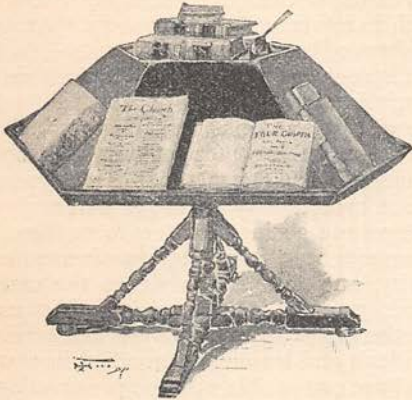


REMINISCENCES OF LITERARY BERKSHIRE.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.
JONATHAN EDWARDS'S DESK, STOCKBRIDGE.

OF the prominent figures who, a half-century ago or more, flitted across the patch of Berkshire landscape on which I happen to have been born and bred, the first that I recall is Mr. Van Buren. He drove to Stockbridge one fine day from his farm in Kinderhook, which was called "Lindenwold," and was afterward baptized by the Whigs in the "log-cabin" singing campaign of 1840—more, perhaps, for the sake of the rhyme than the reason—"the fox's hold." This visit was in 1835, not long before his nomination to the Presidency. Besides his dapper appearance, smug face, black stock, silvery hair, and irreproachable shirt (which looked just as one sees them in his portrait in the governor's room in the New York city hall), all I remember of him is this. Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, eldest son of Judge Theodore Sedgwick, as stout a Democrat as his father was a Federalist, by way of showing that the enthusiasm for the hero of New Orleans had spread to Berkshire, called me to him, remarking that I had just been shouting, "Hurrah for Jackson!" This was the boyish slogan of the day. "Ah," said Mr. Van Buren, patting my head, "how interesting it is to see the instincts of Democracy spring up at this tender age!" Perhaps if he had known how fond I was of "Jackson balls,"—a popular confection of those days, named after his distinguished chief,—he would have been still more impressed. My only other personal recollection of Mr. Van Buren dates some years later, after his Presidency and before his Free-Soil candidacy. His stories were more entertaining than his state papers, and I

was delighted by his account of the description, drawn by a rival candidate for office, of a certain Western judge who swore like "my Uncle Toby," and was famous for what Yankees call "cussedness." The diatribe ended as follows: "He sat before the fire, squirting tobacco-juice a gallon a minute, denouncing everybody except his Creator, and thinking — hard of him."

His son John—often called "Prince John" from his having once danced with the princess Victoria—also came to Stockbridge about the same time. His rather rollicking bearing was a contrast to his father's staid demeanor that might have puzzled Galton. One drizzling morning when Lieutenant-Governor Bradish, a dignified gentleman of the old school (of whom it was once remarked by a country member of the legislature that he was "ape-riently a little pompouse"), was presiding over the Court of Errors at Albany, the prince on entering the court-room nodded familiarly to the lieutenant-governor, with the observation, "A fine morning for young ducks, governor." "Think of it," said Mr. Bradish afterward, describing the occurrence—"think of his speaking of young ducks to me when presiding over the Court of Errors of the great State of New York!" By nature the prince was, I think, brighter than his father, though his indolence and want of persistency, and perhaps of ambition, prevented his ascending to high official position. The audacious humor and satire of his stump speeches have never been outshone in the northern part of the United States. In 1847 Edwin Crosswell, editor of the "Albany Argus," then the leading Democratic organ of New York, changed from one wing of the party to the other, and came out with an editorial against Silas Wright's renomination for governor. The electric telegraph, then just invented, had not yet come into practical use, and it happened that the news of Mr. Wright's death, which occurred unexpectedly before the article was written, did not reach Albany till after its publication. John Van Buren, in a speech in the following campaign, referring to this incident, said: "The blow which was aimed at the living man fell upon his new-made grave, and he who had aspired to be an assassin was, by a strange freak of fate, doomed to become a jackal." This masterly invective, as a gentleman said at the time, equals anything in Junius.



ENGRAVED BY A. ANDERSON.

FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES INGHAM.

CATHERINE MARIA SEDGWICK.

— Yours truly C. M. Sedgwick.

It must have been, I think, the year of the elder Van Buren's visit to Stockbridge that Washington Irving, his very antipode (from a literary point of view), was also there. In regard to him personally I recall nothing but the thrill of awful interest with which I saw him seated on a sofa in the parlor talking with Miss Sedgwick, and how I vainly tried, by the boyish tests at my command, to make out what distinguished him from ordinary gentlemen of quiet dress and manners. I was, I think, as disappointed as Partridge was in Garrick's *Hamlet*, when he saw the actor did only just what he should have done himself under the same trying circumstances.

In 1836 Daniel Webster, on his way to Pittsfield, stopped at Stockbridge for a few hours, most of which he spent in his favorite pastime of fishing; but I did not see him at that time. My only recollections of him are speeches and arguments made elsewhere than in Berkshire; and though these recollections would lead me to agree without demur to his title to the epithet "godlike," I can make no original additions to his supernatural record.

Dr. Charles Follen, a far less leonine per-

sonage, passed a part of the summers of 1836 and 1837 in Stockbridge. In the latter he preached on Sundays, for about two months, in a parlor of a house in the village. The room in which he held his services communicated with the garden by a glass door which in pleasant weather was left open, and the little Unitarian congregation, consisting of members of a single family living in the town, and their relatives and visitors, clustered outside the door as well as within. The earnestness of the group in those days, when the memory of the orthodox state church was still fresh, and the blue tinge had not faded from the prevalent Calvinism, might almost have suggested a Scotch conventicle in the days when Claverhouse was but just out of the way, or a gathering of the early Christians in Rome when persecution was in the air, though not in practice.

Dr. Follen had a round German face and a monotonous utterance which hardly indicated the resolute energy of his nature, and failed to excite in the young people the rapt attention with which his elder auditors, some of whom were his intimate friends, hung upon his gentle words. His wife, who had been Miss Eliza Lee



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE SEDGWICK HOUSE, STOCKBRIDGE.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PRINT.

BY PERMISSION OF H. WUNDERLICH & CO.

FANNY KEMBLE, FROM A DRAWING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE.

Cabot, and whose blue eyes seemed absolutely illumined by the pure and eager soul which shone through them, was more interesting to those of my uncritical age. But before the sad tragedy which ended his adventurous and useful life I had learned to appreciate not only the spiritual elevation which was apparent to all who heard him, but the sturdy manliness of character which was concealed by his almost feminine mildness.

It was in the Lenox Congregational Church that Dr. Channing delivered his well-known address on the anniversary of emancipation in the British West Indies. I was present, and, like others older and of more temperate blood, was thrilled as never before by the words of the closing appeal, which still linger in my ears. "Come, Father Almighty, and crown with thine omnipotence the humble strivings of thy children to subvert oppression and wrong, to spread light and freedom, peace and joy, the truth and spirit of thy Son, through the whole earth." As we read the words in cold type they hardly seem seraphic. But the air then was charged with a moral electricity which made a halo round his apostolic head and magnetized his utterance. A gentleman sitting next me, who was

not a church-goer or in sympathy with abolitionism, exclaimed *sotto voce*, "This is equal to anything in Milton," and sent off the same day a glowing report of the occasion to the New York "Evening Post."

During that summer Mr. Charles Sedgwick, the local reputation of whose delightful humor equaled that of his sister's stories, after a vain effort to fasten his straps, an indispensable incident to the trousers of that day, said to a very young niece who was standing by, in a tone the apparent seriousness of which she was not old enough to interpret: "I wish you would go round to Dr. Channing and ask him to come and button these straps." Leaving the room unobserved, the little girl trotted to the doctor's quarters at the village inn, and promptly delivered the message. "My dear," said the doctor, gravely, "I do not understand you." Mr. Sedgwick's sweet temper was never nearer curdling than it was on her report of the futility of her embassy. He had been taken *au pied de la lettre* when he had thought only of that of the *pantalon*.

During the summer of 1836 Miss Martineau spent six weeks in Stockbridge. Her recollections of it will be found in her "Society in



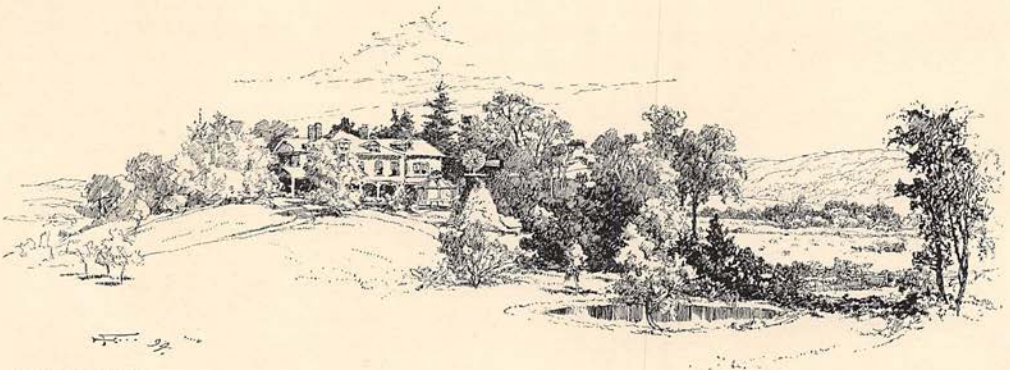
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

BIRTHPLACE OF MARK HOPKINS, STOCKBRIDGE.

America," a book which now has the same sort of interest for us Americans—at least us Yankees—that the retrospect of those boyish successes and follies which have shaped and colored his life may have for a middle-aged man. In reading in it her noble sentiments on the spirit of religion, it is sad to be reminded of their contrast with those she held long after.

My boyish recollection of Miss Martineau is very pleasant. She was always amiable. On one occasion, when she sat writing at a table in a parlor, I remember standing with my head

just above it, and wondering at the ease and regularity with which she despatched, in her clear, round hand, letter after letter, never pausing for a word or an idea, or to read what she had written. Although there was no room for mystery, I felt something of the fascination which, we are told, riveted the observer who watched the unknown hand at the opposite window filling and throwing off with the tireless uniformity of a machine what proved to be the manuscript pages of "Waverley." As she tossed the last letter on the great pile be-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

PRESENT ASPECT OF DR. HOLMES'S RESIDENCE NEAR PITTSFIELD.

fore her, she said, "Now, my boy, is n't that a pretty good morning's work?" and while I hesitated for an answer that should do justice to her and credit to myself, she put on a hair glove of hers which was lying on the table, and gave my cheeks a playful rubbing, the tingle of which I seem to feel yet.

Mrs. Anna Jameson, then about forty-three years old, an intimate friend of Miss Martineau as well as of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, visited Stockbridge for some weeks in the fall of 1837. I well remember her face,—“oh, call it fair, not pale!”—the whiteness of which was set off and intensified by her ruddy curls. It was a sad time for her, as the negotiations for separation from the strange husband she had left in Canada were pending; but though I recollect frequent absorbing talks between her and Miss Sedgwick, in which she looked very downcast, yet in her general conversation she was delightfully animated. Her artistic nature colored what she said as well as what she wrote, and if I had had any proclivity for art, I might have begun an education in it through her instructive talk.

From about this time Mrs. Kemble, for many years when in this country, spent part of her summers in Lenox, occasionally coming to Stockbridge and joining in the excursions to Monument Mountain, Perry's Peak, and elsewhere in the neighborhood, of which there was no end. She often read Shakspeare on the piazza or in the parlors of Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's house at Lenox for the instruction and pleasure of Mrs. Sedgwick's pupils. Many visitors and villagers, by invitation, gathered round, and were now spell-bound, now electrified, by her wonderful voice, as it ran through the gamut of the great master. If I were to balance the advantages I derived from listening to her readings in those delightful summers, and often again elsewhere, against my regular education in English, I should be as much in doubt to which to give the preference as Charles Fox was in weighing what he had learned from Edmund Burke against his acquisitions of knowledge from all other sources.

One characteristic anecdote of Mrs. Kemble, which, so far as I know, has not got into print, may be mentioned. Two youthful friends of hers having given invitations for a picnic on the border of the Stockbridge Bowl, Mrs. Kemble, with the warm-hearted sympathy she always showed toward young people, associated herself with them in the plan, and made the entertainment much more complete than they had intended. She engaged a band from Albany, had a dancing-platform erected, and numerous boats engaged. Unfortunately, the punch, which had been subtly compounded in New York, had, for the sake of economical transportation, “no allaying Thames.” The



DRAWN BY W. H. FUNK, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



DRAWN BY W. H. FUNK, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.
MARK HOPKINS.



DRAWN BY W. H. FUNK, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
F. A. P. BARNARD.

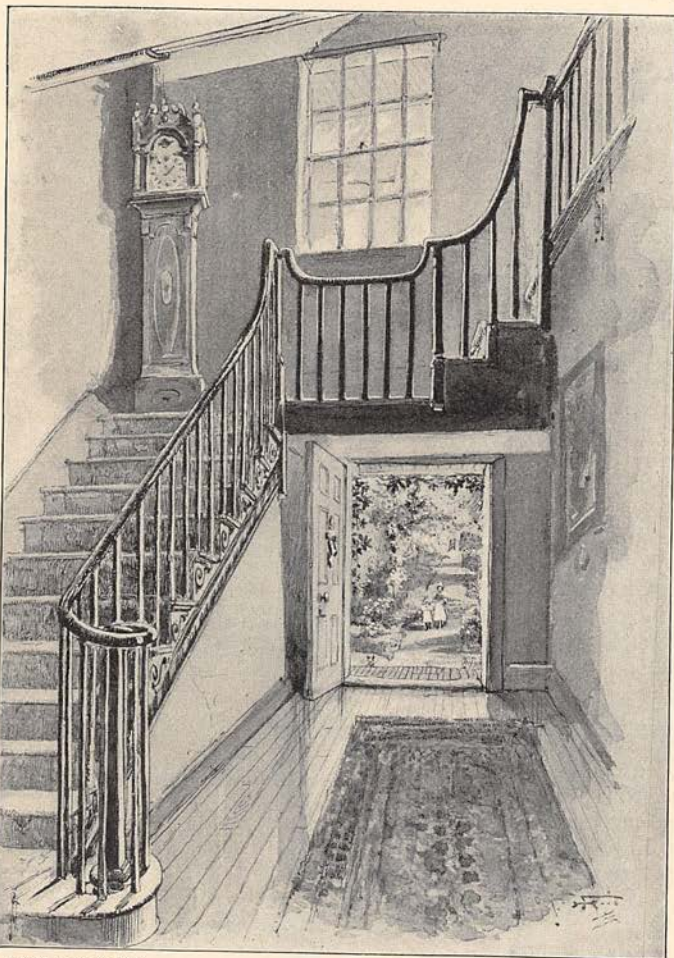
day was hot; there was a cry for something to drink, and at a fatal moment, when the person who should have superintended the beguiling beverage was engaged in another part of the grounds, it was prematurely poured into the punch-bowl as undiluted as if Friar Tuck had presided. Its cunning smoothness disarmed the suspicion of the wariest of the guests, some

Macbeth's tone. "Bring the boat!" After several vain efforts at remonstrance, he said deprecatingly, "I thought maybe, as one of your gents was in the boat naked and drunk, you would rather not have it brought just yet." Those who have heard Mrs. Kemble read *Falstaff* and *Pistol* can imagine the mixture of amusement and disgust on her face at this rejoinder.

I have called this anecdote characteristic, but I need not say it is characteristic of one little side only of her noble being. The impetuous generosity, the glowing sensibility, the unfeigned religiousness of this child of nature, of whom heredity and environment made an actress, can be told only in the story of her life.

It was in 1841, I think, that the Honorable Miss Augusta Murray, one of Queen Victoria's maids of honor, made a short visit to Stockbridge, in regard to which the only thing I remember is her saying that it was the prettiest village she had ever seen. This was, perhaps, a good-natured bit of flattery. The charms of some English hamlets, though they are more compact, and possess more of the *rus in urbe*, yet with the mellow gray of their stones, and their wealth of clambering ivy, are unexcelled. But they differ so widely from the scattered loveliness of our embowered villages that no comparison can be made between them.

The year 1837, a very black one financially for the country, was a bright one for Stockbridge. In that year, bringing letters of introduction to Miss Sedgwick from Sismondi and others, came the Italian exiles Confalonieri, Foresti, Maroncelli, Castiglia, Gambardella, Albinola, Tinelli, and Argenti, who, after languishing in Spielberg under sentences which in the case of the four first named had been commutations of death to imprisonment for life, had been released by an amnesty granted to political prisoners on the accession of Ferdinand I. to the throne of Austria in 1835. Some of these gentlemen established themselves



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HOUSE IN PITTSFIELD WHERE LONGFELLOW MARRIED HIS FIRST WIFE — THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

of whom were betrayed before the mistake was discovered and corrected. The climax came when, after the lunch, and at a moment when two or three of the more unfortunate gentlemen had gone to a sequestered spot for a restorative swim, Mrs. Kemble ordered the chief boatman to bring to the little dock, prepared for the embarkation of those inclined for a row, the largest of the boats, which had been specially decorated for the occasion. The man hesitated and stammered. "No words!" imperiously commanded Mrs. Kemble, in *Lady*

permanently in this country with more or less success, and some returned to share the varying but at length triumphant fortunes of their native land. Very wisely, to learn English in the quickest and most economical way, several of the exiles, immediately on landing, came direct to Stockbridge, and devoted themselves to its acquisition. One evening, soon after their arrival, one of the number, who had not known a word of English when he came, presented himself at the house of a family in the village, where he had before talked only in French and his own tongue. He opened the conversation, with a self-complacent air, by saying with great emphasis and deliberation, "Ze naight ees howsht und selont." After several repetitions of these enigmatical words without conveying a spark of their meaning, he drew triumphantly a small phrase-book from his pocket, and pointed out the sentence, "The night is hushed and silent." I omit further reference to these gentlemen, as not strictly belonging to the literary memories of Berkshire, though the classic cultivation of some of them justifies this mention. It is to be regretted that there is no memoir of Castilia, who remained a year in Stockbridge, and who, after his return to his country after its emancipation, became a *senatore del regno*. A lovelier nature than his was never given to mortal man.

Between 1837 and 1846 N. P. Willis, "so natty and jaunty and gay," occasionally passed a few days in summer with a married sister living in Stockbridge. Another sister, whose lit-



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM THE STEEL-ENGRAVING BY J. A. J. WILCOX, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY BAGGER. PAINTED WHILE LONGFELLOW WAS PROFESSOR AT BOWDOIN, AND PUBLISHED BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. IN THE RIVERSIDE EDITION OF HIS PROSE WORKS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

erary name was Fanny Fern, and who was afterward Mrs. James Parton, used also to visit Stockbridge in those days. She said of it that its name might be prettier, but *it* could not.

Lord Morpeth, of the family of Howard, afterward Earl of Carlisle, was a guest in Stockbridge in 1841. He was thoroughly English-looking, square-built, with plain features, but wearing an agreeable and kindly expression. He wore a scarlet waistcoat of so vivid a hue that some one said it looked as if it were dyed with "all the blood of all the Howards." An incident of his visit was his being taken to tea at the house of a New England farmer, where he had an opportunity to see a dainty specimen of New England housekeeping, and bore with perfect courtesy and gravity being called "Mr. Morpeth" by the farmer and his excellent wife. In the course of talk at the meal, the host, with unintentional ungraciousness, introduced the subject of the Revolution, saying, "Well, we beat you that time," without ruffling the temper or manners of the guest, who even managed to assent with tolerable gravity to the question, "Your boss is a woman, is n't she?" Lord Morpeth was a very candid and kindly observer of our democratic ways, and in those still embryonic days, when we set an undue value on the opinions of our British brethren, some of whom had made us writhe under their literary castigation, this was a quality peculiarly grateful to us thin-skinned Yankees. At a public dinner in New York on his return from his Stockbridge visit, a toast proposed by the late Mr. Theodore Sedgwick



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BELONGING TO MRS. H. GARFIELD. JAMES A. GARFIELD, FORTY YEARS AGO.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HAWTHORNE'S BERKSHIRE WRITING-DESK.

in his honor as "a traveler without prejudice, and a statesman without guile," was received with great applause.

In 1844 Macready paid Stockbridge a visit of two or three days. His famous stage stride was relaxed when off the boards, but otherwise his deportment was almost as classically dignified as in the tranquil intervals of his acting on the stage, where I had often watched his lightest movements and gestures with the intense interest inspired by youth and love of the drama. Two things about him specially impressed me. One was his daily appearance in a different-colored dress-coat, black one day, blue another, claret-colored the third, the last two garments being garnished with gold or gilt buttons. This, to a small country boy, quite unused to the sight of any dress-coat, was a very impressive circumstance. The other thing was his saying that the reading of the Church of England service by the village rector of that day was quite faultless. A great compliment we villagers thought it to a New England rector from the leading tragedian of the English stage.

One of the most delightful guests that Berkshire ever had was George William Curtis, who, after the experience of Brook Farm, for many years (until he established his summer home at Ashfield) passed much of his vacation at Lenox. Even the barest detail about

one so well known alike for his noble and his charming qualities must be omitted in this rapid sketch. Happily, Mr. Edward Cary's conscientious and delightful life of Mr. Curtis, lately published, obviates the need of any details of his Berkshire visits. Otherwise even these light reminiscences would be sadly incomplete.

It was about 1840, I think, that Mark Hopkins, a native of Stockbridge, and the distinguished president of Williams College, who had begun life as a physician, gave a course of lectures on human anatomy in a building known as "the old academy" in Stockbridge. They were given for the purpose of raising the money necessary to buy for the college the papier-mâché manikin by which they were illustrated. The manikin was very delicately and accurately constructed, and each organ, bone, muscle, and other component part was, as exactly as the science and art of that day could compass, the facsimile of its human counterpart. Among the audience collected to hear the lectures were several young women whom one of the ladies of the village had organized into a class primarily intended to advance their knowledge of English branches less abstruse than anatomy. They were as eager, however, for any instruction that came along as the candidates for Radcliffe or Bryn Mawr would be in the present more advanced stage of feminine evolution. A son of the lady in question had just come from New York, and on reaching his mother's house was informed that she had gone to an entertainment at the old academy. Thither he at once betook himself in search of her, and on his entering the room an enigmatical and unappetizing sausage-like object, which had been passed from one to another in the audience for inspection, was handed to him. "What on earth is that?" he inquired of a guileless maiden



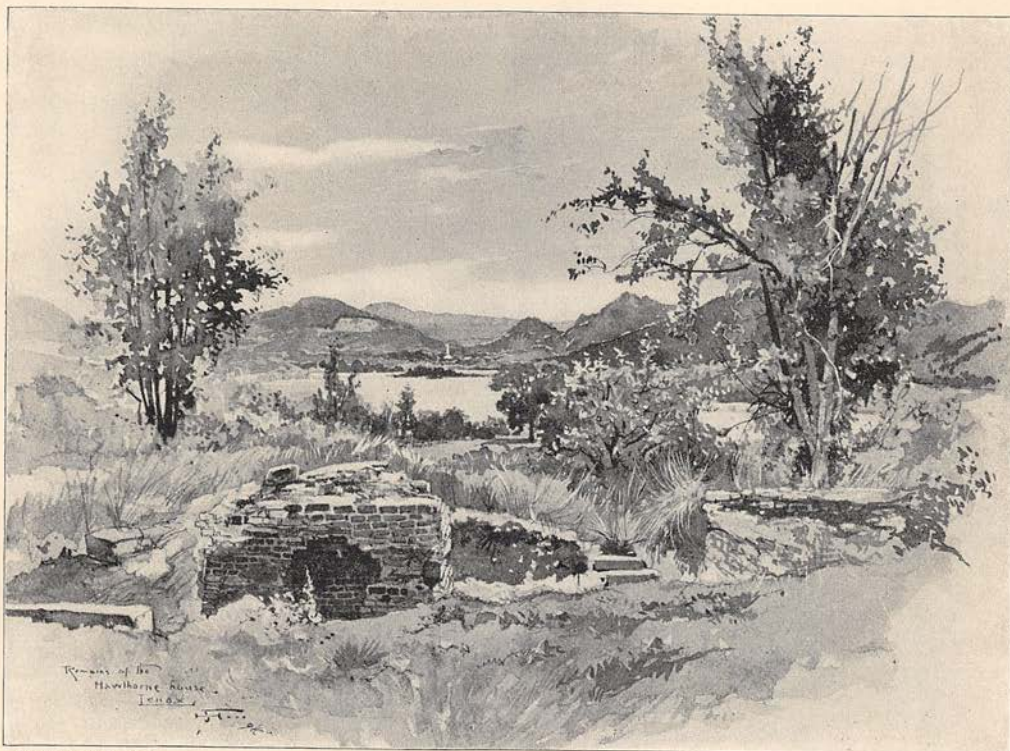
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE HAWTHORNE HOUSE AT LENOX. FROM A SKETCH MADE A FEW YEARS AFTER HAWTHORNE LIVED THERE.

on the nearest seat. "Oh, that," she replied, "is the mesenteric canal." The young gentleman beat an instant retreat, perceiving that he had plunged beyond his depth in very unknown waters.

In 1844 was the Berkshire jubilee, when the children of Berkshire, on the invitation of Mr.

remonstrate mildly, reminding us that our division, which was the first in the class in point of scholarship, should no less distinguish itself by its good manners. But on his again repeating his telltale misnomer, the mirth of the boys became uncontrollable, and there was a roar of laughter, which all his efforts could not



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

REMAINS OF THE HAWTHORNE HOUSE.

Bryant, Theodore Sedgwick, Judge Betts, Dr. Orville Dewey, David Dudley Field, and others, thronged homeward from all parts of the country to greet each other and gather new strength from the generous touch of their beautiful mother. It was a unique and successful festival, lasting two days.

About 1840 the Miss Appletons, daughters of Mr. Nathan Appleton of Boston, passed the summer at Stockbridge, where their father bought a beautiful building site. Mr. Longfellow, who in 1843 married Miss Fanny Appleton, afterward purposed building a summer residence on it, but the plan was wrecked by his wife's tragic death. He had visited Stockbridge in his courtship. I was then a student at Harvard, and was repeatedly called on by him at recitation as "Stockbridge." When this first occurred, a titter ran through the division; the second time the titter developed into a loud giggle, which led him to

control. Suddenly his mistake flashed upon him, and he joined heartily in the laugh, though with a little embarrassment. Many years after, on meeting him at Newport, I introduced myself to him, saying, "Mr. Longfellow, you don't remember me?" "Yes, indeed I do," he said: "To my dying day I shall never forget calling you 'Stockbridge.'"

Miss Fanny Appleton's elder sister, Mary, had shortly before married Mr. Robert Mackintosh, son of the distinguished Sir James. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with a ruddy face and corkscrew curls, odd manners, ungainly movements, and a good deal of dry humor. On one occasion, having come from New York by the North River for the sake of the scenery of that delightful route, he drove across to Stockbridge from Hudson, a distance of rather more than thirty miles. About midnight he came to a fork in the road where there was no guide-board, and, espying a soli-

tary farm-house, got out of his wagon, hoping to ascertain the right way by inquiring at the house, the door of which he thumped, at first moderately, then, on getting no answer, with all his might, till the building shook. Nobody was roused but a dog, which rushed at him, barking furiously. The louder he knocked, the fiercer the dog barked, till at last, in desperation, he flung his remaining strength into a volley of knocks, and ran back to his wagon with the dog yelping at his heels. Just as he

In the same year G. P. R. James, whose first three initials were interpreted by George William Curtis as "George Prince Regent" (which interpretation was locally adopted), came to Stockbridge, where he lived till the end of 1852. He was a generous and public-spirited townsman, and gave a clock to the tower of the Episcopal Church. The industry for which he was so famous was conspicuous there, and he dictated romances to three or four secretaries simultaneously. Mr. James was a vigorous snuff-

taker, and was one of the last in the society of that day to sport the red bandana, which that beguiling habit rendered indispensable. He was very amiable, and I remember but one occasion when he was roused to any display of warmth. At a dinner in Stockbridge, Mr. Daniel B. Stanton, who had been giving recollections of the habits of English society, remarked that it was the general practice in London to hire pyramids of hothouse fruit to be put on the dining-table purely for ornament. The fruit was offered in turn to each guest, but it was perfectly understood that this was a form only, and the invitation was never to be accepted. Before he had become familiar with this usage, however,



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

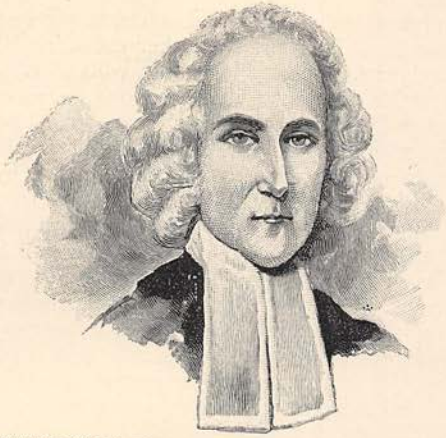
ENTRANCE TO THE HOME OF JONATHAN EDWARDS, STOCKBRIDGE.

reached the vehicle, a window was raised, and a sleepy voice asked what he wanted. "Please cut your dog's throat," he replied, and drove off without stopping to find out which was the right road.

In August, 1850, four years after going up Monument with Mr. Lowell, I ascended the same mountain with a company of authors—Mr. Hawthorne, Dr. Holmes, Messrs. Evert A. and George L. Duyckinck, Cornelius Matthews (who wrote under the name of Puffer Hopkins), Herman Melville, James T. Fields, and David Dudley Field, whose novels, however, were in the line of Justinian rather than of Sir Walter Scott. I remember little more of their conversation than that they talked prose apparently as unconsciously as *M. Jourdain* himself, and that I enjoyed the distinction of being the only one of the party who had not written a book.

Mr. Stanton had unwarily broken off a cluster of grapes from a large bunch and irrevocably eaten them. Too late he observed, on turning toward the lady of the house, that she was looking daggers at him, and he was never again invited there. During the telling of this story Mr. James grew redder and redder, and hardly waiting for it to be finished, called out in a cynical tone, "Pray, what sort of society did you keep in London, Mr. Stanton?" Mr. Stanton, in his turn, looked very black, but suddenly his brow cleared, and he cried out in a tone of checkmate: "The very best society *there*, Mr. James," with a prodigious emphasis on the final adverb.

Not his favorite Berkshire only, but America (we might add England), sadly misses today the wit, the poet, the kindly Autocrat who has so lately left us. "If you would be happy in Berkshire," said Dr. Holmes, "you must carry



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM AN OLD PRINT. ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN.
JONATHAN EDWARDS.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PRINT. BY PERMISSION OF ROBERTS BROTHERS.
ORVILLE DEWEY.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE. ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM HIS LAST PORTRAIT, A TINTYPE, TAKEN BY CRITCHENON, OF WORCESTER, MASS., IN 1861. PRESENTED TO JOHN H. TREADWELL BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
HENRY D. THOREAU.



BY PERMISSION OF CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.
J. G. HOLLAND.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DEWEY, PITTSFIELD, MASS.
HERMAN MELVILLE, IN 1861.

mountains in your brain." This he himself did, not only by his love of the picturesque in nature, but in the sense of a largeness of mind that often made his thoughts seem like the "Jungfrau" and "Funster Aarhorn" holding converse together as in Tourguéneff's noble idyl. The last of the five true New England bards whose glowing love of freedom so lately expanded and exalted their "note of praise," he has left not only the memory of an original humor the like of which must henceforth seem a second-hand imitation, and of a genial wisdom which may still cheer and inspire at least, even if it, too, can be hardly paralleled, but also of a manly purity and vigorous excellence of character which, under Providence, no true lover of moral worth need despair of attaining. For many summers, until quite late in his life, he lived in Pittsfield, on what remained to him of the ancestral acres left to his family by his grandfather Jacob Wendell. It was his preference in his youth to live there always, but the necessity of earning a living took him to Boston. His affection for nature continued fresh and sweet to the last. A few weeks

before his death, as he sat, to use his own expression, "just nodding in his chair," he was called on by an acquaintance from Berkshire, of whom he inquired about

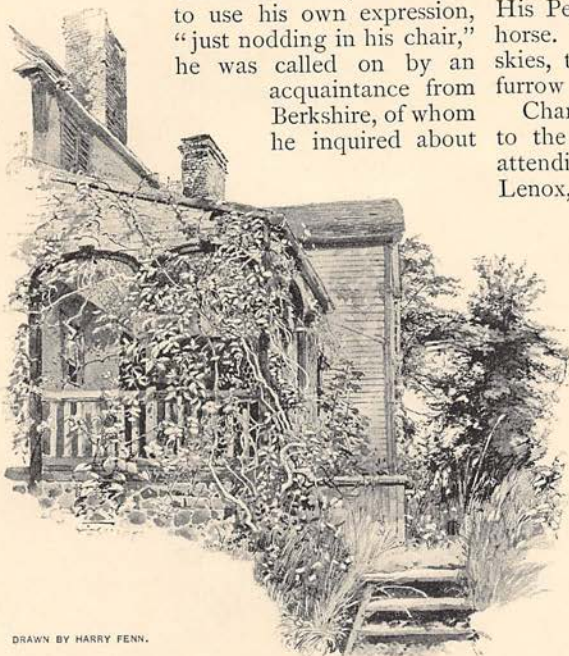
lovely and the wild mingled in harmony on nature's face" in Berkshire, is her crowning literary glory. Unlike Sir Walter, who so often forgot his own verses, and on one occasion, when "Cleveland's Serenade" was sung by a lady, asked who was the writer, Mr. Bryant remembered everything he ever wrote. One evening comes delightfully to my mind, when, among other games of the intellectual kind, he joined the young people in capping verses. As far as possible his youthful admirers chose his own verses for quotation; and it was pleasant to see the quiet smile with which he acknowledged them. Even lines which from their simplicity might have easily drifted out of his crowded memory were always recalled.

Mr. Bryant illustrated as truly as Burns himself the maxim that the poet is born and not made, yet no votary of the Muses ever reconciled more completely the exalted aspiration and inspiration of the poet with the commonplace despondencies of active and useful life. As fond of rural beauty as Theocritus or Catullus, and as fascinated by country life as Horace or Vergil, he yet for half a century attended at his editorial desk with inexorable punctuality. His Pegasus was never chained to his cart-horse. When Pegasus took his flight to the skies, the cart-horse still turned his honest furrow in the ground.

Charles Sumner, for years before his election to the United States Senate in 1851, when attending the Berkshire circuit, then held at Lenox, occasionally drove to Stockbridge. He had a strong admiration of Berkshire, which in one of his letters he mentioned as a region where the mountains were dwarfs, but the people were giants. A giant himself in the great struggle to which he afterward gave his accomplished intellect, his greatness needs no tribute from these ephemeral pages.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, who in 1851 and 1852 lived in Stockbridge, on the border of Lenox, is so far the foremost of those who have adventured on the wide waters of American fiction that one, looking over them, brightened as they are by the sails or strewn with the wreckage of countless craft, is reminded of the answers of the lookout man on board the royal yacht at the international yacht

race in 1851 to the two inquiries of Prince Albert: "What is first?" "America, sir." "What is second?" "Nothing, sir." Hawthorne is first. Is there a second? It is no discredit to the gallant phantom fleet manned by such a variety of genius and culture to hesitate as to the answer.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

PORCH OF LAUREL COTTAGE, WHERE MATTHEW ARNOLD SPENT THE SUMMER OF 1886.

the trees there, not only generally but individually, as if they were friends in whom his interest had never flagged. He asked particularly after the "Sheffield elm," an old favorite described by the delightful Autocrat more than forty years before.

The name of Bryant, identified with "the



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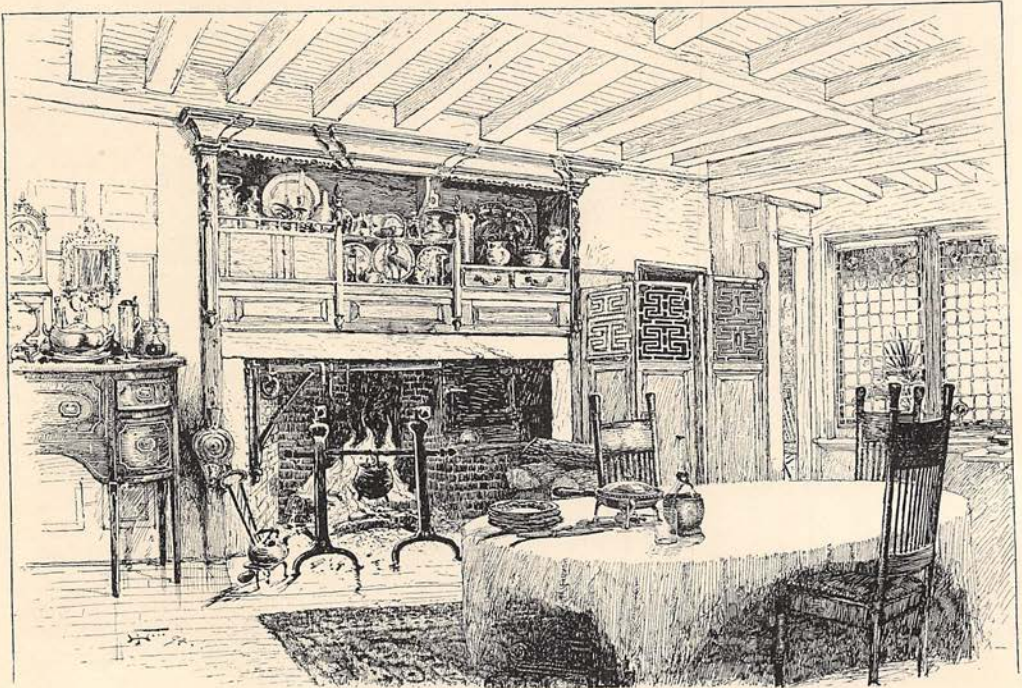
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, STOCKBRIDGE.

Miss Sedgwick, by her birth, life, and writings, is so identified with Stockbridge that even reminiscences so desultory as these ought not to omit a reference to her. She belongs to the past generation, but had she not gone before, perhaps others who are the idols of to-day might not have reached their present stage of literary evolution. Nearly every writer of fiction springs upward or forward from the platform which his predecessors have constructed, if he does not, being an original genius, or considering himself such, deliberately thrust it aside. It would not be fair, therefore, to judge her writings by the present standard. But while taste in fiction so varies from generation to generation that, with such rare exceptions as the magic creations of the Wizard of the North, or a few perfect literary gems like the "Vicar of Wakefield" or the "Scarlet Letter," the children toss aside the books which were the parents' delight, yet the tradition of Miss Sedgwick's exquisite feminineness and of the wide aureole of love in which she lived and moved will perhaps outlast the stories, the scenes of which were in part laid among her beloved Berkshire hills. Her influence in attracting to Lenox the best class of visitors, and in forming there the society which in varying phases has always continued to be distinguished, has been too often referred to in

the published writings of Mrs. Kemble and others to need recording here.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane was in Stockbridge for some weeks in the summer of, I think, 1856, visiting the family of a married daughter of Mr. Henry Grinnell, who then lived there. He was under the spell of spiritualism, which was cast about him by Miss Margaret Fox (to whom, by her account, he was privately married), and was enthusiastic in "table-tippings" and "planchette" interpretations. At an earlier day I had gone with a company to the Astor House to hear the rappings and see the table-tippings of the Fox sisters. They succeeded in inspiring many besides poor Dr. Kane with a belief in the genuineness of their supernatural intercourse. Within the last few years I heard Miss Fox, *alias* Mrs. Kane, confess on the stage of the Academy of Music in New York, before a large audience, the frauds she had practised, and explain the dexterous way in which she had wriggled her toes and her ankle-joints in playing off her spirits on her devotees.

Isaac Garfield, an ancestor of President Garfield, was in 1739 one of the settlers of Tyringham in Berkshire, and some of his descendants have always lived in a part of the town which, the year after Taylor's capture of Monterey in 1846, was set off and named in honor of that



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A BERKSHIRE INTERIOR.

victory. President Garfield, before going to college at Williamstown, twice made a visit of some weeks to his relation Colonel Daniel Garfield of Monterey. The colonel's daughter, Miss (now Mrs.) Henrietta Garfield, who has become a resident of Tyringham, has an agreeable recollection of her distinguished cousin's good spirits and good humor in those boyish days. The President always looked back with pleasure to his life in Berkshire both before and after going to college. It will be remembered that he was starting to attend a commencement at Williamstown when he was shot, and it was expected that he would visit Monterey, where a lake had been renamed in his honor. His family afterward passed part of a summer in Stockbridge.

It would be easy to enumerate a long catalogue of eminent names of visitors and summer residents of Stockbridge during the last fifty years, continuing a list of perhaps equal length of their predecessors in the preceding half-century. The residents would include the brothers David Dudley and the Rev. Henry M. Field, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Astor Bristed, General S. C. Armstrong (the heroic friend of the black man and the red man), Joseph H. Choate, and Matthew Arnold. Mr. Arnold had here one of the seizures to which he was subject, and which he then said would some day carry him off—a prediction which was fulfilled within two years. He lived in a cottage rented by his son-in-law, Mr. Whitridge, from

Lady Musgrave, the daughter of David Dudley Field, where he was the center of a home life as unstudied as if scholarship had been abolished. What a delight it was to those who chanced to be his neighbors, after looking somewhat apprehensively at the classic poet and relentless critic who had dropped from Oxford into their New England nook, to find instead the tender husband, the fond father, the kind friend, and the appreciative and grateful guest!

The visitors would include Frederika Bremer, Dr. Bellows (whose life, teeming with patriotism and philanthropy, when worthily written will add a rich page to his country's annals), Dr. Orville Dewey (whose residence for many years in the neighboring town of Sheffield made his visits to Stockbridge as easy as they were delightful), William M. Evarts, Sir George Bowen, Henry Ward Beecher (who lived one summer in Lenox), Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, so long president of Columbia College, and his brother Major-General J. G. Barnard (both born in Sheffield, where General Barnard continued to reside in summer till his death), Dr. J. G. Holland (the famous "Timothy Titcomb," and first editor of this magazine, who received his medical education in Pittsfield), Phillips Brooks, Frank R. Stockton, Robert C. Winthrop (who has so lately died full of years and honors), Professors Child and Norton of Harvard, Cyrus W. Field and his brother Judge Stephen J. Field, Dr. McCosh, Sir William

Thompson, and Dean Stanley. The last five were guests of the Rev. Dr. Field.

One of the visitors as recently as 1883 was the late Henry W. Shaw, who, like three jurists now on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, had been at school in Stockbridge as a boy. A lady of the village was surprised at receiving a call from a grave and somber gentleman, accompanied by a lady whom he introduced as his wife. The call was under the mistaken impression that the house where it was made was the one where the gentleman had lived in early days. His wife inquired whether her husband was not well known to the hostess, who confessed her ignorance, and expressed her regrets. "Why," said Mrs. Shaw, "he is almost the best-known person in America—as well known as General Grant." Then, after enjoying for a moment the puzzled condition of her hostess's mind, she explained, "My husband writes under the name of Josh Billings." It was Josh Billings himself who had come to revisit the town where he had got his education long before attaining his high rank in that school of American humor which consists chiefly in phonetic spelling with fanciful variations.

Few rural American counties offer the local historian so diversified a field for the portrayal of individual character as Berkshire. The devoted John Sergeant, whose mission to the Mohican Indians was established at Stockbridge in 1735, was succeeded by Jonathan Edwards, who from 1751 to 1758 was pastor of the Congregational Church of the town. Here he wrote his treatises on the "Freedom of the Will" and "Original Sin." What a contrast for the historic artist between the pictures of Edwards's theology and of his humanity! In his quiet study, in the happy valley which seems the ideal abode of love and peace, he grimly exults in the ineffable agonies which the sinner shall suffer in the hands of an angry God. Then before the sinner has been snatched by the undying wrath, he who but now was in theory the inexorable doomster pours over the destined victim a flood of human sympathy and tenderness.

Then followed the Rev. Aaron Burr, a man of Edwards's own pattern, though cast in a somewhat smaller intellectual mold. He preceded Edwards in the presidency of Nassau Hall (afterward Princeton College), won at Stockbridge his lovely wife Esther, who was young enough to be his own daughter, and became the father of that strange compound, the second Aaron Burr. Of one of Esther's sisters, who was something of a shrew, the following story is still told in Stockbridge. When some adventurous suitor of good standing in the church sought her hand, the theo-

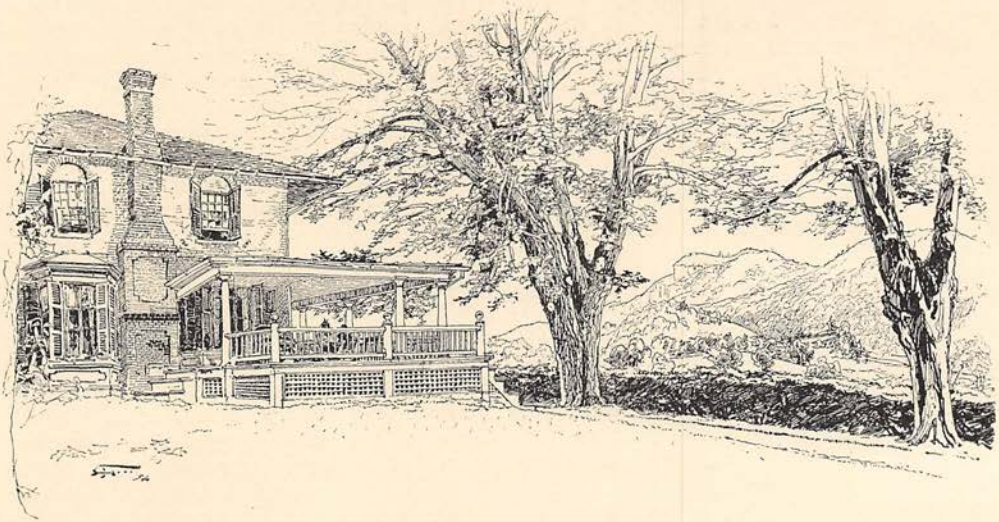
logian decisively refused it. Confident in his good position in this world, and the reasonableness of his ulterior expectations, the lover persistently urged his pretensions. Finally, discovering that Mr. Edwards's objections were purely disinterested, and were based, not on his defects, but on the lady's temper, he argued that as she had experienced religion as well as he there was no reason to doubt that they would be happy together. "Ah," replied the divine, "there are some persons with whom the grace of God abides, that you can't."

In 1785 Judge Theodore Sedgwick removed from Sheffield to Stockbridge, where for the rest of his life (which was ended in 1813) his house was a frequent resort of many leading Federalists of the day. From that day to this Berkshire has been thronged in the summer by bearers of distinguished names in law, statesmanship, art, arms, and literature. Among the sojourners in Lenox, for longer or shorter periods, have been Harrison Gray Otis, Silas Wright, Governor Marcy, Millard Fillmore, Chief Justice Shaw, and other eminent Massachusetts judges who adorned the bench before it was transferred to Pittsfield, Louis Kossuth, Cassius M. Clay, Ralph Waldo Emerson (who had a daughter at Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's school), Governor Boutwell, Governor Andrew, a group of well-known New York artists from whom it would be invidious to make selections, Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson, Charlotte Cushman, Anna Cora Mowatt, Epes Sargent, Henry Ward Beecher, General Hitchcock, General McClellan, James Russell Lowell, President Arthur, Sir Edward Thornton, William Crowninshield Endicott, and William C. Whitney.

Any general mention of Berkshire visitors should not omit the name of Henry David Thoreau. In 1846 or 1847 he passed a night in the rude observatory on Greylock, while the mice nibbled his toes and he nibbled the only available literary pabulum, the scraps of country newspapers scattered on the floor. These, which had served to wrap the luncheons of more carnally minded visitors, he read by the flickering firelight, finding the advertisements much better than the editorials, and even, by a process peculiarly his own, extracting some aroma of poetry from the names of the commodities advertised—lumber, cotton, sugar, hides, guano, and logwood.¹

As has been already tritely suggested, the face of nature in Berkshire is unchanged outside of the towns, and wears its old familiar smile of infinite sweetness. The same beauties of field

¹ An account of this characteristic excursion will be found in Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," Vol. I of the new Riverside edition of his works, pp. 235-248.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HOUSE IN WHICH G. P. R. JAMES LIVED, STOCKBRIDGE.

and fell are laced together by the silver band of the Housatonic, even if the silver be here and there tarnished by the mills. Yet a few sad changes extort a lament from our "Old Mortalities." Our tenure of this lovely river seems to be subject to the mill-owners of the manufacturing towns, who, finding water cheaper than steam, claim and are permitted to exercise the right of shutting it off in order to collect a sufficient supply for their purposes, so that at times and in some places, especially on Sunday, which is allowed as a day of rest to the mills as well as the hands, the bright stream is shrunk within its margin of meadow and willow to a murky rill sliding through its ooze. From our mountain-sides, too, the maples, elms, and other noble forest trees are too often unintelligently stripped without heed to the science of forestry by which in Europe, while a part of the woods is deftly removed for the purposes of fuel and manufacture, almost without being missed, their sylvan beauty and symmetry are preserved. On the other hand, there is in general a greater air of thrift than in our fathers' day, the result chiefly of the village improvement societies; the agriculture and horticulture are better; and there are in our larger villages what ninety-nine out of a hundred would call improvements—shaven lawns, trimmed hedges, costly and complicated houses of varied architecture, and occasionally even pretensions to something like the formal magnificence of a park. Rural life is in a measure

exchanging its "unbought grace" for the charms of wealth and elaboration. The world moves. Society in the country, as well as in the town, is evolved into new and glittering forms, and few perhaps will bear with the senile prejudices of those who prefer "to stand on the old paths."

This is not the place to discuss the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the social evolution now going on in the country at large, of which Lenox and Stockbridge are types. Theologically, as we have seen, the advance is real and high. But we may observe that the men and women who used to form the cultivated elements of society were outwardly distinguished from its humbler members only by the quiet and kindly dignity of their deportment, and by their never forgetting that *noblesse oblige*. The liveries, the dress, the drags, the formal receptions, the Anglicanism, all the diversified phases of wealth which have changed the surface of society, have not always stifled the sweetness and virtue of the past, but have often hidden them under a load of formal self-consequence which makes them hard to find; and—

Oh, the difference to me!

Beautiful Berkshire! There are few other lands as fair, none more fitting, even yet, to be the patriot's cradle and the poet's haunt and home.

Henry Dwight Sedgwick.