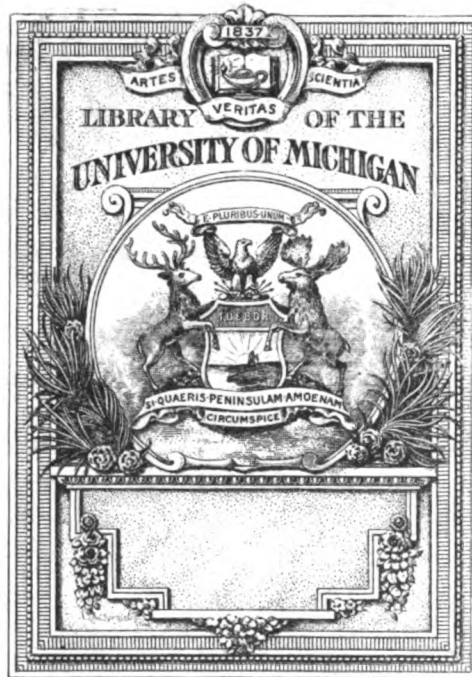
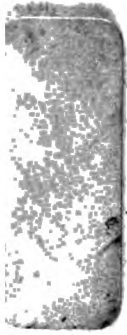


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VOL. VIII

NOVEMBER, 1889—APRIL, 1890

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THE VIENNA BURG THEATER.

BY WILLIAM VON SACHS.

IT is possible to conceive of a true Viennese admitting, when driven into a corner, that the Danube, if taken very seriously, lacks that cerulean hue which is claimed for it by Herr Johann Strauss. It is even barely conceivable that the same honest Austrian might in a moment of communicative candor be brought to confess that the time-honored axiom, "es giebt nur 'a Kaiserstadt, es giebt nur 'a Wien" (there is but one imperial city, there is but one Vienna), is not as strictly accurate now as when first formulated. But what no subject of Emperor Francis Joseph would for an instant question, and what the initiated outsiders will be most inclined to admit, is the superiority of the Burg theater in artistic scope and achievement to every other playhouse in the world.

The Burg theater as an institution is older by only a few months than our own country. On the 11th of March, 1741, we read of an imperial edict that gave permission to the then manager of the Kärntner-Thor theater, Joseph Sellier, to arrange a stage in an outbuilding of the imperial palace, which hitherto had served as a "ball-house."

With the year of our independence, 1776, and on the 17th of February, the artistic existence of the Burg theater may be said definitely to have begun: by a decree of the Emperor Joseph, it was transformed into the German National Theater. This great and enlightened monarch it is who must be regarded as its veritable founder: for he, believing in native talent, gave to native art the stimulus of his protection and fostering care. Under him German became the only language used on the boards of

the Burg theater, and, though a few years elapsed before spoken dialogue, as contradistinguished from recitative and song, reigned supreme thereon, the institution as such has continued, with more or less changing fortunes, to the present day, realizing, as its illustrious founder designed, the most memorable achievements of German dramatic art.

The emperor's interest in his newly established theater was not the mere passing whim of an influential patron, but rather the constant and uninterrupted care of one deeply absorbed in a cherished ambition. It is related of him that his habitual question to the distinguished guests who visited him from time to time, was: "Well, and what do you think of my theater?"

He himself devised a code of laws for the management and direction of the institution's internal affairs, no less remarkable in its way than that more famous Code of Moscow which Napoleon I. sent to the Théâtre Français. These statutes were based on a most democratic system of self-government, according to which, the principal male and female members of the company were to meet every week and decide on the choice of plays and the distribution of parts, selecting from their body a certain number of *Régisseurs*, who were to change off every week, and whose duty it should be to attend to all the office work and confer with the higher authorities on outside matters of general importance. This code received several modifications from the emperor himself, having been conceived, strange to say, on principles too democratic for the then existing state of affairs. In place of the *Régisseurs*, five

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AN AMERICAN SALON.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

BEFORE giving my recollections of a series of *ante-bellum* Washington reunions, political in character and influence, yet delightfully social, I must give a slight sketch of our host and of our hostess, whose life, though loyally merged, was not hidden in that of her husband.

Gamaliel Bailey was born in 1807, at Mount Holly, N. J. His father, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, afterwards removed to Philadelphia, where the son received a thorough academical education, and studied medicine, graduating with honor, when not yet of age, from the Jefferson College. Shortly after he made a voyage to China as a surgeon; or rather, in the double capacity of surgeon and sailor. It was the best he could do for himself, and he did it pluckily. This was the sort of young men America produced sixty years ago.

Yet Dr. Bailey's heart was not in his profession, or perhaps it was too much in it, as he suffered keenly through his sympathies and from an almost morbid sense of responsibility: so, soon after his return from China, he dropped the scalpel for the pen, and became a journalist. It was humanity which called him back to his first profession, as subsequently it called him permanently away from it. In the terrible cholera visitation of 1832 he did heroic service, as the sole physician in charge of the "Hospital for Strangers," in Cincinnati, to which city he had removed. In the following year Dr. Bailey was married to Miss Margaret Shands, a Virginian, right out of the aristocratic old heart of slavery. Mrs. Bailey was a woman of rare loveliness and nobility of character. Gentle in all her ways, sunny and sympathetic, she yet revealed herself, in times of trial, brave and determined, a fit companion for a hero; and the times of trial did not tarry.

By nature broad and free, a lover of justice and right, Gamaliel Bailey early

realized the national iniquity and disgrace of slavery. He was a colonizationist; actually believing in the practicability of that tremendous scheme of deportation. His conversion to the more unpopular doctrines and what seemed the wilder faith of the abolitionists was the work of that marvelously eloquent apostle of freedom, Theodore Dwight Weld. To his new mission Dr. Bailey gave his mind and soul—consecrated his life. At first, he accepted the great Garri-



GRACE GREENWOOD.

From a daguerreotype loaned "The Cosmopolitan" by John G. Whittier, taken in 1851.

sonian idea, and was content with pure moral suasion methods. His hope was in indirect vicarious political action—the good work to be done "unbeknownst," as it were, by the good men of the old parties, Whig and Democratic. In this faith he, in 1836, joined James G. Birney, mob-driven from Kentucky, in the publication and editorship of *The Philanthropist*, the first anti-slavery organ in the West. This journal, conducted in a spirit of fairness and toleration, was issued with regularity during mob intervals. Three times its office was sacked, press and

type thrown into the Ohio, and all concerned in its publication threatened with outrage and death.

For two months the city was disgraced by wild pro-slavery riots—the fury of the mob, when presses gave out, being vented on the innocent colored people, their humble homes, shops, and churches. But no loss subdued, no peril daunted, Gamaliel Bailey and Margaret his wife. The fourth anti-slavery press stood, a monument of courage and constancy. That was after the great riots of 1841—a series of brutal and thievish outrages, though the record avers that the mob was “backed by the wealth, respectability, and piety of the city.” But a *man*, called Salmon P. Chase, was the legal adviser of the persecuted, and another man, called Tom Corwin, was the governor of the State: so, as I said, the fourth press stood. Naturally, all this lawless violence resulted in the increase of abolitionism and the subscription-list of *The Philanthropist*, now the organ of the Liberty party. Dr. Bailey became sole manager of the journal, and

toiled terribly—having been somewhat crippled by his forced contributions to the Ohio River. Nearly fifty years later Mrs. Bailey wrote of this time: “I kept the books, answered business letters, assisted in the mailing of the paper, and at the same time edited my own little publication; but all my work was done at home, where our aged parents and our three little children claimed my constant care. This, with the housekeeping, gave me about all I could do. But what a cheerful, busy, happy life it was! I thank God for it all.”

In 1847 Dr. Bailey was called to the editorship of *The National Era*, a weekly paper which the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, acting principally through Mr. Lewis Tappan, a philanthropist of great courage and foresight, had established at Washington.

This journal, which for twelve years bravely, yet patiently, laid siege to the “peculiar institution” in its great parliamentary stronghold, Dr. Bailey conducted with rare talent, tact, and devotion, its moral and political influence ever deepening and widening till its mission was accomplished. But before success and prosperity came struggle and trial. The mob fiend followed the bold reformer to his new field. In 1848 a Northern schooner, *The Pearl*, was captured in the Chesapeake, having on board some seventy fugitive slaves, all escaping from the District of Columbia. The captain and mate, a pair of nautical John Browns, named Drayton and Sayres, were safely lodged in jail, but the excitement in Washington was intense. Soon a mob collected, uttering dire threats against the abolition editor and his paper. For three days his office was besieged, but it was well protected. They had a good mayor in Washington at that time; yet a committee of leading citizens advised and urged Dr. Bailey to restore peace to the city and secure his own safety, by pledging



DR. GAMALIEL BAILEY.

From a photograph by Brady, in 1857.

himself to discontinue *The National Era*, and even to surrender his press to the rioters. But standing on his rights as an American citizen, honest and law-abiding, he refused to surrender anything. On the night of the third day the mob besieged his house, then on E Street, back of the post-office, and next door to Mayor Seaton's. Here Dr. Bailey displayed not alone Napoleonic courage, but that rarer Napoleonic charm or magnetism which moves and subjugates masses of men. He and his wife were alone in the house, having sent their children and servants to a place of safety. Hearing his name called by a hundred peremptory voices, he walked out on the steps, and stood there in the light of the hall lamp, a fair mark for a hundred pistol-shots, as he quietly said: "I am Dr. Bailey. What is your wish?" When, after much confused shouting, they made their modest demand for the immediate surrender of his property and his rights, on pain of receiving a coat of tar and feathers, he respectfully declined to give or take, but asked to be heard in



MRS. BAILEY.

From a miniature painted in 1884, by Miss Margaret Bailey.

his own defense, and, for a wonder, they consented. He spoke to them in the frank, fearless, "let-us-reason-together" style peculiar to him. Yet Paul preaching at Athens scarce displayed more courage and dignity, or more splendid tact. The result was marvelous. Every instant he gained on their prejudices; threats of lynching ceased, and murmurs of assent and approval were heard here and there in the surging crowd. Men who came to curse remained to cheer—not alone the plucky abolition editor, but the brave wife, who now stood at his side. Strangest of all, a well-known Washington man, whose devotion to Southern institutions could not be doubted, and who was with the mob, if not of it, leaped upon the steps and made an earnest

speech against haste and violence, and in favor of the right of a man to his own property—of an American citizen to free speech and a free press. So effective were both appeals, that when the last speaker moved an adjournment, the crowd, with but one dissenting voice, voted for it and quietly dispersed—some actually calling back, "Good-night, doctor!" And that was the end of it.

From this time, *The National Era*, guided by a wise head and a firm will, pursued a prosperous career and became a power, not alone as the organ of the Free Soil party, but for its moral dignity and its unusual literary excellence.

For a political reformer, with convictions strong and sharply defined—convictions which were certainties—Dr.

Bailey was singularly liberal-minded and charitable. Always in earnest, he never was passionate. The most independent of journalists, he avoided extremes. To his beloved friend Salmon P. Chase, just elected to the United States Senate, he wrote: "Come as a free man! We want individualism." That was like him. He was *himself* first and last; never amenable to party dictation, never shackled by patronage; and he proved himself to be a rare man to be able to stand thus alone, and never himself become dictatorial or patronizing.

When I first became connected with *The Era*, its literary reputation was such as to render me proud of my association. It had as "corresponding editor" John G. Whittier—our beloved prophet-poet, our laureate of freedom, still left to us, Heaven be praised! He wrote for *The Era* some of his noblest poems, many exquisite prose sketches and masterly criticisms. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first published in its columns, and Mrs. Southworth's first stories—short and powerful. Theodore Parker, John Pierpont, Henry B. Stanton, William D. Gallagher, Bayard Taylor, Alice and Phœbe Cary, and Gail Hamilton were on its brilliant list.



LEWIS TAPPAN.

From a photograph taken —, in the possession of John Eliot Bowen.

I first visited Washington as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bailey, in the summer of 1850, during the memorable "Long Session" which witnessed the momentous struggle on the Compromise measures and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law.

The editor of *The Era* was then a delicate-looking man, but remarkably alert, physically and mentally, and with an almost boyish brightness of manner and lightness of spirit. His head was a fine one, his face keenly intellectual, especially the eyes, which were singularly brilliant and searching. He had lived down his local unpopularity as a "fanatic;" and his worth as a man, as well as his courage and ability as a politician and journalist, was fully recognized in the community. Mrs. Bailey was a clever woman, who took in knowledge easily, almost unconsciously. Impulsive and enthusiastic, she had also much social tact, was a rapid but usually a just reasoner, and a witty talker. Personally she was very prepossessing, with a face fresh and fair, and a frank, pleasant voice, charming Southern *insouciance*, and unvarying cheerfulness of manner. Dr. and Mrs. Bailey were very happy in their home, wherein at that time were six beautiful children, equally balanced, as were all things in that harmonious, old-fashioned marriage.

We went daily to the Capitol, watching with intense interest the titanic toil and tug at slave-law making and slavery unmaking. The Senate then occupied the semicircular chamber which now, but little reduced, serves as the Supreme Court room, and seems all too contracted for this use. But on that far-away June morning when I saw it first, it did not seem to me lacking in dignity or spaciousness; I regarded it with a certain awe, thinking then, as I think now, that no legislative chamber ever inclosed a more splendid set of men—that no grander dome ever arched over more brains. I do not believe that, with all our mighty mixed population, our vast increase of wealth and knowledge, we shall ever look on the like of that assembly. Below me sat Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, William H. Seward, Thomas Corwin, Stephen A. Douglas, Thomas Benton, Salmon P. Chase, John P. Hale, "Honest John

Davis," Daniel S. Dickinson, Pierre Soulé, Lewis Cass, Hannibal Hamlin, Sam Houston, Judge Berrian, Judge Butler—Charles Sumner's arch-enemy later—Mason of Virginia—destined to sail into history on the *Trent*—and he who was to undertake to make history for a new empire—Jefferson Davis.

Did my space allow I would like to sketch some of those strong senatorial figures. Really, they were accounted great men by people in those primitive times. Yet I must say a few words about the chief giants of that little forum, esteemed orators in our day, though they would not scintillate and coruscate much beside the Depews and Gradys of your day.

I do not think it possible to overestimate the personal impressiveness of Daniel Webster. A noble figure, not too portly to be well borne; a head—well—

"I've paced much in this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:"

I have never seen so grand a head as Daniel Webster's, on mortal shoulders. The face had a somber beauty quite incomparable. The great dark eyes, "deep as death's mystery," the light of which seemed of immortal power, yet shone through a sort of haze of mortal weariness, giving one the feeling that a disappointed soul was looking out of their sad, baffling depths. Mr. Clay, then at an advanced age, was tall, slender, and erect; his face of autocratic ugliness was yet full of virility and power; his voice and his smile retained their old charm; while his eyes had yet much of the light—and on occasion the lightnings—of his early manhood.

There is usually a funny man in the Senate, as in the House. Mr. Corwin—everybody's "Tom Corwin"—was ex-

pected to fill that rôle, but, apparently sobered by the position, or the political crisis, he declined to be funny. General Sam Houston made some fun by his eccentricities of dress, and by his eternal whittling. The handsome member was a French Senator from New Orleans—Pierre Soulé—an elegant gentleman and a captivating orator, speaking pure English with a charming Gallic accent. He was much gazed at from the Ladies' Gallery, though there were those who preferred, to his dark, dramatic beauty, the genial good looks of Vice-President Fillmore. We had paid no money, but we could take our choice.

The fate of those two handsome statesmen was singularly foreshadowed in their faces. Millard Fillmore, after filling respectably the highest office of the republic, lived much respected in tranquil comfort and died in "exceeding peace," the cruel war being over, the first ominous thunders of which he had listened to with an unvexed soul, and no stage of which had troubled him unduly. Pierre Soulé went into the fight—which after all was not *his* fight—with all the passion



JOHN G. WHITTIER. (1842.)

By courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

and fiery *élan* of his nature and nation, and in the closing tragedy went clean under. After defeat and ruin came madness and death. One of his last characteristic if not sane utterances was: "What is liberty? It is a bundle of tyrannies."

The House of Representatives, which then seemed a vast body of busy legislators, was a mere "corporal's guard" to the assembly of to-day; but it numbered not a few men who wrought their lives into our history, for good or evil. Near Joshua R. Giddings, one of the largest and sturdiest members, sat Alexander Stephens, the smallest and frailest. Yet this "reed shaken by the wind" was to

outlast the oak. I noticed, one morning, standing together in earnest talk, the Horatii—Greeley and Mann. Of the great editor I then wrote: "One is first struck by the freedom and abandon of his style of dress, or, rather, absence of all style; for nothing more unconventional and queer could well be imagined: 'but that's not much;' the man shines through it all." I saw a head of Socratic power, but not severity; a face, fair, plump, and placid, yet strangely shrewd and wise withal; a smile of quaint kindness; and a pair of the loveliest hands the gods ever capriciously bestowed upon a man.

Horace Mann, father of the common-school system of Massachusetts, was a pale, scholarly-looking man; gentle, genial, and sympathetic, with a lofty storehouse of a head.

The South had strong men and astute politicians then in Congress, and though they had just lost their splendid leader, Calhoun, were as resolute, confident, and masterful as ever, backed as they were by a host of northern allies. That was a time of intense political excitement, much bitter feeling, and many complications. Even between Free-Soilers and Whigs and Democrats of avowed anti-slavery proclivities, relations were strained; the necessity of a separate party organization on this issue not being admitted by such statesmen as Seward and such journalists as Greeley. Though in both Houses were good men of the old parties, avowedly opposed to slavery, or slavery extension, I believe there were only nine out-and-out Free-Soilers. But what good fighting stuff was there in that immortal nine of the Thirty-first Congress!

For all the threatening political aspect, Washington was gay enough that session, with receptions, banquets, concerts, and plays, and the presence of many distinguished visitors. Ole Bull came with his fairy fiddle, and John Howard Payne, Peter Parley, Fredrika Bremer, and Dorothea Dix were all lionized in succession. A young lady exceedingly popular in society was Miss Anne Lynch, now Mrs. Botta, of New York; and much admired off the stage, as well as on, was the charming English actress, Jean M. Davenport, now Mrs. Lander, of Wash-

ington. I saw enough of southern social life that session and after to understand and feel the peculiar charm of southern manners and certain traits of character; indeed, so keenly did I feel that charm, that I could not be hard on Miss Bremer when I perceived on her coming to Washington, after a season of "lionization" in the South, that she had been won over from the pure faith as it was in Garrison and Phillips. Still, I tried to reconvert her, and one evening, at Dr. Bailey's, wrestled with her on the broad plane of humanity, but retired discomfited when she waved before me the golden rule, saying: "But, my dear Miss Grace, the slaves you Abolitionists would set free are *property* of the good southern people. Would you think them justified in robbing you of *property* of any sort?" The susceptible Swede had not exactly the moral stamina of Harriet Martineau. Mr. Clay, to whom I was made known, not only through letters, but by his friend and mine, Miss Lynch, condescended to use his matchless powers of argument for my conversion from at least political abolitionism, but I was a hopeless subject. In southern circles, though treated with gracious consideration, on account of my acquaintance with Mr. Clay and other distinguished men of the South, I could see that my abolition sentiments and associations were regarded with suspicion or lofty disapprobation; so, naturally, I affiliated more and more with the ostracized party. By far the pleasantest, if not the gayest, part of my Washington life, during this and following sessions, was spent with the Baileys and in their ever-widening social circle. I liked that little militant band of Free-Soilers—men of sharply defined characters, having the courage of their opinions. I liked their wives and daughters—for the most part bright, intelligent, earnest women. We knew we had been "sent to Coventry," and set about making "Coventry" a jolly sort of a place. Anti-slavery men got to dropping in quite informally on Saturday evenings, Senators Seward and Corwin came occasionally, but oftener Senators Hale and Chase, to counsel with their wise friend—not even the future Chief-Justice scorning to sit "at the feet of Gamaliel." "Father Giddings," "Proviso Wilmot,"

Hannibal Hamlin, and George W. Julian came also. Of all these the two last-mentioned alone survive. Mr. Hamlin was then a strong, active man, with a constitutional objection to overcoats and other compromise measures—fond of walking and not averse to dancing. Mr. Julian, a very young Congressman, was nevertheless very modest, and used to blush like a girl when one of his speeches was commended. Ah me! I fear these two friends have left off dancing and blushing.

One evening of that summer I vividly remember. It was that of the death of General Taylor. After having been



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much run down by hot weather and place-hunters, the president had endured, under a broiling sun, a Fourth of July oration more than two hours long, from Washington Parke Custis—which excess he followed by others, iced milk and a plate of cherries. He was a hero, but he succumbed. Several senators and political friends were at Dr. Bailey's, discussing the effect on the great questions then before Congress, of the solemn event known to be impending. During a pause in the discussion Mr. Seward gave us, in his pleasant, easy talk, a proof of his remarkable memory, and at the same time made an unconscious little self-betrayal, which caused more than one listener to smile amid the gloom. He told us not

only the exact age of every president, at his death, but at the time of his election; then added, as though thinking aloud, "I am fifty-one years old."

Just at midnight the bell tolled.

With the new president, Mr. Fillmore, Webster and Corwin went into the Cabinet, and the Compromise Measures into action, such as it was. The Session of 1851 was a dull, sullen time, politically, for the extreme southern faction and its allies. They felt they had won a worthless victory. The defeated party was the least demoralized. Though the lines were more sharply drawn than before between the *pro* and *anti* slavery men, and

greater efforts were made to keep Free Soilers out in the cold, all was lively and comfortable in "Coven-try." Dr. Bailey had removed to a spacious house on C Street, where the gathering of the faithful was made a regular Saturday-night event. Though still democratically informal, and quite simple in the matters of dress and refreshment, these receptions were evidently found very enjoyable by men and women of the highest culture; even by certain "society people," eager for a new diversion. As a member of Dr. Bailey's household, I witnessed the growth of that unique reunion which had so much the character of the old French *salon*, except that it was more cosmopolitan, and had a purer moral atmosphere. Though our special aim was to give "aid and com-

fort" to the Free-Soilers, fighting the good fight against tremendous odds, all men and women inclined toward the anti-slavery faith were welcomed, and even such honest supporters of the "institution" as were fearless or curious enough to enter that hospitable house. Most welcome were Southerners "under conviction." I remember during this session the visit of a brilliant young Virginian, born and nurtured in a slave-holding family, himself a slave-owner, but who, before ever having heard an anti-slavery argument, had thought and reasoned and felt his way to the light, which he thenceforward followed, at much gainful cost and profitable sacrifice. This young Virginian was Mr. Moncure D. Conway.

I happened to be the first at Dr. Bailey's to receive him, and he has since told me that I was the first abolitionist he ever conversed with; and then reminded me that I told him he must read a wonderful story of slavery, then being published in *The National Era*, called "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The receptions became much frequented by outsiders; not alone philanthropists and reformers, but certain bold Bohemians of the press and distinguished foreigners, who stood in no fear of the lash of political whippers-in or whippers-out. Among our foreign *habitués* was the Polish Count Gurowski—exiled for conspiracy, or, rather, self-exiled. Longfellow, in his diary, calls him "the terrible count," but he was an accomplished man, and would have been a handsome, but for the loss of an eye in a duel. The sightless side of his face seemed the most sinister and wicked. He was witty and interesting up to a certain point, when, with his mocking cynicism, he became a brilliant bore. Some visitors we had who dropped in and dropped out early, as chary of their political reputation. So lit and flew my southern friends and army relations. Even brave Horace Greeley, happening in for a twilight chat, would be off before the gathering of the clan. If others came and went early to avoid the crowd, Secretary Corwin sometimes came very late, after nearly all were gone. Yet he did not hurry away, but gave us an hour or two of wonderful talk. I have never known a greater humorist than Mr. Corwin, or a more delightful and dramatic *raconteur*. He would tell us stories of western life, introducing a score of actors, who would all live and move and speak before us. His face could express an infinite variety of human and animal character. I have seen the most famous perambulating humorists of later days and found them all, in spontaneous wit and drollery, in pure comic genius, leagues behind Tom Corwin.

During the Session of 1852 the Bailey *salon* was especially brilliant and popular. The Free-Soil Party had received many recruits—the first-fruits of the "Compromise Measures"—while the anti-slavery men of the old organizations had grown more independent, progress-

ive, and aggressive. This was Mr. Sumner's first session. Of course he was welcomed to "Coventry," but to our surprise, if not his, was also well received by leading southerners. They respected his talent and scholarship and literary eminence, and, doubtless, considered him an opponent to be won over if possible. Such men as Senators Berrian, Butler, and Soulé essayed on him the charm of their social courtesies and genial personality, with apparent effect at first, for the new champion of anti-slavery seemed in no haste to assert himself on the great question. Indeed, there was a time when some of us were apprehensive for our eloquent friend—lulled to silence, as he seemed, by "the sweet South." But when the north wind blew strongly the grand sentinel pine responded.

Mr. Sumner came after a time very often to Dr. Bailey's, and it was much to see in our *salon* his tall, imposing figure, and his face of craggy nobility, and to hear the deep, rich tones of his voice. Mr. Sumner, though an impressive talker, was not, in my opinion, a fine conversationist. What Mr. Russell says of Gladstone might have been said of him. "He is so consumed by zeal for the subjects which interest him, that he leaves out of account the possibility that they may not interest other people." Yet it was perhaps more that he lacked fine tact in selecting listeners for his majestic monologues. Mr. Chase, at that time a superb specimen of vigorous manhood and senatorial dignity, was most faithful to the reunions. Aside from the *habitués* I have named, we often had with us brave Robert Rantoul, whose beautiful dark eyes were so soon to close in death; valiant Henry Wilson, who had come up from the shoemaker's bench without despising honest labor; and steadfast Thaddeus Stevens, grim of visage, but not ungenial of soul—an exceedingly interesting, because an eminently real, man; and Senator Ben Wade, a rough but sharply hewn character. Formidable, almost savage, in debate, he was in conversation agreeable and quaintly humorous. Then there was Dr. Norton S. Townshend, most ardent of scientists and most faithful of friends—an enthusiast for humanity and horticulture, freedom and farming, yet a



HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

merry fellow withal. It is cheering to remember his abounding cheerfulness. Then there were two Wisconsin members—Durkee and Doty and Preston King, of New York, and ex-Governor Cleveland, of Connecticut—all good men and true, and very much alive. Politics don't make such men nowadays.

We made no efforts to entertain these guests. They entertained each other and us. No musicians were provided for them, no dramatic readers. They just talked, fast and free, as they pleased, with no master or mistress of ceremonies to rap on the piano, hush the happy hum, and make afraid. Here, some question of general interest was earnestly discussed; there, some position of party policy frankly criticised; legislators and journalists handled burning questions with equal boldness and coolness. I do not suppose that these were better men than the good men of other parties, or even better-tempered, but they certainly talked politics without the use of expletives or hard sayings—without raising their voices, or bringing down their fists; and simply, I think, because they were talking in the presence of, sometimes with, women of intelligence and refinement.

It was during this winter that Kosuth visited Washington on intervention

thoughts intent. He was treated with much delusive honor and oratory—as no action of our government on behalf of poor Hungary was seriously contemplated by Democrats or Whigs. He was enabled to add to his splendid vocabulary a choice new word—“buncombe.” We knew both the governor and his heroic wife, but they did not come to the receptions. As the guest of the government, craving intervention, Kosuth thought it not proper or politic to openly affiliate with the abolitionists, though in heart with them. Mr. Garrison denounced him for this lack of moral courage. Dr. Bailey did not, but execrated more than ever the system which could put a padlock on the most eloquent lips in the world.

Dr. and Mrs. Bailey were alike in their love of beauty, wit, and good old-fashioned fun. Each winter they had as guests a succession of clever women and relays of pretty girls. Mrs. Stowe liked to visit the snug harbor from which her great venture set forth on its endless circumnavigations. It is a “far cry” from this time to that, but there are those living who still remember, with a glow of pleasure, the merry, yet intellectual, young ladies who did so much to render the Bailey *salon* so charming; poetic Annie Phillips, ethereal Eva Ball, graceful Nellie Tarr, witty Lizzie Ellicott, and demure Marion Scoble, with her surprising dramatic talent. The fun which was perennial in that household had free course on stormy evenings, and sometimes on reception nights, after the grave strangers had left. We indulged not only in impromptu charades and proverbs, but merry games, even dear old Blind Man's Buff and noisy Hurly-burly. Sometimes our amusements were more intellectual. It was once the order of the evening that all should write epigrams, so that each one present should be done by his or her neighbor. Of those impromptu, many of which were very witty, I can recall but one—that of Mr. Chase on our hostess, which may still be interesting as a specimen of a statesman's trifling:

“When Margaret Shands was young and fair,
She sung ‘Love in a Cottage,’ gayly;
But later years brought graver cares,
She now is prisoner of ‘Old Bailey.’”

But not pleasanter to me was the social than the domestic life of this hospitable home. The six bright children were a source of amusement; and more—they were interesting and lovable. Dr. Bailey, though an affectionate father, was a strict disciplinarian. I remember he was especially stringent in his regulations as to quarreling—prohibiting his boys, under heavy penalties, to indulge in anything like a street fight with their playmates. One day, word was brought that Master Fred, a fine, high-spirited lad of nine or ten, had failed to keep this law. The culprit was summoned to the presence, where there ensued a little investigation, during which a nice distinction made by the boy proved for him a happy diversion.

“What is this I hear?” asked the father, sternly. “You have been fighting with young Dahlgren?”

“Yes, sir—and I licked him, too.”

“Who struck first?”

“I did, sir.”

“What for?”

“Because he called me a ‘damned abolitionist.’”

The father was shocked at this apparent degeneracy, and said, with some severity, “But, my son, have I not taught you never to be ashamed of that name? You *are* an abolitionist.”

“Yes, sir, I am—but not a *damned* abolitionist.”

In the summer of 1852 I first went to Europe, where I spent some eighteen months, as a correspondent of *The National Era*. After my return, new interests and duties kept me so long away from Washington that I never more knew the Bailey home in its happy completeness. I have been told that, during the winter of 1853, the frequent attendance of such cultured and scholarly men as Senators Sumner and Chase, Judge McLean, John G. Palfrey, Moncure D. Conway, Horace Mann, and of a score of intellectual women, with the happenings-in of distinguished scientists, journalists, and divines, gave to the *salon* much of the character of a literary club. Mr. Thackeray was there one night. Of a friend who saw him on that occasion I eagerly asked, “How did he look? What did he say?” and was answered, “Well, he looked over the heads of most of the



SENATOR SOULÉ.

people present, and when coffee was served, I heard him say to the friend who brought him there, ‘What, Andrews! no brandy and water?’”

It seemed but a little while after this brilliant time that I began to hear disquieting reports of a failure in the health of the overworked journalist and philanthropist, Dr. Bailey. The final physical break-down was doubtless accelerated by some cruel anxieties and chagrins. He was “wounded in the house of his friends.” The “know-nothing” movement—that forced, unripe fruit of patriotic nationalism, which yet had in it a core of truth—he felt compelled to condemn and oppose, as inconsistent with freedom and a broad humanity; and this he did against the advice and entreaties of many of his old friends and supporters, who had gone into the movement. His honesty cost *The National Era* some six thousand subscribers. But though he stood out for principle, against friends—to his cost—a little later he yielded to friends, against his judgment, where only his own interest was at stake. During the Fremont campaign he issued a daily republican sheet, which laborious enterprise cost him much hard-earned money and a sadder and more irreparable loss in health. I have always thought that Dr. Bailey’s political advisers should have stood by him in that matter. Is it that parties,

like corporations, have no souls? Certain it is that just as the day of the great Republican Party was brightening and broadening into full morning, that of the great republican journalist was darkening into untimely night. I can not dwell on the gathering of those chill evening clouds; they closed in on him at sea, just as he was nearing the foreign shore on which he hoped to regain health and courage. The end came very suddenly, but quietly and painlessly. His friend, Mr. Raymond, of *The New York Times*, who was present, wrote of it: "An infant weary with play, on a summer's day, could not have fallen asleep more genfly." This was on Sunday, the 5th of June, 1859. Dr. Bailey's eldest son, the only member of his family with him at the last, soon returned from Havre, bearing home the dear wasted form. This son, Mr. Marcellus Bailey, now a distinguished member of the Washington bar, is the only one of those clever boys now living. His sisters are married and live mostly abroad. For nearly thirty years Margaret Bailey survived her husband, but not for one day her adoring love for him.

The Hon. George W. Julian, Surveyor-General of New Mexico, writes with grateful warmth of "the delightful gatherings at Dr. Bailey's," which he remembers "with inexpressible pleasure;" and continues: "There was about the presence and personality of the doctor a wonderful charm—

"Continual comfort given by looks,
The lineaments of gospel books."

"But those gatherings were not by any means entirely social. They had a political value and significance. They strengthened the faith and stimulated the courage of the anti-slavery minority, while Dr. Bailey took care to invite sundry men who were not committed to the Free-Soil gospel, but who were tending in that direction, and such were evidently helped forward by the influence of these meetings."

Our first republican vice-president—he whose name is linked for all time with that of Abraham Lincoln—writes to me from his home in Bangor:

"I have neither forgotten you, nor the

cozy, pleasant meetings at Dr. Bailey's, to which you refer. Those meetings were of very great value to the anti-slavery cause. They were made up of persons who *believed* in the anti-slavery principles which they professed and advocated. I can think of no instrumentality which did so good a service to our cause. The meetings were composed in great part of men and women of both Whig and Democratic affiliations, but who at heart were anti-slavery; and they served to unite and strengthen all who participated in them and to extend their sphere of useful activity. They cheered the resolute and determined in opinion the timid.

"Alas, how few are now left who know the ordeal which we all entertaining anti-slavery sentiments had to pass through! I then believed that God in his goodness would wipe out 'the sum of all villainies,' but I never dreamed it would come as it has come, in my lifetime.

"Yours very sincerely,

"H. HAMLIN."

Ah, thrice happy are they who have lived to see the triumph of the great principle of human freedom for which they struggled, toiled, and sacrificed. But, should the heroes who fell in the early hours of the long day of battle, in the terrible, uncertain contest, be forgotten because they can not answer to their names in the roll-call of victory?

I find comfort in the thought that my hero now rests, with his beloved wife by his side, in a city no longer defaced by a slave prison, or disgraced by a slave coflee; but I am not content to know that in the free, beautiful capital which he so greatly helped to make worthy of a great nation, there is no public memorial of his life and services. In that many-squared and much triangulated city, while heroes of a commoner sort pose and prance in marble and bronze, on nearly every verdant spot, or "coign of vantage," and war-commemorating monuments stand at the meeting of the ways, on no statue or obelisk is graven the pure name of Gamaliel Bailey; no street bears it; not even a public drinking-fountain has been set flowing in honor of his beneficent life, nor a modest little park been planted to keep his memory green.

The Cosmopolitan.

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