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EMINENT
WOMEN
OF
THE AGE

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Edward W. Sheldon

Class of 1879

Memorial



EMINENT WOMEN OF THE AGE



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

SCULPTOR: MISS HARRISON.

EMINENT
WOMEN OF THE AGE;

BEING NARRATIVES OF

THE LIVES AND DEEDS

OF THE

Most Prominent Women of the Present Generation.

BY

JAMES PARTON, HORACE GREELEY, T. W. HIGGINSON, J. S. C. ABBOTT,
Prof. JAMES M. HOPPIN, WILLIAM WINTER, THEODORE TILTON, FANNY FERN,
GRACE GREENWOOD, Mrs. E. C. STANTON, ETC.

Richly Illustrated with Fourteen Steel Engravings.

HARTFORD, CONN.:

S. M. BETTS & COMPANY.

GIBBS & NICHOLS, CHICAGO, ILL.

F. A. HUTCHINSON & CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

H. H. BANCROFT & CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1869.

E176
x E48

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by

S. M. BETTS & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
District of Connecticut.

Manufactured by
CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD,
HARTFORD, CONN.

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PREFACE.

THE world is full of books that narrate the deeds and utter the praises of men. The lives of eminent men of our own time are made familiar to us in newspapers and magazines, in individual sketches and autobiographies, as well as in histories, dictionaries of biography, cyclopedias and other works of greater or less range of subject and extent of information. But, while many things have been written both by and for women, and much information has been published in one form and another in respect to eminent women of our age, there is not in existence, so far as the publishers are aware, any work, or series of works, which supplies the information contained in this volume, or preoccupies its field.

And it appears to the publishers that there is a demand for this very work. The discussions of the present day in regard to the elevation of woman, her duties, and the position which she is fitted to occupy, seem to call for some authentic and attractive record of the lives and achievements of those women of our time who have distinguished themselves in their various occupations and conditions in life. The knowledge of what has been attempted and accomplished by eminent women of our time is fitted to make an impression for good upon the young women of our land, and upon the whole American public. It will tend to develop and strengthen correct ideas respecting the influence of woman, and her share in the privileges and responsibilities of human life.

In selecting the subjects for the sketches here presented, regard has been had not only to individual excellence or eminence, but also to a proper representation of the various professions in which women have distinguished themselves. For obvious reasons, also, the selection has been confined chiefly to American women.

In selecting the writers for the various sketches, the publishers have chosen those only whom they knew to be thoroughly qualified for the particular tasks assigned them, and so interested in the subjects of their sketches as to be prepared to do them full justice. Great attention has been given to the collection of materials which should be at once interesting and authentic. Variety and freshness of interest are secured by obtaining sketches from a large number of able writers, and by arranging their contributions so that no two consecutive chapters are the production of the same person. As it was impossible, on account of the lack of space, to give extended sketches of all who ought to be noticed in this volume, and in some cases, also, the requisite materials for such sketches could not be procured, briefer notices have been prepared of certain groups, which, it is believed, will be no unacceptable addition to the more elaborate chapters.

This work aims to present in its literary department, as well as in its engravings, an attractive series of accurate and life-like pictures. As a literary production, containing the best essays and finest thoughts of many of the first writers of the day, it must be a source of profit and pleasure to every reader of critical taste. The engravings, like the written sketches, are no creations of fancy, but trustworthy delineations of the features of those whom they profess to represent.

The publishers have spared neither time nor expense in the preparation of the present work, and they confidently believe that the importance of the field which it occupies, the ability and reputation of its writers, the freshness and reliableness of its facts, and the excellence of its engravings and typography, will justify the praises already bestowed upon its plan and execution by men and women of discernment, and insure to it a wide-spread and lasting popularity.

HARTFORD, July 15, 1868.

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GRACE GREENWOOD—MRS. LIPPINCOTT.

—••—
BY JOSEPH B. LYMAN.
—••—

ABOUT thirty years ago, when Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren lived in the White House; when questions of a national bank and a protective tariff interested without arousing the popular mind; when the great and glorious valley of the Mississippi still gave homes to the red man and haunts to wild beasts; when Bryant was fresh from those native hills, broad, round, and green, where he dreamed the Thanatopsis; when visions of Absalom and Jephthah's daughter were floating fresh and sacred before the eyes of Willis, — a traveller through Pompey, one of the youthful towns of western New York, might have turned in his saddle to take a second look at the lithe figure and the glowing face of a village romp. Could such tourist have known that, in the bright-eyed school-girl with rustic dress and touseled hair, he saw one of the rising lights of the coming age; a letter-writer who should charm a million readers by the piquant dash and spicy flavor of her style; a delightful magazinist; a poetess, the melody and ring of whose stanzas should remind us of the most famous lyres of the world; a woman who, standing calm, graceful, and self-poised before great audiences, and thrilling them by noble and earnest words spoken in the deep gloom of national disaster, should call up rich memories of the Roman matron in her noblest form, or of the brightest figures that move on the storied page of France, —

could he have foreseen all *that* as in the future of this village beauty, the traveller would have done more than turn for a second look. He would have halted, and talked with the young Corinne; he would have lingered to hear her speak of wild flowers, and birds' nests, of rills and rocks and cascades; he might have gone with her to her father's door, and caught a glimpse of silvered hair and a noble forehead, and he would have observed upon that face lineaments that have for two hundred years been found in all the high places of American thought and character. For the father of this little Sara was Dr. Thaddeus Clarke, a grandson of President Edwards. Fortunate it is, and a blessing to the race, when a man so rarely and royally gifted as was this great theologian, with everything that makes a human character noble, is so wisely mated that he can transmit to the coming age, not only the most valuable thinking of his time, but a family of children, blessed with sound constitutions, developed by harmonious fireside influences, and endowed with vigorous understandings. In doing *that*, Jonathan Edwards did more to stir thought than when he wrote the history of the Great Awakening; he did more to establish the grooves of religious and moral thinking, and to fix the model of fine character, than he could ever accomplish by his Treatise on the Will. In mature life, the great-grand-daughter has shown many of the traits of the Edwards family. She has rejected the iron-hooped Calvinism of her ancestor, but she is indebted to him for an unflagging and ever-fresh interest in nature; for ceaseless mental fecundity, that finds no bottom to its cruse of oil, and for a toughness of intellectual fibre that fits her for a life of perpetual mental activity.

There was not a gayer or more active girl in Onondaga County than Sara Clarke. The bright Alfarata was not fonder of wild roving. No young gipsy ever took more naturally to the fields. She loved the forests, the open pas-

tures, the strawberry-lots, and the spicy knolls, where the scarlet leaves of the wintergreen nestle under the dainty sprigs of ground pine and the breezy hill-sides, where the purple fingers and painted lips attest the joy of huckleberry-ing. She says of herself that she was a mighty hunter of wild fruits. At this early age, she developed a taste which, at a later age, gave her name a piquant flavor of romance; the taste for horseback riding, and the ability to manage with fearless grace the most spirited steeds. Her figure was lithe and wiry, her step elastic, her eye cool, and her nerves firm. At ten years of age she was given to escapades, in which she found few boys hardy and fearless enough to rival her. She would go into an open pasture with a nub of corn, call up a frolicsome young horse, halter him, and then jump on his back. No saddle or bridle wants the little Amazon. She had seen bold riding at the circus, and in the retirement of the woods she could surpass it. So she would toss off her shoes, and stand upright on the creature's back, with a foot on each side of the spine. At first she was content to let the animal walk with his spirited little burden; then she would venture into a gentle amble, and finally into full gallop. As she grew older, the deep woods had a perpetual charm for her. She loved to wander afar into dim shades, and listen to the wild, sweet song of the wood-lark, and to watch the squirrels gambolling on the tops of beech-trees, or leaping from one oak to the other. It is not possible to say how much she, and every other active and finely tempered genius, gains by such a childhood. A love of nature and a habit of enjoying nature is thus rooted in the spirit, so deeply that no flush of city life can destroy it. The glare of palaces and the roar of paved streets seem, for a lifetime, tiresome and false; the world-weary spirit evermore longs for the music of the west wind blowing through the tree-tops, the melodies of the forest, the splash of waterfalls, the ring of

the mower's steel, the swaying of the golden wheat fields, the songs of the whippoorwills, and the glancing of the fire-flies. Such a childhood gives a firmness of health, a vigor and a hardihood, a power of recovering from fatigue, and a capacity for constant labor without exhaustion, that are a greater blessing than the wealth of a Girard or a Stewart.

At the age of twelve Sara Clarke went to Rochester to attend school. Her home was with an elder brother, and she entered with zeal and with success on the studies of a regular education. Like many others who, in after life, have written that which the world will not willingly let die, she did not excel in mathematical studies. The multiplication table was no labor of love. The Rule of Three was a hopeless conundrum. Interest had no interest for her. But whatever related to the graceful expression of fine thought, whatever unsealed the ancient fountains of song and of story, was easy, harmonious, and attractive; this was native air.

Nothing is harder than to say just what faculty or grouping of faculties makes the writer. One may be witty, vivacious, charming in the parlor, or at the dinner-table, yet no writer. Many have the faculty of expressing a valuable thought in appropriate language; but that does not endow one with the rights, the honors, and the fame of authorship. Give Edward Lytton Bulwer three hours of leisure daily, and in a year he will give the world three hundred and sixty-five chapters of unequalled story-telling, in a style that never grows dull, never palls upon the taste, that is perpetually fresh, clear-cut, and brilliant.

Charles Dickens will sit down by any window in London, or lounge through any street in London, and describe the characters that pass before him, in a way that will charm the reading public of two continents, in paragraphs for every one of which his publishers will gladly pay him a guinea before the ink is dry. Sara Clarke was not three years in her teens

before the Rochester papers were glad to get her compositions. They were fresh, piquant, racy. It was impossible to guess whether she had read either Whately or Blair, but it was clear that she had a rhetoric trimmed by no pedantic rules. It was nature's own child talking of nature's charms, her pen, like a mountain rill, neither running between walls of chiselled stone, nor roofed with Roman arches, but wandering between clumps of willows, and meandering at its own sweet will through beds of daisies and fields of blooming clover. There was nothing remarkable about her education. When she left school in 1843, at the age of nineteen, she knew rather more Italian and less algebra, more of English and French history, and less of differential and integral calculus, than some recent graduates of Oberlin and Vassar; but perhaps she was none the worse for that. Indeed, austere, pale-faced Science would have chilled the blood of this free, bounding, elastic, glorious girl. Meantime, Dr. Clarke had removed from Onondaga County to New Brighton, in Western Pennsylvania. This village is nestled between the hills among which the young Ohio, fresh from the shaded springs and the stony brooks of the Alleghanies, gathers up its bright waters for a long journey to the far-off Southern Gulf.

Not long after she went home, in 1845 and 1846, the literary world experienced a sensation. A new writer was abroad. A fresh pen was moving along the pages of the Monthlies. Who might it be? Did Willis know? Could General Morris say? Whittier was in the secret; but he told no tales. And her *nom de plume*, so appropriate and elegant! This charming Grace Greenwood, so natural, so chaty, so easy, chanting her wood-notes wild. Ah me! those were jocund days. We Americans were not then in such grim earnest as we are now. The inimitable, much imitated pen, that in the early part of the century had given us "Knickerbocker" and the "Sketch Book," was still cheerfully busy at

Sunny Side. Willis, beginning with the sacred and nibbling at the profane, was in the middle of his genial, lounging, graceful career. Poe's Raven was pouring out those weird, melodious croakings. Ik Marvel was a dreaming bachelor, gliding about the picture-galleries of Europe. Bryant was a hard-working editor, but when he lifted up those poet eyes above the smoke of the great city, he saw the water-fowl, and addressed it in lines that our great-grandchildren will know by heart. William Lloyd Garrison was sometimes pelted with bad eggs. Horace Greeley had just started the "New York Tribune." Neither Clay, Calhoun, nor Webster had grown tired of scheming forty years for the presidency. That great thunder-cloud of civil war, that we have seen covering the whole heavens, was but a dark patch on the glowing sky of the South. In these times, and among these people, Grace Greenwood now began to live and move, and have a part, and win a glowing fame. For six or eight years her summer home was New Brighton. In winter she was in Philadelphia, in Washington, in New York, writing for Whittier or for Willis and Morris, or for "Neal's Gazette," or for "Godey." She was the most copious and brilliant lady correspondent of that day, wielding the gracefulest quill, giving the brightest and most attractive column. It is impossible, without full extracts, to give the reader a full idea of these earlier writings of Grace Greenwood. They had the dew of youth, the purple light of love, the bloom of young desire. As well think of culling a handful of moist clover-heads, in the hope of reproducing the sheen and fragrance, the luxuriance and the odor of a meadow, fresh bathed in the Paphian wells of a June morning! In 1850 many of these sketches and letters were collected and republished by Ticknor & Fields, under the name of Greenwood Leaves. The cotemporary estimate given to these writings by Rev. Mr. Mayo is so just and so tasteful that no reader will regret its insertion here:—

"The authoress is the heroine of the book; not that she writes about herself always, or often, or in a way that can offend. But her personality gets entangled with every word she utters, and her generous heart cannot be satisfied without a response to all its loves, and hopes, and misgivings, and aspirations. There is extravagance in the rhetoric, yet the delicious extravagance in which a bounding spirit loves to vindicate its freedom from the rules laid down in the 'Aids of Composition,' and the 'Polite Letter Writer.' There is a delightful absurdity about her wit, into which only a genuine woman could fall. And one page of her admiring criticism of books and men, with all its exaggerations, is worth a hundred volumes of the intellectual dissection of the critical professors.

"Yet the most striking thing in her book is the spirit of joyous health that springs and frolics through it. Grace Greenwood is not the woman to be the president of a society for the suppression of men, and the elevation of female political rights. She knows what her sisters need, as well as those who spoil their voices and temper in shrieking it into the ears of the world; but that knowledge does not cover the sun with a black cloud, or spoil her interest in her cousin's love affair, or make her sit on her horse as if she were riding to a public execution. She can love as deeply as any daughter of Eve. Yet she would laugh in the face of a sentimental young gentleman till he wished her at the other side of the world. She loves intensely, but not with that silent, brooding intensity which takes the color out of the cheeks and the joy out of the soul. Hers is the effervescence, not the corrosion, of the heart. And it is no small thing, this health of which I now speak. In an age when to think is to run the risk of scepticism, and to feel is to invite sentimentalism, it is charming to meet a girl who is not ashamed to laugh and cry, and scold and joke, and love and worship, as her grandmother did before her."

But this is not a review of Grace Greenwood's writings. *Litera scripta manet.* Those who wish to see the cream of our magazine writings from 1845 to 1852, will find it in "Greenwood Leaves," first and second series. About this time, her Poems were published. To say that they are beautiful is not enough. Though redolent of the open country, where most of them were written; though composed while doing housework, as was "Ariadne;" or in the saddle, like the "Horseback Ride,"—the best element in them is the frank, generous, cordial, winning personality which pervades them all. We find, too, evidences, that below the dashing and piquant exterior there was growing up an intense sympathy with the most earnest and strenuous spirits. Already the mutterings of the distant thunder were heard, mellowed by distance, but clear enough to hush the chattering of the boblinks, and the scream of the blue-jays. Thus the lines "To One Afar" close with the following admirable stanzas:—

"Truth's earnest seeker thou, I fancy's rover;
Thy life is like a river, deep and wide;
I but the light-winged wild bird passing over,
One moment mirrored in the rushing tide.

"Thus are we parted; thou still onward hastening,
Pouring the great flood of that life along;
While I on sunny slopes am careless, wasting
The little summer of my time of song."

But before this gay creature of the elements becomes an earnest woman, as we foresee she must, let us picture in outline the New Brighton life; let us see our heroine, not as a magazinist, or a correspondent, but in a character more admirable and charming than either,—as a fine, handsome, brilliant, fearless young lady. No whit spoiled by a winter of adulation, by the gracefulest of letters from Mr. Willis,

by the warmest and the truest appreciation from Whittier, by a colonnade of kindest notices from the great dailies, the braider of Greenwood chaplets has come back to her cottage-home amid the swelling hills, and beside the glancing river. As plain Sara Clarke, she had helped her mother through the morning work, sweeping, dusting, watering flowers, feeding chickens, sitting down for a few moments to read two stanzas to that white-haired father of hers, his head as clear and cool as ever it was, and as able to give his daughter the soundest judgments and the most valuable criticisms she ever enjoyed. In the heat of midday she seeks her chamber, gazes for a few moments with the look of a lover upon the glorious landscape, then dashes off a column for the "Home Journal" or the "National Press." Now, as the shadows of the hills are beginning to stretch eastward, we hear a quick, elastic step on the stair, and the responsive neigh from the hitching-post in the yard tells us that the "Horseback Ride" is to be rehearsed; and horse and heroine alike feel that

"Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,
Nor rural dance on the moonlight shore,
Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed."

She must tell, as nobody else can, how quick and marvelous is the change, when she feels the bounding and exuberant animal life of the steed rejoicing in the burden; exulting in the free rein, devouring the long reach of the grassy lane with his gladsome leaps: —

"As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
The strength to my spirit returneth again!
The bonds are all broken that fettered my mind,
And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind;
My pride lifts its head, for a season bowed down,
And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown."

Now our gentle and poetic Penthesilea has gained the woodland cool and dim. On they press, horse and rider alike enthused, till they reach some retired valley, a sequestered nook, where no profane eyes may look. Lady and pony are going to have a grand equestrian frolic. Pony likes it as well as lady. What prancing and pawing! what rearing and backing! Now a swift gallop, as if in the ring of some fairy circus. But this is no vulgar horse-opera; no saw-dust or tan-bark here; nothing for show, since the blue-jays have no eye for horse-flesh, nor can squirrels be made envious by such exploits. At length pony acts as though the game had been carried as far as he cared to have it; and Grace leaps to the greensward and lets him breathe, and get a drink, and bite the sod. Will he not start for home? Not he. His fetters are silken; but his mistress has that rare gift, unusual among men, and very uncommon with the softer sex, the faculty of controlling animals. He obeys her word like a spaniel; goes and comes at her bidding; stands on his hind feet, if she tells him to; lies down; gets up again; follows her up the steps of the piazza. In fact, if such a thing could be, he would carry out the nursery rhyme and go after her "upstairs, downstairs, in the lady's chamber."

The ride home is somewhat more gentle; for, in the cool of the evening dusk, our heroine has turned poetess again, and is chiselling out Pygmalion word by word, or indulging in such spirit-longings as this:—

" I look upon life's glorious things,
The deathless themes of song,
The grand, the proud, the beautiful,
The wild, the free, the strong;
And wish that I might take a part
Of what to them belong."

After the evening meal, and an hour of quiet chat, while

flecks of moonbeam dance on the gallery floor, we might suppose the day ended, and these hours of beautiful life would now be rounded by a sleep. Not yet. This fearless and ardent lover of nature delights in every rich sensation that earth, or air, or water can impart.

She glides away across the pasture to have a glorious swim in

“Yon lake of heavenly blue;
The long hair, unconfined,
Is flung, like some young Nereid's now
To tossing wave and wind.”

This is no timid, frightened bather. Had she been Hero on the shores of Hellespont, she would have plunged in and met Leander half-way between the continents. None but an assured swimmer could have written this stanza: —

“And now when none are nigh to save,
While earth grows dim behind;
I lay my cheek to the kissing wave,
And laugh with the frolicsome wind.

“On the billowy swell I lean my breast,
And he fondly beareth me;
I dash the foam from his sparkling crest,
In my wild and careless glee.”

What a pity her bathing-place was not the fountain of perpetual youth! No matter how ably a woman writes, or how eloquently she speaks, — and there are very few of her sex so able or so eloquent to-day as Grace Greenwood, — we can but endorse this sentiment of one of her earliest admirers. In a letter to Morris, written when Miss Clarke was living this life, and writing these lines, he says: “Save her from meriting the approbation of dignified critics. Leave this fairest blossom on the rose-tree of woman for my worship,

and the admiration of the few who, like me, can appreciate the value of an elegant uselessness, and perceive the fascination of splendid gayety and brilliant trifling. Adieu, and send me more Grace Greenwoods."

But no woman, with an acute brain and a warm heart, could live in such a land as ours, and in the nineteenth century, and remain long a writer of splendid gayeties. The times called for earnest thinking and vigorous writing. The age of rose-tinted album-leaves, covered with graceful *impromptus*, was past. Willis, and his elegant "Home Journal," went into the mild oblivion of June roses. Great questions agitated the public mind; and we heard hoarse voices and blasts of brazen trumpets on the slopes of Parnassus.

Meantime Miss Clarke went to Europe. This was in 1853. She spent a little over a year abroad, which, in the dedication to her daughter of one of her juvenile books, she calls "the golden year of her life." Perhaps America has never sent to the shores of the Old World a young lady traveller, who was a better specimen of what the New World can do in the way of producing a fine woman. She was a flower from a virgin soil, and a new form of civilization; but rivalling, in the delicacy of its tints, and the richness of its perfume, anything from older and longer cultivated parterres. With one of those felicitous memories that has its treasures ever at command, and can always remember the right thing at the right time and place; fully stored by wide readings in *belles-lettres*; with the spirit of an enthusiast for everything beautiful, or good, or famous; in the joyous overflow of unbroken health and unflagging spirits, the trip was to her one long gala-day, crowded with memorable sights, with sensations which enrich the whole of one's after-life.

Harriet Beecher Stowe has written as well in her "Sunny Memories of Other Lands," but no lady tourist from America has surpassed Grace Greenwood in the warm tinting

and gorgeous rhetoric of her descriptions, and in the vivacious interest which she felt herself, and which she conveys to others in her letters. This correspondence was collected immediately after her return, and published under the title of "Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe."

Nobody has described the marble wonders of the Vatican with finer appreciation than can be seen in the following passage:—

"Of all the antique statues I have yet seen, I have been by far the most impressed by the Apollo Belvidere, and the Dying Gladiator, — the one the striking embodiment of the pride, and fire, and power, and joy of life; the other of the mournful majesty, the proud resignation, the 'conquered agony' of death. In all his triumphant beauty and rejoicing strength, the Apollo stands forth as a pure type of immortality — every inch a god. There is an Olympian spring in the foot which seems to spurn the earth, a secure disdain of death in the very curve of his nostrils, — a sunborn light on his brow; while the absolute perfection of grace, the supernatural majesty of the figure, now, as in the olden time, seem to lift it above the human and the perishing, into the region of the divine and the eternal. Scarcely can it be said that the worship of this god has ceased. The indestructible glory of the lost divinity lingers about him still; and the deep, almost solemn emotion, the sigh of unutterable admiration, with which the pilgrims of art behold him now, differ little, perhaps from the hushed adoration of his early worshippers. I have never seen any work of art which I had such difficulty to realize as a mere human creation, born in an artist's struggling brain, moulded in dull clay, and from thence transferred, by the usual slow and laborious process, to marble. Nor can I ever think of it as having according to old poetic fancy, pre-existed in the stone, till the divinely directed

chisel of the sculptor cut down to it. Ah, so methinks, the very marble must have groaned, in prescience of the god it held. To me it rather seems a glowing, divine conception, struck instantly into stone. It surely embodies the very soul and glory of the ancient mythology, and, with kindred works, forms, if not a fair justification of, at least a noble apology for, a religion which revelled in ideas of beauty and grace, which had ever something lofty and pure even in its refined sensuality; and for the splendid arrogance of that genius which boldly chiselled out its own grand conceptions, and named them gods. The Apollo I should like to see every day of my life. I would have it near me; and every morning, as the darkness is lifted before the sun, and the miracle of creation is renewed, I would wish to lift a curtain, and gaze on that transcendent image of life and light, — to receive into my own being somewhat of the energy and joy of existence with which it so abounds, — to catch some gleams of the glory of the fresh and golden morning of poetry and art yet raying from its brow. One could drink in strength, as from a fountain, from gazing on that attitude of pride and grace, so light, yet firm, and renew one's wasted vigor by the mere sight of that exulting and effortless action."

What a gem of description we have here at the end of a letter, written from Naples on the 18th of April: —

"We drove to Naples this morning over a road, which, for its varied scenery and picturesque views, seems to me only comparable with the Cornice leading to Genoa. It was with heartfelt reluctance that we left Sorrento, which must ever seem to me one of the loveliest places on earth. O pride and darling of this delicious shore, — like a young festive queen, rose-crowned, sitting in the shade of oranges and myrtles, watched

over with visible tenderness by the olive-clad hills, gently caressed and sung to by the capricious sea, — bright, balmy, bewitching Sorrento, adieu ! ”

But the finest piece of writing in the volume is a bravura on the Roman Catholic Religion. It occurs in a long and splendid description of High Mass, at St. Peter's on Christmas morning : —

“ To my eyes, the beauty and gorgeousness of the scene grew most fitting and holy ; with the incense floating to me from the altar, I seemed to breathe in a subtle, subduing spirit ; and to that music my heart hushed itself in my breast, my very pulses grew still, and my brain swam in a new, half-sensuous, half-spiritual emotion. For a moment I believe I understood the faith of the Roman Catholic, — for a moment I seemed to taste the ecstasy of the mystic, to burn with the fervor of the devotee, and felt in wonder, and in fear, all the poetry, mystery, and power of the Church. Suddenly rose before my mind vivid wayside and seaside scenes, — pictures of humblest Judean life, when the ‘ meek and lowly ’ Author of our faith walked, ministering, and teaching, and comforting among the people, — humblest among the humble, poorest among the poor, most sorrowful among the sorrowful, preaching peace, good-will, purity, humility, and freedom, — and then, all this magnificent mockery of the divine truths he taught, this armed and arrogant spiritual despotism, in the place of the peace and liberty of the gospel, faded from before my disenchanted eyes, and even my ear grew dull to that pomp of sound, swelling up as though to charm his ear against the sighs of the poor, and the groanings of the captive.

“ O Cleopatra of religions, throned in power, glowing and gorgeous in all imaginable splendors and luxuries, — proud

victor of victors, — in the 'infinite variety' of thy resources and enchantments more attractive than glory, resistless as fate; now terrible in the dusky splendors of thy imperious beauty; now softening and subtile as moonlight, and music, and poet dreams; insolent and humble, stormy though tender! alluring tyranny, beautiful falsehood, fair and fatal enchantress, sovereign sorceress of the world! the end is not yet, and the day may not be far distant when thou shalt lay the asp to thine own bosom, and die."

Since her marriage to Leander K. Lippincott, Grace Greenwood's pen has been employed chiefly in writings for the young. She edits the "Little Pilgrim," a monthly devoted to the amusement, the instruction, and the well-being of little folks. Its best articles are her contributions. These have been collected from time to time, and published by Ticknor & Fields, and make a juvenile library, numbering nearly a dozen volumes. Though intended for children, none of these books but will charm older readers, with the elegance and freshness of their style, their abounding vivacity and harmless wit, and the hopeful and sunny spirit which they breathe. They are remarkable for the felicitous manner in which they convey historical information. No child can fail to be drawn on to wider readings of the storied past, and to know more of old heroes, ancient cities, and famous lands.

Soon after its establishment, Mrs. Lippincott became a contributor to the "Independent," and during the war a lecturer to soldiers and at sanitary fairs. Her last book is made up from articles in the "Independent," and passages from lectures. It shows the fire of her youthful zeal, and the glowing rhetoric of twenty-five no whit abated. On the contrary, there are evidences in her later productions of a full grasping of the significance of the heroic and stormy times in which we live.

There appear in the writings of Grace Greenwood three phases of development, three epochs of a literary career. The first lasted from the days of the boarding-school till marriage, — from the first merry chit-chat and fragrant Greenwood Leaves beyond the Alleghanies, to the full-rounded, mellow, golden prime, as displayed in the letters from Europe. Then follows a decade, during which story-writing for children has principally occupied her pen. With the war commences the third period, — years “vexed with the drums and trappings,” the storms and dust-clouds of middle life; a great republic convulsed by a giant struggle; woman gliding from the sanctity of the fireside, going out to do, to dare, and to suffer at the side of her war-worn brother, attacking social wrongs, doing all that woman can do to cheer, to adorn, to raise the downfallen, to proclaim liberty to the captive, to open the prison to those that are bound. Up to the full summit level of such a time her spirit rises. She brings to the requirements of this epoch faculties polished by long and diligent culture; a heart throbbing with every fine sensibility, and every generous emotion; a large, warm, exuberant nature; a ripe and glorious womanhood.

For such a character in such a wondrous mother age, there lies open a long career of strenuous exertion, worthy achievement, and lasting fame.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

—•—
BY EDWARD Y. HINCKS.
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THERE has probably lived within the past century no woman whose genius, character, and position are more full of interest than Mrs. Browning's. She was not only far above all the female poets of her age, but ranked with the first poets. She was not only a great poet, but a greater woman. She loved and honored art, but she loved and honored humanity more. Born and reared in England, her best affections were given to Italy, and her warmest friends and most enthusiastic admirers are found in America. And when to her rare personal endowments is added the fact that she was the wife of a still greater poet than herself, what is needed to make her the most remarkable woman of this, perhaps of any, age?

And, as there is no woman in whose life and character we may naturally take a greater interest, so there is none whom we have better facilities of knowing. Of the ordinary materials out of which biographies are made, her life indeed furnishes few. Its external incidents were not many nor marked. The details of her family life have been very properly kept from the public. The publication of her letters has been deferred until after her husband's death. But what Mrs. Browning thought, felt, and was, is revealed with almost unexampled clearness in her writings. With all her genius she possessed in full measure the artlessness of her sex. Her

theory of poetry, too, was that it was but the expression of the poet's inner nature. Hence, as might be expected, her poems are but transparent media for the revelation of herself. Her queenly soul shines through them as wine through a crystal vase. Her friendships, her love, her grief, her patriotism, her philanthropy, her religion—all are in them simply and unaffectedly revealed to us. To obtain a correct conception of Mrs. Browning, therefore, we must study her character as revealed in her poems, aided, of course, by the light which our scanty knowledge of the events of her outward life will afford. As the result of our study we shall find that whatever fault we may be compelled to find with the artist, we cannot withhold our entire and hearty admiration for the character of the woman. We shall find that her genius, far from marring, exalted and ennobled her womanhood. We shall feel that the poet was greater than her poems.

Elizabeth Barrett Barrett was born in London, in 1809. Her father was a private gentleman in opulent circumstances. Her early life was passed partly in London, partly in the county of Herefordshire, in sight of the Malvern Hills. One of her minor poems, "The Lost Bower," describes with her peculiar power of graphic picturing the scenery surrounding her early home.

"Green the land is where my daily
Steps in jocund childhood played,
Dimpled close with hill and valley,
Dappled very close with shade ;
Summer snow of apple blossoms running up from glade to glade.

"Far out, kindled by each other,
Shining hills on hills arise,
Close as brother leans to brother,
When they press beneath the eyes
Of some father praying blessings
From the gifts of Paradise."

The whole poem, which is one of its author's simplest and sweetest, is well worthy of study for its autobiographical interest. It gives us the picture of a dreamy and thoughtful, but not morbid child, loving to ramble in the wild woods, which her fancy peopled with the heroes and heroines of old.

Mrs. Browning was a child of remarkable precocity. She wrote verses at ten, and appeared in print at the age of fifteen. In the dedication to her father of the edition of her poems which appeared in 1844, she pleasantly speaks "of the time far off when I was a child and wrote verses, and when I dedicated them to you who were my public and my critic." This childish precocity was not an indication of early ripening genius. Her powers matured slowly. She wrote very crudely when past thirty. She never attained her full maturity. Miss Barrett's education was such as a woman rarely receives. She was taught in classics, philosophy, and science. Her acquaintance with Greek literature was very extensive. It embraced, not only the great classic authors, but also many of the fathers, and the Greek Christian poets. She studied Greek under the instruction of her blind friend, the Rev. Hugh Stuart Boyd, to whom she afterward dedicated the poem entitled "The Wine of Cyprus," in which she thus pleasantly alludes to the hours they had spent together: --

" And I think of those long mornings
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.
Past the pane the mountain spreading
Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading,
Somewhat low for a's and o's."

And then she goes on to give in a word or two, with that happy facility in hitting off the leading features of a great genius in a single phrase, which is one of her most no-

ticeable characteristics, the impression made upon teacher and pupil by each author as they read.

But she was not merely a passive recipient of knowledge ;

“For we sometimes gently wrangled,
 Very gently, be it said,
 Since our thoughts were disentangled
 By no breaking of the thread !
 And I charged you with extortions
 On the nobler fames of old ;
 Ay, and sometimes thought your Porsons
 Stained the purple they would fold.”

But it may be doubted whether Mrs. Browning was a thorough and scientific student of the Greek language. If she had been so, the effect of such study would have been to correct her taste, and render much of her language less obscure. Indeed, in spite of her wide reading, one can but form the impression from perusing her writings that she did not receive a thorough and systematic mental training. Had she been able to receive the drill of the grammar school and university she might have used her extraordinary natural gifts to far greater advantage.

Miss Barrett's first published volume was a small book entitled "An Essay upon Mind and other Poems," published in 1826. The "Essay on Mind" was an ambitious and immature production, in heroic verse, which the author omitted from the collection of her poems which she afterward made, and which is in consequence rarely to be found. A critic in the "Edinburgh Review" speaks of it as neither possessing much intrinsic merit nor giving great promise of originality, but as "remarkable for the precocious audacity with which it deals with the greatest names in literature and science."

In 1833 she published a translation of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus. This translation was severely criticised at the time of its publication, and Miss Barrett herself

was so dissatisfied with it that she executed an entirely new version, which was included in a subsequent collection of her poems.

In 1835 she formed an acquaintance with Mary Russell Mitford, which soon ripened into intimacy. To this intimacy the public are indebted for Mrs. Browning's charming little poem, addressed "To Flush, my Dog" (Flush was a gift from Miss Mitford), and for the oft-quoted description of Miss Barrett as a young lady in her friend's "Recollections of a Literary Life."

This sketch is so graphic, and gives so much information not elsewhere to be found, that we must quote from it a few extracts.

Miss Mitford thus describes her friend as she appeared at the age of twenty-six:—

"Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend that the translator of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind,' was old enough to be introduced into company."

The next year Mrs. Browning met with that unfortunate accident which, with the yet sadder casualty of which it was the indistinct occasion, cast a dark shadow over her life. A blood-vessel was ruptured in one of her lungs. A milder climate being deemed necessary for her recovery, she went, in company with her eldest and favorite brother, to Torquay. There she remained nearly a year, and was rapidly gaining in vigor, when that sad event occurred which nearly killed her by its shock, and saddened much of her future life. Her brother was drowned while on a sailing excursion, within

sight of the windows of the house in which she lived. Even his body was never found.

"This tragedy," writes her friend, "nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. She was utterly prostrated by the horror and the grief, and by a natural but most unjust feeling that she had been in some sort the cause of this great misery. . . . She told me herself that, during the whole winter, the sounds of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying." The depth of her anguish may be imagined from the fact that, as another friend tells us, when about to be married ten years after, she exacted from her husband a promise never to refer to her brother's death. So prostrated in body was she by this calamity that a year elapsed before she could be removed by slow stages to her father's house in London. There she lived for seven years, confined to a darkened room, at times so feeble that life seemed almost extinct, but struggling against debility and suffering with almost unexampled heroism. There she continued her studies, having a Plato bound like a novel to deceive her physician, who feared that mental application would react injuriously upon her enfeebled frame. There she wrote, while lying on a couch, unable to sit erect, the poem of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" in twelve hours, in order that the volume of her poems to be published in this country might be completed in season to catch the steamer. From that sick chamber went forth poems sufficient in quantity to be the result of industrious application on the part of one in good health. And though these poems bear marks of the peculiar circumstances in which they were written, in a somewhat morbid tone, they show no trace of debility in thought or imagination. Mrs. Browning has written no "In Memoriam" to tell in melodious notes the story of her grief. No direct allusion to it is made, if we mistake not, in her poems. She does not, like most of the poets of her sex, brood plaintively over her woes, and sing over and over again, in slightly

altered form, the melancholy strain, "I am bereft, and life is dark." Her nature was too strong thus to allow grief to take possession of it. Sorrow deepened and elevated her nature, instead of mastering it. There was in her none of the egotism of grief. She threw her whole soul with redoubled ardor into her high vocation, finding consolation where great souls have always found it—in noble work. And yet, though there is not the least trace in her writings of an egotistical brooding over grief, there is abundant evidence in them of the deep suffering through which she passed. It would be difficult to find a nobler expression of great sorrow, bravely endured, than is afforded by her sonnets on "Comfort," "Substitution," "Bereavement," and "Consolation." These simple but majestic records of her grief are far more affecting, because they are far less labored and artistic, and seem to come more directly from the heart, than the mournful beauty of the "In Memoriam."

In 1838 Mrs. Browning published "The Seraphim and other Poems," and in 1844 a collection of her Poems in two volumes, including the "Drama of Exile." The reception with which these poems met in England was, though not highly flattering, certainly very far from discouraging. Their faults were severely but not unjustly criticised, and full recognition was given to their merits. The "Quarterly Review" for 1840 concludes an article in which are criticised the works of nine female poets, who are now nearly or quite all forgotten, except Mrs. Browning, in these words: "In a word, we consider Miss Barrett to be a woman of undoubted genius and most unusual learning, but that she has indulged her inclination for themes of sublime mystery, not certainly without great power, yet at the expense of that clearness, truth, and proportion which are essential to beauty.

At about this time Leigh Hunt speaks of her in the following language:—

"Miss Barrett, whom we take to be the most imaginative poetess that has appeared in England, perhaps in Europe, and who will grow to great eminence if the fineness of her vein can but outgrow a certain morbidity."

In our own country Mr. E. P. Whipple wrote, that, —

"Probably the greatest female poet that England has ever produced, and one of the most unreadable, is Elizabeth B. Barrett. In the works of no woman have we ever observed so much grandeur of imagination, disguised as it is in an elaborately infelicitous style. She has a large heart and a large brain, but many of her thoughts are hooded eagles."

It seems to us that these critics dealt very justly with Mrs. Browning. The faults of the two largest poems which she had published were glaring and extremely offensive to a correct taste. "The Seraphim" is a dialogue between two angels who are witnessing the crucifixion, and giving utterance to their emotion as they gaze upon the awful spectacle.

The very theme of the poem is enough to show that it must be a failure. The task of depicting the feelings which that stupendous sacrifice awakened in seraphic souls, is one which no one of our race should attempt. What do we know of the workings of angelic natures? If, as Mrs. Browning so often tells us, truth is an essential quality of poetry, how can we look for poetry where there is no basis on which truth can rest? A poet of imperial imagination, like Milton or Dante, may successfully introduce angels as actors in an epic poem, where the interest centres in what is done, and in which there is a groundwork of human action, and the most prominent actors are men; but is not this far different from attempting to depict *dramatically* the working of angelic natures?

As might naturally be expected, therefore, the "Seraphim" is a failure. It is extravagant, mystical, and, in some places,

very unpleasant, by reason of its efforts to depict what should be forever left unattempted by human pencil.

To speak plainly, the freedom with which Mrs. Browning in these earlier poems attempts to describe the Deity is exceedingly shocking to a reverent soul. Of course this freedom is merely an error of taste, and is rather the attempt of a vivid faith and ardent love to realize their object, than of a self-confident spirit to win praises for itself by vividly setting forth the glories of its Maker; but good taste and a true reverence alike protest against it.

The "Drama of Exile" shows greater imaginative power and deals with a more approachable subject than the "Seraphim," but is hardly less open to criticism. It is based upon the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden. The following is an outline of its plot: The poem opens with an exulting soliloquy by Lucifer, which is interrupted by the entrance of Gabriel. In the colloquy which ensues between them the fallen angel exults over his success, and Gabriel meets his taunts with pitying scorn, and bids him depart and "leave earth to God." The scene then changes. Adam and Eve appear in the distance, flying across the glare made by the flaming sword, and are followed in their flight by a lamentation and farewell, chanted by a chorus of Eden spirits; the spirits of the trees, the rivers, the birds and the flowers each in turn taking up the song. The scene now changes to the outer extremity of the light cast by the flaming sword. There Adam and Eve stand and look forward into the gloom. Eve, in an agony of remorse, throws herself upon the ground, and begs her husband to spurn her, his seducer, from him forever. Adam raises and comforts her, and assures her of his forgiveness and continued love. A chorus of invisible angels, who had ministered to their pleasure in Eden, then chant the exiles a "faint and tender" farewell. Lucifer now appears upon the scene, and taunts his victims

upon their ruin, until he is interrupted and driven away by a lament coming from his lost love, the morning star.

In the next scene Adam and Eve have advanced farther into a wild, open country. As they stand lamenting their fate, they are confronted by twelve shadowy creatures, which are the projections of the signs of the Zodiac, — the ram, the bull, the crab, the scorpion, etc. To let the poet state her own obscure conception : —

“ Not a star pricketh the flat gloom of heaven ;
But girdling close our nether wilderness,
The zodiac figures of the earth loom slow,
Drawn out as suiteth with the place and time
In twelve colossal shapes instead of stars.”

Their attention is drawn from these by two spirits, of whom one calls itself “the spirit of the harmless earth,” and the other “the spirit of the harmless beasts,” who mourn the ruin that man has brought upon them, and, joined and assisted by Lucifer, revile the wretched pair for the curse they have brought upon God’s fair creation. When they have driven Adam and Eve to a frenzy of agony, Christ appears, rebukes the earth-spirits and commands them to become man’s comforters and ministers, foretells the redemption which He will accomplish for the race, and bids our first parents, —

“ In which hope move on,
First sinners and first mourners ; love and live,
Doing both nobly because lowlyly.”

The earth-spirits promise obedience and disappear. A chorus of angels then chants the promise of immortal life to mortals, and thus the drama ends.

We have given the plot of the “Drama of Exile” at some length, that the reader may judge for himself of the justice

of our criticism when we say that, as a whole, the poem is strained, extravagant, and unequal to its theme.

There are some subjects which are set apart for the great creative intellects of the race, and with which it is useless for any others of lesser grasp, however brilliant their powers may be within their own range, to attempt to grapple. Anything short of complete success in their treatment is failure. Their successful handling requires a sustained and steady elevation of imagination, as well as an occasional lofty flight; it requires also the power of construction and arrangement, as well as of originating single great conceptions. Neither of these was given to Mrs. Browning. Her imagination could soar very high, but it could not, like Milton's, float tranquilly, supported by its strong pinion, in the clear upper air. Her genius seemed rather to emit brilliant flashes than to shed a steady radiance. The "Drama of Exile" contains many noble passages. Some of its conceptions give evidence of great originality and power. But passages in a poem written upon such a subject, which excite a reader's laughter by their extravagance, are fatal to its claims to be considered a great work of the imagination. Homer sometimes nods, but he never rants. It has been the unanimous voice of criticism, and cannot fail to be the opinion of every candid and intelligent reader, that in the "Drama of Exile" Mrs. Browning very often and very laughably rants.

But those seven years of solitude and illness bore other and better fruit than the "Drama of Exile." Many of those beautiful short poems, on which Mrs. Browning's claims to our gratitude chiefly rest, are the fruit of that stern and protracted contest with extreme physical weakness and mental suffering. Then was written "Lady Isobel's Child;" a poem which combines more of Mrs. Browning's peculiar powers, — her tenderness, her clear vision into the spiritual world, her ability to describe with wonderful vividness the appearances of

nature, and her skill in using the pictures which she paints to heighten emotional effect, — with fewer faults than almost any of her other poems. Then, also, was written "Bertha in the Lane," — the simplest and sweetest of her poems; and the "Rime of the Duchess May," — a poem whose vigor of movement and graphic picturing no woman has equalled and few men have surpassed.

Then was written the "Cry of the Children," which will rank with those few noble poems, in which genius utters, in its own thrilling tones, the cry of a humble and neglected class for relief.

Then was written "The Dead Pan," — a poem full of noble truth as well as beauty; a poem which gladly bids farewell to the old classic fables in which beauty was once enshrined, because a higher beauty is found in the truth and spiritual illumination of to-day.

What nobler creed for a poet than this: —

"What is true and just and honest,
What is lovely, what is pure, —
All of praise that hath admonished
All of virtue, shall endure;
These are themes for poets' uses,
Stirring nobler than the muses,
Ere Pan was dead."

We cannot find a more suitable place than this in which to speak of a prose work of Mrs. Browning's, published after her death, but originally printed in the "London Athenæum" in 1842, entitled "Essays on the Greek Christian Poets and the English Poets." It is written in a terse and vigorous style, disfigured here and there by a harsh or unpleasant figure or strained metaphor, but possessing sufficient merit to show that their author might have attained a high rank as a prose writer. Their most noticeable merit is a certain felicity in putting subtle spiritual thought into language. They

are of especial interest to the student of Mrs. Browning's poetry, as giving, in connection with her judgment upon most English poets, her theory of the true nature of the poetic art. This theory, which is closely allied to the theory of the realists in painting, may be stated as follows: There is poetry wherever God is and the works of God are. There is as true poetry in man and whatever pertains to man, of whatsoever grade of society or degree of cultivation, as in the grandest objects of nature. The poet must delineate what he sees and express what he feels.

As Mrs. Browning herself afterward finely says in "Aurora Leigh": —

"Never flinch,
But still, unscrupulously epic, catch
Upon the burning lava of a song,
The full-veined, heaving, double-breasted age,
That when the next shall come the men of that
May touch the impress with reverent hand and say,
Behold, — behold the paps we all have sucked.
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This is living art,
Which thus presents and thus records true life."

And again, with reference to that part of the poet's office which has to do with the expression of his inner nature, she says: —

"The artist's part is both to be and do,
Transfixing with a special, central power
The flat experience of the common man,
And turning outward with a sudden wrench,
Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing
He feels the inmost."

Describe what you see and tell what you feel, is, then, the sum of Mrs. Browning's poetic creed. We can but think that this theory of the poetic art leaves out of view one of its

most important features, which is the elaborating thoughts and conceptions into symmetrical form; using them as the plastic material out of which to construct a polished, perfect work of art. The old Greek conception is right: the poet is the maker, not the reflector. We have a right to demand more of the poet than a faithful record of the impressions made upon any or all of his sensibilities. We have a right to demand melody, clearness, symmetry of design, proper joining of parts, — all the results of the severest taste guided by unremitting diligence. A poem should not be an incoherent and rugged rhapsody; it should join to all the freshness of nature the smoothness of the highest art.

In 1846 Mrs. Browning left her sick-room (she was literally assisted from her couch) to become the wife of Robert Browning. We have not the space to enter into any discussion of Mr. Browning's rank as a poet. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that, though his poems find a much narrower circle of readers than those of his wife, the most cultivated and appreciative critics pronounce them to be of a higher order of merit than hers, and in many of the rarer and finer qualities of poetry superior to the works of any living poet. It is enough for those who have learned to love Mrs. Browning through her writings to know that those who have known and loved both husband and wife pronounce the husband not unworthy in nobility of soul as well as in depth of intellect of such a wife. And not to be unworthy of such a woman's love is indeed to be great!

In a series of sonnets, slightly disguised by their title, "Sonnets from the Portuguese," written to her husband before their marriage, she has poured out the wealth of her love, and at the same time displayed the loftiness and delicacy of her nature. Whoever wishes to know Mrs. Browning should study carefully these beautiful and artless poems, which tell the most sacred feelings of a woman's heart with such sim-

plicity and truthfulness and freedom from false shame that the most fastidious taste cannot be offended by their recital. Nor are they interesting alone from the insight which they give us into the heart of their author. They are of unique interest, because they give us the revelation of a great woman's love. They set before us an affection which combines, with the passionate fervor of man's devotion, a clinging, self-renouncing tenderness which is peculiar to woman. They reveal to us a love unselfish in its essence, distrusting only its own worthiness and sufficiency to satisfy its object, and longing to be swallowed up in his larger nature. How false in the presence of such desire for self-renunciation on the part of so highly-gifted a nature appears the common cant that culture and genius and strong thought injure the finer qualities of a woman's soul! What better refutation to this theory than such lines as these:—

“A heavy heart, beloved, have I worn,
 From year to year, until I saw thy face,
 And sorrow after sorrow took the place
 Of all those natural joys as lightly worn
 As the stringéd pearls, — each lifted in its turn
 By a beating heart at dance-time. Hopes apace
 Were changed to long despairs, till God's own grace
 Could scarcely lift above the world forlorn
 My heavy heart. Then thou didst bid me bring
 And let it drop adown thy calmly great
 Deep being! Fast it sinketh, as a thing
 Which its own nature doth precipitate,
 While thine doth close above it, mediating
 Betwixt the stars and the unaccomplished fate.”

“From their wedding day,” writes a friend, “Mrs. Browning seemed to be endowed with new life. Her health visibly improved, and she was enabled to make excursions in England prior to her departure for the land of her adoption, — Italy, — where she found a second and a dearer home.”

She lived some time at Pisa, and thence removed to Florence, where the remainder of her life was passed.

"For nearly fifteen years," says the writer from whom we have quoted above, "Florence and the Brownings were *one* in the thoughts of many English and Americans."

Mrs. Browning's poems, for many years before her death, were more widely and heartily admired by American than by English readers. Her love of liberty and generous sympathy with all efforts to elevate the race made America dear and Americans welcome to her. Her conversational powers were of the highest order. It was but natural, therefore, that her house should attract many American travellers to discuss with this little broad-browed woman those "great questions of the day," which we are told "were foremost in her thoughts and, therefore, oftenest on her lips."

Mrs. Browning's affections soon took root in Italy. The depth and fervor of the love which she bore her adopted country was such as man or woman have rarely borne for native land. It had the intensity of a personal attachment with a moral elevation such as love for a single person never has. It glows like fire through all her later poems. Would that we had had a poet who had sung the heroism and suffering of the late war in strains of such power and pathos as those in which "she sang the song of Italy." Her love for her adopted country was not a mere romantic attachment to its beauty and treasures of art and historic associations. It was a practical love for its men and women. She longed to see them elevated, and therefore she longed to see them free.

Her affection for Italy found its first expression in "Casa Guidi Windows," which was published in 1851. "This poem," says the preface, "contains the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany of which she was a witness.
 It is a simple story of personal impressions

whose only value is in the intensity with which they were received, as proving her warm affection for a beautiful and unfortunate country, and the sincerity with which they were related, as indicating her own good faith and freedom from partisanship."

The poem consists of two parts, the former of which (written in 1848) describes the popular demonstrations in Florence occasioned by the promise of Duke Leopold II. to grant a constitution to Padua. It goes on from this to call upon Italy to free her conscience from priestly domination, and her person from Austrian rule. It calls for a deliverer to break the fetters of priestcraft and tyranny. It asks the sympathy of all European nations, each of which is so deeply indebted to Italy for literature and art:—

"To this great cause of southern men, who strive
In God's name for man's rights, and shall not fail."

The second part of the poem, written three years afterward, when Leopold had proved false, and the constitutional party had been crushed, describes the return of the Duke to Florence under the protection of Austrian bayonets, and gives utterance to the execrations of the despairing patriots of Italy against "false Leopold," a treacherous pope, and a lying priesthood. The poet then goes on in a magnificent strain to accuse the nations who were then flocking to the "World's Fair" in London of gross materialism and insensibility to the sufferings of their own oppressed and miserable, and the wrongs of outraged Italy. She concludes thus:—

"Let us go.
We will trust God. The blank interstices
Men take for ruins he will build into

With pillared marble rare, or knit across
With generous arches, till the fane's complete."

In 1848 Mrs. Browning's son and only child was born. As before, she had thrown the sorrow of her early life, and the love which had followed and superseded it into her poetry, so this new and crowning affection found its fit and full expression in her verse. Before, it was the wife who wrote; now, it is the wife and mother. Her love for her child deepened and intensified her love for humanity. It strengthened her faith in God. It made her love him with that love which only mothers know. And as her poetry was the expression of what was noblest and deepest in her nature, it could but follow that it should be full of the evidences of this its best affection.

In the "Casa Guidi Windows," speaking of perjured Duke Leopold, she says:—

"I saw the man among his little sons;
His lips were warm with kisses while he swore;
And I, because I am a woman, I,
Who felt my own child's coming life before
The prescience of my soul, and held faith high, —
I could not bear to think, whoever bore,
That lips, so warmed, could shape so cold a lie."

The world has seen many greater poets, but it has never seen one who thus clothed noble womanhood in noble verse. And in the same strain is the apostrophe to her little son in the last part of the poem, of which we would gladly quote the whole, but are obliged to content ourselves with these few lines:—

"Stand out my blue-eyed prophet, thou, to whom
The earliest world-daylight that ever flowed
Through Casa Guidi windows chanced to come!
And be God's witness that the elemental

New springs of life are gushing everywhere,
 To cleanse the water-courses and prevent all
 Concrete obstructions which infest the air!"

Had Mrs. Browning died childless, she never could have written that noble poem entitled "Mother and Poet," in which she has expressed so powerfully the anguish of that Italian poetess, whose two sons fell fighting for Italian liberty. Nor could she have written "Only a Curl," that touching, exquisite poem written to console two bereaved friends in America. Those who are fond of making comparisons will find a good opportunity for the exercise of their ingenuity in comparing this little poem with that of Tennyson entitled "To J. S.," likewise written to comfort an afflicted friend. That of the laureate is a far more beautiful work of art; after reading its melodious lines Mrs. Browning's verses sound rugged and harsh. Its writer's sympathy and love are expressed with exquisite delicacy and pathos. Its metaphors are full of beauty. Under ordinary circumstances one would read it with far more pleasure than "Only a Curl." But the latter poem, if it gratifies less the sense of beauty, is more richly fraught with consolation to a sorrowing soul. Its sympathy seems the more heartfelt for being less graceful. It does more than express sympathy. It carries the bereaved to the source of all comfort. It inspires him with the writer's lofty faith. It lets a ray of heavenly light into his soul. The contrast between the two poems can be best exhibited by quoting a verse of each. One of the concluding verses of Tennyson's poem is this:—

"Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace,
 Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul;
 While the stars burn the winds increase,
 And the great ages onward roll."

That of Mrs. Browning:—

“So look up, friends! you who indeed
 Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
 Of the Heaven which men strive for, must need
 Be more earnest than others are, speed
 Where they loiter, persist where they cease.”

It is easy to decide which of the two stanzas is more beautiful; and it is not difficult to determine which is in its essential contents the nobler.

In 1856 “Aurora Leigh” was published. This poem, which Mrs. Browning calls “the most mature of my works, and that into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered,” was finished in England, under the roof of the writer’s cousin and friend, John Kenyon, — to whom it is dedicated. Mr. Kenyon was a genial and cultivated gentleman, the author of several graceful poems. He died in 1858, leaving his cousin a considerable addition to her fortune.

“Aurora Leigh” is a social epic, — a sort of novel in blank verse. The following is a brief outline of its plot: Aurora Leigh, the heroine, who is represented as telling the story of her life, is a lady of Italian birth, the daughter of an English gentleman, who, while making a brief visit to Florence, fell in love with and married a beautiful Italian woman.

Aurora lived in Italy until thirteen years old, when, her parents having both died, she was taken to England, to live with her father’s sister. This aunt, a prim, rigid, and stony person, endeavors, by subjecting Aurora to rigid discipline and the orthodox young lady’s education, to eradicate the Italian nature which she had inherited from her mother, and mould her into a correct, accomplished, and commonplace Englishwoman. Aurora, though outwardly submissive, is secretly rebellious, and determines that her aunt shall neither crush out her life, nor make of her the flat, tame woman she designs her niece to become.

Having found in a garret a box of her father's books, she studies them secretly with great zeal. Fired by reading the poets, she determines to become one of their number. Leading thus a double life, outwardly submissive and demure, but secretly enjoying intellectual and spiritual freedom, she reaches the age of twenty.

Then her cousin, Romney Leigh, a young man of talent and worth, whose soul is bent upon schemes for improving the physical condition of the poor, asks her to become his wife. Suspecting that a desire for an assistant in his philanthropic labors, rather than love, has caused him to make this offer, she declines his hand. At this point, her aunt, who is determined that she shall marry Romney, suddenly dies. Romney renews the offer of his hand, and, this being refused, generously and delicately offers a large part of his fortune to his cousin, whom her father's foreign marriage has prevented from inheriting his estates. She refuses this also, and goes to London to write poems and live by their sale. In course of time she obtains celebrity. She has no direct communication with Romney, but learns, by occasional information derived from their common friends, that he is devoting himself with great zeal to lessening the sum of human misery. At length she is told that her cousin is about to marry a young girl of the lowest origin, whom he has met while carrying on his philanthropic labors.

She visits this young lady, and finds her to be, in spite of her low origin, winning and refined. At her rooms she meets with Romney. He explains to her his design in marrying this Marian Erle, which is to protest against the insuperable barrier which custom has raised between the different classes of society. To increase the effect of this strange union, Romney gives public notice that the marriage will take place in a London church. At the appointed hour the church is crowded with a mixed assemblage, composed of curious people

of fashion, and a large and foul delegation from the class to which the bride belongs. The hour arrives, but no bridal party appears. After some delay, Romney enters alone, and announces that his intended bride has fled. The mob swear that she has been abducted by Romney's friends, to prevent the marriage, and a riot ensues, which is quelled by the police.

Some time after Marian's flight, a report is circulated and generally believed by his friends that Romney has formed an engagement of marriage with Lady Waldemar, — a lady of wealth, rank, and beauty, but whose character is utterly devoid of moral principle.

In the full belief of this report, Aurora Leigh, having published a poem which contains the full expression of her genius, starts for Italy. Stopping at Paris on the way, she meets upon the street Marian Erle. Accompanying her home she hears her story. Lady Waldemar (who had long cherished a secret love for Romney Leigh) had persuaded Marian that her affianced husband entertained no real affection for her, but was, in marrying her, sacrificing his own happiness on the altar of his social theories; and that it was her duty to prevent him from performing this rash act by flight. Accordingly she fled the country, under the care of a servant of Lady Waldemar, who conveyed her to a vile den in some French seaport, where she was drugged and outraged. Escaping them, she made her way to Paris, where a child is born to her.

Aurora, after writing this story in a letter to a common friend of Romney and herself in England, taking Marian and her child with her, continues her journey to Italy. The party make their home in Florence. After some months had passed, Romney unexpectedly appears at their house. He tells Aurora what had happened in her absence. He had turned his country-seat into a phalanstery. It had been set on fire and burned to the ground. In rescuing one of his patients,

he had been stricken down by a falling beam. The injury had made him hopelessly blind. On hearing the story of Marian's innocence and betrayal, he has hastened to Italy, — come to fulfil his former contract of marriage with Marian. But Marian's love has been killed by the sorrow and shame through which she has passed, and she refuses to marry him. And so, as Romney has loved Aurora with unabated affection since his former offer of marriage, and as Aurora discovers that she has all the time unconsciously loved her cousin, they are married.

Of course a very imperfect conception of the poem can be obtained from this meagre outline of the plot. This is the mere skeleton, which is to be covered with flesh and blood, and into which the breath of life is to be breathed. But a symmetrical body cannot be built upon a deformed skeleton. A great poem cannot be constructed upon an absurd and improbable plot. Its characters must act as human beings in the same circumstances might naturally be expected to do. They must talk like men and women, making allowance for the limitations under which the artist works. They must not be used as puppets, to express the thoughts of the writer, but whatever they say must be the natural expression of their own personality. And especially should this be the case when the scene of the poem is laid, not in the mythical past, but in the broad, clear light of to-day. An epic of the social life of our own time should faithfully reflect that life, by making probable characters talk and act in a natural manner. Almost its first requisite is that the story should be naturally put together, and pleasingly told; that the characters should produce an impression of reality; that the interest and power of the narrative should increase as the poem advances; and that the whole story should tend toward one consummation, and leave upon the mind, when its perusal has been finished, the effect of a connected and symmetrical whole.

Judged by this standard, Aurora Leigh cannot be pronounced a great poem. The plot is awkward and improbable. The author trifles with her readers by making Aurora declare in the early part of the poem :—

“ I attest
The conscious skies and all their daily suns,
I think I loved him not; nor then; nor since;
Nor ever.”

And at the close of the poem :—

“ Now I know
I loved you always, Romney.”

The events of the story are improbable and clumsily connected. They do not seem to flow out of each other, as do the occurrences of real life. They have not the semblance of probability. The adventures of Marian Erle, after her flight from England, are as absurd as they are disgusting. Romney Leigh, with his sublime disregard of self, his willingness to contract engagements of marriage to further his noble schemes, his ugly Juggernaut of philanthropy, under which he would crush the nobler affections of his own and other people's lives, — is a very absurd character, if he can be called a character and not a walking abstraction.

It is not too much to say that the story and characters of Aurora Leigh seem like a very clumsy and ill-contrived piece of mechanism intended to serve as a vehicle to convey the writer's impressions of the social life of to-day. But the poem only fails of the accomplishment of what is or should be its main design, — it is full of sins against taste. Disagreeable conceits abound in it. Much of it is but distorted and quaintly expressed prose.

It tells of disgusting crimes with offensive frankness. There is a class of crime upon which even philanthropy can-

not gaze too closely. We have certainly a right to ask that crime of this sort, if introduced into a work of the imagination, shall be so veiled as neither to shock our taste nor wound our sensibilities.

But, notwithstanding all the faults which disfigure "Aurora Leigh," it is full of genius and power. It is not a great poem, but many of its passages are great. It contains much vigorous thought; many profound spiritual truths delicately and forcibly expressed; much noble description of natural scenery. It is a book to be read by detached passages rather than as a single work of art; and to one reading it thus it is full of interest and profit. Though not worthy of being the great work of Mrs. Browning's life, it must hold a high rank among the poems which the present century has produced.

In 1859 Mrs. Browning published a little book entitled "Poems before Congress." These poems, which contained eulogies upon Louis Napoleon for the assistance which he had rendered to Italy in her struggle for independence, and blamed England for lukewarmness toward the new nation struggling into freedom, were severely criticised by the English press. She was called disloyal to her native land, and was said to have prostituted her genius to eulogizing a tyrant and usurper. How far her opinions as to Napoleon's character and motives in assisting Italy to freedom were correct is a question into which we will not enter here. Had she been living in the fall of 1867, she would probably have found occasion to modify her opinion. But of the nobility of the motives which actuated her to write as she did, the following extract from a letter which she wrote to a friend affords ample evidence:—

"My book," she wrote, "has had a very angry reception in my native country, as you probably observe; but I shall be

forgiven one day ; and meanwhile, forgiven or unforgiven, it is satisfactory to one's own soul to have spoken the truth as one apprehends the truth."

It may readily be supposed that Mrs. Browning's deep love of liberty would have led her to take a deep interest in America. That this was indeed the case, her own writings and the testimony of her friends give us abundant evidence. "Her interest in the American anti-slavery struggle," says Mr. Tilton, "was deep and earnest. She was a watcher of its progress, and afar off mingled her soul with its struggles. She corresponded with its leaders, and entered into the fellowship of their thoughts."

She wrote for a little book, which the Abolitionists published in 1848, called the "Liberty Bell," a poem entitled "A Curse for a Nation." Of this we will quote a single verse as a specimen : —

" Because yourselves are standing straight
In the state
Of Freedom's foremost acolyte,
Yet keep calm footing all the time
On writhing bond-slaves — for this crime
This is the curse — write."

Many years after she wrote to an American friend concerning this poem : —

"Never say that I have cursed your country. I only declared the *consequences of the evil* in her, and which has since developed itself in thunder and flame. I feel with more pain than many Americans do the sorrow of this transition time ; but I do know that it is transition ; that it *is* crisis, and that you will come out of the fire purified, stainless, having had the angel of a great cause walking with you in the furnace."

But she did not live to see her prophecy verified. The disease against which she had so long struggled, broke out

with new violence in the spring of 1861. So rapid was its progress that her friends did not realize her danger until death was near. She wasted away in rapid consumption, and died on the morning of the 29th of June. Her last words, or rather her first words when the heavenly glory burst upon her vision, were, "It is beautiful."

Twenty-three days after Cavour's death plunged Italy in mourning, and saddened the friends of liberty through the world. The impassioned poet and the heroic statesman of the new nation were both taken from it while it was on the very threshold of its life. Had they both lived, the one would, by his resistless energy and far-sighted wisdom, have given the land so dearly loved by both a far nobler history for the other to sing. The death of both was hastened, their friends tell us, by their grief at the peace of Villafranca. Such a poet and such a statesman were worthy of a nobler people.

Mrs. Browning was buried in the English burying-ground at Florence. The *municipio* have placed over the doorway of Casa Guidi a white marble tablet, on which is inscribed the following beautiful tribute to her memory : —

"Here wrote and died E. B. Browning, who in the heart of a woman united the science of a sage and the spirit of a poet, and made with her verse a golden ring binding Italy and England.

"Grateful Florence placed this memorial, 1861."

"To those who loved Mrs. Browning," says a friend in a letter published in the "Atlantic Monthly" for September, 1861, "(and to know her was to love her), she was singularly attractive. Hers was not the beauty of feature; it was the loftier beauty of expression. Her slight figure seemed hardly to contain the great heart that beat so powerfully within, and the soul that expanded more and more as one year gave place

to another. It was difficult to believe that such a fairy hand could pen thoughts of such a ponderous weight, or that such a 'still, small voice' could utter them with equal force. But it was Mrs. Browning's face upon which one loved to gaze, — that face and head which almost lost themselves in the thick curls of her dark-brown hair. That jealous hair could not hide the broad, fair forehead, 'royal with the truth,' as smooth as any girl's, and

“ ‘ Too large for wreath of modern wont.’

“ Her large brown eyes were beautiful, and were, in truth, the windows of her soul. They combined the confidingness of a child with the poet-passion of heart and of intellect, and in gazing into them it was easy to see *why* Mrs. Browning wrote. God's inspiration was her motive-power, and in her eyes was the reflection of this higher light.”

The same friend continues : —

“ Mrs. Browning's conversation was most interesting. . . . All that she said was *always* worth hearing ; a greater compliment could not be paid her. She was a most conscientious listener, giving you her mind and heart, as well as her magnetic eyes. Though the latter spoke an eager language of her own, she conversed slowly, with a conciseness and point, which, added to a matchless earnestness that was the predominant trait of her conversation as it was of her character, made her a most delightful companion. *Persons* were never her theme, unless public characters were under discussion, or friends who were to be praised, which kind office she frequently took upon herself. One never dreamed of frivolities in Mrs. Browning's presence, and gossip felt itself out of place. *Yourself*, not *her-self*, was always a pleasant subject to her, calling out her best sympathies in joy, and yet more in sorrow. Books and humanity, great deeds, and, above all, politics, which include

all the grand questions of the day, were foremost in her thoughts, and therefore oftenest on her lips. I speak not of religion, for with her everything was religion."

We have expressed our opinion so fully regarding the merits and defects of Mrs. Browning's poetry, in the progress of this sketch, that we need do no more at its close than briefly sum up what has been said. Rarely have so rich a genius, such an affluent and powerful imagination, such an acute and original mind, such a passionate devotion to the poetic art, been so withheld from producing their worthy fruit, by want of suitable elaboration and chaste and simple expression. Had Mrs. Browning's constructive faculty been equal to the wealth of her originating powers, and had she studied luminous expression, she might have given to the world one of those poems which are its perennial delight and inspiration. As it is, though she has written much that is full of beauty and power, her longest poems are least successful, and her fame must rest chiefly on her humbler efforts. But in many respects she is the noblest poet of our time. In her poems as in no other does an intense love for God and man throb and palpitate. They glow as do no others with the "enthusiasm of humanity." Whether they sing of Italian patriots, or the ragged children of London, or the fugitive slaves of America, they have an intense moral earnestness, springing from an intense love of the race. And as we lament that the author's genius is inadequately expressed in her works, we thank God for the woman's soul whose greatness no poems can express.

HARRIET G. HOSMER.

BY REV. R. B. THURSTON.

THE number of women who have acquired celebrity in the art of painting is large; but half a score would probably include all the names of those who have achieved greatness in sculpture. Without raising the question whether women are intellectually the equals of men, or the other question, which some affirm and some deny, whether there is "sex of the soul," they differ; and there are manifest reasons of the hand, the eye, and the taste, for which it should be anticipated that they would generally neglect the one department of æsthetic pursuits, and cultivate the other with distinguished success. The palette, the pencil, and colors fall naturally to their hands; but mallets and chisels are weighty and painful implements, and masses of wet clay, blocks of marble, and castings of bronze are rude and intractable materials for feminine labors. Sculpture has special hindrances for woman, — though not for any lack of power in her conception and invention, yet in the manual difficulties of the art itself. But genius and earnestness overcome all obstacles, and supply untiring strength; and the world give honorable recognition to those women who have, with a spirit of vigor and heroism, challenged a place by the side of their brothers as statuaries, and have with real success brought out the form of beauty and the expression of life and passion which sleep in the shapeless and silent stone.



HARRIET G. HOMER.

One of the most remarkable examples is found in the subject of the following sketch. The materials from which it is composed are derived from much correspondence, for which we are under special obligations to Wayman Crow, Esq., of St. Louis, the early friend of the artist, and to Dr. Alfred Hosmer, her kinsman, now of Watertown, Mass.; from notices and descriptions of her works in various periodicals, and from narratives published several years ago by Mrs. L. Maria Child, in a Western magazine, and Mrs. Ellet, in her volume of the "Artist Women of all Ages and Countries." The latter gives a consistent portraiture of Miss Hosmer, but has been led into inaccuracies in regard to several of the alleged facts. The notice of Tuckerman, in his book of "American Artist Life," is quite too meagre to be just and valuable. Mrs. Child, who was a family friend, and at one time nearest neighbor of Dr. Hosmer, and who wrote in his house, furnished a very pleasing and reliable sketch. Great care has been taken to preserve in these pages everything which is valuable, and to exclude whatever is not authentic.

Harriet G. Hosmer was born in Watertown, Mass., October 9, 1830. Undoubtedly she was endowed with rare genius by nature; and the incidents of her early life evidently conduced much to its development in her chosen pursuit, and to the bold and unique traits of character for which she is distinguished.

Her father was an eminent physician, whose wife and elder daughter died of consumption while she was yet a child, leaving her the only domestic solace of his afflictions, and hope of his heart. She inherited a delicate constitution, and, as if he saw the same spectral hand which had desolated his home reaching out for her, he made the preservation of her health the first consideration in his system of juvenile training. It was a maxim with him, "There is a whole lifetime for the education of the mind; but the body develops in a few years,

and, during that time, nothing should be allowed to interfere with its free and healthy growth."

In her early childhood Harriet was much abroad, usually accompanied by a little dog, which she tricked out with gay ribbons and small, tinkling bells; while her fearless ways and bright, pleasant features often drew the attention of strangers. Dr. Hosmer's house stood near the bank of the Charles River, and her youth was inured to skating, rowing, and swimming, as well as archery, shooting, and riding. Horse, boat, and weapons were supplied, and diligently she improved them. She became remarkable for dashing boldness, skill, and grace. She could tramp with a hunter, manage her steed like an Arabian, rival the most fearless in the chase, and the best marksmen with gun and pistol, and astonish and alarm her friends by her feats upon and in the water, as agile and varied as those of a sea-nymph.

Machinery very early excited her interest. Her questions elicited information, and her ingenuity appeared in little contrivances for her own amusement. A clay-pit near home afforded materials, and there she spent many hours in modelling horses, dogs, and other objects which attracted her attention.

The fruits of her tastes and her prowess gradually found their place in the house. Her own room became a cabinet of natural history, and the curious works of her youthful genius. Game, furred and feathered, which her gun had brought down, dissected and stuffed by her own hands, butterflies and beetles in glass cases, and reptiles preserved in spirits covered the walls. An inkstand was made of a sea gull's egg and the body of a kingfisher. Among her trophies a crow's nest, which she climbed a lofty tree to obtain during her school-days at Lenox, rested, after she had gained fame in Italy, on the stand which she had made for it.

While she was thus securing physical health and power of endurance, her mind was growing as well; but not without

certain incidental disadvantages from the free, wild, and even rude manner of its development. Books did not suit her active temperament and her taste for concrete things. Of education and culture in the sense of the schools, during the years of childhood, she had little. In this respect she resembles Rosa Bonheur, who found her early education chiefly in the lessons of nature learned out of doors. Her sports and the prophetic labors of the clay-pit beguiled many of the hours of study ; and, very naturally, through her unrestrained liberty and occupations usually regarded as suitable only for boys, she acquired much of the character and manners of a brave, roguish boy. She was an intractable pupil, and if the report is correct was "expelled from one school, and given over as incorrigible at another." Nevertheless it is said, "Those who knew her well loved her dearly," and defended her from criticism with the testimony, "There is never any immodesty in her fearlessness, nor any malice in her fun." Yet at this period she was a mystery to her friends. There is good testimony at hand that "her own father confessed again and again his ignorance" of her.

It is little matter, so long as there is no moral damage, when outrage is done to mere conventionalities ; and great gain to health, enjoyment, enterprise, and genius may well raise inquiry whether a public sentiment in regard to the education of girls has not prevailed quite too much to the effect that they should be

"Ground down enough
To flatten and bake into a wholesome crust
For household uses and propinities."

Anecdotes abound in illustration of Miss Hosmer's untamed frolicsomeness and disposition to practical jokes. In one of those moods of unlicensed humor she caused to be published in the Boston papers a notice of the death of an

aged and retired physician then residing in her native village. His friends, moved by the intelligence, came from the city to make inquiries concerning the sudden event, and to offer their condolence.

This incident led to the first important transition in her life; for it convinced her father that some new measures were essential in her education; and, after careful inquiry, in her sixteenth year, Miss Hosmer was placed in the celebrated school of Mrs. Sedgwick, in Lenox, Berkshire County, Massachusetts. Dr. Hosmer frankly informed Mrs. Sedgwick of his daughter's history and peculiar traits, and that teachers had found her difficult to manage. The pupil was received with the remark, "I have a reputation for training wild colts, and I will try this one."

With the old anxiety, and in accordance with his fixed principle of securing the physical development first, and the mental afterwards, Dr. Hosmer had stipulated that her athletic exercises should be continued. They were, indeed, included in the training of the school; but in all the feats of strength, courage, and agility, Harriet was the wonder of her companions.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble was accustomed to spend summers at Lenox, and was an intimate friend of the Sedgwicks. Surprising anecdotes are related by eye-witnesses of her strength and her equestrian feats. Miss Hosmer enjoyed opportunities of hearing her reading and conversation, and received from her friendly encouragement in her art-career, which was afterwards gratefully acknowledged. Her passion for sculpture found exercise in making plaster casts of the hands of her mates. Her room was decorated, as before at home, with the trophies of the hunt and the spoils of the woods.

She remained three years under the judicious care of Mrs. Sedgwick, forming permanent friendships in the school, becoming acquainted with many persons of eminence, moulded

by society of the first order, and inspired by the romantic mountain scenery,—a combination of influences of nature and of life, which, in her father's judgment, were highly conducive to the success she so early attained. When in her nineteenth year she returned to Watertown, much improved by the wise direction given to her energies, her early predilections ripened into a purpose to make sculpture her pursuit. She had a thought,—she must make it a thing.

Having this end in view, she entered the studio of Mr. Stephenson, in Boston, for lessons in drawing and modelling, frequently walking the distance from home and back of fourteen miles, besides performing her æsthetic tasks. Under his instruction she completed a beautiful portrait-bust of a child, and a spirited head of Byron in wax.

To perfect herself in anatomy, so essential to the sculptor, Miss Hosmer desired, in addition to all she could learn from books and her father, the knowledge which can be obtained only in the dissecting-room. The Boston Medical School had refused a request for the admission of a woman, but the Medical College of St. Louis afforded the required facilities. Prof. McDowell gave her efficient aid, and sometimes private lectures, when she was present while he prepared for his public demonstrations. She acknowledged her obligations to him "with great affection and gratitude, as being a most thorough and patient teacher, as well as at all times a good, kind friend;" and afterwards confirmed her words by presenting to him a medallion likeness, cut in marble from a bust by Clevenger. She received a diploma for her attainments.

Friendship added charms to the pursuit of science in St. Louis. At Lenox she had formed an affectionate intimacy with a school-mate, the daughter of Mr. Wayman Crow, an eminent citizen of that city. An invitation to visit there had incidentally opened way to the scientific privileges she

sought; while in his family she found her residence, and in him, she says, "the best friend I ever had."

In that Western city, as aforetime, Miss Hosmer set at defiance the conventional rules which ordinarily govern, and perhaps too much afflict, young women, both by entering the classes for instruction, and by her transits by day or evening from the dwelling to the college, as well as by her customary exercises. The tongue of animadversion could not, perhaps, be entirely silent, even though, in that new region, with its fresh social freedom, she might be less exposed to censure than in the older and more staid New England; but it is asserted to the credit of the members of the college that she suffered no annoyance from them. Some may believe that a knowledge of her prowess in the use of deadly weapons was her security, — for it would be little honor to fall by a woman's shot, — and others may hold that blamelessness without affectation, integrity, and earnestness of character in a high pursuit are their own best protection, — safer than any rules of a suspicious and prudish propriety. She justified herself to her friends, gained their hearts by her vivacious and genial qualities in the domestic circle, and preserved unsullied honor.

Before her final departure from St. Louis for her native place, she resolved to see as much of the West as possible. It was the dry and warm season of the year, and the navigation of the Father of waters was uncertain and difficult. She embarked for New Orleans; spent several days in that city, making herself acquainted with its objects of interest, sleeping on board of the steamer, and returned, attended all the way by her usual good fortune. Without stopping so long as to greet her friends, she ascended the river to the Falls of St. Anthony, on a challenge from the captain of the boat, scaling a lofty cliff, which had been regarded as inaccessible, with the courage and agility of an Alpine hunter, and which according to his promise, received the name of Hosmer's

Height; visited the Dacotah Indians, smoking the pipe of peace with the chief, which was afterwards preserved in "the old house at home;" and explored the lead mines at Dubuque, narrowly escaping a fatal accident there, which would have left her friends in ignorance of her fate; for they did not know where the spirit of adventure had led her; and her arrival at St. Louis again was the relief of their anxiety.

These happy months over, she returned to her father's house and her art. Ever ready to indulge and facilitate her purpose, Dr. Hosmer fitted up a small studio for her convenience in his garden, which she called facetiously her shop. There she wrought out various contrivances of mechanical ingenuity, and produced her first work in marble, — a reduced copy of Canova's bust of Napoleon, for her father. The labor was performed by her own hands, that she might be practically familiar with every part of the process. The likeness and workmanship are both good.

Soon afterwards she commenced Hesper, — her first original and ideal work. Mrs. Child, who saw it in the garden studio in the summer of 1852, by Dr. Hosmer's invitation, gives the following account of its execution and description, which were published in the "New York Tribune," under the caption, "A New Star in the Arts:" —

"She did every stroke of the work with her own small hands, except knocking off the corners of the block of marble. She employed a man to do that; but as he was unused to work for sculptors, she did not venture to have him approach within several inches of the surface she intended to cut. Slight girl as she was, she wielded for eight or ten hours a day, a leaden mallet weighing four pounds and a half. Had it not been for the strength and flexibility of muscle acquired by rowing and other athletic exercises, such arduous labor would have been impossible.

"I expected to see skilful workmanship; but I was not

prepared for such a poetic conception. This beautiful production of Miss Hosmer's hand and soul has the face of a lovely maiden, gently falling asleep to the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged, and intertwined with capsules of the poppy. A polished star gleams on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The hush of evening breathes from the serene countenance and the heavily drooping eyelids. I felt tranquillized while looking at it, as I do when the rosy clouds are fading into gray twilight, and the pale moon-sickle descends slowly behind the dim woods. The mechanical execution of this bust seemed to me worthy of its lovely and lifelike expression. The swell of cheek and breast is like pure, young, healthy flesh; and the muscles of the beautiful mouth are so delicately cut, that it seems like a thing that breathes."

Hesper was presented by the artist to her friend, Miss Coolidge, of Boston.

When it was completed she said to her father, "Now I am ready to go to Rome." Rome is the Mecca of artists. The tomb of the prophet is not more attractive to devout Mussulmen than its æsthetic treasures to all the children of genius. They flow thither from every cultivated nation, for the study of the noblest models, the inheritance of ancient and modern ages, for the sympathy and encouragement of companions in aspirations and toils, for the exhilaration and joy of artistic fellowship, — perhaps, also, for the indispensable end of more favorable opportunities for making known their works and of obtaining remuneration for their life-labors; and they often encounter as well the trials which spring from our poor nature, and allow no paradise on earth, — the envy, jealousy, bitter criticism, and aspersion of partakers and competitors in the same pursuits and the same glories.

About this time Miss Hosmer formed acquaintance with

Miss Charlotte Cushman, who recognized her ability, and kindled her desire to study at Rome to a flame. It was arranged that her father, whose affection and devotion to his daughter seemed to equal her energy and enthusiasm, should accompany her there, and leave her, returning himself to his profession.

She rode on horseback to Wayland to bid farewell to her friend, Mrs. Child, and said, in reply to the questions, "Shall you never be homesick for your museum parlor in Watertown? Can you be contented in a foreign land?" "I can be happy anywhere with good health and a bit of marble."

Lingering only a week in England, in her eager haste, she arrived at "the Eternal City" November 12, 1852. John Gibson, the most renowned of English sculptors of this century, was then in the zenith of his fame. It was the young artist's strong desire to become his pupil, — a desire clouded with much apprehension, because it had been intimated that want of persistency in overcoming difficulties on the part of ladies had brought disappointment upon instructors; and the success of her application was extremely doubtful. But two days after the arrival a friendly sculptor laid before him, as he sat at breakfast at the Café Gréco, two daguerreotypes, the one presenting a front, the other a profile view of Hesper, and stated briefly Miss Hosmer's history and desire. Mr. Gibson contemplated them silently for a few moments and then said, "Send the young lady to me, — whatever I can teach her, she shall learn." The "London Art Journal" asserts that she was received by Mr. Gibson, "not as a professed pupil, but as the artist friend of our countryman." Mrs. Ellet writes, "Ere long a truly paternal and filial affection sprung up between the master and the pupil, a source of great happiness to themselves, and of pleasure and amusement to all who know and value them, from the curious likeness, yet unlikeness, which existed from the first in Miss Hosmer to Mr. Gibson, and which daily intercourse has not

tended to lessen." She expressed her joy in the new relation in a letter. "The dearest wish of my heart is gratified in that I am acknowledged by Gibson as a pupil. He has been resident in Rome thirty-four years, and leads the van. I am greatly in luck. He has just finished the model of the statue of the queen; and, as his room is vacant, he permits me to use it, and I am now in his own studio. I have also a little room for work which was formerly occupied by Canova, and perhaps inspiration may be drawn from the walls."

The approach to the apartment she occupied was from the Via Fontanella through a large room containing numerous productions of Mr. Gibson's genius, a garden filled with orange and lemon trees and various flowers, a fountain trickling in a shady recess, then the master's studio, and from this by a flight of stairs within a curtain, — nature, imagination, and labor, all at one. She remained seven years in the studio of her teacher and friend.

The first winter in Rome was spent in modelling from the antique. The Venus of Milo, the Cupid of Praxiteles, and Tasso of the British Museum, were copied, in which the pupil proved the correctness of her eye, the soundness of her knowledge, and power of imitating the roundness and softness of flesh, which Mr. Gibson on one occasion stated he had never seen surpassed and rarely equalled. Her faculty of original conception had been evinced before in Hesper.

Her first design was the bust of Daphne, the beautiful maiden changed into a laurel when fleeing from Apollo, after the god had slain her lover, beseeching the earth to swallow her up. It is now in the possession of her liberal patron and friend of St. Louis, W. Crow.

It was speedily followed by the Medusa, represented as she was before she was transformed into a gorgon. The hair, retreating in waves from the forehead, changes into serpents. It is described as a "lovely thing, faultless in form, and in-

tense in its expression of horror and agony, without trenching on the physically painful." It is owned by Mrs. Appleton, of Boston.

"These busts," wrote Mr. Gibson, "do her great honor." They were publicly exhibited in Boston in 1853. The next year Mr. Gibson wrote to Dr. Hosmer, to give him assurance of his daughter's unabated industry and success in her profession, relating also the favorable judgment of the Prussian Rauch, then very aged and one of the greatest of living sculptors.

In the summer of 1855 Miss Hosmer completed *Cenone*, her first full-length figure in marble. *Cenone* was a nymph of mount Ida, who became the wife of Paris, the beautiful shepherd, to whom Venus had promised the fairest woman in the world. The statue represents her as a shepherdess, bending with grief for her husband's desertion. Her crook lies on the ground. It was sent to Mr. Crow, who had given her, at her departure from America, an order for her first statue, to be filled in her own time by a subject of her own selection. It is a very beautiful production, and afforded such satisfaction that she was commissioned to execute another, on the same terms, for the Mercantile Library of St. Louis.

This order was answered after two years by the life-size statue of Beatrice Cenci, sleeping in her cell, after having been subjected to extreme torture, the morning before her execution.

Her father, a monster who deserved double death, but had escaped public justice by his wealth, had been assassinated. The daughter was accused of parricide, and, though guiltless, condemned. The marble expresses the sleep of innocence.

This was a very fine work. It was exhibited in London, and several American cities, where it received high encomiums. A beautiful engraving of it was published in the "London Art Journal" with honorable criticism. Mr. Gibson is said to

have remarked, on viewing it completed, "I can teach her nothing." It was a gift to the library, of an unknown friend to the artist.

The insalubrity of the Campagna, the level country surrounding Rome, is well known. Southward is the region of the Pontine marshes, of ancient malarious fame, on which consuls, emperors, and popes have made vast expenditures, without subduing the malignity of nature. The pestilential air still spreads pallor over the features of the poor people who are compelled to live there, and even invades the city. It was the wish of Dr. Hosmer that his daughter should take refuge in some healthy place during the sickly season, and the first summer was passed at Sorrento, on the bay of Naples. The next year her zeal prevailed against all considerations of prudence; she would not leave the shadow of St. Peter's and the art treasures in the midst of which she wrought. The third summer, 1855, came, and she prepared for a journey to England. But the course of true art, like that of love, does not always run smoothly. The resources of Dr. Hosmer were not inexhaustible; the expenses of the artist's residence and pursuits in Rome were large; financial embarrassments were encountered; and retrenchment was urged with emphasis from home. In these circumstances she remained to prosecute her labors with the aim to produce some work of such attractive character as should secure immediate returns. The result was Puck, described by Shakespeare's fairy:—

"Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Good-fellow; are you not he
That fright the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and sometimes labor in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work; and they shall have good luck."

It is about the size of a child four years of age, seated on a toadstool which splits beneath its weight. The lips are pouting; a muscle-shell cleaves to the forehead at the parting of the hair; the left hand rests, confining under it a lizard; the right hand holds a beetle, and is raised in the act of throwing; the legs are crossed, and the great toe of the right foot turns pertly up; — the whole composing a figure of so much drollery and fun, that those who have seen it, when describing it, are wont to break into a gleeful laugh. This unique impersonation of humor in marble, conceived, perhaps like some gems of humorous poetry and romance in the hour of adversity, has been very popular. Twenty-five or thirty copies have been made. One is in the collection of the Prince of Wales.

Puck was followed by a companion figure named Will-o'-the-Wisp.

At this time was resident in Rome Madame Falconnet, an English lady, whose daughter, a lovely girl of sixteen years, had recently died. Being a Catholic, she was permitted to erect a mortuary monument in the church of San Andrea del Fratte. The design was entrusted to Miss Hosmer. It was modelled in clay in the winter of 1857, and executed in marble a year later. It is a portrait statue of the daughter, the figure of a beautiful maiden, resting upon a sarcophagus, in the sleep that has no waking. In this production the still repose of death is finely contrasted with the breathing slumber of life, which even the stone expresses in Beatrice Cenci. Mr. Layard, distinguished for his explorations in Nineveh, thus speaks of it in a letter addressed to Madame Falconnet: "I think you may rest fully satisfied with Miss Hosmer's success. It exceeds any expectations I had formed. The unaffected simplicity and tender feeling displayed in the treatment is all that could be desired for such a subject, and cannot fail to touch the most casual observer. I scarcely

remember ever to have seen a monument which more completely commanded my sympathy and more deeply interested me. I really know of none, of modern days, which I would rather have placed over the remains of one who had been dear to me. Do not believe this is exaggerated praise. I faithfully convey to you the impression made on me. I attribute this impression, not more to the artistic merit of the work than to the complete absence of all affectation, to the simple truthfulness and genuine feeling of the monument itself." Mr. Gibson concurred in this commendation.

This was the first instance of the work of a foreign sculptor finding a permanent place in Rome. It was a tribute of the high appreciation in which the artist was then held and was regarded as a great honor.

About the same period was modelled the fountain of Hylas. In mythological story, Hylas, the adopted son of Hercules, when the Argonautic expedition stopped at Mysia, went to a well for water. The naiads of the fountain, enraptured with his beauty, drew him in, and he was drowned.

The design of the sculptor consists of a basin in which dolphins are spouting jets, and an upper basin supported by swans; from this rises a pyramid, on which the fair boy stands, while the nymphs reach up their hands to draw him into the waters at his feet. The conception is classically just and highly poetical.

Before the two works last described were executed in marble, in the summer of 1857, Miss Hosmer returned to America,—five years from her departure. She had become a daughter of fame, but was still a child of nature. Her vivacity remained; she was modest and unpretentious in her enthusiasm; and her aspirations were kindled for yet higher achievements in the realms of art.

During this visit her mind was much occupied with the design of a statue of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, as she

appeared when led in chains in the triumphal procession of Aurelian. She searched libraries and read everything that could be found relating to that illustrious and unfortunate sovereign. Subsequently she labored upon it with so much assiduity and anxiety that her health was impaired, and she was ordered into Switzerland by her physician to save her life.

The statue is of colossal size, seven feet in height, a very noble figure, the commanding effect of which grows upon the mind,—a triumph of patient study, of genius, and of mechanical skill. Zenobia is represented walking. The movement has blended lightness, vigor, and grace. The left arm supports the drapery, which is elaborately cut; the right, without a purpose, for it can neither bless her people nor inspire her troops, descends naturally as living muscle. The wrists bear the chains,—not heavy and galling,—perhaps Roman severity made them weightier. The head, crowned, is slightly bowed; the lips express disdain of the surrounding pageant of victorious foes; the eyes, downcast, and the features of oriental beauty reveal a soul self-sustained and absent, far away in memories of her magnificent empire of the East. She is still a queen in spirit, undethroned by calamity.

In this production Miss Hosmer made a bold, and, on the part of woman, an almost unexampled, adventure into the regions of the highest historic art; and she returned wearing the laurels of success. The statue received the highest praise. Critics pronounced its vindication in the light of the noblest models of Grecian art, and ascribed to it legitimate claims to a place in the front rank of works of sculpture. We well remember the impression it made in Boston, where we were scarcely more interested in the fascinating form itself, than in observing the effect it produced on the minds of visitors who, with quiet demeanor, speaking low, appeared like persons coming unwontedly under the influence of a spiritual power

which arrested their steps and excited profound emotions. The poet Whittier says, "It very fully expresses my conception of what historical sculpture should be. It tells its whole proud and melancholy story. The shadowy outlines of the majestic limbs, which charmed us in the romance of Ware are here fixed and permanent:—

‘A joy forever.’

In looking at it I felt that the artist had been as truly serving her country while working out her magnificent design abroad, as our soldiers in the field, and our public officers in their departments."

In another sense besides what those words convey the artist served her country. The marble was purchased by A. W. Griswold, Esq., of New York, and is now in his possession. By his generous consent after the time agreed upon for its delivery, it was exhibited for the benefit of the soldiers in the famous Sanitary Fair at Chicago; and there the stately queen, who for her grasp at power trod the dust of captivity in chains sixteen centuries ago, ministered relief to the sufferers of the war for the republic and liberty. It is an instance of the reproach, from which human nature is not always exempt, even in a good cause, that a part of the proceeds on that occasion was retained by the exhibitors.

Very few productions of the modern chisel have excited so much remark as Zenobia. There is an almost romantic story connected with its exhibition in London. The critics recognized its merits, but denied that such a statue ever was the work of a woman, charging Miss Hosmer with artistic plagiarism, and ascribing the real authorship to Mr. Gibson, or an Italian sculptor. An article making such assertions appeared in the "London Art Journal" and "The Queen." For this Miss Hosmer commenced a suit for libel; but soon after, the author of the libellous communication died; the suit was withdrawn on the condition that the editors should publish a

retraction in those periodicals, and, also, in the "London Times" and "Galignani's Messenger," which was done. The retraction of the editor in the "Art Journal" was prefaced by a vigorous letter from the artist, in which the assertion occurs that Mr. Gibson would not allow any statue to go out of his studio, as the work of another, on which more assistance had been bestowed than was considered legitimate by every sculptor.

A large price was offered for Zenobia by the Prince of Wales; but the author said, "It must go to America." She received five thousand dollars from the proceeds, besides all expenses, of its exhibition for her benefit.

In the year 1860 Miss Hosmer revisited her native town, called there by the serious illness of her father. While tarrying once more at home she received a commission to design a bronze portrait statue of Col. Thomas Hart Benton, the distinguished senator and most eminent citizen of Missouri. Her former residence in St. Louis was remembered; and a degree of local pride was mingled with admiration for her success. Her friends knew her ability to express in marble beauty, tenderness, grace, and dignity; but thus far her works had been chiefly in the range of feminine characters. Could she depart from this sphere of art, and with equal skill set forth the strong, rugged, massive qualities of the famous statesman, and thus create for herself a reputation which need not bow before any difficulties, nor shrink from an enterprise requiring the most masculine capacity? The commissioners to the fullest extent trusted in the breadth and power of her genius. We append her reply to their communication, because it was so pertinent and characteristic of herself:—

"WATERTOWN, *June 22, 1860.*

"GENTLEMEN:—I have had the honor to receive your letter

of the 15th inst., informing me that the execution of the bronze statue, in memory of the late Col. Benton, for the city of St. Louis, is entrusted to me. Such a tribute to his merit would demand the best acknowledgment of any artist; but in the present instance my most cordial thanks will but insufficiently convey to you a sense of the obligation under which I feel you have placed me.

"I have reason to be grateful to you for this distinction, because I am a young artist; and, though I may have given some evidence of skill in those of my statues which are now in your city, I could scarcely have hoped that their merit, whatever it may be, should have inspired the citizens of St. Louis to entrust me with a work whose chief characteristic must be the union of great intellectual power with manly strength.

"But I have, also, reason to be grateful to you because I am a woman; and, knowing what barriers must in the outset oppose all womanly efforts, I am indebted to the chivalry of the West, which has first overleaped them. I am not unmindful of the kind indulgence with which my works have been received; but I have sometimes thought that the critics might be more courteous than just, remembering from what hand they proceeded; but your kindness will now afford me an ample opportunity of proving to what rank I am really entitled as an artist unsheltered by the broad wings of compassion for the sex; for this work must be, as we understand the term, a *manly* work; and hence its merit alone must be my defence against the attacks of those who stand ready to resist any encroachment upon their self-appropriated sphere.

"I utter these sentiments only to assure you that I am fully aware of the important results which to me as an artist wait on the issue of my labors, and hence, that I shall spare no pains to produce a monument worthy of your city, and worthy of the statesman who, though dead, still speaks to you in lan-

guage more eloquent and enduring than the happiest efforts in marble and bronze of ever so cunning a workman.

"It only remains for me to add that as I shall visit St. Louis before my departure to Europe, further details may be then arranged. I have the honor to remain, gentlemen,

"Respectfully yours,

"H. G. HOSMER."

In accordance with her purpose, Miss Hosmer visited St. Louis, Jefferson City, and other places, examining portraits and mementos of Col. Benton to supply herself with materials for the work. The next year she submitted photographs of her model to the commissioners and to his relatives, by whom they were unanimously approved. The plaster cast was sent from Rome to Munich to be cast at the royal foundry, the most celebrated in the world. In due time the statue arrived at the city of its destination; but partly on account of the war, more especially on account of hesitation in regard to the site, it remained three years or more boxed as it came from Europe. The location was at last fixed in Lafayette Park; and on the 27th day of May, 1868, the inauguration of the statue took place with imposing religious and patriotic ceremonies, in presence of a vast concourse of citizens and strangers.

By an appropriate selection Mrs. Fremont, the daughter of Col. Benton, unveiled the features of her father in bronze to the eyes of the multitude. The figure is ten feet in height, and weighs three and a half tons. A foundation was laid for it forty feet square, which rises two feet above the ground. On that rests a pedestal of New England granite ten feet square, so that the entire elevation is twenty-two feet. The upper drapery is a cloak of the kind which Col. Benton was fond of wearing. The hands appear unrolling a map. John

Gibson expressed his opinion in a letter to the commissioners in the following terms :—

“The general effect of the figure is grand and simple. The ample cloak, which covers considerably the odious modern dress, is rich and broad, and the folds are managed with great skill, producing graceful lines. The head, a fine subject, is reflective and well modelled; also the position of the hands holding the paper, or plan, is very natural and well composed. In fact, I consider the work does the authoress great honor; and I feel it will give satisfaction to the gentlemen of the committee who had the penetration to entrust the execution of such a work to their countrywoman; and I may add, that the Americans may now boast of possessing what no nation in Europe possesses, — a public statue by a woman, — a little woman, — young, with great talent and love of her art.”

A letter of W. Crow, written the day after the inauguration, states that the general expression of the thousands who saw it was favorable. Critics pronounced it a success as a work of art. Friends of Col. Benton declared it to be a good likeness. His relatives were more than gratified, — they were delighted.

On the east side of the pedestal, the name BENTON is deeply cut. On the west side, the words :—

“THERE IS THE EAST—
THERE IS INDIA.”

This motto was selected by the artist with excellent judgment. It associates this memorial of a great man with no transient political questions, but with a vast enterprise of national utility and honor, a triumphant work of civilization, the grandeur of which will be revealed more and more in successive ages, in regard to which the forecasting views of

the statesman will be held in honored remembrance, when the party struggles of his time will be forgotten, when majestic journeys across the continent will be incidents of common life. Our readers will be glad to see the peroration of the speech on the Pacific Railroad which suggested the motto:—

“Let us complete the grand design of Columbus, by putting Europe and Asia into communication, and that to our advantage, through the heart of our own country. Let us give to his ships, converted into cars, a continued course unknown to all former times. Let us make the iron road—and make it from sea to sea— . . . the line which will find on our continent the Bay of San Francisco at one end, St. Louis in the middle, the national metropolis and great commercial emporiums at the other, and which shall be adorned with its crowning honor, the colossal statue of the great Columbus, whose design it accomplishes, hewn from the granite mass of a peak of the Rocky Mountains overlooking the road,—the mountain itself the pedestal, and the statue a part of the mountain,—pointing with outstretched arm to the western horizon, and saying to the flying passenger, “There is the East—there is India.”

The contract price of the statue to be paid to the artist, was ten thousand dollars; the entire expense of the monument about thirty thousand dollars.

In the Dublin Exhibition of 1865, Miss Hosmer offered to the public the Sleeping Faun, in marble of life size, which was sold on the day it was opened for five thousand dollars. Sir Charles Eastlake said, “If it had been discovered among the ruins of Rome or Pompeii, it would have been pronounced one of the best of Grecian statues.” It was exhibited again in the Universal Exposition of Paris, 1867, where, with the great paintings of Church, Bierstadt, Huntington, and others, it

gave to the most æsthetic nations new apprehensions of the progress and honors of American art. "Among the many pieces of marble statuary of modern artists," says the United States Commissioner, E. C. Cowdin, Esq., "none was more admired than the Sleeping Faun, a figure of antique grace finely conceived and admirably executed."

The Waking Faun, a companion piece, at a recent date was only clay. It is owned, with a second copy of the former, by Lady Ashburton, of England.

Another classic and beautiful work was a fountain designed for Lady Maria Alford. A figure of a woman, a siren, sits above the centre of the basin, which holds the water, singing. Below are three pleasing little figures, mounted on dolphins, which lie on the broad leaves of aquatic plants, enchanted by the music.

A writer in Rome, after describing this fountain, says, "Miss Hosmer has a peculiar mode of tinting the marble. I think she must have caught the better part of Gibson's idea; for she does not give it a flesh color, but a light creamy tint, which adds greatly to the expression of the statue and seems like the true color of old marble." Pointing to the fountain she said, "All those babies have got to be washed before they go away." This is the only reference we have obtained to her practice in regard to coloring statuary, — a novelty, introduced by Gibson, which encounters much opposition on the ground that it turns a statue into a doll, — that the office of sculpture is the expression of form, and should not in color, which belongs to another art, assume to be the counterpart of nature.

Several works of a varied character have been recently completed or are still in progress. Among them is a gateway for the entrance to an art-gallery at Ashridge Hall, England, ordered by Earl Brownlow. It is eight feet by sixteen, of very elaborate design. The price paid to the artist is twenty-five thousand dollars.

Another is a chimney-piece for Lady Ashburton, illustrating the death of the Dryads. It also is to be sixteen feet high. The figures are of life size in alto relievo. The cost is twelve thousand five hundred dollars.

The Bridge of Sighs, so named, was ordered two years ago by a literary gentleman of London. It illustrates in marble Hood's popular poem descriptive of a drowned woman.

In 1860 Miss Hosmer sent to her friend, Mr. Crow, at his request, the drawing of a monument for a cemetery. The cross as a symbol has been virtually surrendered to the Catholics, though Protestants may employ it with perfect right and propriety; and we trust the use of it will return. Like others, Mr. Crow had felt the incongruity with Christian faith of the heathen symbols, — the inverted torch, the Egyptian gateway, the Grecian temple, — which occur so frequently in our burial-places, and desired something new and appropriate, which should express a Christian's hopes.

The design consists of a marble pedestal, of elaborate and beautiful construction, surmounted by a group of statuary, — Christ restoring to life the daughter of Jairus. The prostrate form and the countenance of the dead maiden vividly present the fact of our mortality. The noble figure of the Saviour is full of tenderness, but without sorrow: he is doing a work of joy. On the entablature of the pedestal are the inscriptions, on the one side, "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE:" on the opposite side, "HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE." On the broad spaces beneath, the family names are to be carved.

This design has not yet been put into marble; but it is eminently desirable that the conception should be realized. The subject is not hackneyed; it is sculpturesque, appropriate, and Christian. When adequately accomplished it will be a noble testimony, not only to the artist, but also to the friend whose Christian sentiments called for it; and the com-

munity of Christians have reason for deep interest in it. The symbols of faith should transcend the lower conceptions of sense, sorrow, disappointment, and darkness, giving to our cemeteries instead a characteristic expression of chastened confidence and joyful hope.

A very few days after the death of President Lincoln, a poor colored woman of Marietta, Ohio, made free by his proclamation, proposed that a monument should be erected, by the colored people of the United States, to their dead friend; and she handed to a citizen of that place five dollars as her contribution for the purpose. Twenty-three thousand dollars were raised and deposited in the hands of a committee, with the request that they would take measures for the erection of a monument in Washington.

Miss Hosmer heard of the proposed "Memorial to Freedom," and, prompted by her friends, designed a monument, a plaster cast of which has been exhibited in Boston. The structure consists, first, of a base sixty feet square, to which seven steps ascend. Four *bas reliefs* in bronze surround this base, representing incidents in the life of the president, his early occupations, his career as a member of the Legislature, his inauguration at Washington, memorable events of the war, his assassination and funeral obsequies. On the corners of this base are four short, round columns, on which stand four statues of the negro, finely idealized, showing him in four conditions, — sold as a slave, laboring on a plantation, a guide to our troops, and finally a freeman and soldier.

An octagonal base rests on the lower, on four sides of which are the inscriptions: —

" ABRAHAM LINCOLN;
MARTYR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES;
EMANCIPATOR OF FOUR MILLIONS OF MEN;
PRESERVER OF THE AMERICAN UNION."

Upon this is a circular base, around which is a *bas relief*

of thirty-six female figures, hand in hand, symbolical of the Union of the States. From this rises a pillared temple, within which stands the statue of the president, holding in the left hand a broken chain, in the right the proclamation of emancipation. Upon the cornice of the temple are inscribed the concluding words of that instrument: "And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God." Four mourning Victories standing around the central figure with trumpets reversed express the sorrow of the nation.

In this design, the description of which is given chiefly in the author's words, she endeavored to express the idea that the Temple of Fame which we rear to the memory of Lincoln rests upon the two great acts of his administration, — the Emancipation of the Slave, and the Preservation of the American Union; and with beautiful fitness the end is accomplished. The work itself is sufficient evidence of her convictions as a pronounced and stanch friend of freedom and the Union. It must have been a labor of love; she must have fashioned it with her heart as well as with artistic genius.

The "London Art Journal" published an engraving and description, modified by presenting four female figures near the columns of the temple bearing wreaths to the freedmen, from which we extract the following sentences: "With the exception of the great monument to Frederick the Great, at Berlin, by Rauch, the Lincoln Monument is the grandest recognition of the art of sculpture that has been offered to our age. Bearing in mind that this is to be called the Freedmen's Monument, it was necessary that the circumstances attending the act of emancipation should form, as they do, the principal features of the design. It will stand a simple, comparatively unadorned, yet most imposing, memorial of the dead, and a

lasting witness to the lady sculptor who has had the honor to be selected for its execution."

The committee adopted the design, "deeming it the greatest achievement of modern art," and confident that every one who loves his country, and loves art, and honors Abraham Lincoln, will aid in the completion of this great work. It will cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; but this should not prevent its erection. There are now commenced or proposed three memorial structures, which the nation may well hasten to complete, even in times of political and financial difficulty, — the monuments to the Pilgrims, to Washington, and to Lincoln.

It will be observed that Miss Hosmer has wrought on ideal subjects. She would have enjoyed abundant patronage working on busts, but has preferred to give the creations of her own imagination a solid, enduring form. She thus makes a higher challenge for immortal fame.)

These pages convey to our readers materials for forming their own judgment of the estimation in which she should be held as an artist. If compared with women, she has very few rivals. We do not know whether the name of Sabina Von Steinbach, who adorned the famous cathedral of Strasburg, and whose sculptured groups are the objects of admiration to this day, is more illustrious. If compared with men, there are many who compete for the palm; and the opinions of critics, no doubt, will differ, at least for a period. Time is necessary to establish the position of a genius of the highest rank. We think Miss Hosmer can afford to wait, and that she needs no indulgence of criticism on the score of her sex. She has not gained the elevation on which she now stands, unchallenged and unopposed. The sketch of Mrs. Child gives a paragraph to the fact. She herself, in the pithy and pointed words of the letter to the "London Art Journal," before adverted to, seems to say from her own experience: "Few

artists who have been in any degree successful enjoy the truly friendly regard of their professional brothers; but a woman artist who has been honored by frequent commissions is an object of peculiar odium." That journal, after the impeachment which has been related, said, in connection with the Freedmen's Monument: "Of her power to fulfil the trust reposed in her there can be no doubt; her genius is of the highest order, and she has proved her capacity by producing some of the greatest works in sculpture of our age." And again: "The works of Miss Hosmer, Hiram Powers, and others we might name, have placed American on a level with the best modern sculptors of Europe. There are examples from the studios of the artists we have named specially that have not been surpassed by any contemporary sculptor of any nation; while there is no doubt that already the foundation has been laid for a school of sculpture in the Western World, which will ennoble the people who have sprung from the same loins as ourselves, who speak the same language, and read our literature, and, in spite of what some say, are proud of the old country from which they have descended." This is not the judgment of partial friends nor incompetent critics.

Miss Hosmer's diligence and enterprise have gained this crown for her genius. She has her days for the reception of visitors and her seasons for recreation and athletic exercise; but her hours of study are sacred, and she spares no effort to attain perfection in her art. "She studies from life and from death."

She received the commission for the "Bridge of Sighs" in Paris. Desiring to observe for herself the peculiar effects on the body, of death by drowning, in company with her friend, Mr. Crow, she visited the Morgue several times, till she found the required subject. When working upon the Cenci she had models go to sleep on a bench, till she had fixed the attitude of the girl sleeping in the prison. When she executed the Medusa, the hair of which changes into serpents, she

found no good casts of a snake in Rome, — her knowledge of anatomy teaching her that they were taken from dead, not living specimens. She employed a herdman near the city to procure one alive, tied it to a piece of marble in her studio till she was ready, then gave it chloroform and made her cast, keeping it in the plaster three and a half hours. The reptile came out alive and well, was sent back by Goviona, turned loose in its old haunt; and she had the best model of a snake in the capital of art, of which other artists avail themselves.

Her studio in the Via Margutta is said to be itself a work of art, and the most beautiful in Rome, if not in Italy. The entrance is made attractive with flowers and birds. In the centre of the first room stands the Fountain of the Siren. Each room of the series contains some work of art, hanging baskets, and floral decorations. Her own apartment, in which she herself works, displays her early tastes in flowers and broken relics of art, with collections of minerals, drawings, and rare books. A lady writes for the use of this sketch: "She superintends her work herself, and will wield the chisel more adroitly than any practised workman. In this she has the advantage; for many artists can only design, and ignore the practical working of their ideas, which, left to a mechanical taste, often leave us an inexpressible dissatisfaction, while admiring the conception."

In the process of sculpture, the sculptor first works out carefully his own ideal in a small image of clay. The rude and mechanical labor of enlarging this image into the clay model of full size (which often requires a frame of iron and a blacksmith's forge), taking the plaster cast, and finally transferring it to marble, is done by hired workmen. "Still," in the words of Miss Hosmer, "their position in the studio is a subordinate one. They translate the original thought of the sculptor, written in clay, into the language of marble. The

translator may do his work well or ill,— he may appreciate and preserve the delicacy of sentiment and grace which were stamped upon the clay, or he may render the artist's meaning coarsely and unintelligibly. Then it is that the sculptor himself must reproduce his ideal in the marble, and breathe into it that vitality which, many contend, only the artist can inspire. But, whether skilful or not, the relation of these workmen to the artist is precisely the same as that of the mere linguist to the author who, in another tongue, has given to the world some striking fancy or original thought."

Miss Hosmer's genius is not limited to sculpture. There are those who believe that, had she chosen the pursuit of letters, she would have excelled as much in literature as she does in art,— that she would have wielded the pen with as much skill and power as she does the chisel of the statuary. Evidences of this are found in her correspondence. She has published a beautiful poem, dedicated to Lady Maria Alford of England, and a well-written article, in the "Atlantic Monthly," on the Process of Sculpture, perspicuous and philosophical in its treatment of the subject. In it she defends women-artists against the impeachments of their jealous brothers.

Becoming a resident of Rome, Miss Hosmer preserved many of the habits of independence and freedom of exercise which she had formed in her native land. The latter was an indispensable condition of health: accordingly she rode about the city and its environs without restraint; and after a while people ceased to wonder.

About six years ago three persons established a pack of hounds in Rome for the purpose of fox-hunting. Our artist, as one of them, contributed two hundred and fifty dollars, and procured the services of a huntsman, whom she mounted at her own expense. This grew into a society of Italians and foreigners. Americans gave their money liberally, and with English residents entered warmly into the sport. Miss Hos-

mer, it is related, rode with astonishing ease and fearlessness. "None of the English officers excelled her in leaping ditches and fences. With her friend, Miss Cushman, she often led the chase, returning with quite as just claims for the fox as gentlemen could present." By the rules of the hunt the tail of the fox, called the brush, is given to the best and boldest rider as a trophy; but the Italians, having a majority of the members, managed everything in their own way, and, whatever might be his feats of horsemanship, never did an American receive the coveted honor. At length an act of injustice done to the American consul brought to pass a serious imbroglio in the association of hunters for recreation — and a fox. Hitherto Miss Hosmer had borne the absence of courtesy to herself in silence; but on that occasion she withdrew from the society, and addressed a spirited and spicy letter to the master of the Roman hounds, which was sent to this country for general publication, that it might be well understood with what readiness American money was received, and with what facility the honors passed to other hands.

In stature Miss Hosmer is rather under the medium height. The engraving which accompanies this sketch is from a drawing by her friend, Emily Stebbins, executed quite a number of years ago. It presents her as much resembling a fair and brilliant boy; and this agrees well with the description given by Mrs. Child of her appearance when she first returned to this country: "Her face is more genial and pleasant than her likenesses indicate; especially when engaged in conversation its resolute earnestness lights up with gleams of humor. She looks as she is, — lively, frank, and reliable. In dress and manners she seemed to me a charming hybrid between an energetic young lady and a modest lad. . . . She carried her spirited head with a manly air. Her broad forehead was partially shaded with short, thick, brown curls, which she often tossed aside with her fingers, as lads do." A recent

photograph shows the same style of wearing the hair, and shape of the forehead, with changes of time. The eyes are more deeply set beneath the brows; and the mouth and chin with bolder curve give the expression of maturity and force.

In manner Miss Hosmer is prompt and decided. Her conversation is original, humorous, and animated; her voice clear and ringing; and her laugh, which frequently occurs, musical. She is fond of puns, and inclined to facetiousness. A common signature of letters to her friends is a hat. One of her English friends named her Berritina, — in Italian, small hat. An anecdote related to the writer by the gentleman concerned exhibits her self-reliant and almost defiant spirit. He had dined with her at the house of the American consul. When the company separated, after dark, he proposed to accompany her home. "No gentleman," was the reply, "goes home with me at night in Rome." It is needless to say she is a prominent figure in American society there.

It has already sufficiently appeared that her character is strongly marked, positive, piquant, and unique. Some would call her masculine and strong-minded. She certainly defies conventionalities, and is self-sustained, bold, and dashing to a degree which must offend those who believe it is scarcely less than a sin that a woman should trespass on the ancient rules of occupation, and the borders of that gentleness and delicacy which they have regarded as special properties and ornaments of her sex. But the defence of her youth may be repeated; her boldness is not immodest, and her humor is not malicious. No trace appears of corrupt principles and evil sentiments; and if "spirits are not finely touched but for fine uses," then her works prove that she must have been sculptured by nature as one among the noblest forms of the human soul.

By the ordinances of the Creator, and by characteristic endowments, most women must find their wisest, happiest, and

most exalted life in the circle of domestic love and duty, but they are not all called to reign in the sacred dominion of the family; and, without involving themselves in questions agitated on many platforms concerning the rights and sphere of woman, not a few of their best spirits are quietly working out those problems by enterprising and honorable endeavors with triumphant results. If legislation, from whatever cause, in the past has been unjust, and if sad instances are recorded of calumny which has foamed out against the daughters of learning and art, it is still true that men generally have shown themselves disposed to honor those who have performed lofty achievements. From the time when "the women that were wise-hearted" wrought for the construction and decoration of the Tabernacle in the wilderness, and the time when Hypatia taught philosophy in Alexandria with inspiring eloquence, to the present, facts show that true and great-hearted women can find sufficient encouragement, from age to age, in the justice, admiration, and substantial rewards of brothers who are brothers; and bright on the pages that shall preserve the history of those noble sisters will stand the name of Harriet G. Hosmer.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

—
BY MRS. LUCIA GILBERT CALHOUN.
—

FOURTEEN years ago there came from the famous press of Ticknor & Company, a small volume of Poems, whose first page, beside the imprint of the publishers, bore only the simple title-line

PASSION FLOWERS.

An anonymous book of poetry does not commend itself to the reading mob, and not many copies were sold. But the critics read it, and the scholars, and that small public which had heard that it was Mrs. Howe's book, and desired to know what sort of verses a woman of society, a wit, a housewife, and a mother of children would write. It was a book that invited, and received, and defied criticism; a book powerful, pungent, and unripe. Its personalism was terrible. In every page it said, "Lo, this thing that God has made and called by my name! What is it? Why is it? Behold its passions and temptations; its triumphs and its agonies; its fervors and its doubts; its love and its scorn; its disappointment and its acquiescence!" Here at last, in America, was a woman-poet; not an echo, nor a shadow, nor a sweet singer of nothings. Another Sidney, chivalrous, gracious, and eager for her part in the battles of life; to whom, also, the muse said, "Look into thy *heart*, and write!" She was not an artist, for her song had mastered her, but it must

needs have been strong-winged, and bold to do that. Clearly she was a many-sided woman, whom heart and imagination alone would have made a devotee, and her keen intellection alone a free lance, and who thus alternately believed much and nothing, alternately accepted and defied destiny. So much one might read of her history in this book.

Society knew also that she was born and reared in New York, her father being a wealthy banker, well-bred, and scholarly. Determined that this pet daughter—a wise little atom even in her babyhood—should not be merely a fashionable girl, he gave her teachers and books, appealed to her ambition, aroused her artistic instinct, and kindled her religious nature. The quick spirit responded to every touch. A wise and loving man meant only to mould a wise and loving woman; but day by day the steady eyes grew more intent in their questioning; day by day the broad brow wore lines of deeper thought; day by day the elder mind caught glimpses in the younger of that strange, ineffable gift which men call genius. The brilliant girl had written verses almost as soon as she could write at all. French and Italian she readily mastered, and in time, leaving behind her the waste and weary land of German grammar, she came into such a shining inheritance of German literature as seemed to create in her new faculties of comprehension. Goethe and Schiller were her prophets and kings, and she received with large welcome the subtile philosophers of their speculative nation. While a school-girl she published first, a review of Lamartine's *Jocelyn*, with translations in English verse, and afterwards a more thoughtful review of Dwight's translation of the minor poems of Goethe and Schiller.

So she grew to ripe girlhood, — reading, writing, dreaming; fiery within, as her warm tints and rich bright hair declared her, but cold without, under the repression of her education. To this day it is plain that she cannot easily reconcile her

antagonisms. That her reason accepts the strictest formulas of life, her energetic intellect works well and thoroughly in the harness of existing laws and limits, while her "red temperament" sometimes besets her to set all bonds at naught, and scatter heresies of thought and conduct like firebrands.

At twenty, sentimental, romantic, longing for the actual vivacity of life, and finding only the dulness of routine, she was subject to seasons of passionate and profound melancholy. Her German studies had made her indifferent to the formal worship in which she had been bred, and no vital belief offered itself to her. Into this vague, hungry, and dark mood of hers came the awful kindness of death. The idol of her heart—her father—died, and within a brief time a dear brother also, and the questioning heretic became a religious and spiritual enthusiast. This exaltation lasted for two years. During that time the young devotee read little else than the Bible, which she undertook as a meritorious religious exercise.

One day a friend put into her hand "Guizot's History of Civilization," and then her new life began. She studied it with all the force of her vigorous mind, and its large thought aroused her from her dream of holiness to a life of use, while it lent wings to her self-centred imagination. She was now a liberal in politics, — in religion a thoughtful inquirer. She studied Paradise Lost, and felt its gloomy grandeur, while it nevertheless compelled her reason to reject an eternal hell as impossible. At twenty-three she married Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Boston, — a man whose heroic labors for Greece in her struggle for independence, whose beautiful devotion to the blind, and whose anti-slavery crusades made men speak of him as the new Bayard. They went abroad immediately. In England the petted child, the young heiress, the idol of her own circle, the haughty belle, found that her only claim to social distinction was her husband's fame, which the recent

publication of Dickens's "American Notes" had made dear to all noble English hearts. To a woman of her strong, self-centred nature, of her conscious power, and stately pride, this acceptance of her as the appendage of another, this carelessness of what sovereignty might be in herself, was an abasement as bitter as salutary. She had dreamed of literary fame; but this sudden humiliation, the new cares, the alien interests that crowded upon her, postponed her career for years. She came to the Old World as a queen comes to her own. Its beauty, its maturity, its solemn antiquity seemed her inheritance. Rome, magnificent and desolate, made her life a rapture. There her first child was born, and her passion of mother-love was hardly deeper than her passion of sad tenderness for the supreme city. Now for the first time her firmament was high enough to let her stand upright. She lived in this divine atmosphere for months, and then came back to the cold clearness of New England days, settled into the prosaic round of house-keeping, and gave herself much to society.

In spite of household cares and baby hands tugging at her priceless hours, she saved time for the hard study which was the breath of her life. She read Swedenborg, and the tough difficulties she encountered only stimulated her. She toiled at Comte, and made new resolves of thoroughness and breadth of culture. In 1850 she again went abroad, returning to her beloved home, where she wrote most of the poems included in "Passion Flowers," and where art, and books, and her precious children made that winter her golden prime. Coming back to Boston, Dr. Howe undertook the charge of "The Commonwealth," — a newspaper dedicated to free thought, and zealous for the liberty of the slave.

And now Mrs. Howe's opportunity was come. She wrote editorials, literary articles, and verses, contributing, also, those brilliant paragraphs for which the paper was famous in

its day. This success opened the way for the publication of "Passion Flowers," so overblamed and overpraised. Two years after came "Words for the Hour," — a book that palpitated, such red heart's blood coursed through the lines. These poems, like the first, were wayward, inartistic, obscure, defiant, but they were riper, and even more full of promise. In each the thought was strong, and deep, and true. The stately rhythm that now and then broke on the ear, the full and passionate expression, the terrible sarcasm, the sudden lyric glimpses, lavished by this intense soul dowered with the love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, revealed a power which no woman but Mrs. Browning had exceeded. The critics decided to accept the new poet; but a nature so intense, a personality so strong as hers, is rarely understood or estimated at its worth. On the one hand she was assaulted with flattery, and on the other with abuse. She went steadily on her way, saying such wittily sharp things of her detractors that it argued no small courage in a man to couch a lance at her, — still studying like an undergraduate, still writing with the industry of a country parson, — and in 1857 publishing "The World's Own," — a play produced at Wallack's Theatre, in New York. It was brilliant, full of dramatic feeling, and well managed, but lacked a certain theatrical suppleness, a stage-effectiveness, without which it could not succeed.

In 1859 Dr. and Mrs. Howe accompanied the dying Theodore Parker to Cuba. A charming book of travels, witty, brilliant, airy, and graceful, was her account of this journey, published first in the "Atlantic Monthly," and then, with additions, in a volume which she called "A Trip to Cuba." Fun is very near feeling, in fine souls, and all through the book, under the ring of the laugh one catches the breathing of a sigh, as the shadows of the glittering island-life, and the shadows of a parting friendship fell on the bright observer. About these days, or earlier, readers of the "New York Tri-

bune" were charmed with occasional letters from Boston, from New York, or Washington, about the gay world and people and places of note, about summer days and autumn glories, about art and poetry and religion. Eagerly asking whose they were, such readers came for the first time into glad relations with Mrs. Howe, and felt her to be a benefactor, for the true thoughts and bright pictures she had given them. Since 1860 her studies have been principally philosophical, including Swedenborg, Spinoza, Kant, Fichte, and Hegel. "I am afraid," she said, naively, to a friend, "I am afraid I believe in each one till I read the next."

During the last eight years she has written many admirable social and philosophic papers, which she herself values far above her poems. Six lectures on Ethics were cordially received in the drawing-room, where she read them to an audience of critical listeners. And at Northampton, at the time of the meeting of the American Society of Arts and Sciences, she read, before many of the academicians, a remarkable lecture on "*Man a priori, and a posteriori.*" She has written, also, thoughtful essays, entitled "Polarity," "Limitation," and "The Fact Accomplished." She gave last year, to the "Christian Examiner," three able papers on "The Idea and Name of God," on "The Ideal Church," and "The Ideal State."

In 1866 she was daring enough to publish "Later Lyrics," — a third volume of miscellaneous verses, and was justified of her courage by the worth of her work. Her splendid "Battle Hymn of the Republic," set to the ringing tramp of the "John Brown Song," was the Marseillaise of the war. Who will forget, —

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where his grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

"I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

"I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
'As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.'

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him, be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

In this third volume there is much less of the obscure, the fantastic, the forced. A lyrical series called "Her Verses," says a fine critic, "are so charged with wild passion, that they recall Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' with more of the Sappho, and less of the saint." Mrs. Howe has not yet mastered her splendid powers. When she has fully possessed herself America will be yet prouder of her one great woman-poet; for Harriet Prescott writes too few verses for her fame's sake, and all other women too many.

Mrs. Howe's last book is just published. It is called "From the Oak to the Olive; a Plain Record of a Pleasant Journey," and is the story of a trip from London to Athens, by way of Paris, Marseilles, Rome, Naples, and Venice. This journey was undertaken in 1867, to assist in distributing American supplies to the destitute and heroic Cretans. The road is old enough, but the traveller had new eyes. Her book is filled with lovely pictures of scenery and people, of high life, and low life, of clear character-drawing, and quaint fancies. More than this, it is profoundly thoughtful, and goes

straight to the heart of institutions, manners, and habits of thinking.

With the private life of an author, or a queen, the public has no business at all. Whether Mrs. Howe stands in the kitchen eating bread and honey, or sits in the parlor counting out her money, may not be told in these pages. But certain things that any person in society may know are the property of the gentle reader. She has auburn hair, and large, sad eyes, "where soul seems concentrate in sight." Her mouth is her fine and expressive feature, though her whole face is mobile. Her bell-like voice and her pure enunciation have a charm like music, and the eloquence of her fine hands is irresistible; her wit is brilliant, ready, merciless, and her sarcasm polished and swift as the axe of the headsman Rudolph. Her friends know that music is her passion, swaying her whole being; that the drama is to her the Beautiful Art, as she has written of it in a noble poem called "Hamlet at the Boston;" that she found the infancy of her children a constant miracle of beauty, and that now, they pet and rule her as if she were the child; that the dignity of her nature, forcing her to accept simplicity as the best good, makes all luxurious and showy living distasteful to her, while her sense of symmetry and harmony delights in order and elegance.

For the rest, in the winter she dwells in Boston, abode of the blest, and in summer she lives in an enchanted glade, the loveliest place on the earth, which nobody can enter without the magic password, and about which all that the world will ever know is written in tinted lines, and called "In my Valley." The lesson of her life is earnest work, and more than any one of her sex in America, perhaps, she has demonstrated that it is wisdom for Women to learn the Alphabet.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOUSEKEEPING.

By **JOSEPH B. LYMAN,**

Agricultural Editor of N. Y. Tribune, Associate Editor of "Hearth and Home,"

And **LAURA E. LYMAN,**

Author of the Agriculturist Prize Essay on Housekeeping, Writer in Home Circle Department of N. Y. World, "and Hearth and Home."

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TESTIMONIALS
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PHILOSOPHY OF HOUSE-KEEPING,
BY MR. & MRS. JOSEPH B. LYMAN.

Opinion of S. Edwards Todd, Esq., Agricultural Editor of the New York Daily Times.

I can heartily recommend your treatise, as it tells every one who reads its pages what to do and how to do it, in the most feasible and philosophic manner. It is exactly such a work as almost every house-keeper in the country can take into the kitchen and dining-room, and learn, from the plain, simple, practical details recorded in its pages, how to engineer every department of house-keeping with as much skill and efficiency as a joiner working from his diagrams in his Illustrated Architect.

Your book ought to be carefully studied by every house-keeper in the city and country. I heartily recommend it to all farmers and mechanics, to husbands and wives, to young men and young women. Could I have had such a book when I exchanged my state of single blessedness for that of married felicity, the practical instructions which I then needed, and which are contained in THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOUSE-KEEPING, would have been of more pecuniary value to me than the cost of a thousand books.

The Hartford Courant says :

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOUSE-KEEPING really sets forth a philosophy of living which is sensible and practical. There is in most families abundance of material for health and comfort, if it was not misused by ignorant and incompetent house-keepers. The health depends so much upon the diet, and the observance of certain simple rules, that there is more need of information in the home department of life than in any other.

The book before us is comprehensive in its design, but simple and methodical in its plan. Cooking assumes the dignity of an art, and properly so. The book is clearly and agreeably written. We know of no one of its class that will be so useful to house-keepers.

The Soldiers' Friend, New York, says :

The volume is printed in good, clear type, on good paper, and presents to the eye, in an attractive form, a great amount of valuable information, hints, and rules, worthy of study by every house-keeper. And we advise all who want an excellent manual, to supply themselves with it, as it is placed within their reach by the publishers.

Opinion of the Rev. Samuel Seelye, D.D., of East Hampton, Mass.

The style in which it is written is elegant and chaste, showing a high degree of literary culture.

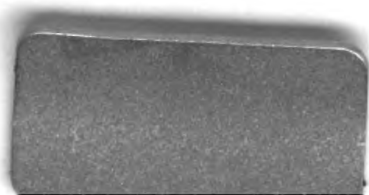
The Boston Daily Traveller says :

This is a book that is needed in every family; and it contains a vast amount of useful information, brought together in small compass, and well arranged. It is the most valuable work upon the subjects treated that we have seen.

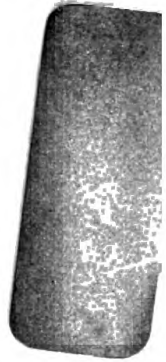
The Springfield Republican says :

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOUSE-KEEPING is a book which should be in the hands of every house-keeper; the good sense and thorough understanding of all the matters of which it treats, that characterize it, render it an invaluable companion for the mistress of a family. We commend it to all our readers, hoping that in their hands it may do much to inaugurate the era of hygienic house-keeping.

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Eminent women of the age ; being narratives of the lives and deeds of the most prominent women of the present generation / by James Parton, Horace Greeley ... [et al.].

Hartford, Conn. : S. M. Betts & Co., 1869.

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