

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LVI.

AUGUST, 1898.

No. 4.



## THE ARCTIC MONUMENT NAMED FOR TENNYSON BY DR. KANE.

BY CHARLES W. SHIELDS, LL.D.

THE world has not forgotten the expedition to the north pole in search of Sir John Franklin which was conducted by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, of the United States navy, more than forty years ago. In distinction from other expeditions, it was animated by impulses of philanthropy as well as of science and adventure. It united the two great English-speaking nations, for the rescue of the lost navigator, in an enterprise of heroic endurance; and its story of peril and suffering, so eloquently told by its leader, has become classical in American literature.

An incident of this expedition which added to its international interest was the discovery of a great natural pillar of rock, resembling a minaret, which Dr. Kane named in honor of the poet Tennyson. It has been recalled to public notice in the memoir which is now charming the whole world of letters. The biographer, Lord Tennyson, thus refers to it, under date of February, 1855:

The news of the loss of Sir John Franklin, my mother's uncle, in the arctic regions, was at this time a great shock. It is interesting to note that Dr. Kane, who was on the second Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John, honored my father by naming a natural rock column 480 feet high, on a pedestal 280 feet high, to the north of latitude 79°, "Tennyson's Monument."

The discovery of the monument is narrated by Dr. Kane in the first volume of his "Arctic Explorations." After describing a picturesque range of cliffs, which through the long action of the seasons had assumed in the arctic twilight a dreamy semblance of castles, battlements, and turrets, he continues:

I was still more struck with another of the same sort, in the immediate neighborhood of my halting-ground beyond Sunny Gorge, to the north of latitude 79°. A single cliff of greenstone, marked by the slaty limestone that once encased it, rears itself from a crumbled base of sandstones, like the boldly chiseled rampart of an ancient city. At its northern extremity, on the brink of a deep ravine which has worn its way among the ruins, there stands a solitary column or minaret-tower, as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendôme. Yet the length of the shaft alone is four hundred and eighty feet; and it rises on a plinth or pedestal itself two hundred and eighty feet high.

I remember well the emotions of my party as it first broke upon our view. Cold and sick as I was, I brought back a sketch of it, which may have interest for the reader, though it scarcely suggests the imposing dignity of this magnificent landmark. Those who are happily familiar with the writings of Tennyson, and have communed with his spirit in the solitudes of a wilderness, will apprehend the impulse that inscribed the scene with his name.

Copyright, 1898, by THE CENTURY Co. All rights reserved.

It was the habit of Dr. Kane to fill his note-book with sketches of arctic scenery and objects taken on the spot from nature. For this work he was gifted with the eye and hand of an artist, as well as with the training of a scientific observer. Some of his sketches, made hastily on scraps of paper, are now framed as bits of marine painting, rendering water, ice, and rock with rare fidelity. They furnished the material of the illustrations so profusely scattered through his volumes, and were produced as etchings under his own direct supervision. "The original sketch of the Tennyson Monument," says the artist Hamilton, "is of the slightest description, and in lead-pencil. Now, every one accustomed to study nature practically is aware of the extreme difficulty of rendering the peculiar texture and tone of old, time-worn, weather-beaten rock, sandstone-crushed debris, etc. Its successful rendition is one of the most difficult achievements of landscape art. In the sketch of the subject alluded to, these qualities (notwithstanding the 'coldness and sickness' suffered at the time of executing it, mentioned by the lamented navigator in his journal) are secured to an extent that would be creditable to the most skilful artist. Every fragment is jotted down with a perception and feeling which seize the special character of the minutest particle defined, and yet its minutiae in no way conflict with the grandeur of the subject."

After his return to the United States, Dr. Kane visited England, with the project of another expedition of research and rescue, and in hopes of repairing his health, which had been broken by his arctic voyages and

the labor of writing and illustrating his works. He was not destined to meet Tennyson, but he received two letters from him, which were preserved by his only sister, Elizabeth Kane (the late Mrs. Shields), and are now published for the first time, with the kind approval of the present Lord Tennyson.

The first letter, written before the poet had received a presentation copy of the "Arctic Explorations," is general in its terms of acknowledgment.

DEAR SIR: Your book has not yet reached me here in this remote place; but as I learn with much regret that the state of your health obliges you to leave England very soon, I will not wait to see it before I write to request you will do me the favor of allowing me an opportunity to thank you in person for what I am told are your kind expressions toward myself in your book, and for the honor you have done me by giving my name to that noble pillar. My wife and I hope that you will feel equal to coming so far out of your way to your ship as to pay us a visit here, and that a little rest will soon restore you to your former health. Believe me, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

A. TENNYSON.

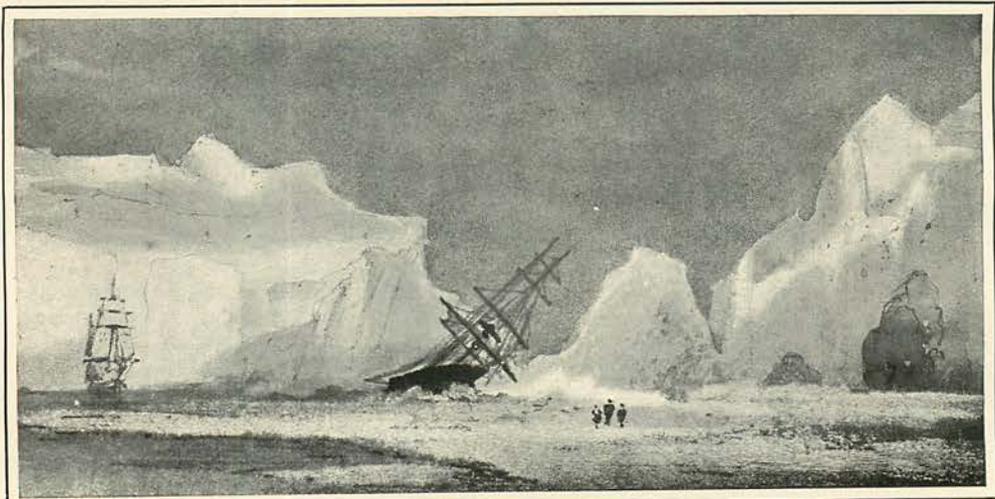
Nov. 4th, '56.

Farringford House, Freshwater, I. W.

P. S. If there be a Miss Cross in your house, and if it be the Miss Cross whom I knew in Scotland, will you give her my best regards?

Mr. William Cross<sup>1</sup> of Champion Hill, London, had very hospitably taken Dr.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Cross had well-known relatives in New York, among whom is a sister-in-law of the explorer, the widow of General Kane of Kane, Pennsylvania, and daughter of the Hon. William Wood (Elizabeth Dennistoun Wood, formerly of New York), to whose kindness I am indebted for some details of this sketch.



AN UNPUBLISHED ARCTIC SKETCH BY DR. KANE, IN POSSESSION OF DR. CHARLES W. SHIELDS.

Kane from the hotel into his own house, where he received the kindest care, with the medical advice of Sir Henry Holland, and the thoughtful attentions of Lady Franklin and other personages. His daughter, Elizabeth Dennistoun Cross, of whom Tennyson speaks, was a little lass of fifteen, very fond of his poetry, and proud of being allowed to repeat passages to him while he lay upon the grass, smoking. She grew up a charming young woman, and herself wrote a little volume of verse. Her brother, John Cross, is known as the husband of "George Eliot."

The second letter from Tennyson, still more cordial in its tone, was written after the book had been received, and when it had become evident that the strength of the invalid was failing so that he would be unable to enjoy the honors which awaited him in England.

FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER, I. W.,  
Nov. 12th, '56.

DEAR DR. KANE: Only yesterday, and then too late for me to return you thanks by that day's post, arrived your present. The book is really magnificent. I do not think that I have ever met with one which gives such vivid pictures of arctic scenery. Nay, I am quite sure I never did; and, indeed, I feel that I owe you more thanks for it, and for your warm-hearted inscription, and your memorial of me in the wilderness, than I could well inclose in as many words; so I will say nothing about it, only beg you to accept that volume<sup>1</sup> of my poems containing the line which (as C. Weld writes) came into your mind when you stood first before the great minaret. I write to-day to request my publisher to send it to you. Weld says that you leave us on Monday for Cuba. I am grieved that you leave us, and grieved more for the occasion. I hardly expect now to see you here. If, however, we may still hope for that pleasure, could you let me know by return of post? There is a visit which I must pay to some suffering relatives, but which I would postpone if you could come. But whether I see you or not,

Believe me, dear Dr. Kane,

Yours ever,  
A. TENNYSON.

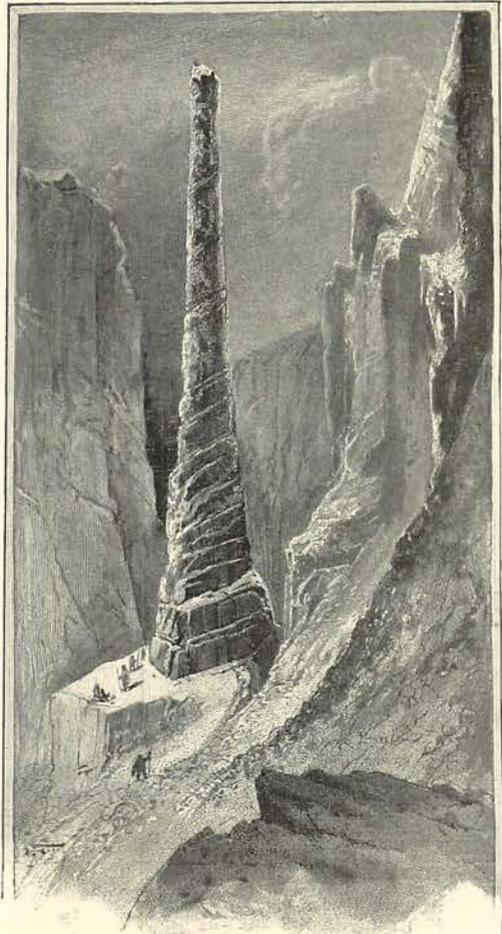
The memoir informs us that Mr. Charles Weld was the husband of Anne Sellwood, younger sister of Lady Tennyson, and also niece of Sir John Franklin. The lines which are referred to by Dr. Kane as having arisen in his mind, "cold and sick" as he was, when he came in sight of the great monument, are in the "Palace of Art."

<sup>1</sup> This copy, now in my possession, is the beautiful Moxon edition of 1856, and bears the autographic inscription, "Dr. Kane, from A. Tennyson."

<sup>2</sup> See the December (1897) CENTURY.

As in strange lands a traveler walking slow,  
In doubt and great perplexity,  
A little before moon-rise hears the low  
Moan of an unknown sea,

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound  
Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry  
Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, "I have  
found  
A new land, but I die."



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A SKETCH BY DR. KANE.

THE TENNYSON MONUMENT.

The words proved but too sadly prophetic. Dr. Kane sailed for Havana, and soon died there, in his thirty-seventh year, proudly and tenderly lamented by his countrymen as the Sir Philip Sidney of his time.

A recent visitor to Farringford<sup>2</sup> tells us that "in the breakfast-room, through which Tennyson would pass on his way to his study, there hangs over the mantel-shelf a fine colored print of the great arctic monument discovered by Kane, on which he bestowed the



FROM A LITHOGRAPH. PRESERVED AS A RELIC OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION OF RESCUE. IN POSSESSION OF DR. CHARLES W. SHIELDS.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, R. N.

poet's name." It is not difficult to imagine why such a picture should be prized in that household. Lady Tennyson was the niece of Sir John Franklin; and Dr. Kane described his expedition as a crusade of rescue, in which the interests of geography were to be held inferior to the claims of imperiled humanity. "That admirable woman, the wife of Sir John Franklin," he said, "has called on us, as a kindred people, to join heart and hand in the enterprise of snatching the lost navigator from a dreary grave." As part of his equipment for the voyage, he received from Lady Franklin an engraved portrait of Sir John, which hung in the cabin of the *Advance* during the long cruise in the arctic

seas. On the Sunday when it became necessary to abandon the ice-bound brig he writes: "We read prayers and a chapter of the Bible; and then, all standing silently round, I took Sir John Franklin's portrait from its frame, and cased it in an india-rubber scroll." The relic was brought safely back, and carefully preserved. It now hangs upon the study wall before me as I write.

There are other considerations besides grateful feeling to make the homage of the explorer to the poet seem as appreciative and fitting as it was welcome. Dr. Kane was an enthusiastic admirer of Tennyson before his fame had been quite assured, when the "In Memoriam," the "Idylls," and "Maud" had

not yet come to turn some lingering criticism into praise. He might have sprinkled his narrative with quotations had not a rigorous family censorship precluded them as unsuitable in such a work. Many of the poems he had by heart, and often recited them with emotion. His greatest favorite, the "Ulysses," as repeated by him might become suggestive of much in his own eventful career. It seems now to have had for him a strange fulfilment in the lines:

Come, my friends,

'T is not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.

Some passages in the "Palace of Art" especially pleased his fancy, perhaps as word-pictures of scenes familiar to him in his travels.

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand  
And some one pacing there alone,  
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,  
Lit with a low large moon.

And one a foreground black with stones and slags,  
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher  
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,  
And highest, snow and fire.

Even in the arctic wilds he would make his companions share his enthusiasm for a

poetry the subtle charm of which some of them might feel only with a vague intelligence. His rough boatswain Brooks would listen to him as if spellbound when, sailing in sight of some sunset cliff, he recalled the verse:

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

A touching incident is told as an instance of this sympathetic admiration. Among the books in the *Advance* was an English copy of Tennyson, bound plainly in boards. It was the copy out of which the captain used to read to his men during the long arctic night. It would have been left behind, in the hurry of departure from the brig, had not Brooks inclosed it in a roughly sewed black-leather case, with a flap secured by a horn button. Long afterward he presented it with pride and triumph to his surprised commander. He had carried it in the bosom of his shirt during all the overland sledge journey to the rescuing ship, as if it were something too precious to be lost. The valued copy, still in its rude casing, was the explorer's next Christmas gift to his sister-in-law, and it has since formed part of the government navy exhibit at the centennial celebration.

Besides poetic sympathy, there was also a noble congeniality of soul between the poet and his admirer. It was one mission of Tennyson to recall a sordid age to some lost



UNPUBLISHED ARCTIC SKETCH BY DR. KANE, IN POSSESSION OF DR. CHARLES W. SHIELDS.

ideals of valor, virtue, faith, and tenderness, which it had forgotten as the extravagance of a rude heroic period. These qualities have been illustrated, as if by one of his own ideal knights, in the story of an accomplished youth of gentle breeding and tastes, who wore the flower of true knight-hood in an icy desert, on an errand as pure, though not as dreamy, as the quest of the Holy Grail. It seemed a new legend of the Round Table come again.

And now his chair desires him here in vain,  
However they may crown him elsewhere.

And that other good Christian knight, for whom he staked his life, has other glory than a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey.

Not here! the white North has thy bones; and thou,  
Heroic sailor-soul,  
Art passing on thine happier voyage now  
Toward no earthly pole.

The arctic monument to Tennyson, though far away from human sight, must always appeal to the imagination. It is itself a great marvel of nature, not reared by the hand of man in the pride of his art, but wrought as in the very quarry of the Creator, and towering in lonely grandeur amid surroundings gloomy, inorganic, and desolate, such as only a poet might fancy in his wildest mood. It is also a fit offering to the genius of philanthropy, standing at a point on the earth's surface where the lines of longitude almost meet beyond the seas and continents which divide mankind, and telling how brave men penetrated the storms of sunless winters in quest of their lost and suffering fellows. It is, above all, a tribute to the power of literature as represented by the great English poet of our time, whose songs have knit together two peoples as kindred in speech as in blood, and whose beneficent ministry has been felt, not only in the homes of civilized men, but by "those who have communed with his spirit in the solitudes of a wilderness." It shows the world how Heroism and Poesy can meet in the service of Humanity.

#### SKETCH OF DR. KANE.

THE foregoing sketch may revive interest in a career filled with incidents as remarkable as the discovery of the Tennyson Monument. As the eulogist at the obsequies of Dr. Kane, I described him as "a young man who, within the short space of fourteen years, has traversed the globe in its most inaccessible places; who has gathered here and there a

laurel in every walk of research in which he strayed; who has gone into the thick of perilous adventure, abstracting in the spirit of philosophy, yet seeing with the eye of poesy, and loving with the heart of humanity; who has penetrated even to the northern pole of the planet, and returned to invest the story of his escape with the charms of literature and art; and who, dying in the morning of his fame, is lamented by his country and the world." Except to those who knew him well, this description may now seem extravagant.

The world that for an idle day  
Grace to our mood of sadness gave  
Long since hath thrown her weeds away.

It is a description, however, which will be justified by the briefest review of the elements of his character and the events in his life.

Born in the year 1820, of Irish, Scotch, Dutch, French, and English origin, he had an American ancestry remarkable in all its branches. On the father's side he was descended from Colonel John Kane of the British army, in the colony of New York, who married Sybil Kent, daughter of the Rev. Elisha Kent, and aunt of Chancellor Kent. His grandfather, Elisha K. Kane, was a successful merchant in Albany and New York, who married Alida Van Rensselaer, daughter of General Robert Van Rensselaer of Claverack Manor, and a descendant of the patroon of Albany, connected with the Schuylers, Livingstons, Beekmans, and other manorial families on the Hudson. His father was the Hon. John K. Kane of Fern Rock, near Philadelphia, judge of the United States district court, and well remembered as an acute and learned jurist, an influential statesman of the old school, an active promoter of the arts and sciences, an accomplished literary scholar, and a courtly gentleman in society.

On the mother's side he was descended from Thomas Leiper, cadet of a Scotch family of French origin, who came to the colony of Virginia and thence to Philadelphia, was active in forming the City Troop, and served by the side of Washington in the battles of Monmouth, Trenton, and Princeton, and after the Revolution united with his friend President Jefferson in forming the political party which looked to him for its leader. His grandmother was Elizabeth Coultas Gray, daughter of the Hon. George Gray of Gray's Ferry and Martha Ibbetson of Whitby Hall—a Lady Bountiful whose services in nursing the sick and

wounded during the occupation of Philadelphia by Lord Howe attracted testimonials from both British and American officers. His mother was Jane Duval Leiper, of a family distinguished for the beauty of its women, and herself also distinguished for the energy, nerve, elasticity, and warm-heartedness which became famous in her son. If there is any truth in heredity, so varied elements of race, creed, and culture could not fail to issue in a rich and strong character.

His education, which at first was projected at Yale, was pursued at the University of

In this, the first of his extended journeys, he made a circuit of the globe, sailing around the coast of South America, across the Pacific Ocean to southern and eastern Asia, and returning by the overland route through Europe, across the Atlantic back to the United States. He had explored India, Persia, and Egypt, and wandered through Greece and Switzerland on foot. He was absent more than two years. As the present routes and facilities of travel were then unknown, the tour was marked by difficulties and perils, as well as by adventures and exploits due to



FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PORTRAIT BY THOMAS SULLY.

THE HON. JOHN K. KANE, FATHER OF DR. KANE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PORTRAIT BY THOMAS SULLY.

JANE DUVAL LEIPER KANE, MOTHER OF DR. KANE.

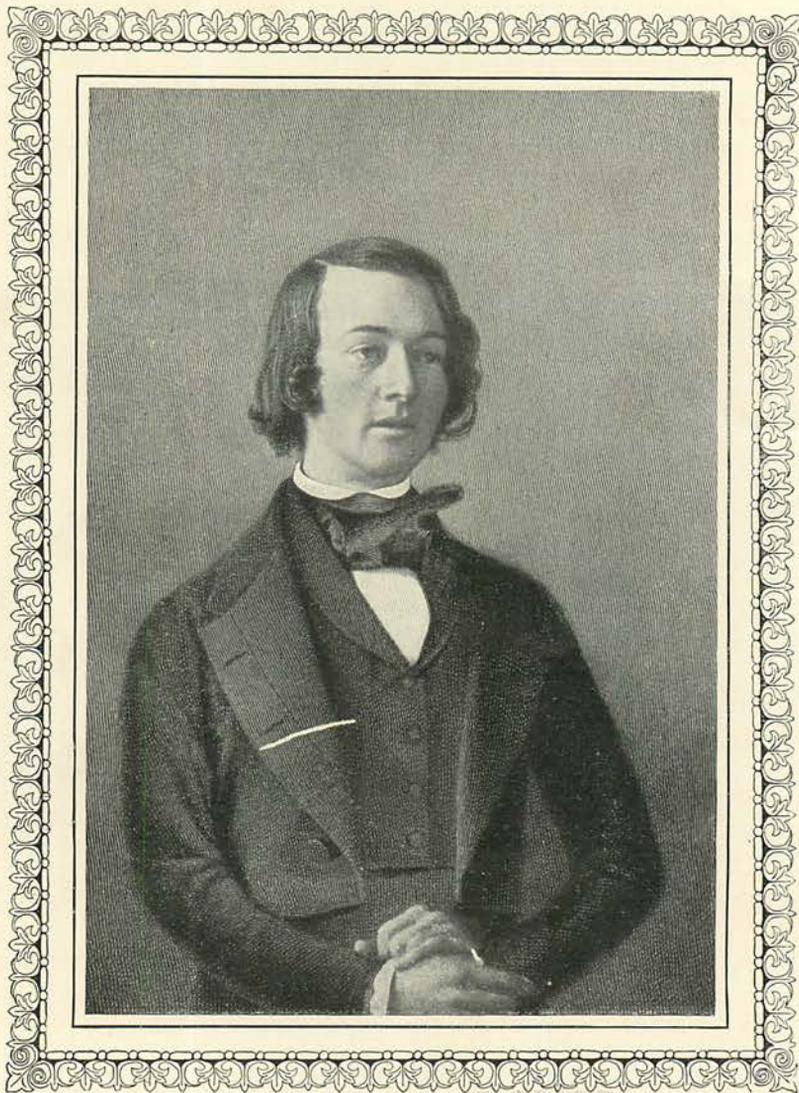
Virginia, and completed in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, with a graduating thesis which has been quoted as an authority in Europe as well as in our country. At this time an acute attack of rheumatism of the heart, which brought him to the brink of the grave, gave serious purpose to his life, and made it evident to his medical advisers that physical hardship and activity should be blended with his scientific tastes and aspirations. Accordingly, abandoning the routine life of a practitioner, he was appointed physician to the Chinese embassy, which sailed in the frigate *Brandywine*, under Commodore Parker, in May, 1843.

VOL. LVI.—62.

his own daring nature. One of these, taken from a former biographical sketch, will serve as an example.

It was at Luzon, the largest of the Philippine Islands, that his adventurous spirit, though under a scientific impulse, passed the limits of prudence in his far-famed exploration of the crater of Tael, a volcano on the Pacific coast of the island, in a region inhabited only by savages. Crossing over to the capital city of the island during one of the long delays of Chinese diplomacy, he procured an escort of natives from the Archbishop of Manila (by means of letters from American prelates which he had secured before leaving home), and, in com-

pany with his friend Baron Loë, a relative of Metternich, penetrated the country to the asphaltic lake in which the island volcano is situated. Both gentleman at first descended together until they reached a downward through the sulphurous vapors, over the hot ashes, to the green boiling lake, dipped his specimen bottle into its waters, returned to the rope, several times stumbling, almost stifled, and with one of



FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

DR. KANE (MAY 11, 1843).

precipice overhanging the cavernous gulf of the crater, when the baron saw further progress to be impossible. But the doctor, in spite of the remonstrances of the whole party, insisted upon being lowered over the ledge by means of a rope made of bamboos, and held in the hands of the natives, under the baron's directions, until he reached the bottom, two hundred feet below. Loosing himself from the cord, he forced his way

his boots charred to a coal, but succeeded in again fastening himself, and was hauled up by his assistants, and received into their hands exhausted and almost insensible. Remedies brought from the neighboring hermitage were applied, and he was so far restored that they could proceed on their journey. But rumors spread before them among the pygmy savages on the island of the profane invasion which had been made

into the mysteries of the Tael, and an angry mob gathered about them, which was only dispersed by one or two pistol-shots and the timely arrival of the padres. The trophies of this expedition were some valuable min-

severe illness. His sensitive organization, which seems to have reflected the disease of every climate,—the rice-fever at Macao, and the plague at Cairo,—was prostrated by an attack of the malignant coast-fever, from



FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

DR. KANE AS AN AIDE IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

eral specimens, a bottle of sulphur-water, a series of graphic views, from recollection, in his sketch-book, and a written description of the volcano by one of the friars, which, after many wanderings, was put in his hands as he sat at the home dinner-table, twelve years afterward.

His next voyage was to the coast of Africa, in the frigate *United States*, under Commodore Reed. By means of letters which he had received, when in Brazil, from the Spanish merchant Da Souza, he was now enabled to visit the slave-factories, and with a caravan to penetrate as far into the interior as the ghastly court of his savage Majesty, the King of Dahomey. From this comparatively inglorious field of service he was recalled by

which he recovered too weak and disabled for duty. On returning to Philadelphia he found the country at war with Mexico, and, as soon as he was sufficiently restored in health, tendered his services, and received credentials as bearer of despatches to General Scott, then in possession of the Mexican capital. On his way from Vera Cruz to the interior occurred an affair of arms which, but for its well-attested facts, might seem a mere romance of chivalry. It is here cited from my memoir as an illustration of traits shown on other occasions.

Having been unable to procure an American escort, Dr. Kane had intrusted himself to a Mexican spy company under Colonel Domingues, and was approaching Nopaluca

when they encountered a body of guerrillas escorting Generals Gaona and Torrejon, with other Mexican officers. A short and severe contest ensued, resulting in the capture of most of the Mexican party. During the fray the doctor's charger carried him between young Colonel Gaona and his orderly, who both fell upon him at the same moment. Receiving only a slight flesh-hurt from the lance of the latter, he parried the saber-cut of the former, and unhorsed him with a wound in the chest. Soon afterward cries came from young Gaona to save his father, the aged general, whom, together with the other Mexican prisoners, the renegade Domingues and his bandits were about to butcher in cold blood. Dr. Kane instantly charged among them with his six-shooter, and succeeded at length in enforcing humanity to the vanquished, though only after receiving a lance-thrust in the abdomen, and a blow which cost him the loss of his horse. But still another act of mercy remained to be performed. As the old general sat beside his son, who was bleeding to death from his wound, the doctor, with no better surgical implements than a table-fork and a piece of pack-thread, succeeded in taking up and tying the artery, and thus saved the life which he had endangered. The gratitude of the rescued Mexicans knew no bounds; and when it was found that their deliverer was himself suffering from wounds, he was taken by General Gaona to his own residence, and there nursed for weeks by the family, with every attention that wealth and refinement could suggest. The modesty of a brave man could not keep this incident in obscurity. The published letters of Mexican and American authorities, detailing the whole occurrence, followed him to Philadelphia, and seventy of the most distinguished gentlemen of the city united in presenting him with a sword as a memorial of "an incidental exploit which was crowned with the distinction due to gallantry, skill, and success, and was halloved in the flush of victory by the noblest humanity to the vanquished."

He was next attached to the Coast Survey, but had scarcely settled into its routine when he was summoned to the great work of his life. In taking command of the Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin he approached a task for which his scientific training and previous travels had especially fitted him. His geological surveys of the Andes, the Himalayas, and the Alps had prepared him to study the rocky deserts and glaciers of the polar region. His familiarity

with degraded races in every quarter of the globe enabled him to deal intelligently and humanely with the Eskimo tribes. His preliminary voyage with Lieutenant DeHaven had made him acquainted with arctic modes of travel and subsistence. Above all these qualifications, he had the moral sense of a humane mission to which he had devoted himself. In his farewell home letter he wrote: "Now that the dream has concentrated itself into a grim practical reality, it is not egotism, but duty, to speak of myself and my plans. I represent other lives and other interests than my own. The object of my journey is the search after Sir John Franklin; neither science nor the vain glory of attaining an unreached north shall divert me from this one conscientious aim."

The public estimate of Dr. Kane was shown throughout the civilized world in various forms: by the gift of a service of silver from the Queen, by the medals and decorations of learned societies, by resolutions of Congress and the State legislatures, by countless poetical tributes and eulogies, and at the last by a long funeral triumph from New Orleans to Philadelphia, with the learned, the noble, and the good everywhere mingling in its train.

I need not here dwell upon the well-known traits of his character—his magnetic personality, his indomitable energy, his masterful will, his marvelous tact in emergencies, his courage and patience and generosity, his genial humor, his love of science and research, his devotion to the highest interests of humanity, and that religious faith which sustained him in the darkest hours. Such traits did not merely shine before the world, but on a nearer view, where there could be neither applause nor ambition—in unrecorded kindness toward dependents upon whom he lavished his bounty, and protégés whom he sought to refine and elevate. If ever in any such instance his aims may have seemed quixotic in the eyes of the prudent, they could have exposed him to the serious misapprehension of none but inferior souls.

He has enriched our literature with two octavo volumes which are not only valuable as scientific records, but as mere narratives will always have the charm of Robinson Crusoe for the young and the old; and though his own arctic discoveries and theories should be obscured by further explorations, his fame will still rest upon his rare illustration of that sentiment of philanthropy which is the chief glory of our nature.



DRAWN BY A. ABENDSCHEIN, AFTER A DAGUERRETYPE BY BRADY. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

*E. K. Kane*

ELISHA KENT KANE AT THE AGE OF 36.