

We had a jolly dinner the next night. Lieutenant Graham and a couple of his officers came just in time. They had handed the survivors of the junks' crews over to the Chinese authorities, in whose care our rascally lowdah also was. They had made short work of their fight, and had no casualties. When the cloth was removed I tried to get Manson to make a speech, but the only thing I could get him to say was that he was never less bored in his life than during the skirmish.

I have not seen him for years. He drifts between the Old and the New World, and when I last wrote to him I quoted Hawthorne's expression about the danger of doing so until the only inheritance left him in either was the six feet for his final resting-place. But, as I had before insisted to my group in the smoking-room, it is a great mistake to judge by appearances, and I am surer of nothing than that I shall never see a finer fellow, on this side of Jordan, than my friend, the man without enthusiasms.

THE FROZEN FIELDS.

THE frozen fields are white beneath my feet;
Full loudly blows the hyperborean blast;
Its cohorts, armed with lances of sharp sleet,
Tilt fiercely round me, and go roaring past.

Where is the sun, and where the fields of blue?
The darling summer, where is she, O where?
The only phantom of a bird in view—
A withered leaf whirled through the wintry air.

Far, far the naiad of the brook has flown,
Her reeds are tuneless on the icy shore;
Gleams from the woods, white as Carrara's stone,
The Dorian column of the sycamore.

O'er orchard boughs, once filled with bloom and bees,
O'er songless thickets, hopeless now of June,
O'er barren hill-tops, girt with windy trees,
Hangs the gray remnant of a midday moon.

Lone as that moon, I wander here and wait,
Wroth at the world for all its cold and gray,
When down the lane my love comes, all elate,
And winter bursts, full-blossomed, into May!

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

It was a perfect August day during the past year when we drove along the rocky coast of Cape Ann, from Beverly through Beverly Farms and past Manchester-by-the-Sea, on a visit to the oldest of American poets, whose wild and most picturesque summer retreat was situated a mile or more beyond the latter place. Entering his simple gate, and passing along the private avenue fringed with forest trees and apparently, like the road, left undisturbed as nature

made it, a few minutes' drive brought us in sight of the two-story mansion standing on the edge of a lofty lawn or bluff overlooking the sea,—altogether a place singularly solitary, and almost savage. The house, built some two score years ago by its aged owner, was surmounted by a balustrade on the sloping roof, after the fashion of Lowell's and Longfellow's colonial homes at Cambridge. Alighting, and passing through the hall to the portico on the

opposite side, I saw a scene of surpassing grandeur and beauty. Below, a broad expanse of ocean under a cloudless blue sky; on either side, the rocky headlands of "Shark's Mouth" and "Eagle's Head" thrusting themselves well out into the sea, thus forming a small crescent-shaped bay, from the sandy shore of which came the ceaseless murmuring of the waves of the broad Atlantic, breaking gently on the smooth white beach some sixty or seventy feet beneath, and so near that a stone could easily be cast into the sea. The house, standing on the very verge of an almost perpendicular cliff, has no near or visible neighbors except the white-sailed ships and steamers passing and repassing, and, at the distance of perhaps half a mile to the west, a handsome modern residence, towering above the surrounding trees; in the background beyond, the light-houses of Boston, Salem, and Marblehead harbors. Not far from the beach is a small rocky island, partially covered with a growth of stunted trees, and away to the east the half-sunken reef where the *Hesperus* was wrecked, the sad story of which has been told in the tender and touching ballad of Norman's Woe.

None of the family were to be seen at the time except a solitary and venerable figure basking in the warm southern sunshine, and engaged in reading without glasses! As he courteously and easily rose from his chair, I saw before me one of whom, as of ancient Nestor, might be said:

"Age lies heavy on thy limbs."

He was under the usual height, broad-shouldered but slight, still holding himself tolerably erect, with sight and hearing unimpaired, his eloquent and expressive eyes undimmed, and his pale countenance and fine regular features presenting a mingled air of sadness and unmistakable refinement, combined with the sweet, high-born courtesy of the old school of gentlemen. His silvery hair, reaching to his shoulders, and his full, flowing beard and long mustache of the same color, assisted in making him in his *tout ensemble* one of the finest living pictures that I have ever seen of noble and venerable age. I stood in the presence of Richard Henry Dana, the patriarch of American poets. Although over ninety years of age, he was still in the possession of a fair measure of health and strength, and in the enjoyment of a serene and sunny old age, surrounded by children and grandchild-

dren. He once said to me that he never possessed what Sydney Smith called "a good, stout bodily machine," but was born, like Bryant, with a frail and feeble body. He distinctly remembered the death of Washington, and was an intelligent listener, on the succeeding Sunday, to a discourse delivered on that subject by the Rev. Theodore Dehon in Trinity Church, Newport, the rector taking for his text, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Dana's mental faculties were in no way weakened, but perhaps slightly more sluggish in action, than when I first saw him in his Boston home some ten years previous. He spoke with deep feeling of the death of Bryant and Duyckinck, and said that he had written to the latter a few days before his decease,* and that he should soon follow them. He also alluded to the loss of another life-long friend, Mrs. ———, of Boston, who passed away a few days before the date of my visit in the last week of August. The aged poet talked of Bryant's wonderful literary activity, maintained to the very last, and remarked that although he himself had not practiced it, he believed in the philosophy of Cicero as to the efficacy of constant activ-

* Dear Mr. Duyckinck: I am greatly troubled to hear through General Wilson that for some time you have been so ill as to be confined to your house. Standing on the very verge of an unusually long life, you may well suppose that for the most part, I am looking off over the unending sea, stretching on and on beyond it. Yet it is not alone on what is to come that my thoughts are tending; they turn back with more vividness than ever and with a distinctness nigh marvelous, toward the long past. I am mentally living between the past and future: the present is hardly within my consciousness—at the most is but a sort of dim haziness through which the past comes back to me with a nearness and distinctness that startles me. I see it, and you I see with a fresh presence as you used to meet me with your cordial greetings in my frequent calls,—greetings that made me forget for a time that I was a stranger in New York. I well remember, too, the gratification before we were personally acquainted, that your notice of me in your periodical ["The Literary World"] gave me. I had but little notice from the public at the time, and to be so noticed in articles so well written was no little comfort to me,—it gave me heart. How can I but look back, far gone in my ninety-first year, as I am? The last of my oldest friends, who I trusted would follow me, has just gone before,—the chairs are all empty, and I am left sitting alone. You came later. I pray, don't you leave me. We shall not meet in the body here: but you can write me, and that is something like meeting in spirit. With old esteem,

RICHARD H. DANA,

Boston, 43 Chestnut street,
August 5, 1878.

EVERT A. DUICKINCK, Esq.

ity in keeping the mental powers in repair during old age. Some one has said, he added, that the mind of an old man is like an old horse—if you would get any work out of it, you must work it all the time.

Among the first to make a creditable appearance in the field of American literature was Richard Henry Dana, the last of the writers of his generation who achieved success both in prose and verse, and won the right to be ranked among the most vigorous authors of the first half of the present century. His long life extended over the whole history of the United States under the Constitution, and his mind remained clear and unclouded to the very end. Only the day before his death he dictated a note to the writer expressing his thanks for two addresses on Bryant and Duyckinck,* and during the evening of that day in a conversation with members of his family, he introduced quotations from favorite authors. In the course of his pure and spotless career, Dana was never haunted with the dread of that poverty with which poets have been so often afflicted. He had the happiness to be well born and born to a competency,—was always his own master,—was never tied down to the servitude of place or office, and enjoyed the rare felicity of spending his time in accordance with his own inclinations. Under these circumstances it is certainly somewhat singular that his pen should not have produced more fruit. Like Halleck, he wrote little, if anything, except agreeable letters to personal friends, after he was forty-five, and he lived to ninety-two, the age of Samuel Rogers. As Dana once remarked to a friend, the last half of his life was mostly devoted to reading and dreaming.

"Every Scottishman," says Sir Walter Scott, "has a pedigree. It is a natural prerogative, as unalienable as his pride and his poverty,"—a remark equally applicable to the New Englander. Dana's ancestors, like Bryant's, were among the Pilgrim Fathers—not a bad genealogy for an American. Some literary admixture was in his blood, for he was a descendant of Anne Bradstreet, a daughter of Governor Dudley, and the most celebrated American poet of the period. Richard Dana, the first of the family, appeared at Cambridge, then called Newtown, near Boston, in the year 1640. He came to the New World from England, and, according to the belief of some of his de-

scendants, was a native of France. Griswold, however, states that the family is of English origin, and that William Dana, sheriff of Middlesex in the palmy days of Shakspeare, Spenser, and Sidney, was his ancestor. Richard Dana's fourth son, Daniel, born in 1663, married and had a family. His third son, Richard, who was graduated at Harvard College in 1718, also married and had children, and his third son, Francis, born in 1743, married, at the age of thirty, Elizabeth Ellery, eldest daughter of William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Their third son, and the last survivor of a family of seven children, Richard Henry, was born in the fine old mansion situated on Dana Hill, between Harvard College and Boston, November 15, 1787.

Dana's career was singularly destitute of incident,—the uneventful life of a literary recluse. He was a delicate and sensitive child, and an apt scholar. When about ten years of age, he was sent to Newport to prepare himself for college, and there he resided for several years with his maternal grandfather, whose house is still standing and in good preservation. There he met Washington Allston, his future brother-in-law, and his cousin, William Ellery Channing; and there, on the rock-bound shores of Rhode Island, he formed that attachment to the sea which became a marked characteristic of the man and the poet. In 1804 he entered Harvard University. His class was one that displayed a rebellious spirit, and many of them were in 1807 expelled, Dana and his kinsman, Walter Channing, among the number, for participation in what was known as the Rotten Cabbage Rebellion, which occurred about the close of the third year of his course. Fifty-eight years afterward the bachelor's degree was conferred upon him, and in 1867 it was also given to Dr. Walter Channing. But one member of the large class of 1808—which included Charles Cotesworth Pinckney—is now living. The flood of years has swept them all away, with the single exception of Dr. Ebenezer Alden, of Randolph, Mass., now in his ninety-second year. Dr. Alden remembers that Dana was a slight and sensitive youth when he entered college, and that he was an excellent scholar, standing well in all his studies. He also speaks warmly of his high character while at Harvard.

After leaving the university, Dana spent two years in study at Newport. He then returned to Cambridge and entered the office in Boston of his cousin, Francis Dana

* By George William Curtis and William Allen Butler.

Channing, as a law student. In 1811 he was admitted to the bar. Writing in 1846, to his friend William Alfred Jones, "the accomplished essayist," as Bryant called him, Mr. Dana remarks: "The legal profession has run in our family perhaps quite as long as in any family in the country, and unbroken through my father and paternal grandfather. My maternal grandfather Ellery practiced law and was on the bench in Rhode Island for a short time, and I practiced long enough to keep the chain whole. By the way, the study of the law interested me deeply. I shall never forget how absorbed I was in the reading of my father's old folio edition of Coke on Littleton. I have sometimes suspected that the old Norman French, the black letter, and more especially the *old tenures*, acting upon my imagination and bringing before me the early social condition of men, helped a good deal to make this particular work so interesting to me. Does not an imaginative mind draw more from facts which have in themselves or their relation, any qualities convertible into poetry, when it reaches through a dry unimaginative medium, than when they are presented to it by some imaginative power and in an imaginative form? In the former case the imaginative mind is active and creative; in the latter, more of a mere passive recipient. Sharon Turner's mind, for instance, is dry enough, yet I have never looked into his history without having my imagination excited by it. * * * I studied law in Boston with my cousin, the eldest brother of the celebrated Dr. Channing, my mother and his being sisters. The now Professor Channing was my fellow-student. I was admitted to the bar here and was in Robert Goodloe Harper's office afterwards for only a few months to get somewhat acquainted with the Maryland modes of practice. * * * Going into town one day while assisting E. T. Channing (now Professor) in the 'North American Review' (1817), he read to me a couple of pieces of poetry which had just been sent to the 'Review,'—the 'Thanatopsis' and 'The Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.' While C— was reading one of them I broke out saying, 'That was never written on this side of the water,' and naturally enough, considering what American poetry had been up to that moment. I remember saying also, 'The father is much the cleverer man of the two.' Bryant's father was afterwards in our senate, and I went there to take a look at him. He was

anything but a 'plain business-like aspect.' On the contrary he had a finely marked and highly intellectual-looking head—you would have noticed him among a hundred men. But with all my examination I could not discover 'Thanatopsis' in it—the poetic phase was wanting to me. I remember going away with a feeling of mortification that I could not discover the poetic in the face of the writer of 'Thanatopsis.' There was no 'mistake of names,' you see, as Griswold states. When for the first time I afterwards saw Bryant at Cambridge and spoke to him about his father's *Thanatopsis*, he explained the matter and gave me a very characteristic reason for not sending both pieces in his own name; he felt as if it would be overdoing. We had a hearty laugh together when I told him of the physiognomical perplexity his fanciful deception had thrown me in."

Dana, as we have seen, studied law for a few months with General Harper of Baltimore; then, returning to the North, he opened an office in Boston, and at the age of twenty-four he was elected by the Federalists to the state legislature. May 11th, 1813, he was married by Bishop Griswold to Ruth Charlotte, daughter of John and Susanna Smith, of Taunton, Mass. They had four children, two of whom survive. Mrs. Dana died February 10, 1822, aged thirty-four years. In 1814, Dana delivered a public address, which was printed with the following title-page: "An Oration delivered before the Washington Benevolent Society, at Cambridge, Mass., July 4, 1814." During the ensuing year Mr. Dana decided to abandon the profession of the law and to follow the bent of his mind, which ran in another channel. He had been for several years a member of the Anthology Club, out of which grew the "North American Review," in the editorship of which he was soon afterward associated with Edward T. Channing. To its pages he contributed several striking criticisms and essays. They attracted great attention at the time, and at once established his reputation as an able, independent and vigorous writer. When Channing was elected a Harvard professor and resigned his connection with the "Review," Dana also left it. Without question, his enforced retirement was a national misfortune; for, as Bryant said, "if it had remained in Dana's hands he would have imparted a character of originality and decision to its critical articles which no literary man of the country was at that time qualified to give it."

In the year 1821, Dana began the publication in New York of "The Idle Man," a work handsomely issued in well printed octavo numbers, somewhat in the style of Irving's "Sketch Book," but displaying much more vigor of thought and strength of style. Allston and Bryant contributed poems to its pages, and Verplanck aided him in the business arrangements with Charles Wiley, who published seven numbers for the author, when the work proving unprofitable, it was discontinued. "The Idle Man," wrote Bryant, "notwithstanding the cold reception it met with from the public, we look upon as holding a place among the first productions of American literature." It was at Wiley's, on the corner of Wall and New streets, in a small back room, christened by Cooper "The Den," and so designated over the door, that Dana first met the novelist; the poets Percival and Halleck, the second edition of whose "Fanny" Wiley had just issued; Henry Brevoort, Colonel Stone, Dunlap, Morse, and other notabilities of that day. Here Cooper was in the habit of holding forth to an admiring audience, very much as Christopher North did about the same time in "Blackwood's" back parlor in George street, Edinburgh.

In 1825 Bryant removed to New York, and became the editor of the "New York Review and Athenæum Magazine." In the first volume appeared Dana's earliest poem, "The Dying Raven," written at the age of thirty-eight, and signed with an anonymous "Y." The same number contained, on the preceding page, accompanied by the simple signature "H.," the poem of "Marco Bozzaris," of which the editor said: "It would be an act of gross injustice to the author of the above magnificent lyric were we to withhold the expression of our admiration of its extraordinary beauty. We are sure, too, that in this instance, at least, we have done what is rare in the annals of criticism—we have given an opinion from which no one of our readers will feel any inclination to dissent."

There was published at Cambridge, in the autumn of 1821, a small volume of forty-four dingy pages, containing eight pieces entitled "Poems by William Cullen Bryant." Six years later, there appeared in New York Halleck's little anonymous *brochure* of a somewhat similar appearance, containing seventeen poems and sixty-four pages, bearing on its title-page, "Alnwick Castle and Other Poems." During the same year there

was issued by Bowles and Dearborn, of 72 Washington street, Boston, an 18mo book of 113 pages, dedicated to Gulian C. Verplanck, entitled "Poems by Richard H. Dana," containing the following table of contents: "The Buccaneer," "The Changes of Home," "The Husband and Wife's Grave," "The Dying Raven," "Fragment of an Epistle," "The Little Beach Bird," "A Clump of Daisies," "The Pleasure Boat" and "Daybreak." These three literary curiosities, now lying before me, are the first editions of our earliest poets of the present century, and each contains at least one poem destined to live. Some one predicted that Bryant's "Thanatopsis," and Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris" were American poems that would be read by all future ages. May we not add to these Dana's "Buccaneer," which still holds a secure place in the popular anthologies? Bayard Taylor, in alluding to our early literature, said: "Dana, Halleck and Bryant rose together on steadier wings, and gave voices to the solitude: Dana with a broad, grave undertone, like that of the sea; Bryant with a sound as of the wind in summer woods, and the fall of waters in mountain dells; and Halleck with strains blown from a silver trumpet, breathing manly fire and courage. Many voices have followed them, but we shall not forget the forerunners who rose in advance of their welcome, and created their own audience by their songs."

Dana's family were Unitarians, but in 1826 he and his friend Allston joined the Congregational church of Cambridge, then presided over by the father of the poet Holmes. In the controversy which continued for about ten years from that time, between the Unitarians and the Congregationalists, Dana entered with great energy, some of his strongest articles appearing in "The Spirit of the Pilgrims," edited by Enoch Pond, who is still living, at the age of ninety. This bitter controversy, in which Dana was opposed to his gifted cousin, Dr. Channing, the acknowledged leader of the liberal party (of whom Coleridge said, "He has the love of wisdom, and the wisdom of love"), in no way affected their feelings of personal affection, nor did it for a moment imperil the sixty years' friendship of Dana and Bryant. Much of their correspondence was upon this vexed question and also in regard to their political opinions, upon which they differed as widely as in their theological views. Some years

later Mr. Dana became a member of the Episcopal Church.

In 1829, Mr. Dana delivered a poem before the Andover Theological Seminary. Dr. Adams, who was present, says: "No one who had the good fortune to hear that poem, as delivered by its author, will forget the enthusiasm of the occasion. The poet seemed borne away by his theme, his eye sparkled and, his whole face was illumined with rapturous smiles, as

'Joys played through him like a sparkling sea.'

This poem, published the same year, was included in the second edition of his works which appeared in 1833, and was entitled "Thoughts on the Soul." The volume contained all the poems in the first, with additions, and also his prose papers reprinted from "The Idle Man." A portion of this volume was published in London in 1844, with the title of "The Buccaneer and other Poems," and again in the same city in 1857, in a volume entitled "Poetical Works of Edgar A. Poe and R. H. Dana."

During the winter of 1839-40, Mr. Dana gave a course of eight lectures on Shakspeare, at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, which were subsequently repeated in those cities and elsewhere as late as the summer of 1850, when he delivered them at Andover and Amherst. In the same year, a two-volume edition of his works was issued in this city by Baker & Scribner, containing everything that Mr. Dana deemed worthy of preservation. It passed through two editions, and has now been long entirely out of print. It is to be hoped that the work will speedily be republished, along with his most admirable and scholarly Shakspeare lectures, which were years ago prepared for the press, as I happen to know.

Writing to me under date of November 27, 1872, Mr. Dana remarks: "It greatly pleased me to receive a few lines from you just returned from that glorious old city, London, which it is sad to think I shall never see. * * * And so you brought over Mr. Coleridge's ink-stand for Mr. Longfellow. I am almost tempted to commit burglary or even murder, if necessary, to possess it. Mr. Longfellow must look out for himself!" In another letter, Mr. Dana writes of Coleridge as "that dear, great man," and regrets that his works are not more studied—"they are not to be read, in the common acceptation of the word. Study

his 'Friend,' his 'Aids to Reflection,' his 'Church and State'; and alludes to another favorite author, "as that beautiful creature, Charles Lamb." Describing a dinner at Bryant's, he says: "After dinner Halleck and I talked monarchism, with nobility and a third order,—enough to prevent despotism, nothing more. Bryant sat by, hearing us. 'Why,' said he, 'you are not in earnest?' 'Never more so,' was our answer. Bryant still holds to simple democracy, I believe. How far Mr. Halleck may have modified his creed, I know not. For myself, I am only better than ever satisfied what an incorrigible creature man is to govern under the wisest adopted forms. But man will have to come to orders and degrees at last."

Dana wrote little—less, perhaps, than he would have done had he received more encouragement, and also possessed a temperament as active as it was meditative—but he did some good work, and his reputation rests on a secure foundation, too secure to be disturbed. He did enough for assured fame. His life, as I have already said, was chiefly that of a literary recluse, but in winter, when in Boston, good music, and especially classical music, and anything worth seeing in the way of art—which he loved in all its aspects—was certain to draw the poet from the seclusion of his quiet home on Chestnut street.

For a few days before the end came, Dana gradually failed, and at length passed away peacefully, and, as he had often prayed, painlessly, dying of no other disease than old age, on Sunday, February 2nd, 1879. On the following Wednesday he was unostentatiously placed by the side of his ancestors in the family vault at Cambridge. Longfellow, one of whose daughters married Dana's only grandson, was present, and has since written of the occasion as follows in the "Atlantic Monthly":

"In the old churchyard of his native town,
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown.
The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall;—
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.
And now the moon is shining on the scene,
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,
As once the winding-sheet of Saladin
With chapters of the Koran; but ah! more
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these!"