greater, probably, than that of any other duel since that between Hamilton and Burr. Mr. Graves was a fine looking man, popular and gentlemanly. A true Kentuckian, he was fond of games of chance, and not a prohibitionist. Of course he did not speak of the duel, but his friends discussed it freely. They said he did not feel remorse for the act, as he thought Mr. Cilley meant to kill him, and that he had been driven into the duel by what was termed the "code of honor." Singular as it seemed, he was not familiar with the rifle, as are most Kentuckians, but he had iron nerves, and was cool, while Mr. Cilley could have killed game, but was unnerved against a man, even if he intended to kill Mr. Graves, in which idea, without a doubt, the friends of Mr. Graves were mistaken. That Mr. Cilley, a New England man, should have accepted a challenge, has ever been regarded with surprise.

In 1848 I visited England for the first time, and I was at an age when I was anxious to look at distinguished men, and especially the old Duke of Wellington. I was seated on a bench in the park near the Horse Guards, saying to a gentleman at my side that I wished to see their great warrior, when I heard a cry, "the Duke, the Duke." "There he is," he said, "the man on horseback." I hastened towards him, and was close to him by the time he had alighted from his horse, and given it in charge of his attendant. He walked some

rods to the Horse Guards, rang at a door which was not opened for several minutes, while I was so near that I could have touched him, and, in the American fashion, have asked him to shake hands with me — which I did not do, but I devoured him with my eyes. I have never been so interested in the sight of any other man. There was the conqueror of Napoleon, and it took me back to the wonderful history of that most wonderful man, of which I had read so much, and made it real, for here was one of the great actors of that remarkable period. He was nearly four-score years of age, but seemed vigorous, though bent. His most marked feature was an enormous nose. His hair was thick, cut short, and perfectly white. He was below the average height, and what is called thick-set. I saw him several times after that, once in the House of Lords, where he was moving about actively, wearing a white vest.

At the same time I saw Prince Albert, a handsome young man, beginning to be bald, driving with the Queen by his side her first drive after her confinement two weeks before. I was at the entrance of Hyde Park, near the Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, when a policeman with whom I had been in conversation told me if I waited a few moments I should see the Queen, for notice had been sent before to the police. It was a period of some anxiety, for the great Chartist meeting was about to be held, which Kingsley has so graphically described in his "Alton Locke," and a demonstration against royalty was feared.

I saw in the House of Commons many men of fame, such as Sir Robert Peel, a fine-looking man; John Stuart Mill, small and bald; Viscount Morpeth, who had just

before visited the United States, and Lord John Russell, then at the head of the government. The last made a long speech, which I had the privilege of hearing. He was a small man, and a very good speaker, though he could hardly be called eloquent.

I had a letter of introduction to Sir William Brown, the many times millionaire, of Liverpool, at the head of the great firm of Brown and Shipley, then a member of Parliament. He received me very kindly, and at my request gave me several orders of admission to the debates of the House of Commons. He was small, old, white-haired, and appeared in delicate health, due, as his wife, who was with him, said, to the late hours of the sessions of the House of Commons. He left no children, and established the Brown free library and museum, which is such a treasure to Liverpool.

No clergyman of London had so high a reputation for eloquence at that time as the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, and I heard him preach, but was disappointed that he fell so much below my expectations. Years after I heard often the more celebrated Spurgeon. He was short, thick-set, with a remarkably fine voice, of great compass. I heard him twice in a hall said to seat 20,000. The first time I sat near to have a good view of him, and the next time I took a seat as far as possible from the speaker, and heard every word distinctly. He was very earnest, by no means so eloquent and gifted as Beecher, but more impressive, with none of the jokes with which the latter so often interspersed his sermons. He was interested in many objects, his whole aim seemed to be to do good, and probably no clergyman in London was ever more useful.

I heard Cardinal Manning preach; plain in manner, but learned and able, one of the many High Church Episcopalians who have gone over to Romanism; also the gifted James Martineau, who impressed me even more favorably in the pulpit, by his cultivated appearance, than he had done by his writings.

I visited Europe during the Paris Exposition of 1867, and never could I have been there at a more interesting period for sight-seeing. I heard Dickens twice in London read from his own writings, and aside from his fame as an author, he had great gifts as a reader and actor.

The House of Commons is very unlike our National House of Representatives. The galleries are small, and admittance can be gained only by an order from a member. The members sit with their hats on, and have no desks before them as at Washington, which the senators and representatives use for writing, or, not unfrequently, as footstools. This forces attention to the business, but coughing and other means of disposing of a disagreeable speaker are adopted. Reading speeches and obtaining leave to print what is never spoken, so common at Washington, are unknown. I heard D'Israeli speak for an hour and a half. He spoke clearly, with great distinctness and hardly a gesture, held the undivided attention, and sustained by his matter his high reputation. He was always epigrammatic, expressing much in a few words that were remembered. As an orator he was inferior to his great rival Gladstone, whom I heard in a brief speech in praise of America for hastening to pay the principal of its debt. He was fluent, never hesitating for a word, used many gestures, more like most of our American orators, able to speak

for any length of time on any subject, and he spoke often and ably, for he was a distinguished scholar. I was anxious to hear Bright, but was disappointed, though I saw him often.

Paris in 1867 did its best to entertain the strangers that attended the Exposition; and it usually does its best, for it lives on them. Every place of interest was open to them, where closed to its own people. Among other places on exhibition was Malmaison, fitted up as when occupied by Josephine, all the articles owned by her collected as far as possible, and among other things was the last piece of embroidery worked by her, the needle remaining in it as she had left it, with the unused thread. Nearly every sovereign of Europe was there at some period during the summer, a public reception was made for each, and such grand parades Europe had never seen before. I saw Napoleon, with his dull, inexpressive face, many times, whose career was marked by such changes of fortune, and of whose general capacity such different estimates have been made. His wife, too, graceful, beautiful, winning in manner, was often driving with her gorgeous carriage through the streets and in the Bois de Boulogne, her history as full of changes as that of her husband. I saw, too, their little son, a pretty blue-eyed boy, whose tragic death in South Africa could then have been so little anticipated, but that seemed almost a fitting end of the last prominent member of a family that had convulsed Europe so long, and, to appearance, had no future. He certainly died bravely.

The world up to that time had had no such grand Exposition, and to that end Napoleon and Eugenie worked

untiringly. It has been a model for many similar efforts. In visiting it one day, in a small room, I noticed a short, thick-set man, with glasses, moving around quickly in company with a lady, inspecting everything and asking many questions. I thought it must be Monsieur Thiers, and the attendant confirmed my impression, — one of the most remarkable men of Europe. Coming into notice first as a journalist, he became distinguished as a member of the House of Deputies, helped make France a republic, became its president, and few men have ever been more sincerely lamented by all France when he died.

Of the different sovereigns present, the old Emperor of Germany, Kaiser Wilhelm, was, probably, the most attractive, accompanied as he was by Bismarck. He was a son of the beautiful Empress Louise. To him and Bismarck Germany is indebted for its unity. I saw him afterwards several times at Berlin and Potsdam. No one could have dreamed then that he was so soon to return, not as a guest, but a conqueror. I saw him once talking with a lady, and it was with an uncovered head, though so cold I would not have dared thus to expose myself. We can learn politeness from Europe. A prominent American once boasted to me of a quarrel he had with the attendants because he would not remove his hat in a church — a want of respect for the place of which the humblest European would not have been guilty. I never saw a funeral procession in the streets of Paris that every one did not stand uncovered till it had passed.

Among others Gounod, the great musical composer, was once pointed out to me.

I often in Paris attended lectures at the College of France, to hear pure French spoken. Lectures were given by the ablest men of France, of whom, perhaps, the best known in America was Laboulaye. He was a handsome man, and drew larger audiences than any other professor. Another popular lecturer was Guizot, son of the eminent Guizot, who often came as an auditor. I was once the only listener to a lecturer on Sanscrit, but the professor did his duty, and went through the lecture.

At Geneva, where I went from Paris, I saw two of the famous men of Europe. One was Garibaldi, who had exerted such an influence over the destiny of Italy. He came to attend a convention, and his reception on Sunday was enthusiastic. Every one was in the street to greet him, and loud cheers were given as he passed along. He made a long speech in French to the Convention, and spoke fluently. His address, however, was full of attacks on religion and the clergy, and it did much to cool the ardor of his reception. He was a man of medium size, his hair thin and nearly white. He was clad very simply, wearing the red shirt, as he is usually represented in his pictures.

I had long been interested in Merle d'Aubigny, for I had early read his "History of the Reformation," which gave him a world-wide reputation. I attended one of his lectures, and a student whose acquaintance I had made introduced me to him. His lecture was in French, and so was our conversation, though he made an attempt to use English. I soon found, however, that my poor French was better than his bad English. He was an old man then, but grand-looking, his head reminding me

of Daniel Webster, if any man can look like our great American. He spoke very kindly of America, from which students had come to him, one of whom I knew well.

I was in Athens during the spring of 1868, and was present at the opening of the Greek Parliament, when the king read his speech. He was then a handsome young man, and his selection by the Greeks for their king seemed to be wise. His tutor told me that his Greek pronunciation as he read was very defective, though he had been carefully trained. I saw the queen often — once as she was worshipping in the Greek church. She was young, had only recently been married, was of the Russian royal family, and I thought her one of the most beautiful women I had seen in Europe.

In Rome, in 1868, I had many opportunities of seeing Pope Pius IX., and was often blessed by him as one of a crowd. He was a handsome old man with a benevolent countenance, well calculated to deepen the awe thrown around his person. Once I saw him borne in a chair by men around the court of Saint Peter's church with much ceremony, and he appeared in public on many occasions at religious festivals, accompanied by the cardinals clad in rich vestments and in magnificent carriages, drawn by richly caparisoned horses. Such spectacles were intended to impress the people with the sanctity of the religious prelates, and they had that effect. Two years later, in 1870, the Pope lost his temporal power, and secluded himself in the Vatican.

George P. Marsh, that accomplished scholar, was our Italian minister, and Hiram Powers, W. W. Story, and

Mr. Ball were in Italy as artists, an honor to American art, all of whom I saw.

I saw the present Pope only once in Rome in 1880, and then by accident. I had lost my way in the Vatican, and was straying in forbidden grounds. He is a small man physically, of profound scholarship, and much respected.

At a later visit, I had many opportunities of seeing the King of Italy, whose sad death has been so much lamented. He had the love of his people, to whose welfare he was devoted, and so had the queen, also their son, whom I used to see as a little boy. The queen could hardly be called beautiful, but she was graceful and winning, and when she appeared in public every one cheered her warmly.

The handsomest sovereign of Europe seems to me to be Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, a grandson of Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's marshals. I was in Bergen in 1879, on my return from the North Cape, at the time of his first visit to that city, and no ruler could have had a more royal and enthusiastic reception. It was a good opportunity to see the national costumes of the people, now rapidly disappearing in the general intercourse of nations. It had been a rare sight in Bergen to see a king, and all classes from the whole country around gathered to bid him welcome. There was a long procession of boys and girls in their peasant dress, and that of the young ladies was peculiarly attractive, and I regret that my education has not prepared me properly to describe it. Their gowns were evidently homespun, as were those of our grandmothers years ago, were bright in color, wide open at the breast to dis-

play a richly embroidered bodice, I think it is called, and they were decorated with much old silver jewelry, heirlooms which the poorest families are proud to possess. I have seldom seen such beautiful girls, and all looked happy, for each one was dressed for exhibition, and thought the eyes of the king were fixed on her alone. The king mingled freely with the people, and made himself very popular. Once as I was walking alone outside of the city we exchanged bows.

Before our civil war, an epoch from which many changes have dated, the lyceum lecture course was the popular literary entertainment of the winter in New England, with one of which the writer was connected, and it brought him in contact with some of the most brilliant men of the country. Wendell Phillips, a gentleman by birth and education, with an unusually refined presence and a classical outline of face, was one of the finest orators America has produced. Calm, using but few gestures, distinct in his utterance, his short, crisp, pointed sentences went straight to the hearts of his hearers, and he was the most effective of all the anti-slavery speakers. He had a favorite lecture on the "Lost Arts," aiming to show that in some respects the ancients surpassed the moderns.

John B. Gough lectured mainly on temperance, and drew crowded houses wherever he went in America or England. As a mimic, actor, and story teller moving his hearers to tears or laughter, he has had but few equals. In early life he was a drunken book-binder in Newburyport.

Henry Ward Beecher lectured every winter, and no popular speaker in America ever surpassed him. With

a fine presence and voice, a rare power of illustration, an unusual command of language, he could hold his audience for any length of time. He was not a scholar or logician, but warm-hearted and inspiring, whatever his subject.

Few speakers did so much for the Union cause during our civil war, both here and in England. He was remarkable for his ready wit. An illustration will show his quickness. Entering a barber's shop where he was a stranger, the barber asked if he was to attend the lecture by Beecher that evening. The reply was that he had no ticket. "Then you have no chance but to stand in a crowd, as the tickets are all sold," said the barber. "Well, that is always my luck when I hear that man lecture, I always have to stand," said Beecher.

John Pierpont started as a lawyer, but became a clergyman, and was noted for a long legal contest with the Hollis-street Society of Boston, of which he was pastor. He was tall, commanding in person, a good speaker and poet, and an original laborer in the anti-slavery cause.

E. H. Chapin was a popular lecturer, with a voice corresponding with his huge frame, and with considerable eloquence.

No lecturer was more welcome than Starr King. Tall, slender, full of wit, he had a brilliant career in New England, and later in California, which State he did much to keep in the Union during the rebellion. There was sadness all over the country at his early and sudden decease. He was buried in front of his church in San Francisco, and few strangers neglect to visit his grave.

George W. Curtis, the orator, finished writer, cultivated gentleman, honest man, was deeply regretted when he died, for there was no one to fill the vacancy. He lectured every year, and it was a rich treat to listen to him.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher and poet, was always in demand as a lecturer from his high reputation and the excellence of his matter. He was an interesting speaker, though he could hardly be called an orator. He spoke slowly, with no gestures, his lecture a series of short expressive sentences each one a text. It was not easy to tell his subject, so many different ideas were suggested. I heard his friend Alcott say that his lectures were a patch-work. When a striking thought came to him he would note it down — then another — and so on — and at the end, perhaps, of twenty years, put them together for a lecture. He was a strong anti-slavery man, and before the war, whatever his subject, would allude to the wrong of slavery and the duty to abolish it. He was one of the purest of men, and the idol of a crowd of worshippers.

Theodore Parker was one of the marked men of his time, and a constant lecturer. He was noted for his strong abolition views, but more for his rejection of the old theology and of the Bible as an inspired volume, a position rarely taken by a clergyman at that period. Withdrawing from his denomination, he formed an independent society, and for years filled Music Hall. He was calm but intense as a speaker, rarely using a gesture, and few could so hold the attention of an audience. Even in a lyceum lecture when such subjects were supposed to be excluded whatever his topic, he

rarely failed in some sentences to indicate his abhorrence of slavery and the old theology. He became early bald, and soon allowed his beard to grow, which turning gray gave him a venerable appearance, though he was only fifty-two at his decease. He courted prominence, and once at a meeting in Faneuil Hall called to protest against the rising abolition sentiment, when the great lawyer Benjamin R. Curtis was speaking, I sat by his side in the gallery, and he rose and made an attempt to interrupt the speech, but Mr. Curtis would not listen to him. He was an amiable man, a sincere friend of humanity, and greatly loved by those who knew him. He died before the great struggle which he had done much to cause — died, as is well understood, when longing to live, and was buried just outside the walls of Florence, where he had gone in search of health.

Lieutenant Maury gave several lectures before our lyceum. He was one of the first to study ocean currents, and to no other man is the country more indebted for information on this subject, and for directing attention to its importance in commerce. He was a small, lame man, but very interesting as a lecturer and in private, as well as in his writings, his works having the charm of a romance. He was a Southerner and joined the Confederate service.

William Lloyd Garrison lectured much, and always on slavery. He was a bald-headed man, fluent in speech, a good speaker, and in private agreeable. His courage in advocating his views was never subdued by personal danger, and from being the pursued of a mob, he lived to see himself regarded as one of the saviors of a race,

and his statue now occupies a prominent place on the proudest street of Boston.

I made the acquaintance of Artemas Ward, the celebrated wit, when he gave the second lecture, I think he said, he had ever given in public. It was on the "Babes in the Woods," and the humor of it was in beginning some story, and when the interest of the audience was at its height to hear the end he would break off and say, "But I must return to my subject, which is 'The Babes in the Woods.'"

He was a slim, boyish-looking young man, and in a company given for him in the Public Library building at Newburyport, then a private dwelling-house, he appeared modest and diffident, more a listener than a talker. He afterwards went over the country giving entertainments with his "Wax figures," as he called them, which drew large crowds, and then went to England, where he died young and lamented. It seemed difficult to associate death with such a temperament.

Dr. Holmes was a frequent and welcome lecturer, a fine speaker, full of wit in his prose as in his poetry.

The great scientist Agassiz lectured from time to time, and was able to make his special topics, however abtruse, popular with a miscellaneous audience. He was a large, handsome man, with perfect command of English, though with a foreign accent. Dr. Perkins, the most scientific native of Newburyport, was intimate with him.

Caleb Cushing often lectured at the request of his fellow citizens, always instructive and interesting, from his vast storehouse, and Thomas Hart Benton gave one lecture. I have inserted in this volume articles on both. Joshua R. Giddings, too, lectured on slavery.

One of the most popular speakers before a miscellaneous assembly to whom I ever listened, especially in political times, was Anson Burlingame. He committed his speeches carefully to memory, and delivered them so finely as to charm his audience. After a career in Congress he was sent as ambassador to China, by that country to other nations, and died young.

James Russell Lowell, as a scholar and poet, probably the first literary man of America, came to Newburyport once during the war, and gave a lecture in aid of the library, as it was the home of his ancestors, and I had the pleasure of spending an evening with him always to be remembered, for his conversation was as interesting as his writing.

Lyceum lectures, such as were given by the men of whom I have spoken, are a thing of the past, as are the men who gave them, for, I think, it will not be claimed that those who now appear as lecturers are their worthy successors. It is certain that the audience would be small if a baseball game were in progress, and the lecture was for college students.

George S. Boutwell is said to have recently expressed the opinion, right or wrong, that we have now no first-class statesman, orator, or literary man, and gave as a reason that the civil war killed off the men who would have succeeded the great men of the past. It is, if true, a strong argument against war, for if ever our country needed great statesmen it is now. Mr. Boutwell is one of the few living statesmen who became prominent before the civil war, and has filled many high positions. He once gave the annual address before the Female High School.

Not long after his celebrated debate with Douglas, Abraham Lincoln came to New England, and made some political speeches, one at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, in the interest of the Republican candidate for governor, which I heard. I had long wished to hear him on account of that debate, and was glad of the opportunity, though little dreaming of his remarkable future. He was tall, gaunt, with a smooth face, and though far from graceful, an unusually interesting speaker. His voice was sharp, he was fluent, full of wit, told a story finely, and it was easy to see what power he would have over a Western audience. His pronunciation was peculiar for Eastern ears. I remember he had occasion to use the phrase *don't care* several times, pronouncing care as if spelt *keer*. He stated that he was not familiar with Eastern local politics, and should therefore confine himself to national politics; and he went over the arguments he had used with Douglas, for the Kansas question and the extension of slavery were the absorbing questions of the day. It is a memory to be cherished to have heard this political speech from Abraham Lincoln. I saw him often afterwards in Washington, but never making an address.

I spent the summer of 1864 at Marquette, on Lake Superior, and while there was thrown in close contact with two men who afterwards gained unexpected prominence. One was Samuel J. Tilden. He came there from the Chicago Convention that nominated McClellan for president, to inspect an iron mine, which he had bought in company with some other gentlemen, among them William B. Ogden, the celebrated railroad king and ex-mayor of Chicago.

By invitation I went into the woods with them in their examination of the mine, where we all camped out, for it was several miles from any habitation. They had a mining expert with them, examined the ore in many places, were pleased with its prospects, and laid out a village which must be formed to work the mine, and a railroad to make easy access to it for the transportation of the ore.

Mr. Tilden told me that he had bought the mine alone, and taken all the responsibility of it, involving an expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars, and had associated with him the other gentlemen. They were a merry set, with an abundance of good refreshments, not forgetting Kentucky's favorite beverage. I left the camp with a gentleman who was a practical miner, who said that the ore had no value, and I was told afterwards that it so proved, though a large sum was expended on it. Mr. Tilden, however, owned the whole of another mine which proved of value, and gave rise to a controversy over his income tax which was started when he became a candidate for president, and dropped after the election.

While in Marquette he was invited by the Democrats to make a political speech, and consented. While not an accomplished orator, he was remarkably clear, concise, and logical, and made a favorable impression. Mr. Ogden, who was a warm friend and business associate, told me that he regarded him as the ablest railroad lawyer in the United States, that he had one of the best private libraries, and was a remarkable man. I asked Mr. Tilden what was the prospect of McClellan's election, and, lawyer-like, instead of giving his own opinion, he asked me mine. Mr. Tilden at that time had never held any

public office, but had been active at several Democratic national conventions. His election as governor of New York and his part in the presidential campaign of 1876 could never have entered his dreams. The future of no one in America can be foretold.

Another gentleman came to Marquette with his wife, stopped at the same hotel, and I had many conversations with him, whose subsequent history could then little have been anticipated, — James A. Garfield. He was a pleasant man to meet socially, affable and unassuming. While there he made a political speech for the Republicans. He evidently had made no preparation, but discussed ably the different party issues, and made an eloquent address. I expressed my surprise to him afterwards at his fluency and command of language, and he said that he never had difficulty in expressing his ideas. I heard him many times later in Congress, where he was the leader of his party in debate, largely from his readiness, which so many able men lack.

Mr. Ogden interested me much. He spoke of the men he had met, among others of Stephen Girard, with whom he once had business. He well deserved his great popularity in Chicago, and his high business reputation.

My first visit to Washington was in 1856. I reached there the week of the attack by Brooks on Charles Sumner, and when the excitement was at its height. One of the pages showed me the seat in which Sumner sat in the old senate chamber, now the supreme court room, — and, also, broken pieces of the cane with which the assault was made. The next Saturday the band, as usual, played in front of the White House, and mem-

bers of Congress and people generally were there to listen to the music and to promenade, and the crowd was greater on account of the excitement. The most observed of all was Brooks, walking around, chatting with friends, and apparently as unconcerned as if he were not the object of such general attention. He was a tall, slender man, comparatively young. He died soon after, and did not live to see the great struggle which he did so much to hasten, for it must have come, sooner or later. He was said to have been an amiable man, but was urged on by false chivalry to an act cowardly in itself, and in the manner of it. He declined to write his name in my autograph book which a page handed him.

It was the first time I had ever met President Pierce. He was a handsome man, and a gentleman in all his intercourse with others. He had an able Cabinet, the only one to date unbroken during a whole presidential term. No one ever fulfilled the social duties of his position more acceptably, though they were much less onerous than now. He was popular in the district, and once gave a party to the leading citizens, saying that he was their neighbor and wished to establish pleasant relations with them. He was a fine orator, and the only president down to Mr. Cleveland who gave his inaugural without notes. It was an unfortunate period for him, as the anti-slavery sentiment, with which he did not sympathize, was growing, and he could not satisfy by his action the North and South. This course made him unpopular in the North, and it has extended to his memory. He rests in an obscure graveyard, a plain monument over him, with no inscription except his name

and the dates of his birth and decease. When I had the curiosity years ago to see the grave of an ex-president, the mayor of the city did not know its location. His motives have been impugned and his patriotism denied. Yet those who knew him most intimately assert that a warmer-hearted man and more generous never lived, nor one more devoted to his country, for which he had fought. His wife was a most estimable and cultivated lady, the daughter of President Appleton of Bowdoin College, and once a clergyman of Hampton, N.H. She was in delicate health, and saddened by the death of their only child, by an accident, just before the inauguration.

As is well known, President Pierce was a classmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne, his life-long devoted friend, who wrote his campaign biography, and to whom he gave the best paying office at his disposal, for the great author's wealth was limited. The two friends were together at the time of Hawthorne's decease, during a journey undertaken by invitation of Mr. Pierce, in the hope that it might improve the health of Mr. Hawthorne. A friend of mine has given me an account of his death that came to him from Mr. Pierce himself. Mr. Pierce had been so anxious about his friend that he went into his room in the middle of the night, and found him dead. On examining his portemonnaie, the only contents were a little money and a picture of Mr. Pierce himself, attesting his great love for his friend. All the personal friends of Mr. Pierce were devoted to him. General Drum, adjutant-general of the army, who served with him in the Mexican war, told me that the soldiers loved him with the love of man for woman. I was his political

opponent and would not vote for him, but have written this as an act of justice.

The Senate of the United States had then many able men, for it was before the time when wealth has done so much to fill it. Among the members were Lewis Cass, defeated for the presidency by General Taylor, Mason and Slidell, so well known later by their seizure during the war of the Rebellion, B. F. Wade, rough and profane, but able and sincere, who came so near the presidency by the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, Wm. H. Seward, as a young man governor of New York, competitor with Lincoln as a candidate for president, and later his secretary of state and that of Andrew Johnson, J. J. Crittenden, an able lawyer and celebrated for his wit and eloquence, John Bell, candidate for president with Edward Everett for vice-president on the Union ticket in 1860, Stephen A. Douglas, able, ambitious, like so many others, losing the presidency when apparently so near attaining it, and dying prematurely, Robert Toombs and Judah P. Benjamin, distinguished as among the leaders of the Southern Confederacy, Lyman Trumbull, who defeated Lincoln for the Senate, and one of the ablest and readiest debaters ever in the Senate, A. P. Butler, the uncle of Brooks, and the occasion of the assault, old, feeble, white-haired, who died the following year, William Pitt Fessenden, the ablest debater ever in Congress from Maine, and a conscientious politician, whose early death was so much lamented, R. M. P. Hunter, who had been speaker of the House, Henry Wilson, vice-president with Grant, Charles Sumner, his seat temporarily vacant by the assault.

In the House of Representatives were Alexander

Stephens, later vice-president of the Southern Confederacy, and soon after its collapse coming back and serving some years, so paralyzed that he was wheeled around in a chair, Howell Cobb, Galusha A. Grow, and Schuyler Colfax, all afterwards speakers of the House, the last vice-president and dying under a cloud, Joshua R. Giddings, one of the earliest, most fearless, and most persistent of the anti-slavery agitators, a large man, able but not eloquent, and many others, most of them now dead and forgotten, as are most members when their term has expired.

Washington was excited by the Brooks assault and the approaching Democratic National Convention, whose members were passing through the city, and though I could see the many prominent politicians there was no debate of general interest. It was more the working of those forces that broke forth so soon after in the great Rebellion, and one of its first effects was the nomination of Buchanan, then in London, for president, instead of Pierce or Douglas, both of whom were supposed to be too much in sympathy with the South to be run against the Northern feeling, so excited by the Brooks assault.

Of the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce, William L. Marcy, Secretary of State, James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury, Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, and Caleb Cushing, Attorney-General, were unusually able men, and I need not say how prominent Davis was, subsequently. I had an opportunity to see them, and have their names in my autograph book, as well as those of most of the members of the Senate and House in 1856.

I was in Washington many times during the war, vis-

ited the forts, and saw much of the army and its generals. I was there just after the battle of Bull Run, when the fear lest the city might be taken was greater than at any other period. A great many members of Congress and others went to see the battle as to any other entertainment, not dreaming of danger, and when it was realized that they might be captured, made the best time possible for Washington on foot, for there were no hacks to convey them. No one, as he told his story on his arrival, admitted any fear, and each said he was the last to leave the field. I had an account afterwards from Julius Bing, a reporter, and Mr. Ely, a member of Congress from New York, both of whom were taken prisoners. They had intended to keep in the rear of our army, and their mistake was in keeping too far in the rear. Mr. Bing named to me several prominent public men whose activity in their efforts to escape captivity commended itself to him.

I was in Washington during the session of 1860–1, when the Southern senators were leaving their seats. I remember, especially, John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, who had been vice-president, and a defying speech made by him just before he left. He was a handsome man, of a noted family. After the downfall of the Confederacy he was obliged to leave the country, and spent several years in banishment, and probably never was a man happier than he was when allowed to return home. One of the consuls in Asia told me how strongly he had expressed to him the superiority of his native land over every other. An American will go abroad to make money, for which he will go anywhere and do almost anything, — he would reach

the North Pole if he could be persuaded it is made of solid gold, — but he would return all the more grateful to God for his American birth.

I met in Washington Mrs. Gaines, celebrated for her long legal contests. She was a little woman, and enthusiastic in her praise of Rufus Choate, who had been her attorney. I became acquainted, too, with Mrs. Southworth, whom readers of fiction years ago will remember, who said she had written, I think, seventy-five novels.

Not long before he died I was introduced to Henry A. Wise, and heard a lecture by him on the commercial advantages of Norfolk. Handsome, with a voice of extraordinary compass, with great wit and power of illustration, few Americans have been more eloquent, or had more power over a popular assembly. He was an actor in many historical events. Not always wise, he had his virtues. He never gambled, and was sincere in his action. "He never regarded majorities if they were wrong," said one of his biographers.

I once had a long interview with Thomas Ewing, one of the most celebrated statesmen of his period, secretary of the treasury in 1841, and holding many other high positions. He was a large man, bald, plain in manner and appearance. General Sherman was his adopted son, and married his daughter.

Just after the war closed, so early that Richmond was still burning, I visited the city, saw Libby prison, the battlefield of Petersburg, and other points made memorable by our sad contest. At the church in Richmond I had my only view of General Lee, and as he passed from the church the devotion of the people to him was plainly

manifested. I also went through the South generally, saw the ravages of the war, talked with the women, and heard their tales of suffering, and could well realize the truth of General Sherman's remark, "War is hell."

By the aid of high influence I one day gained admission to the trial of Mrs. Surratt, and the men tried with her for the murder of President Lincoln. Mrs. Surratt strove as much as possible to avoid observation, and it was pitiful to look at her. She was convicted and hung, but no less an authority than General Butler always regarded it as an unjust verdict. Her friends claimed that she knew nothing of the crime till it had been committed — that, mother-like, she only aided her son to escape; but the excitement after the assassination was too great for a calm trial. The other prisoners looked very mean, with the exception of Payne, who was bold in appearance, and gloried to the last in his act.

For years before and after the war I was accustomed to spend much of the winter in Washington, and was often at the Capitol to listen to the debates. Sometimes I was repaid for my trouble, but seldom. I have been present at all the inaugurations from the second of Grant to that of McKinley, which have become more and more occasions of general interest. I attended several sessions of the Electoral Commission, and was a witness to the intense feeling of that exciting period. It was well understood what the decision would be, but it was not rendered till late in the night, and my first knowledge of it was a cry, a little after midnight, of "Hurrah for Hayes."

One who wishes a high opinion of Congress had better gain it from the reports of newspaper correspondents,

many of whom are in the employ of the members, rather than by looking down from the galleries. A story is told of Senator Nesmith, the first senator from Oregon. On his first appearance at Washington, the other senators, thinking that he must be poorly informed, coming from a State so far away from civilization, asked him his sensation. He replied that, coming from the woods, and seeing all the grandeur and display of Washington, his first sensation had been one of awe, and he wondered how so humble an individual as himself had ever got there. But he had not been there long, and seen them, and heard them debate before he still more wondered how they ever got there. Some expletives have been omitted. He was asked no more questions.

Yet there have been many able men in the Senate, and many such are there now. Of the recent deceased members no one has attracted more attention or drawn greater crowds to his speeches than Charles Sumner. He was a handsome man, finely developed, had a clear, distinct voice, and was an eloquent speaker. His speeches were carefully prepared, for he was a scholar, and at first were committed to memory, and later read from manuscript, or from a printed copy. He did not excel as a debater, for he could not reply till he had taken time to prepare himself, when the effect was much lessened.

I have known ladies of high literary reputation. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was the most noted American authoress of the century. No book up to her time had ever had such a phenomenal world-wide reputation as her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published first in the "National Era," and in book form in 1852. It did much to

intensify the opposition to slavery, resulting a few years later in the civil war. No American author ever had such an ovation in England. Her pathos was remarkable, and few strong women, or men, could read her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" unmoved. I knew a cool old lawyer who took up the volume, and continued to read late into the night, and at last burst into tears, exclaiming, "Uncle Tom's dead." She was plain in her manner, paying but little attention to her toilet, but pleasing and natural.

Few American ladies had so sharp and witty a pen as Miss M. A. Dodge, generally known as Gail Hamilton, and it is much to be regretted that a difficulty with her publishers withdrew from circulation some of her best books. In social intercourse she was as bright and sparkling as in her writings.

Lucy Larcom was a factory girl in early life, of which she was never ashamed, then a teacher. She was a type of fine womanhood, and wrote some sweet poetry that will not be forgotten.

James Parton was my neighbor for years, a most lovable man, and one of the most fascinating of biographers. He had a sympathy with all that could be commended in his heroes, and found it easy to apologize for their faults. No one can read his "Life of Aaron Burr" and not feel that he does not deserve the severe verdict of history.

For a great many years I lived near and often met one whom it is an honor to have known, one of America's greatest poets, and the last person I will mention, John G. Whittier. Simple, like his religion, in dress, manner, language, and feeling, few poets of the century have so

painted human wrongs, so entered into the hearts of the people, and will so long be read and admired as this Quaker poet.

He lived to a great age, yet when about forty had been told that by great care he might live to see fifty.

In what I have written I have spoken only of the deceased.