

A GREAT city is usually credited, and truly, with worldly motives, which make the prosperous portion of its inhabitants pushing, selfish, proud, and self-satisfied. Here Jews and Gentiles, Europeans and Americans, are all striving for the common prizes of life, and on these prizes, it would seem, their imagination is centered. Yet for nearly a century, in fact ever since New York was worthy the name of city, a quiet man moved daily among the crowd, busy as others about commerce and manufactures, society and social aims. He raised a family of influential children, and was pleasantly associated in business and society with nearly every person of consideration in New York, his native city, where he was born February 12, 1791. Yet, in all this daily contact with men, his chief objects were distinct from theirs, and he kept his own individuality and way of looking at things intact from the beginning. It has been said that Americans lose their individuality more easily than the people of other nations; Mr. Cooper certainly is an example to the contrary. No worldly enticements nor persuasions ever changed his own way of regarding things, and he had a consistent and singularly straightforward method in considering unusual subjects.

An association of eleven years with Mr. Cooper, as head of the "Woman's Art School," gave me an opportunity to observe him in the life-work which most earnestly engaged all his powers. His practical ingenuity in connection with steam-engines, his success in running the first locomotive in America, his new application of iron-work for building purposes, the improvements he aided in New York, such as the locating of Union and Madison squares and Tompkins Square as breathing spots for the city, are well known; his faith in the Atlantic cable and like enterprises, when other men doubted their success, are remembered; but only an eye-witness of it could imagine the time, and thought, and ingenuity he gave, year after year, to his favor-

ite scheme for the raising and bettering of his fellow-creatures in the "Cooper Union." In this connection, it may not be amiss to give a brief outline of this institution:

The three great branches of the "Cooper Union" are the night schools, where several thousand men are taught each season a scientific and literary course, besides drawing in its various branches; the day schools for women, comprising the "Woman's Art School," a school for telegraphy, and a type-writing class recently established; and a free library and reading-room, open day and evening, to which 400,000 visits are annually paid.

In the "Woman's Art School" about five hundred young women are taught different kinds of art work. Half of these are instructed in various industrial branches, in an absolutely free class; and the rest, at a very small cost, have the best teachers of drawing and painting in New York. Ever since the school was started in 1857 or 1858, the names of some of the best artists in New York have been connected with the free school; and in its list of teachers are such men as Jervis McEntee, N. A., and Dr. Rimmer formerly, and at the present time R. Swain Gifford, N. A., Wyatt Eaton, J. Alden Weir, William Sartain, A. N. A., Douglas Volk, and other well-known painters. The "Woman's Art School" is furnished with one of the finest collections of casts in this country, which include the chief of the Elgin marbles and many of the great classical statues. Bass-reliefs from the Renaissance period, such as the beautiful figures from Donatello and Della Robbia, together with the best ornamental models from the schools at South Kensington, afford the pupils excellent subjects for study. A small but well-selected art library consists of the works of Ruskin, Taine, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Leonardo da Vinci, Lalanne, Fergusson, and many other authorities; while the illustrated volumes of Racinet, Owen Jones, and books on pottery, engraving, design, etching, besides art period-

icals, cultivate the ideas and taste of the pupils. Lectures are given each winter on art; and such men as William Page, N. A., Louis C. Tiffany, A. N. A., William H. Goodyear, of the Metropolitan Museum, Hubert Herkomer, A. R. A., afford the pupils information in all the new ideas on art.

It is somewhat aside from the purpose of this article to speak of the practical results of the "Woman's Art School"; but, as it was a subject on which Mr. Cooper liked to dwell, it may be of special interest to the reader. Besides learning a profession, at the very time they are studying, half the pupils in the free classes wholly or partly support themselves by teaching, designing, engraving on wood, and other artistic occupations; and the annual report of this year shows that the present pupils and the last year's graduates have earned between \$27,000 and \$28,000, while probably of \$10,000 more earnings no account has been given. Many of the beautiful engravings in this magazine, in "St. Nicholas," and in the Patent Office Reports, are cut in the engraving room of the "Woman's Art School" at the Cooper Union.

Observing, in the early years of my connection with the "Institute," how much fonder Mr. Cooper was of scientific and mechanical work than of art, I was often surprised that he should ever have undertaken this great Art School. It was finally explained to me that, under the auspices of some of the most cultivated and intelligent ladies of New York, such as Miss Mary Hamilton, who was afterward Mrs. George L. Schuyler, Mrs. Jonathan Sturges, and others, a "School of Design" was begun before the "Cooper Union" was established. In this school were classes in drawing for mechanical purposes and in designing for paper, cotton, and woolen manufactures, both branches being suited to women. The school had prospered under the constant oversight of a committee of ladies, and when at length the Cooper Union was completed in 1857 or 1858, this class was offered to Mr. Cooper, who, seeing that it was likely to be successful in a line which he had marked out, accepted the transfer of this school of design to his foundation.

It is difficult to analyze mental processes; but it seems as if the same faculties which enabled Mr. Cooper to see the possibilities of machinery, opened his eyes to the advantage of practical education for young men and women who have their bread to earn. At a time when the colleges of this country insisted on Latin and Greek, Mr. Cooper realized that, to make young men of moderate means useful and happy, scientific

knowledge and special study for their own business was most important; and in founding the Woman's Art School, it is a question whether he has not settled the doubt of the desirableness of a "higher education" for women. Certainly he had women taught, systematically, what would fit them for intellectual occupations, before any college so taught them.

Nowadays *special* study has become a great part of the instruction in the best American colleges; but Mr. Cooper was one of the first educators in America to carry out the idea that a practical and necessitous people had better learn what they could apply to use. But Mr. Cooper's aim was not merely to promote material prosperity. He always used his influence in his schools to raise the standard of character. Young men were taught elocution in the night classes, primarily to enable them to assist in political discussion, and to make them interested in public affairs. For women, Mr. Cooper aimed to secure quiet, healthful, and dignified pursuits.

"I have-always tried to do the *best* I knew how," he said to me one day, "and then people have wanted what I made. I determined to make the *best* glue, and found out every method and ingredient looking to that end, and so it has always been in demand." This habit of his mind was a pervading influence in the Institute.

Reminiscences of Mr. Cooper ought not to take the form of a sermon; yet it seems impossible for any one who contemplated him in his daily relations to the Cooper Union not to be impressed with the fact that the first and most positive lesson of his life was a spiritual one. He was occupied with the various departments of the schools, the reading-room, or the sanitary or building arrangements; and yet, even when he talked about the very bricks and mortar of the building, through the crucible of his benevolence these material objects seemed converted into "something rich and strange," through the "spiritual uses," as Swedenborg designates them, which were his motives for them all.

Nearly every week Mr. Cooper was at the Institute; but we never heard a word from his lips, nor saw a look in his face, nor heard a tone of his voice, which could have been wished otherwise. His influence was not only negatively good, but his presence always acted as a moral tonic.

From the first time I saw Mr. Cooper, eleven years ago, till the last occasion on which he visited the Cooper Union, I was struck with the fact that his ideas and actions were always what is called "at first hand." He rarely referred to what anybody

else thought or said; and with the exception of the verses he had committed to memory and thought about, till they formed part of the very substance of his mind, he never mentioned books. Some people take hold of things better if they see and examine them for themselves, and a glance at a landscape or a look at a person conveys much more than any description. Others prefer "fireside travels"; and I remember a distinguished professor who once said to me that he enjoyed flowers even more in poems than he did in reality.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Not so, Mr. Cooper. The sight of a person or a thing stimulated his mind at once to new conditions, and his imagination became fertile to plan and arrange. He was a curious instance of a man who was intensely practical, yet never commonplace; and his desire for material results was always united with a still more earnest wish to develop self-respect, independence, and a love of usefulness in the young people who studied at the Institute.

Mr. Cooper was an early riser, and by half-past nine, nearly every day, his plain, small carriage, with its one steady horse, might be seen standing near the Seventh street entrance of the Institute. Mr. Cooper usually went about the building by himself, and his cheerful, intelligent face, which never looked haggard though it was old, and his slightly stooping form, in a plain black coat and a soft black felt hat, from beneath whose brim fell his silky white hair, might be seen for hours every day, sometimes on the staircases, often in the school-room. For a time he sat in the main office, talking with some business man employed in the building, or he conversed with me about the school. He rarely used the elevator till toward the end, but preferred to climb the numerous flights of stairs even up to the very top story; and many a time it has given me a shiver of anxiety to see him holding by the baluster as, by himself, he went down the long stone staircases. He was the kindest and most amiable of men in saving other people anxiety or pain; and sometimes when I begged him to let me go with him or to allow the office boy to take his arm, he said he did not need him; yet he suffered us to accompany him, when he saw that we really desired it. Of late years, the policeman, the janitor, and more recently a young servant went with him; but he did not like to be waited on, and always preferred to stand when he was talking to a woman.

When in the school-rooms he never wanted any disturbance made on his account. Till within the last year or two, he was in the Woman's Art School several times a week, and he generally came quite early, before ten o'clock. Often he brought visitors to see the building; but, unless some stranger came to view the pupils' work, he did not wish me to accompany the party. He came noiselessly into the long west corridor, and it was often only when I saw his silvery head retreating into the distance that I knew Mr. Cooper had been to visit us. At times when he appeared feeble, I joined him; walking along behind him, one would have conjectured that he was only looking about in the most casual way. Of late years his slow step, his venerable form slightly shrunk about the shoulders, and his gentle bearing were a sight which kept my own thoughts intent on him. Often on these occasions Mr. Cooper would pause, turn around, and, leaning up against one of the cases which lined the room, begin to talk on some subject of importance, or his reflective observations showed that his mind was busily employed.

One day he stood watching the portrait class, who, to the number of thirty pupils or more, were drawing likenesses of the same model from different positions. One scholar made the face in profile; another had it turned a little into the shadow; a third saw more of the full face; while others worked still further into or away from the light. He had stood observing the scene for a few minutes, when he said, "Such a sight as this should be a lesson in charity, when we perceive how the same person may be so different, according to the way he is looked at by various people."

During the first year of my acquaintance with Mr. Cooper, I frequently told him stories of our pupils who were very poor, or were making extraordinary efforts to remain in the Art School. Finding, however, that such cases could never be mentioned without his immediately volunteering to aid them, as a matter of honor I soon ceased to speak to him of instances which would enlist his sympathy. In spite of this, however, now and then some case came up of a girl in unusually difficult circumstances. She had, perhaps, come from the far West or the South, and was away from her friends; or was one of many children, or had saved, painfully, the money to keep her at the Cooper Union. The story was told to explain or illustrate some outside matter, and it did not occur to me that Mr. Cooper would feel it as an appeal to his charity. But so constant was his habit of sympathy, and so strong his desire to do

good, that on such occasions his hand would be instantly in his pocket, and before I could perceive what he was about, a bill was slipped into my hand, as if he were hardly willing I should think what he was doing, and he said, "This may help her, perhaps, to get better food"; or, "You can see if she needs anything specially; but do not say where it came from." These words were spoken in a tone so full of kindness, and yet so absolutely without ostentation, that I never did tell the recipient. The feeling in Mr. Cooper was too sacred a prompting to be soiled with any touch of earthly vanity. Truly he did not *wish* his left hand to know what his right hand was doing; and, by instantly speaking on some other subject, he tried to make me forget the incident which had occurred.

Many a time, stories about pupils who had become prosperous through their education at the Cooper Union were repeated to him either by letters or by the people themselves, or I told him incidents which it seemed but due that he should know. Such meed of praise, so far from ever raising an expression of vanity or pride in him, was received in the meekest spirit; and yet these *were* the results for which he was giving time, and money, and life. "All I want," he said, "is, that these poor women shall earn decent and respectable livings, and especially that they shall be kept from marrying bad husbands."

This subject of unhappy marriages seemed to be a very prominent one in Mr. Cooper's mind. That women were often imposed upon, were ill-used and broken down, he had a lively conviction; and all his chivalry and sense of fatherly protection were enlisted to save them, so far as he could, from these ordinary misfortunes. While the world is now occupied with the question of what women can be taught, their "higher education," and many kindred subjects, Mr. Cooper's acute genius discovered, as by intuition, many years ago, the relation of women of the middle class to society, to industries, and the family. He saw that many of them could not marry, and he realized what must be the forlorn position of a number of elderly daughters of a poor man. He had noted the dangerous likelihood of giddy, ignorant young girls marrying anybody for a home, even if the men they married were dissipated or inefficient; and he had the tenderest pity for poor widows or deserted wives. He talked many times, and at great length, on these subjects, and all circumstances and any sort of incident brought up this desire of his heart, to help women to be happy, independent, and virtuous.

One of the last times he was at the school,

and while a celebrated New York clergyman was giving a course of Lenten lectures to women, Mr. Cooper, with his face all animated with his feeling about it, said: "Dr. — is of the wealthy class, and he has been used to deal with wealthy women. The world does not look like the same place to him that it does to me. If he could be in my place for a month, and read the letters I get from poor and suffering women, he would think that it would be best to have them taught anything which they could learn to enable them to lessen all this trouble."

Compensation is one of the great laws of life, and a chief blessing which comes to those who have struggled and known all sorts of classes of society is the wider horizon gained of human nature. Mr. Cooper was perhaps as true a democrat as ever lived. I never could perceive that social distinctions made the least impression on him. He recognized wealth and influence as means of doing good, and he saw that they increased the scope for improvement and happiness. But the people who moved in different stations of life were the same to him; and men and women were alike interesting as they were his fellow-creatures, to whom he could be a brother-man.

There are many anecdotes to illustrate how completely his heart beat in harmony with every class, and how his fellow-citizens had learned to prize him. His familiar face was known all over New York, and whenever his plain carryall appeared, it was immediately recognized, let it be in Fifth Avenue, in Broadway, or in the poorest streets of the city. Whether it was an Irishman driving his loaded cart, or a fine carriage, everybody yielded Mr. Cooper the "right of way." Such homage as this can only be voluntary, and it is a singular contrast to the forced deference which compels every vehicle to give way to the equipages of the court in foreign countries.

At the time that Mr. Edward Cooper was nominated for Mayor of New York, naturally many of the foreign population knew nothing of him personally. A gentleman at the head of much of the German law practice at that time, when among his clients, was consulted about the candidate. "We are not acquainted with Mr. Edward Cooper," the Germans said, "but he must be a good man, as he is Mr. Peter Cooper's son, and so we shall vote for him."

It is rare to find a man like Mr. Cooper who, in his relations with women, has not a "certain condescension" in his feeling toward them. He may be charmed with them, he may love them dearly, or he may enjoy their

wit or be disgusted with folly or strong-mindedness; but he scarcely ever seems to regard them as fellow-creatures, simply.

It would seem, from his association with people of all classes, that Mr. Cooper had become, humanly, a cosmopolitan, and the few simple needs which are common to all mankind were always patent to his catholic heart. He often came into school with some distinguished man, foreign or native; and he showed the work of the Institute and its classes to the Empress of Brazil, the Prince of Wales, Count de Lesseps, Dean Stanley, and the scientific and the fashionable, with the same unconsciousness and simplicity that he did to rough but intelligent men from Western towns, or a party of women and children who had come in to see the "sights" of New York from a farm-house in New Jersey.

Mr. Cooper was fond of taking visitors by the arm as he walked about the building, and, in pleasant tones and with cheerful and cheering looks, the good old man would speak to them of his hopes and objects and of what he had accomplished. Carlyle in one of his letters to Emerson, describing Mr. Webster, says, "he was perfectly bred, though not with English breeding." Observing Mr. Cooper with all sorts of people, one never saw him when his manners were not perfect as a true gentleman. Not a shade of obsequiousness, or pride, or boasting, or vanity, nor a thought of himself personally, sullied the dignity and sweet gravity of his bearing.

His opinions were positive, and he stated them definitely; and his illustrations were often simple and even homely. It would be difficult to tell the occasions, so numerous were they, which drew from him the poems and little rhymes which were his solace and delight. He told them to strangers in their visits to the school, or often he repeated to the pupils verses of which he was specially fond. Among those he particularly liked were lines from "Pope's Essay on Man," which appealed strongly to him by its common sense and the knowledge it showed of human nature. I believe he knew the whole of the poem, but the parts he oftenest quoted were those that are nearly as familiar as proverbs.

"Look round our world; behold the chain of love,
Combining all below and all above."

And there is hardly any one familiar with Mr. Cooper who has not heard more times than once:

"O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name,—

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live or dare to die."

"Remember, man, 'the universal cause
Acts not by partial but by general laws,'
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all."

"Health consists with temperance alone,
And peace, O virtue, peace is all thine own."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

"Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness below."

"Our own bright prospect to be blest,
Our strongest motive to assist the rest."

Of all other parts of this poem, the last was the one, perhaps, about which he cared most, and which most closely harmonized with his own theory of life:

"God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake:
The center mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads,—
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast."

One day, I remember, an elderly gentleman, a stranger, sat with him in the office for an hour or more, listening to Mr. Cooper's relation of his experiences, personal and external. The gentleman was of a reflective turn of mind as well as Mr. Cooper; and soon Mr. Cooper was pouring into his ear the store of poetry, hymns, aphorisms, and wise sayings which were and had long been his mental support. Each turn of expression seemed filled with Mr. Cooper's own feeling, and these beautiful and wise words, no doubt, had, through long familiarity, in their turn molded his own mind.

Anybody who has heard Mr. Cooper speak in the hall of the Cooper Union is acquainted with this habit of recalling favorite verses and sayings, and can remember the rapt look in his face as he repeated them. When his mind was absorbed with contrivances of a practical nature, such as the affairs of a needy man or woman, his words were spontaneous, and his thoughts occupied with the question in hand; but when alone or in simple conversation, his mind flowed habitually into well-remembered words or verses; and I think I have never known a person who recalled so well or cared so much for favorite quotations, nor one on whose tongue they were so frequent.

When busy in the general office of the Cooper Union, with masons, carpenters, or people on business, if by chance any woman met him, Mr. Cooper was always ready to listen to her story, and to forward her desires to enter the Art School or the class in telegraphy. Frequently I was called, to find that Mr. Cooper wished to see me. He usually stood while talking; and on these occasions I found him with some woman at his side, who wished to become a pupil of the Art School.

"This is the lady who superintends the school," he said, as he introduced me. "You must tell her what you want." And then in an aside to me, but never except to explain his participation, he said: "She is very needy. She has three brothers and sisters to take care of"; or more often he told me he had met the person in the office, and she had asked him to introduce her. But since my connection with the Art School, on no occasion did Mr. Cooper ever interfere with the working of the rules; and he always ended by saying, even after his most interested statements: "But you must not take her unless it is best; and I do not want you to break in on any regulation." His tenderness of heart to present distress never interfered with his sense of justice to those who were far away and had applied to come to the Cooper Union, but were unable to make personal appeals to his kindness.

When one considers the rough and often brusque ways of business men, the considerate respect Mr. Cooper always showed in his manners for all persons in his employ is especially observable. His tone was of pleading for the unfortunate or reasoning about changes which he liked to suggest; but I never saw him use his authority. A gentleman who was most intimately related to him once said that he had never heard a cross or hasty tone in Mr. Cooper's voice; and when I recollect his uniform gentleness and perfect consideration, it is no longer remarkable that a man who had risen, by his own abilities, to a position of such trust and honor as Mr. Cooper, should have kept his simple relations with people intact during so long a life.

In one of the addresses at his funeral, when clergymen of three different denominations occupied the pulpit, one of them referred to Mr. Cooper as an example whom people of any religious belief might imitate, without regard to their theology, because of his great love of humanity. Swedenborg dwells on what he designates as a "life of uses," as the highest goal to which man can attain. This was

preëminently Mr. Cooper's standard, and his ingenuity was incessantly directed to think what he could hear of or plan that would benefit his fellow-creatures and enable them to be independent, useful, self-respecting, and intelligent. Type-writing seemed to him a good channel for the employment of women, and on one of his last visits to the Art School he explained to me his views about it. "It is a light and easy occupation; it is much used by business men," he said; and finally added, speaking as if his life and health were of no importance except as he could use them for some good end: "If my life and strength can last till I get such a class started here in the building, I shall be very glad." There was something pathetic as the saintly old man said these words; and at the same time it was inspiring to think that the end and aim of even such a life as his, in its highest development and purpose, was to arrange and invent what was useful for his fellow-creatures. To this he applied all his knowledge and experience; and all his acquaintance with mechanical contrivances, and what he knew of developing business interests, were made to subserve in raising and cheering as many men and women as possible, in their blind and ignorant efforts to fill useful and independent places in the world. The very last time I saw Mr. Cooper, and when his waning strength left his countenance languid and weary, his eye brightened and he straightened himself up firmly, as he told me that "the type-writing class was started, and he wanted me to go upstairs and see it."

A few years since, Mr. Cooper added a large section to the top of the Cooper Union, about two hundred feet long, from Seventh to Eighth street, and nearly a hundred wide. This was a great pleasure and comfort to him; he watched every brick as it was laid, and he delighted to explain how strong it was, and how bright and fine the new rooms were, and the beautiful view which could be seen from them over the harbor and neighboring country. He had meant to have pictures and machinery exhibited here; but when it proved that this section of the building was better fitted for the men's class-rooms, he abandoned his own plans to carry out the ideas of those on whom he could depend for advice.

Mechanical contrivances of all sorts were his delight, and when, in company with his faithful janitor, whose knowledge and good sense were in harmony with his own, he went about looking at the steam-heating apparatus, the ventilators, the elevator, and any new arrangements which had been made, he was

full of suggestions whose practical value we soon learned to appreciate. If I told him that we had not air enough, that the steam-pipes near the pupils' seats were too hot, his invention was stimulated in a moment to contrive some remedy for the evil. He often said to me, as he looked about the rooms: "Let me know if you can think of any improvement, and I shall be glad to do it if I can." And so there has been a constant addition to the conveniences, the studies, the healthful arrangements, and the books and casts for the school. Unlike many institutions, there has always been a feeling here that nothing was suffered to fall into a *rut*. When the books in the art library became worn, they were re-bound or replaced; casts were duplicated and new ones added; and carpenters, glaziers, and plumbers were permanently employed, so that the rooms could be kept in good condition. Any one with experience knows what cheer there is in such a state of things. It is so much easier for teachers and pupils, and all connected with such an establishment, when they are sure they are not neglected nor their interests ignored.

So completely was the pecuniary machinery organized, that though during the eleven years of my connection with the Cooper Union great numbers of people were to be paid monthly, no teacher of the Woman's Art School has ever had his or her money delayed a week; only by accident has it been delayed even a day. Peace and quiet and perfect order were the direct result of Mr. Cooper's influence and habits of life.

As I said before, Mr. Cooper cared little for art *per se*. And so he looked with some suspicion and incredulity on the headless Torso of "Victory," in the Elgin Marbles, and could see no beauty in the "Fates"; but he was well content to trust such matters to more experienced judges, and to reiterate his usual words: "If the young women can only learn, so that they can get decent and respectable livings!"

Human nature is a great mystery, and in the different periods of our life one stage does not well understand the others. How little can the child know the state of mind of the man! and in middle life how slightly are we sure that we comprehend the feelings and thoughts of old age! The world, to a youth, is full of hope; in the midst of the struggle, the accomplishment, and the disappointments of maturity, it looks different; and old age probably conceals thoughts, such as other periods cannot understand, of what things are vain and what are of value, as the bodily powers and desires fade away and the

certainty of death becomes more near and real. Some qualities in us are endowed with an everlasting youth, and it is these which we embody as our conception of the Immortals. Benevolence, charity, a love of nature, such parts of us as these, appear to be the same in young and old; and in our idea of angelic natures we carry such qualities forward into another world. It was a strange and new problem of life to watch so aged a man as Mr. Cooper, and observe of what human nature was capable at so advanced a period of development. Often, when I looked at him and saw his clear eye kindle with enthusiasm for good, or his look melt with pity; when I saw him so kind and loving as he spoke of his daughter or young grandchildren, and so full of sympathy for the poor; and especially when I observed his step drooping and feeble, and his head bowed, as he first came into the school after a night when he had slept poorly, and then, at the tale of some helpless girl whom his benevolence had benefited, saw him grow bright again and his eyes light up and his breath become deeper,—on such occasions it did really seem as if new life came into him, and, as Swedenborg expresses it, as if it was "the spirit of an angel which informed him."

To the day when he was taken with his last illness, his sight was perfectly good, his hearing as sharp as ever, and there was no trace on his sincere and peaceful face of the querulousness or peevish discontent that is so often seen in old age. The highest lesson taught by Mr. Cooper was the lesson of his own life. As much as, or more than any one I ever knew, Mr. Cooper solved the problem: "Is life worth living?"

Observing him carefully for a long series of years, it appeared that certain parts of his nature were cultivated intentionally, as the result of a wisdom which discriminated what was really worth caring for from what was not worthy of pursuit. Personal ambitions or selfish aims had no weight with him, and disappointments and annoyances which would have left deep wounds with many passed off from him with scarcely an observation. He was most kind and loving; but if he were usefully employed, no domestic loss or separation from friends seemed to touch his happiness seriously. He spoke often of his preference for plain living, and his habits were as simple as those of a child. Love of pomp or display never touched him in the slightest, and he had an innocent openness of character which concealed nothing. Never, under any circumstance, did he show a particle of malignity, revenge, or meanness. If people disappointed him, he passed over

the wound it made and let his mind dwell on something more satisfactory. Swedenborg's phrase, "the wisdom of innocence," often occurred to my mind in observing Mr. Cooper. He knew what was wise, and to that his heart was given. Sensitive as any young man in all works of sympathy or kindness, the mean and bad ways of the world fell off from his perception.

So his life passed in New York and in the Cooper Union, serene, happy and contented. With "honor, love, obedience, hosts of friends," he was an example and encouragement to those who had not gained the quiet heights on which his inner self habitually dwelt.

On the evening of the yearly reception of the Woman's Art School, which occurred the latter part of May, Mr. Cooper stood or sat at the south corner of the east corridor to receive the thousands of people who attended the reception. The guests consisted of old and present pupils and their friends, and vast numbers of the outside public. Surrounded by his family, the venerable founder of the Cooper Union was always present,—the chief attraction of the evening. For many of the first years of my acquaintance with him, Mr. Cooper stood during these receptions almost the entire time, shaking hands with men, women, and children. The teachers and officers of the building were usually near him on these occasions, and it was very interesting to observe the various manners of the crowd who approached him. Sweet, simple, and dignified, he welcomed each person cordially. "How do you do? How do you do?" he said, over and over again, till we who cared for him tried to screen him from the press of visitors. An old man and woman would approach: "It is many years since we saw you last," they said, grasping his hands. "Mr. Cooper, we must put our little boy's hand in yours," said a young couple with a child five or six years old at their side. Then a group of boys would come along and stand curiously regarding him from a short distance. "That's Mr. Cooper," they whispered in an under-tone. Young men came along and stopped to talk to him and shake his hand, till some of us whispered to them that they must not stay to tire him. Occasionally, the salutations were very amusing, especially those of mechanics or workmen, who called him "Uncle Peter," with the evident intention of respectful endearment; and these people were met with the same affability as the rest. Not infrequently my own nerves were a little disturbed by some good but inconsiderate person, who, grasping his hand and looking at him with mingled affection and surprise, told him, "When I saw you a year

ago, Mr. Cooper, I thought it was the last time you would be here. I am glad to see you alive now." But by none of these remarks was Mr. Cooper in the least perturbed. "I have had a long life; it can't be for a very great while now," he answered. "God bless you, Mr. Cooper, for all you have done for me," said many a man and woman as they passed him. And so the evening wore away, and ten thousand people had come and gone through the great, bright halls and school-rooms; and Mr. Cooper's presence had put a good thought or feeling into everybody's heart. I can see him now, with his smiling face and interested look, and his soft white hair waving over his shoulders, amid flowers, lights, and the cheerful music, while his presence brooded like a benediction over the swaying and surging crowd. The same scene was repeated the next night at the "Men's Reception" and on the "Commencement Night," when he never failed to speak some useful lessons to the men and women before him, and to tell them how their lives might be better and happier and more useful; but a greater and better lesson than anything he could say was the sight of what he *was* and had *done*.

New Yorkers know the touching and unique spectacle at his funeral (his death occurred April 6, 1883, in his ninety-third year), and remember the unbroken line of respectful and sorrowing faces which silently contemplated the funeral procession in its course of three miles from the church in Twentieth street to the Battery. Broadway was absolutely emptied of business and vehicles while the body of this good friend of every one in New York was being carried to the grave. Every class of society was represented in the great crowd, and rich and poor alike had the same sorrowful look on their faces. In the poorer cross-streets, mothers held up their little children to look at the funeral, and rough-looking and wretched people of every nation seemed touched with a better feeling, while, as the hearse passed between the great business houses of Broadway, burly and prosperous merchants stood silent and with heads uncovered. The sight, looking down the main street of the city, was most impressive. At that hour of the afternoon, the great artery of New York is always crowded with carriages and vehicles. Horses and wagons are closely wedged together, and the mass moves along almost solid for miles. But now, when the funeral carriages turned two abreast into Broadway from Fourth street, not another vehicle broke the stillness, and the bare pavement was seen as far as the eye could reach. On either broad sidewalk was the mass of

upturned, silent faces. When the procession reached Fulton and Wall streets, it seemed nearly impossible to believe that life could be kept back from where these streets join Broadway; yet such was the love for Mr. Cooper that all remained silent to the end, and it was only when the carriages which had followed the hearse turned again, after leaving it, into Broadway that the crowd surged back and life resumed its usual course, ebbing and flowing as before.

The recollection of a great court funeral is still vivid in my mind, when the young

Queen Mercedes of Spain was buried. At this funeral the Spanish nobility laughed and flirted behind their fans, in the very church, while the Requiem Mass was being performed and the funeral sermons were being preached. The sight was a sad lesson on the vanity of worldly greatness, when one compared it with the spectacle of the silent procession of persons who moved for many hours up the aisles of the church to look once again on the dead face of Mr. Cooper, their loved and revered friend.

Susan N. Carter.



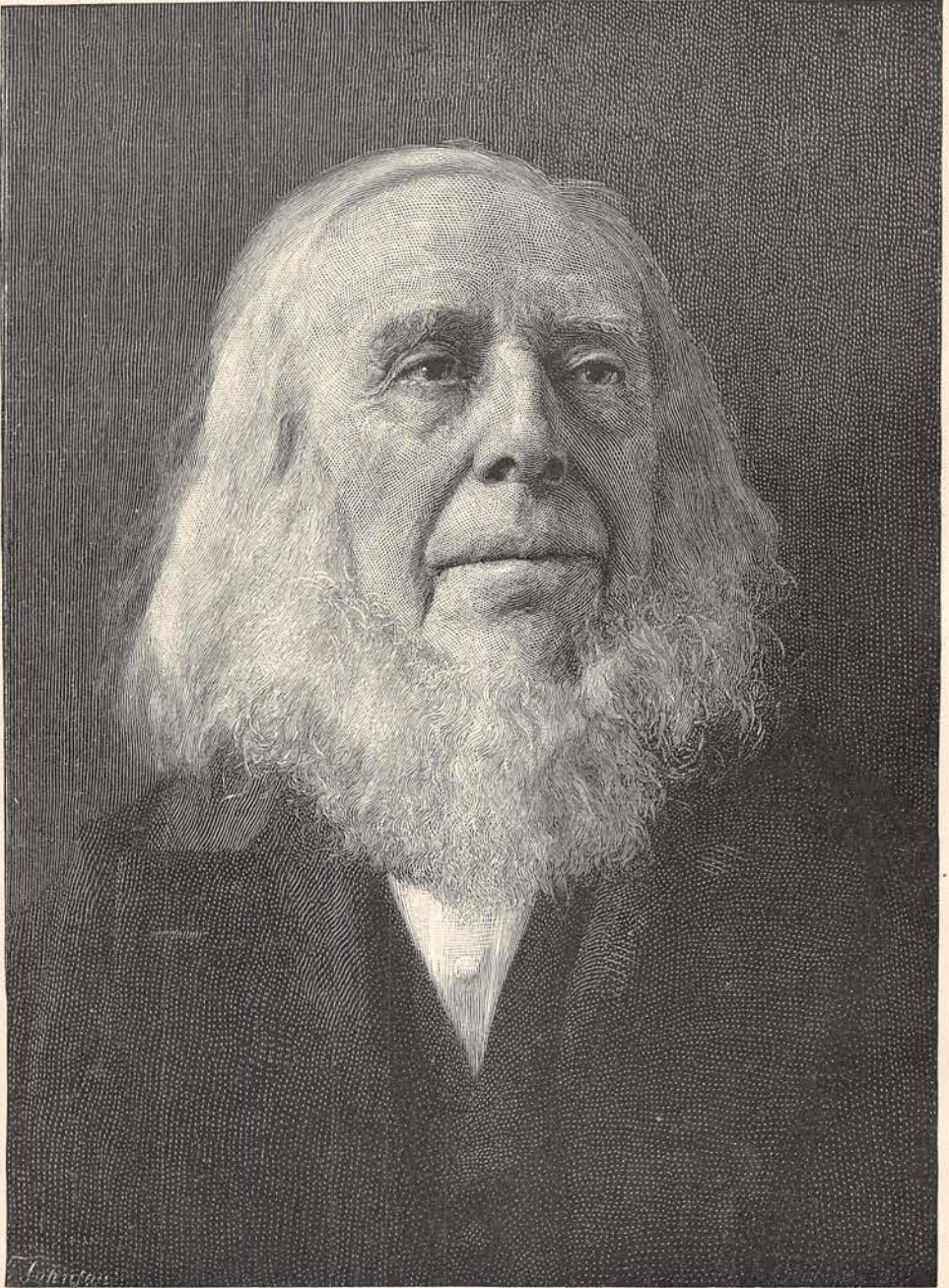
GEORGE FULLER.

On the walls of the New York Academy of Design, in 1878, there hung a picture called "Turkey Pasture in Kentucky," which attracted much attention. Simple in theme, sober in tone, telling no "story," and making no daring technical appeal to notice, it was yet remarked by the popular eye and was found, I think, by artists and all sensitive observers much the most interesting picture of the year. Who, it began very soon to be asked, is this Mr. Fuller, whose name is so unfamiliar, whose work is so original and so charming,—who is, apparently, making his *début*, yet whose essays are so complete and ripe and masterly? If he is, as he seems to be, a "new man," he shows the trade-mark neither of Paris nor of Munich; and if he is a product of home culture he shows even less affinity with the traditions of our own elder school. Where does he come from that he has learned to paint in so peculiar yet so fine a way?

Glancing at the catalogue we found that Mr. Fuller was not in any sense a "new man," but an artist of long standing—actually an Associate of the Academy itself, elected so long ago as 1857. Where and why, then, had he secluded himself so entirely and so persistently as to come now a stranger before the younger generation of to-

day? The answer to these questions may be given in a brief sketch of Mr. Fuller's life—a sketch most interesting because so unlike the usual histories of artistic development, whether in our own country or another.

Mr. Fuller was born of Puritan stock at Deerfield, Massachusetts, in the year 1822. An instinct for art had already shown itself in several members of his family, and from childhood his own tastes led him toward a painter's brush and palette. He went to Illinois at the age of fourteen with a party of railroad engineers, and remained two years, during which time he was much in the company of the sculptor Henry Kirke Brown. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty Mr. Fuller was again at Deerfield, following a school course, but making constant essays in painting, chiefly in the way of portraiture. In 1842 he wrote for counsel to Mr. Brown, then established in a studio at Albany, and gladly accepted the sculptor's invitation to go thither and study under his tuition. At Albany he remained nearly a year, when Mr. Brown went to Europe and Mr. Fuller to Boston where, painting portraits as before, he devoted himself also to the study of whatever works of art the city then afforded—especially the pictures of Stuart, Allston, and Alexander. A few years later he removed to New York,



PETER COOPER.