

I shall be pardoned, I trust, if I conclude this article with a word of personal explanation. It is with regret that I note so few of our recent churches, and am forced to omit definite mention of some which I know very positively would have interested my readers. Among these are Mr. Russell Sturgis's college chapel at New Haven, and Messrs. McKim, Mead and White's church at Stockbridge,

Mass., both of which are illustrated here; and also one built by Mr. Cady after our most novel type at Morristown, New Jersey, which, I hear, is a much more satisfactory example than his Park Avenue church. But it has been my misfortune to be obliged to leave the United States before I had collected all the material I desired, and to finish my work far from the influences which inspired it.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A TALL, trapper-like man, with a swinging gait, dressed in plain clothes, and wearing a soft slouch hat; a canny face, bearded and tanned, and plowed into deep wrinkles and furrows; shoulders slightly stooping, as if supporting some great burden; eyes that see everything around them, and yet seem to be gazing inward or far away; voice sonorous on the rostrum, yet gentle in conversation; and the whole manner of the man breathing a compassionate helpfulness which both inspires affection and invites confidence,—such, in outward savor and effluence, is that hard-toiling preacher and author, Edward Everett Hale: a genuine democrat and typical American, if there ever were such; one whose wallet of stories seems as inexhaustible as Fortunatus's purse, and his activities as multifarious as those of a secretary of state or a superintendent of city charities. Reading his books, you get the impression of one working at a white heat; you see that he is an eager reader and a good stylist, that he quarries everywhere for unbookish words, and has a retentive memory, an almost Rabelaisian or Burtonian wealth of allusion. The central purpose of his life is *to help*; the dominant chord in his nature is compassion. The secret is dropped in his Alpha Delta Phi address of 1871: "*Noblesse oblige*," he says; "our privilege compels us; we professional men must serve the world, not, like the handicraftsman, for a price accurately representing the work done, but as those who deal with infinite values, and confer benefits as freely and nobly as nature." With Milton, Hale has "a boundless scorn for those drossy spirits that need the lure and whistle of earthly preferment, like those animals that fetch and carry for a morsel." He urges his publishers to issue cheap editions of his books, and speaks slightly of gilt edges and costly covers,—saying of the publisher Phillips that the world was not worthy of him, because he put conscience before interest in his business. All of Mr.

Hale's writings show him to be a keen observer of the minute details of the daily life of men and women, boys and girls, and especially of the more intelligent artisans and workers of any sort. He is a believer in athletic morality; is practical—talks about what we shall have for dinner, how to sleep, a good appetite, exercise, economy, and happy homes; is humorous—kindling a slow combustion of good hearty gladness in you which finally breaks forth into laughter.

He is a preacher; but the preacher has not spoiled the author, because the author has been, in the main, but a preacher still: all his activities have revolved about the pulpit as their sun, and they have all been performed "in His name." In his Utopia, "Sybaris," he gives you the key to his own style of preaching. "The sermon," he says, "was short, unpretending, but alive and devout. It was a sonnet all on one theme; that theme pressed, and pressed, and pressed again; and, of a sudden, the preacher was done." His sermons are brief, terse, conversational; they are like the speech of a general to a trained army before the battle; for he is an organizer of activities in others, believes that "a church has its duties quite beyond and outside a minister's; and its history should not be the biography of the pastor merely, but the record of its own work, prayer, and life."

His people have caught the glow of his humanitarian enthusiasm. The echo of the guns of Sumter had hardly died away before the vestries of the South Congregational Church were crowded with ladies, met to provide flannel and other clothing for the three regiments that had been ordered by Governor Andrew to set out for Washington within twenty-four hours. From that day to the day when the decimated veteran regiments placed their tattered war-banners in the State House, and were served with coffee by the same ladies as they passed the church in their parade,

the South Congregational Church was untiring in its patriotic work of helping on the cause. When the war broke out they had on their walls the unfinished inscription, "Glory to God in the Highest"; and on the day when Richmond fell they called their painter and bade him add what they had no heart to add before: "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men." From this church went out the first teachers of the freedmen at Port Royal; the editor of the first newspaper published in a rebel prison was from the South Congregational Society, as were also the young physicians who first appeared in charge of a hospital steamer after the battle of Shiloh; and "the flannel shirts on the company who fell martyrs at Shiloh in the gray of the morning, and saved that day for the nation," were from Mr. Hale's society.

Born in Boston in 1822, Mr. Hale has passed the greater part of his life under that "blessed meridian of seventy-one degrees" which runs through Boston Harbor. In his early boyhood the place was little more than a large country town full of greenery and open spaces. Washington street, on "the Neck," was then a quiet country road, along which stood thirty or forty substantial homesteads, as well as long rows of sheds where farmers baited their horses, while "thousands of cooing pigeons feasted upon the lavish corn left in the roadway for their gleaning." At the celebration of the silver birthday of Warren Street Chapel, Mr. Hale said: "I have sailed my bark boat on the salt waters where I now can sit in the parlors of my parishioners. I have studied botany on the marshes where I now sit in my own study to prepare the notes which I read to you. I rode in triumph on the locomotive which hissed over the first five miles that were ready of that highway to the West, where now she might run five thousand." Indeed, Mr. Hale was in a sense twinned with the locomotive in Massachusetts, for his father, the Honorable Nathan Hale, by his indefatigable efforts in the advocacy of railroads, was instrumental in the construction of the first road for steam locomotives in the State, namely, what is now the "Boston and Albany Railroad." Nathan Hale founded the "Boston Advertiser," and helped establish the "North American Review" and the "Christian Examiner"; and through his efforts more than those of any one else the pure Cochituate water was introduced into Boston, thereby making habitable the regions of the Back Bay, the Neck, and the South Cove. Nathan Hale bore the same name as his uncle, the famous martyr-spy, of Coventry, Connecticut, whose last recorded words were, "I only regret that

I have but one life to lose for my country." The Honorable John P. Hale was another kinsman. Sir Matthew Hale was perhaps of the same blood, and also Sir James Hale, one of the judges of Lady Jane Grey, who certainly drowned himself in a fit of insanity, and is alluded to by the *First Clown* in "Hamlet" ("Give me leave. Here lies the water," etc.) The wife of Nathan Hale of Boston was Sarah Preston Everett, a sister of Edward Everett, from whom her son was named. She was an accomplished scholar, and from her pen came many translations from German authors, which were published in her husband's paper, the "Advertiser," and elsewhere.

Edward Everett Hale thumbed his Greek Reader and learned his paradigms under Masters Dillaway and Gardner, at the famous old School Street Latin School, with its pea-green settees and lilac-colored walls. He entered Harvard College in 1835, and when graduated in 1839 was chosen as the class poet. The president in Mr. Hale's day was Josiah Quincy, as we learn from his novel "Ups and Downs," wherein may also be found other glimpses of his college life. He has retained a lively interest in his Alma Mater; his sons have graduated at Harvard; he has served on her Board of Overseers, been president of the Phi Beta Kappa, and has delivered numerous lectures before the students.

Many things pointed to journalism as a suitable career for a son of Nathan Hale. As a boy, in his father's office he learned to set type, and he has served the "Advertiser" in every capacity, from reporter up to editor-in-chief. Before he was eleven years old he translated for the paper a French article on "Excavations in Nineveh," and before he was of age he wrote a great part of the "Monthly Chronicle" and the "Miscellany." For six years he was the South American editor of the "Advertiser," having been led to the study of Spanish and Spanish-American history at a time when he supposed he was to be the reader and amanuensis of Prescott the historian. From this accidental beginning grew that familiarity with Spanish history which has made Mr. Hale one of the first authorities on Spanish-American subjects.

His manuscripts at this time were always neat and finished, and to this he attributes much of their acceptability; the handwriting of his hurried later days is said to be pretty tough material for the puzzled printers and proof-readers. The motives which led him away from journalism into the ministry were two: first, he believed the office of the preacher to be the noblest on earth, and, second, he was impatient of the drudgery of the professional journalist. He shrewdly and wisely fore-

saw that as an influential author and minister he could command the columns of a larger number of journals for the dissemination of any particular view than if he were himself a journalist. It is, moreover, his opinion that no author should depend upon his pen alone for bread. But, notwithstanding all, Mr. Hale has involuntarily been a journalist at large. His score and more of volumes of stories almost all appeared originally in periodicals; and he has written more editorial articles than would suffice to fill all his published books. Hundreds of these have, of course, been contributed to the "Boston Advertiser," and even now he is occasionally requested to write an editorial for that journal. In 1857 he was living in the same house with Mr. Phillips (of Phillips, Sampson & Co.), the founder of the "Atlantic Monthly," and Mr. Phillips used to say that if it had not been for his interest he would not have undertaken the magazine. But the most serious piece of journalistic work to which he has thus far put his hand was the editorship of "Old and New," a magazine founded in 1869 by himself, in coöperation with the American Unitarian Association, for the purpose of giving wider currency to liberal Christian ideas through the medium of a first-class literary journal. It proved a literary, if not a financial, success, as its eleven volumes of solid reading-matter prove. But discouraging circumstances made advisable the merging of the journal with "Scribner's Magazine," which was accordingly done. The title of "Old and New" may have been suggested to its editor by that of an early sketch of his, "The Old and the New Face to Face," published in "Sartain's Magazine," and describing an imaginary meeting between the apostle Paul and Nero. The critical department of "Old and New" was especially fine. Mr. Hale has said that it was his custom always to place a work for review in the hands of a friendly critic, who was also an expert on the subject of the volume, and might be supposed to know more about it than its writer, or at least as much.

While pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, from 1846 to 1856, Mr. Hale published "Scenes from Christian History," a Sabbath-school book; "Margaret Percival in America," a religious novel; and "Kansas and Nebraska," a guide for free-soil emigrants. "The Gospel of Freedom extended by the Organization of Emigration: An Essay on the Scriptural and Political Remedy for the North in the Present Crisis on Slavery," is the title of a paper by Mr. Hale, which, in 1855, took a hundred-dollar prize offered by the Rev. Thomas Boardman, of Fall River. Emigration is Mr. Hale's hobby; the reader

will find some broad fun on the subject in the story of "The Happy Island."

In 1856 Mr. Hale was called to be the pastor of the South Congregational Church in Boston, and its pastor he has been ever since. His residence in the heart of Roxbury is one of those huge white mansions with enormous pillars in front, that one sees so often in the South. Great liana-like vines weave a screen between the columns, and within are an ample hall and rooms filled with books. The study is crammed with book-shelves and cases of drawers, and looks as you might imagine would look the thinking-shop of one who is spoken of as the hardest-working man in Boston.

Mr. Hale's books may be grouped, for convenience, under three heads: Extravaganza Stories, or Tales of the Improbable; Moral Stories; and Miscellaneous Works.

There can be no question that his forte lies in the telling of a story, although he himself does not regard himself as par excellence a novelist, or *raconteur*, but as a historian. Yet the statistics of the libraries show that it is as a romancer and fabulist that he has become popular. It is probable that a thousand people have read "The Man without a Country," "In His Name," and "Ten Times One is Ten," for a hundred who even know of the existence of Mr. Hale's original and valuable historical papers. His stories of imagination or extravagance are full of the most delightful escapades and *tours de force*. Give him the least bit of a *pou stô*, and, by sheer force of genius and fancy, he will project you into the air a full-blown romance, which shall keep touch with the base earth of reality by said pivotal *pou stô*, and nothing else. How he revels in the wild play of his fancy in these tales! He reminds you of Jules Verne rather than of Poe, and does not merely climb, but soars away into the ether; he constructs a Brick Moon, and by the aid of vast water-power machinery projects it into space with its inhabitants as easily as a prestidigitateur tosses a ball into the air; and when he has got it revolving there in the meridian of Greenwich, as a celestial beacon for all lost mariners, what does he do but set his brick-moon inhabitants to leaping two hundred feet or so into the air, in long and short jumps, by way of a Morse system of telegraphic signals to their friends on the earth!

Poe journeys off leisurely to the moon in a balloon, but Hale makes his own moon, and gets astride of that for a ride; the mountain in this case comes to Mahomet. There is more deceptive verisimilitude in the adventure of Hans Pfaal, but that of "Colonel Ingham" is more thrilling. I have said that Hale re-

minds you of Jules Verne; but it is to be noted that when the American began to write in this vein the Frenchman had produced only one or two books, which were untranslated and scarcely heard of outside of France. What a mad, wild story is that of Hale about "The Lost Palace"! What verisimilitude! Do not the minute technical details of the plan almost make us believe in the possibility of the daring leap of the train of cars across a chasm, with the loss of only one "palace" from the rear?

The story that first brought Mr. Hale into notice was the capital piece of fun, "My Double, and How he Undid me," published in one of the early numbers of the "Atlantic." It was a great hit. Everybody was laughing and quoting the four formula-phrases of Dennis. This piece of wit, as well as many of its author's later stories, grew out of his own pastoral experience. When the bores became unendurable, he quietly pinned them into the pasteboard box of a story, and poured a little satirical chloroform upon them. When he puts into the mouth of his "double," or factotum, the phrase, "I'm very glad you liked it," he is thereby expressing his weariness of sermon-complimenters; and in the fable of "His Level Best" he points the moral for those unfortunate public servants who perish in the Quixotic attempt to meet all the demands of society upon their time and attention. There is a bit of history connected with "My Double," which has not been published before, I think. The story happened to be written in a number of blue-covered writing-books. For the engraved copies he substituted others, in alphabetical order, such as "Boards are Made of Wood," "Great Ganders Grow from Little Geese," etc. It was Mr. Hale's idea to sprinkle these jokes through the story, or rather print them just as they happened to come in the manuscript, and throw out the idea that, as the piece purported to emanate from a "double"-ruined clergyman in the backwoods of Maine, he had been too poor to purchase suitable writing-paper. But Mr. Lowell then thought the plan scarcely feasible; so, unfortunately, the twenty-six jokes were omitted.

"The Man without a Country" was published in the third year of the Civil War (1863), at the time when Vallandigham had turned rebel and been sent across the border. It was intended that the story should appear in the "Atlantic" in time to influence the autumn elections, but for some reason it could not be brought out in season. To have its proper and intended effect, it was of course necessary that it should be thought to be the *bona fide* production of the naval officer assumed to be the narrator. Every precaution

was therefore taken to preserve Mr. Hale's incognito. All went well; the magazine appeared, and publisher and author were doubtless congratulating themselves upon their success in keeping the secret—when, lo and behold! in the index appears the name of Edward Everett Hale attached to the article. The index-maker at the Cambridge University Press had let the cat out of the bag.

The bit of fiction gave its author a national reputation. It is the best sermon on patriotism ever written. It was intended to create, and did create, a national sentiment. It has done much, and will do more, to foster the idea of national unity, of a united country as opposed to state autonomy or separate sectional interests.

Colonel Ingham's geographical stories, such as "Around the World in a Hack" and "Journey to the North Pole," are extremely fantastic *jeux d'esprit*. Under the glaring light of his imagination the steppes and oceans of the globe gleam out in vast *Vorstellung*, and their enormous distances are traversed with the nonchalance and ease with which men ordinarily take a day's jaunt into the country. If Mr. Joshua Cradock, of Beacon street, takes a little drive around the world in a hack, and founds a mimic Boston on the shores of the Baikal Sea in Siberia, why, 'tis a small thing; or if the "Colonel" steps over to the North Pole to have a little confidential interview with his antipodal double, who has also made the journey from China for the same purpose, 'tis nothing, 'tis nothing. Have we not all our double on the other side of the globe? and when one of us sleeps, does not the other wake? And if Wendell Phillips immortalizes Toussaint, the black Napoleon, it is no wonder; for did they not both live on the same meridian, and therefore feel drawn to each other by hidden and mysterious ties?

It has been said that the moral of many of Mr. Hale's stories sticks out too conspicuously. But the moral, if present, is not obtrusive; if detected, it does not seem annoying in its pleasant relation to the rest of the story. Genius glorifies all her work, and the borderline between the beautiful and the moral is hard to find; what we lose in the one sphere, we gain in the other. Of Mr. Hale's power to write a story which shall so secretly and subtly kindle the heart to good deeds that we shall not be aware whence or why the stimulus comes, it seems to me that "Crusoe in New York" is a fine specimen. We follow the secret building of the little cottage and the making of the city garden—both as completely isolated as if on an uninhabited island—with such a thrill of interest that it is only upon subsequent reflection that we discover

how the self-sacrificing devotion of the son to his beloved mother has impressed an ethical lesson on our minds. Of Colonel Ingham's "Contes Moraux," two of the airiest and most whimsical are "Bane and Antidote" (published in "Variegated Leaves") and "The Skeleton in the Closet," both of which might be called "Sequences and Consequences of Little Things." An editor slips on the ice, and a train of consequences follows which ends in loss to the commerce of the world; an old hoop-skirt thrown into the street maims a man, and one thrown into the river entangles a gun-boat, both of which occurrences are full of the direst consequences. Those who think they should be perfectly happy if they could live where it is perpetual spring learn by Mr. Hale's "Ideals" to be content where they are. "The Rag-man and the Rag-woman" become well-to-do by selling paper and rags during war time, and thus learning the lesson of economy in little things. Mr. John Sapp is an office-seeking booby, who, after a life of failure to get anything, at last secures a United States commission as lieutenant-governor of an Aleutian island. He has at length the thing he long has sought, a place with nothing to do; but it turns out that the "civil servant" is governor of nothing but seals, and in his Crusoe solitariness loses his wits, to the terror of the crew who next year land to leave his provisions and stores.

Great is the power of a song or a cry as a spur to the spirit; the proverbs of a people are sermons in a nutshell; a good *mot*, or saw, is the guide-post, or better the pocket-compass, of the mind, serving you always in the nick of time. The author of "Ten Times One is Ten" has formulated in that work four famous practical mottoes which have the ring of battle-orders:

"Look up and not down;
Look out and not in;
Look forward and not back;
Lend a hand."

The four mottoes stand for the Faith, Hope, and Love of the Gospels, and were first enunciated by their author in 1869, in a course of lectures given at the Lowell Institute in Boston. They form the motto of the Harry Wadsworth Club of the "Ten Times One" story. The purpose of that story was to show "the possible extension of personal influence where people live faithfully, unselfishly, and hopefully." Suppose one individual attempt to influence ten others to good action, then those ten might each influence ten others, or a hundred, and that hundred ten more each, and so on in a geometrical series— $10 \times 1 = 10$; $10 \times 10 = 100$; $10 \times 100 = 1000$, and so on, un-

til soon the entire world might be reformed and ennobled. The idea got hold of the imagination of Christian workers, and there are now over five hundred Harry Wadsworth Clubs in existence, the first of them being that formed in New York by Miss Ella Russell, and called "The Harry Wadsworth Helpers." In 1874 Miss Mary A. Lathbury, who had seen the four mottoes on the frieze of a friend's parlor in Orange, founded the "Look Up Legion," which has a membership of about four thousand boys and girls belonging to Methodist Sunday-schools. The idea has proved the fertilizing pollen to other "Lend a Hand" clubs, and various flower and fruit missions.

The most important of Mr. Hale's miscellaneous works are his two historical novels, "In His Name" and "Philip Nolan's Friends." The former—"A Story of the Waldenses Seven Hundred Years Ago"—is a tale strong and rich in its coloring, truthful in historical atmosphere, and glowing with the enthusiasm of Christianity and ethical passion. The artless Nicolette-like Félicie, the idolized daughter of the master-weaver, is given by her foolish mother, on St. Victoria's night, a drink of hemlock-leaved cenanthe—a deadly poison—the mother thinking it to be the potion of lavender and rosemary which once a year she administers to her pretty darling. Around this simple incident of the poisoning, and the romantic mountain ride in search of a physician, the author has grouped a series of vivid delineations of the character and spirit of the Waldenses, whose secret symbol in those troublous times was (according to the story) the sign of the Maltese cross \times , and their passwords were the phrases, "In His Name" and "For the Love of Christ." It is a production to be classed with "Hypatia," "Zenobia," "The Prince of the House of David," "The Schönberg Cotta Family," and Freeman Clarke's "The Legend of Thomas Didymus."

The book is full of good racy English idiom; and so is its author's speech, written or spoken. Here is a portion of the address of the master-weaver:

"And as those slow hours went by, I prayed to my God, and I promised him, that whether my darling lived or died,—whether she lived with me here or with his angels there,—for me, I would live from that day forward for all my brothers and all my sisters, for you, and for you, and for you; yes, for all his children, if I could help them. But, dear friends, I could not begin to do this without asking him to forgive me, and you to forgive me, that so often I have said I would care for myself if the others for themselves would care. I could not begin to live for the rest without asking the rest to pardon me that I had lived for myself before. And so, at little Félicie's feast, I ask her, as I ask you, as I ask the good God, to show me how to take care for others, and to show others how to take care of me."

For other specimens of the excellent diction of Mr. Hale, one may open his books almost at random. Here is a paragraph from "My Visit to Sybaris":

"We cracked on all day, made Spartimento blue in the distance, made it purple, made it brown, made it green, . . . and by the time the light-house at Sybaris was well ablaze, we were abreast of it, and might begin to haul more northward."

"Philip Nolan's Friends," as a piece of historical fiction, is a fresh and genuine product of American life, as "Waverley" or "Guy Mannering" is of Scotch life. Like Mr. Cable's "Grandissimes," the scene is laid (partly) in New Orleans in the first year of the present century—the time just preceding the transfer of Louisiana, now the "Great West," to the United States by Napoleon. It is well to remember that the hero, Philip Nolan, a brave and gallant Kentuckian, was the proto-martyr to Mexican treachery, and instrumental, through the fear his name and deeds excited in Spanish breasts, in causing the transfer of the vast possessions of the Spaniards to France, and so indirectly to the United States. Nolan was murdered by the Spaniards, and fell like Custer fighting among his men. It is interesting to contrast this work of Mr. Hale with that of Mr. Cable, alluded to a moment ago,—the one full of the dazzle and glow and fierce dreamy passion of the South; the other cast in the cool, temperate, and objective style of the North.

Of other books of Mr. Hale—"What Career," "How To Do It," "Seven Spanish Cities," "Ninety Days' Worth of Europe," "Our Christmas in a Palace," his "Plum Series," "Stories of War," "Stories of the Sea"—only mention can be made.

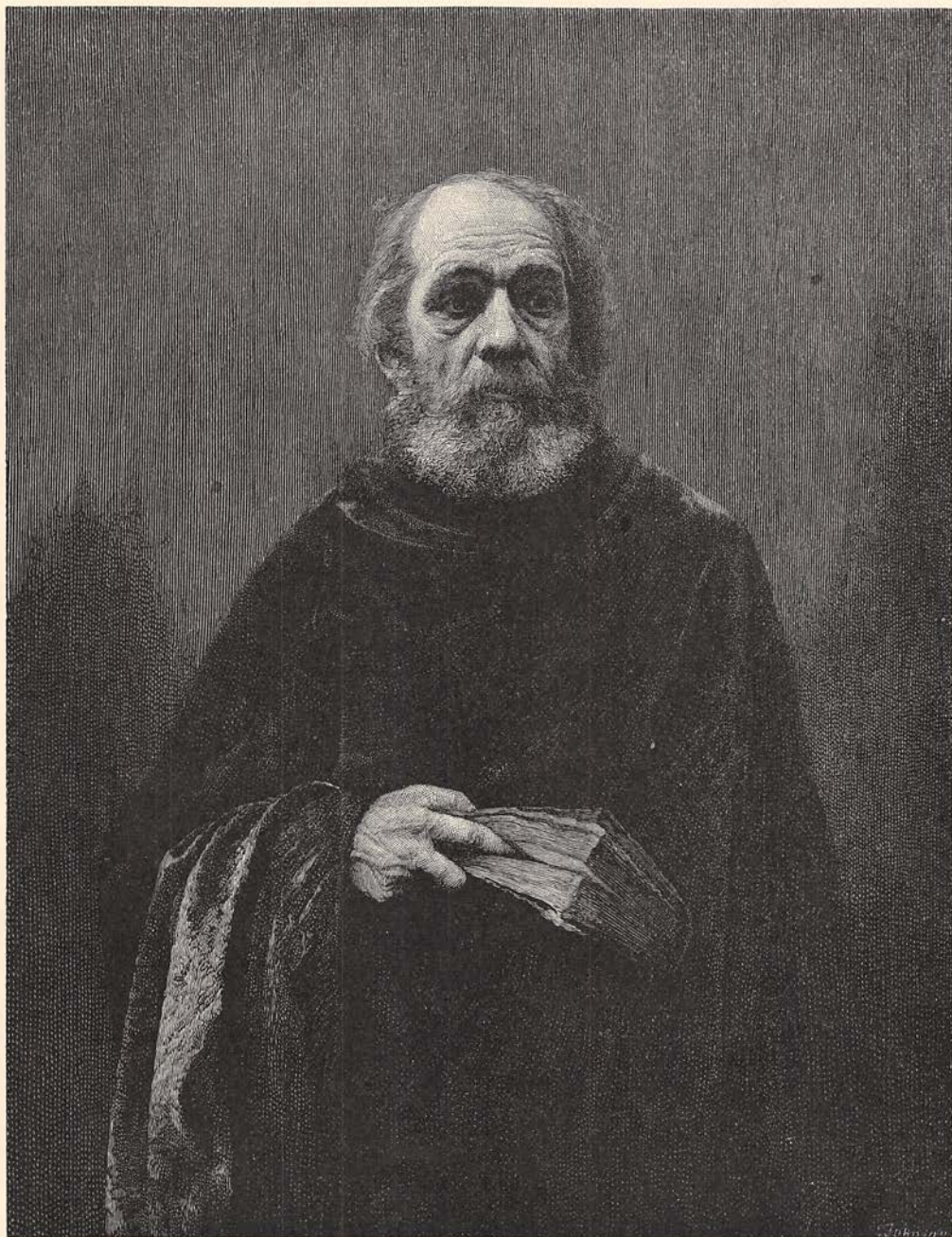
It remains to say a word of the subject of this sketch as historian and antiquary. As a member of the American Antiquarian Society, he has been led to prepare papers on early American maps; in Mr. Justin Winsor's "History of Boston," he has written on the siege of that city, and on King Philip's war; he has elsewhere discussed "Coronado's Discovery of the Seven Cities" and the "Cosmogony of Dante and Columbus"; and he led the crusade against the Boston vandals for the rescue of that holy of holies in the city of freedom, the Old South Church, and, on the occasion of the opening of the permanent exhibition in the building, wrote a spirited ballad:

"To hide the time-stains on our wall,
Let every tattered banner fall!
The Bourbon lilies, green and old,
That flaunted once, in burnished gold;
The oriflamme of France, that fell
That day when sunburned Pepperell
His shotted salvos fired so well,
The *Fleur de Lys* trailed sulky down,
And Louis-burg was George's town."

Of his various writings on the French and Spanish in America, Mr. Hale considers the best to be the four chapters contributed by him to Bryant and Gay's "Popular History of the United States." Probably there is no one else in America who has to such an extent made Spanish-American subjects the specialty of his literary delvings. In the antiquarian field proper, Mr. Hale has made at least one noteworthy discovery: he has grounds for thinking that the air of "Yankee Doodle" was first composed for an old scrap of a song current in Cromwell's time; and he has found out how California came to be so named.

It was in reading an old romance called the "Deeds of Esplandian"—a sequel to "Amadis de Gaul," and published twenty-five years before the discovery of Lower California by the soldiers of Cortes (1535)—that he lighted on the secret. The "Deeds of Esplandian" was one of the yellow-backed novels of its day, and so was undoubtedly as well known to the Spanish discoverers as "Pickwick" is to our naval officers and soldiers. It describes the rescue of Constantinople by Amadis and other knights. In the midst of the narrative is introduced an account of a certain island situated "on the right hand of the Indies," and called *California*. From this island came a body of gigantic black Amazons to the rescue of the hard-pressed knights at the siege. The romance states that in their island were men-fed griffins and other marvels, and that there was no metal there but *gold*. Now, when Cortes and his men landed upon the great peninsula of the Pacific, they thought it to be an island, and although they got not a particle of the gold for which they were thirsting, yet they saw no reason why they should not name the land *California*, or the Island of Gold; for it was the custom to give such fanciful and hopeful names as *El Dorado* to new lands which might perhaps be found to contain the precious ore, although at first none was found. This is Mr. Hale's explanation, and it has been accepted by the best antiquarian scholars as a trustworthy one.

Wm. Sloane Kennedy.



E. E. Hale