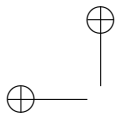
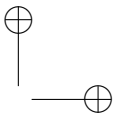
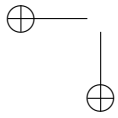
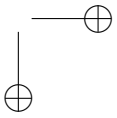
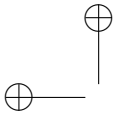
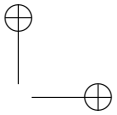
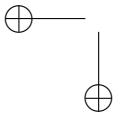
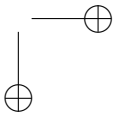



Uncollected Memories

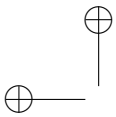
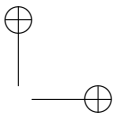



Uncollected Memories

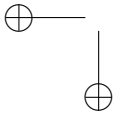
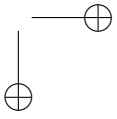
John Jay Chapman

IWP

2022

Edited by Leo Wong and Isaac Waisberg

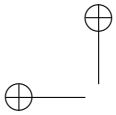
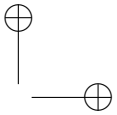
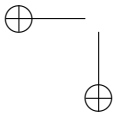
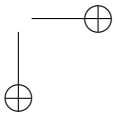



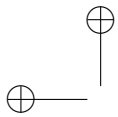
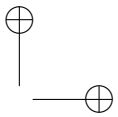
Editors' Note

Of the essays gathered here, only "Victor Emmanuel Chapman" and "Note on Edmond Genet" were first published in books. The rest appeared as pamphlets, or in periodicals or a newspaper. The editors named this book after one of John Jay Chapman's own.

Isaac Waisberg, Hod Hasharon, Israel
Leo Wong, Albany, NY

2022

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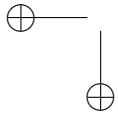
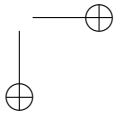

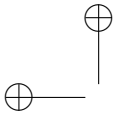
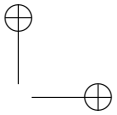
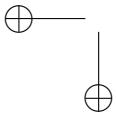
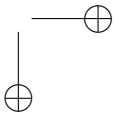

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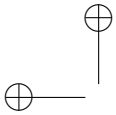
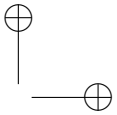
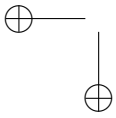
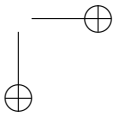





Memoir of Isaac H. Klein

(Read at the Memorial Service at the Madison House on January 11, 1920.)

Lincoln's law partner, Herndon, said of Lincoln that he never took any real interest in a law case unless it involved a moral principle. There are minds of this kind, – men who are endowed by nature with a tender conscience, and at the same time with a strong will and a devouring curiosity about moral truth. For such men the world bristles with questions. Their deepest feelings warn them that Reason and Conscience must have a meeting place somewhere in the universe, and their life becomes a search for this place. When men of this kind are obliged to earn their own living, this fact is valuable to them; for it forces them into close contact on an even footing with other men. They face actual conditions. They meet others

in that push where men betray their real selves and concealment is impossible. A parlor sage or a college professor, or a priest, or a dominie, is always a little separated from life by his cloth and by his education. He starts out with theories, and he is treated with respect by all because he is a teacher; and both his own theories and his professional isolation tend to blanket him from first-hand, rough contact with ordinary men. But the natural born moralist who has to earn his own bread is a hard man to deceive or to side-track. He doesn't want money, yet he is obliged to earn enough to support himself and his family. He cannot keep his mind off the search for truth, and he subjects every character he meets to a terrible analysis. He himself is mercilessly honest, mercilessly conscientious.

Such a man was Isaac H. Klein, who was born in Bridgeport in 1861 in a family which was greatly respected and beloved by the townsfolk because of the sterling qualities of its members, and especially of the father, who had emigrated from Germany as a young man, had settled in Bridgeport and grown up with the village at a time when every man in it was known to all the rest. When I knew the old gentleman he was a perfect specimen of benign, wise, simple, experienced, godly, old Jewish tradesman. Klein was very proud of his

father, and used to tell this story of him: The first day his father arrived at Bridgeport and stepped off the boat, carrying his pack of goods, a rough, rude, dishonest deckhand lifted a pair of socks from the outfit of the helpless traveler. Mr. Klein said nothing. A year or two later, however, when the peddler had become a storekeeper, a case of goods arrived from New York and the expressman demanded fifty cents as the charge of delivery. Mr. Klein, looking up, recognized the deckhand. "Ah, but my friend," said he, taking out a memorandum book, "I think I have a charge against you of about that amount." This anecdote shows a mixture of wit and patience in the elder Klein that always reminds me of Benjamin Franklin.

In later life Isaac was wont to make tremendously effective use of his humble origin. When, for instance, he was serving on committees of rich Jewish clubs, and someone, perhaps, showed prejudices which Isaac thought were snobbish, as to the origin of a proposed member, Isaac would cry out: "You say his father used to work as a butcher in Washington Market. Well, Julius Bierbaum, at about that time your father and mine were selling suspenders in Connecticut!"

There was a burst and a blaze of natural power and natural goodness about Isaac Klein which no one could resist. He was a great man, he had

a great nature. He was absolutely unselfish and would give away whatever he had to the nearest need that showed itself. When he was aroused by moral passion all men were alike to him. He would beard a financier or a social magnate, a clerical luminary or one of the great moral respectables with whom New York used to be afflicted, with the same freedom that he would talk to a schoolboy. He was almost the most sociable man I have ever known. He would sit up till five o'clock A.M. discussing some problem of local politics, and be found an hour later talking ethics to the cabman that drove him home. I always remember the extreme gravity and gentleness with which Isaac reprimanded a little girl employee who was accused of pilfering in the dry goods store on Sixth Avenue in which Klein was interested in about 1895. It was a lesson in life just to watch him speak to the child, although I could not hear what he said. Wherever he went and whomever he met, benevolence rushed out of him. It was a great education for my own children to have known such a man, and gave them a hold on humanity that only early contact with such a nature can give.

Now as to politics. The vitality in Klein's life was due to the fact that he belonged to a generation which had begun to suspect that New York politics need not be so very corrupt as they were, and that

the way to improve matters lay in the independent activity of insuppressible agitators. These agitators were not vague dreamers or prophets uttering cries in the wilderness. Their method was to choose some particular practical matter and make an issue on it. They would put up a candidate, or file a petition. By seeking some specific reform they forced the matter into public attention. They differed from previous New York reformers in this, but they knew that their true function was that of pure moral stimulation: you might beat their candidate, but you couldn't stop their influence. There was thus a certain triumphant element in the movements, – the lost causes which so many people thought futile and ridiculous, – between 1890 and 1900. These radicals had found an anvil, and they hammered away lustily, and the irons on it were pretty hot, too. Klein was a big, stalwart blacksmith, and tended his forge day and night for ten years. This was his true life-work. He must in the course of any one week have struck new ideas into hundreds of people, and I haven't the least doubt that he qualified the business morality of New York City more than any one man in his day. He certainly never conciliated anyone in his life, and he certainly preached morality to his business friends, not the glad-hand Roosevelt kind of morality that gets acceptance, but the you-be-damned

kind that generally makes enemies, yet which, in Klein's case, had just the opposite effect; for when he reached about the age of fifty-seven his contemporaries, the successful business men whom he had brow-beaten and lectured all his life, subscribed $500,000 to found an Insurance Company of which Klein should be president. The whole project was a monument to his character and, though perhaps it is not widely known, it was more remarkable, more memorable, more enviable than even the little monument to his memory which we are setting up to-day in the Madison House.

The political activity of Klein and his friends was like a gust of fresh air from an open window, which blows through a stuffy room and leaves the place more habitable. It was never a mere political force, but a religious impulse seeking an outlet in politics. And herein lies the significance of Democracy, that the machinery of government in a democracy is the true and proper vehicle for such a force, and can convey deep elementary spiritual truths as readily as it carries economic or commercial ideas. Our people had forgotten this, and for some years the man in the street took his cue from the professional politicians of the epoch, and denounced the new reformers as idle fools and dreamers who rushed into fields where they had no

business, and meddled in practical matters which they did not and could not understand.

There is another aspect in which these radical movements illustrated the nature of our institutions. The basis of all government is talk. Edicts, laws, constitutions, editorials, pamphlets, books and speeches are the mere heralds and messengers of politics, the lackeys and slaves which are set running in all directions telling people what points have been arrived at in some conversation between man and man. Every political decision is the result of a personal talk. All documents are memoranda, behind each is a confab, and they do their work by exciting more confabs. Men are not so much influenced by what they read as by what they hear said, and chiefly by what they say themselves. The government of the world is done through the talk of the world, and goes arguing and chattering along through the interminable talking of all men. The new reformers made their townsfolk talk, and the townsfolk talked themselves into clearer views and a better morality. There is at least this much connection between Reason and the Moral instincts, that the case *against* the moral instincts will not bear stating: it is ugly and repulsive. Men will do things which they disapprove of, and continue to do them, until they are put to defending them; and then in the process of defending them they

convince others, and very often convince themselves, that the things are wrong. This is what happened as the general outcome of our reform movements in New York City. They showed scraps and samples of universal law, – scraps, as it were, of a universal garment which covers humanity.

The great natural powers of my friend Klein were cramped by his imperfect schooling. He had never been to college or to high school, and had no taste for reading. Indeed he could not keep his mind on a book, and hardly on a newspaper. He did not understand the sources and springs of his own enthusiasms, which lay in Hebrew literature and in the Hebrew race. All these problems and emotions, which were boiling and bubbling in him, flowed originally out of Judea and Klein had not been taught the language of them at his mother's knee. He couldn't express himself coherently, and was like a Caliban babbling divinity. He was a Hebrew prophet, born in a Yankee town baffled by the conflicts of his own nature with modern commercial life, unsustained by the sympathy of his own people, or by the ideas which higher education might have supplied to him. If he had had a little more learning, and early contact with the world's literature, more especially with the Bible, if he had been able to set his thoughts in order and write as well as talk, he would have been one of the

voices of the age, and his apparent influence would have been ten thousand times as great as it was. I say *apparent* influence, because real influence is another matter, and is a thing which no one knows much about.

To speak of his influence upon myself, it was twofold. In the first place, it was consolatory. Here was a man who regarded with contempt the whole outfit of civilization into which we had both been born. I had come from college determined to find out what sort of a thing our famous Tammany Hall was, and what was the nature of its mysterious power. My studies were leading me to believe that Tammany Hall was not much worse than the rest of society; that it was simply a public, visible pinnacle of the invisible private cowardice and personal selfishness of almost everyone. And now here was a man, Klein, who had arrived at the same conclusion by a different road. What a consolation! What moral support! There were, of course, a group of other young men who felt in much the same way, but Klein was hotter, more helpless, more inarticulate with passion; and more remote from my own somewhat highbrow associations than the rest of them. I had crawled out of Harvard College and the provincial bourgeoisie, and he had crawled from among the jewish people without even a Bible in his hand, and we found

ourselves in the face of the same world, and were horror-struck by it. I felt immensely fortified at discovering him.

In the second place, Klein had earned his living since he was a boy, and he really knew this American commercial society of ours better than most of our other young prophets, and infinitely better than I did, for I knew next to nothing about practical affairs. Klein had five hundred anecdotes at his fingers' ends. The immoralities of business and politics were his obsession, and he had lived in business and dabbled in politics for fifteen years before I met him. He knew intimately the very purlieus and back parlors where small business and small politics met in small towns. Here were the crucial points, the nerves and ganglia of our whole social fabric. To understand these little deals and arrangements was to have the key to the great deals and arrangements of big business and big politics. I sat at the feet of Klein as he unpacked the raw material of his experience, and I tried to arrange it into some sort of an academic view, some kind of a philosophy, or thesis, or plain tale with, at first, no intention of writing it up, but merely for the sake of understanding it.

The political unrest which our little group stirred up was due to a fact as old as history and which these young men re-discovered with ingenuous and

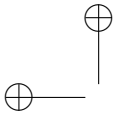
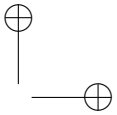
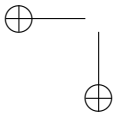
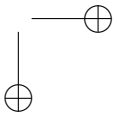
indignant surprise, namely, that in any corrupt community the most respectable and respected citizens, the shepherds and guardians of the flock, are the persons whose minds are sure to be most deeply poisoned. The authority of this social priesthood must be broken down before the plain people can be reached with new ideas. Now this class of men, the Pharisee, doesn't like to be broken down. It irritates him extremely, and he thinks it most unfair, and his friends think it cruel and ungentlemanly in a degree. Your Pharisee thinks he is just about all right as he is.

Our New York experience of this world-old situation showed all the elements of the eternal problem in such a gentle combination that, in studying the period, one hardly recognizes those elements. For instance, reformers and prophets are generally persecuted. But nobody tried to burn Klein in the Market-place. Nobody put Rothschild or Keith or Schieffelin, Pryor or Price or any of us in the stocks. They called us malicious persons. They often called us fools, and sometimes liars; but no one suggested a deportation. I used to think that things would go much faster if some of us could only get cast unjustly into jail. But there was no such luck; we had to be content with the slow processes of a mild and unromantic age.

Spiritual impulses rise out of the community and make little whirlwinds that blow hither and thither and are replaced and chased away by newer gusts. As the moral movement in politics of which I have been speaking rose into the Muck-Raking epoch, and then spread, sank, and gradually subsided, qualifying the social consciousness of everyone, Klein found himself drawn into settlement work, where you have all known him, and which became the preoccupation of his life. The Madison House was his latest and enduring passion. He was absorbed in its work day and night, and he drew from it a kind of happiness which politics can never give, for it brought him into constant intercourse with young people. Here was a field where the warmth of his nature had a truer outlet than in the dry idealism of sheer political reform.

You boys and girls, who have known him so well and loved him so much, have known and loved one of the greatest spirits of your time, a man as much untouched by evil in any form as any one of you are likely to meet during the rest of your lives. His sole interest was truth, and the passionate integrity of his spirit dissolved all questions great or small into right and wrong. He was ready at every moment to cast in the whole of his life as the price of the truth of that moment, leaving the outcome to God. It was this quality in him that gave the force and

value to all he did; and when you remember him as the loving friend, the counsellor, the man who was all goodness, all devotion to your interests, – an inspiration to your lives, – remember that it was this willingness of his to sacrifice all things to the clear vision of truth that was the source of his power.

Josiah Royce, The Philosopher

(*The Outlook*, Volume 122, July 2, 1919)

There is no such thing as philosophy. But there are such things as philosophers. A philosopher is a man who believes that there is such a thing as philosophy, and who devotes himself to proving it. He believes that behind the multifarious, contradictory, and often very unpleasant appearances of the world there is a unity which he can put into type-writing. Probably there is; but certainly he can't. Let us take an example: A poet is walking down the street; perhaps it is Robert Browning. He wears a wide-awake hat, a new tie, and a handsome theater coat. The scene is the Chelsea Embankment in London. The poet seizes a bystander by the lapel of his coat, stands very close to him, and, holding him against a tree, breathes very hard, speaks very rapidly, grows red in the face,

perspires, and continues to talk to the victim for thirty-six hours in blankety-blank verse. Then the poet gives the stranger a dig in the ribs, and passes on down the street, smelling his geranium. The stranger-victim totters to his home, powerfully affected by the experience. But how has the thing been done and what does the victim know now that he didn't know before the interview? These are the questions which the philosopher undertakes to answer; and I have never known a philosopher who wasn't delighted with the task. The poet, the stranger, and the geranium were mere grist to the philosopher's mill. He turns all into type-writing.

It is wonderful to have known a philosopher; and I don't believe that many of the readers of this article have ever seen a real one. I honestly don't think there ever was but a real one on this continent, and that was Josiah Royce. All the rest of them had doubts and weaknesses and backslidings. There were moments when they suspected the type-writer, and examined its keys, and wondered if there ought not to be more question-marks in the machine. But Royce never faltered. He was spherical, armed cap-a-pie, sleepless, and ready for all comers. He did what no other modern has ever dared to do – he held seminars where any one was welcome. You could loaf down the avenue in Cambridge after supper and enter a little arena

of wisdom, where a small company was sitting in eager silence; and you could join in the discussion and challenge the champion if you had the brains. Royce was the John L. Sullivan of philosophy.

I shall never forget the first time I saw him. It was at an oyster-house called Park's, in Boston. I was then a freshman or sophomore at Harvard, and it was the custom to visit Park's at about 10:30 P.M., after the Symphony Concerts. The extreme simplicity of this resort, its bare walls, plain square tables, and very limited bill of fare, give it a great reputation for lobsters and musty ale.* I looked across the table where I sat, and was startled to see a kind of fairy sitting opposite me. It was Josiah Royce. He was a miniature figure, well compacted, with an enormous red head which had a gigantic aspect, as if he were Kant or Beethoven, and also an infantile look like that of an ugly baby.

He began to talk to me about Beethoven, and he was talking exactly as if he had known me all my life. Royce was the only human being

*People nowadays seem to have forgotten that lobsters should be eaten in the simplest surroundings. Louis XV decorations, soft music, and flowers destroy their flavor and destroy the romance of them. The lobster is the most easily vulgarized of all eatables. If luxury approaches him, virtue goes out of him. He is like justice, piety, and truth, which shine brightest at poor men's tables. Plain living gives to the lobster his glory.

I have ever seen who had no preliminary social consciousness, no door-mat of convention. You were inside, though you didn't know how you got there; and I remember wondering how I had got there and where I was. We talked for half an hour, and then he insisted on walking out to Cambridge, though it was a bitter night, with a deadly east wind, and I felt sure he would catch pneumonia, for his overcoat was as thin as paper. I forget the rest, except my strong impression that he was very extraordinary and knew everything and was a bumblebee – a benevolent monster of pure intelligence, zigzagging, ranging, and uncatchable. I always had this feeling about Royce – that he was a celestial insect. If left alone with him, any one would be apt to turn into a naturalist through the effort to catalogue him.

The legend about him among the students was that he was the first man born in California; and it was a strange place for him to choose, for his appearance suggested Asia. No country in Europe seemed old enough to have produced this type of superman, the gnarled cavern sage who was wiser than Europe, more abstract, more Himalayan. I believe that if he had never been taught to read Royce would have been a very great man. This is not said in disparagement of education, which is very good for most people. But there is a type of

person to whom books are injurious; books mean too much to them, and even men of enormous natural talent sometimes belong to the type. But, unfortunately, they did not know this in California; and as soon as Royce saw print he took to philosophy, and mastered all the formal philosophy of the world before he was thirty. There was nobody in Germany who knew German philosophy so well as he, and he held all this wisdom in solution in his mind. He could sit down and dictate a book on, say, the history of free will or the influence of Thales; a book which it would have taken the next most competent man in the world six months to compile. He could give it to you in a popular form if you preferred. He could do it in conversation, illustrating his theme with jests, humor, and astounding analogies drawn from passing events and from current fiction. But in order that he should do these things you had to let him alone; he needed time, he needed eternity. Time was nothing to him. He was just as fresh at the end of a two-hours' disquisition as at the start. Thinking refreshed him.

The truth is that Royce had a phenomenal memory; his mind was a card-indexed cyclopædia of all philosophy. To him everything was philosophy; nothing else existed but philosophy; and if – if only he had been obliged to state the thing in his own

words, instead of having his head filled with other people's ideas, he would have set the problems of philosophy to a music of his own, and left behind him works that qualified the age.

I cannot claim a close acquaintance with his writings; but I once made an attempt to read one of his most important books. It was a large book. It was about as big as Boswell's Life of Johnson, and it concerned – well, I never found out what it concerned, because after reading twenty pages without being able to discover the plot I bethought me of turning to the last page to see if I could understand at least something about the landing place of the argument. On the last page my eye caught the words 'Lamb of God,' the lamb being spelled with a capital; and I said to myself: "If Royce had been obliged to resort to the capital letter in order to express his main idea, there must be something faulty about his vehicle. His vehicle is incompletely expressive; though I think I see what he is driving at more clearly now than I did before."

The obscurity of Royce's writings is the obscurity to be found in all technical philosophy. The reason such writings are hard to follow is that they are done in a lingo; and it takes years to learn the lingo, and the lingo is apt to destroy one's own mind, like emery powder blown into an engine. By

the time one has learned the alphabet one may have become an imbecile. A philosopher with an ink-pot at his side and no one to guide him runs straight into this trade jargon – cube roots and quaternions. Now Royce's peculiar merit was that he could in *conversation* modulate his pipes and shift his stops to suit the auditors. He was a great and wonderful talker.

His extreme accessibility made him a sort of automat restaurant for Cambridge. He had fixed hours when any one could resort to him and draw inspiration from him. A year or two before his death one of my sons was at Harvard and was taking a course on the "Prometheus" of Æschylus. I wrote to him that he must certainly go to see Royce at once. I told the boy to find out the proper hour, present himself, and ask Royce some question, any question, about Prometheus. The thing was done, and Royce lectured to this single student for half an hour with the same fervor and gravity as if he had been talking before the French Academy. What a wonderful man was that!

A year later, when I was passing through Cambridge, a New York woman, who was a worshiper of sages, expressed a wish to see some one who was remarkable. Several of us went to the room of my undergraduate, who by this time had become a pious disciple of Royce, and we said to the boy:

"We shall sit here and make preparations for tea and cakes. Do you take a taxi and go and fetch Royce. Track him down. If he is engaged, wait till he is free, no matter how long it takes. Explain to him the exigencies of the occasion; but don't come back without him." In three-quarters of an hour – it seemed a century – the boy returned, breathless, saying, "Get ready, get ready; he's coming up the stairs behind me!" The philosopher entered in coat and muffler, took his stand next a grandfather chair whose high back was on a level with his shoulder, and some one asked him a question about Germany, for this was during the war. Royce would not remove his coat or sit down; and he talked for an hour. He began with the Norse legends, to illustrate the German spirit. He recited with wonderful skill a poem of Edgar Allan Poe's, and he must, first and last, have mentioned about everything that could be thought of between Odin and Poe. The rest of us sat rapt and happy. There was a weight and atmospheric pressure in the room. In our mind floated memories of the great talkers of history. Perhaps Coleridge may have talked like this, or Bacon.

The older Royce grew, the more sacred he became, smaller, more and more wise-looking, more and more like a very ancient Chinese saint. Moreover, he seemed to stand in a tabernacle; and it

must be added that he was indeed, as perhaps any one knows already, a heroic character. He passed through family griefs, and misfortunes to his children, a great sickness (perhaps a stroke) himself, and from them all he emerged the more perfected.

There was a period in my life when something about Royce used to make me angry with him. The spirit of political reform, born in the early nineties, sent the young agitators of that day about the land smiting the rocks to get water for their mills. Royce, when smitten, did not respond. I remember a dinner party in Boston in about 1895. Toward the end of the feast I fell into a conversation with Royce as to the duty of the philosopher toward practical politics. Royce immediately constructed a cabin for the philosopher, crawled into it, and maintained that he would never come out of it. Our discussion continued, Royce doing most of the talking, until he was obliged to go home; and I remember following him out as he went and shaking my fist at him over the banisters, crying: "There's no philosophy in the world, anyway. It's a question of power, whether I can get your attention to my ideas, or you mine to yours. Now I *won't* think about your ideas, and you *shall* think about mine!"

Of course I was right. But it took the invasion of Belgium to convince Royce of the thesis. He had been all his life drenched in Germany; he was a spokesman for Germany, an interpreter of Germany, and the German villainy of 1914 appeared to him almost in the light of a personal insult. He rose up against it. He threw off Germany. He took the stump. He made a magnificent short speech at the first Boston war meeting, where this frail and aged philosopher appeared in the rôle of the young patriot. He was all righteous rage, and his lifelong voluminous metaphysical ideas were expressed in the flames and burning periods of denunciation. Oh, if this man had been kept away from books in his youth, he would have been one of the greatest!

Robert Shaw Minturn

(*Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, Volume XXVI, June 1918, Number CIV)

If you trace the history of Europe upward as far as the Crusades, you will find that there has always existed a race of courtly gentlemen whose dress, manners, and temperament fitted them as the plumage fits a fine bird. They wore swords, long or short, according to the dangers to which life exposed them, and coats of mail or of satin as the changing epochs decreed. But wherever they walked they bore their own inner gayety, and made a street seem fashionable by passing down it. Mercutio is the symbol of this perennial type of humanity; and whatever the socialists may say, and however the Labor Party in the House of Commons may vote, we all know that this kind of man can never be long absent from the life of the world.

Nature will produce him again. The earth may lie fallow and hide the germ for a winter, but he is sure to reappear when the spring comes. The creature is the hardy product of nature's oldest humanities, and he has so deep a vitality that the mushroom growths of commerce and industrialism with all their pretence and all their propaganda, do no more than prepare the soil for his reappearance. Barbarisms subside, burgherdoms become refined, and the courtly gentleman rises and blooms once more.

His habitat is a castle terrace, a drawing-room, a club; his atmosphere is social life. Social life excites him, the dinner table is his forum and arena. His powers are stimulated by banners and chandeliers, by prancing coursers and evening dress, by pictures, engravings, and the entourage of civilization. If he happens to be a public-spirited and religious person, all this appanage of luxury acts as a foil to his sterling qualities, and strange as it may sound, the setting appears to dignify and exalt his moral qualities. This illusion is one of the pleasing illusions of life. There is no use in trying to miminize or to explain it away: the thing is a part of nature.

Although I knew Robert Minturn since the days of our infancy, and I was in the same form with him at St. Paul's School and in the same class

with him at Harvard, I always think of him as he appeared at about the age of fifty, with chiseled features, iron gray hair, blue eyes, and the bearing, wit, and dignity of an ecclesiastic in the age of Louis XIV. What a figure for New York to have produced! He was not only old New York, – which by the way was a stuffy enough place, and could show few figures like to him, – but he was the link between old New York and every variety of new New York; and he brought the gallantry of natural manners into many an icy palace, where coldness and rudeness had been adopted as the nearest American equivalents to the stiff English manners, – the manner that seemed to be required by the presence of flunkies and carpets unrolled across the sidewalk. New York is to-day humanized, but some years ago we had a bad epoch, in which every chair was a sentinel, and every social meeting was a morbid function – that is to say among the rich. Bob Minturn could not be frozen by furniture or by flummery. He was always genial, at home, full of information, radiant, unconscious.

Minturn was ever a person of literary avocations, a student of style and of usage; and as a college boy he used to write essays and verses. There was one particular kind of writing in which he excelled in later life, He had a remarkable gift for friendship and a minute memory of the romantic past. Thus

he was able to write for our class gatherings papers which he read aloud, and which reduced every one in the room to tears. This was partly due to his elocution which was truly remarkable, I used to get him to read pieces of my own aloud, because he could put more significance into them than I could myself; and he could read them at sight, no matter how illegible the condition of the manuscript might be. He had the old cultivation, the old literary passion, the old training. His favorite bits of prose and verse lived for him with a perennial life, and he could rehearse and recite them, as people used to do in 1850.

At what period he first discovered in himself a talent for picture-buying I do not know; but that he had a rare and natural gift in this direction is indubitable. He acquired beautiful old pictures by finding them at odd times and in odd places, and every one of them was a thing you would give your eyes to own; and taken together they made his small house into a rich palace, It was n't the collection of a dilettante, it was the soul's product of a true amateur. The pictures all struck the same note and poured it on you from the walls, tables, shelves, and mantels. One cannot explain a passion of this kind. Some people's objects are precious, but stand apart; other people's things make a unity and sing together. And Minturn's

things, though all of them were secondary from the great collector's point of view, and some were mere scraps and fragments, seemed to glow with the sunlight of Italy and the Netherlands.

Minturn was, moreover, a business man, and during a good many years, a long while ago, he had complete charge of ever so much family property. His training for this sort of work began as a clerk in the office of Morgan Drexel, and his experience of practical matters led to his becoming the treasurer and manager of Charities and Hospitals. Thus, for all his courtly conduct in the drawing-rooms, Minturn was a man of affairs and of public interests, and in his own way a pillar, and a very ornamental pillar, of society.

It is strange to cast a rapid glance backward over his whole life and notice that every stage of his growth came about through some seeming calamity. His mind and character appeared to rise under stroke after stroke of the divine lightning. His looks betrayed it; for he grew steadily more handsome and more solid as he grew older, and as the inner beauty which was hid in the block shone forth. Beauty was a family inheritance, and he came by the frame of it naturally enough; but the spark was his own.

As a child he was an elfin little creature, sprightly, clever, and whimsical; as a school-boy he was a

gamin; as a college boy he was particularly foolish, carried away with the freedoms and excitements of under-graduate life, gadding and running wild in starry waistcoats and ridiculous apparel. It was always a joy to meet him in the College Yard; for he came with a flood of gossip, and was as witty as a Shakespearean clown. The Harvard social life was particularly degraded in those days. It was made up of petty rivalries, personal talk, and club ambitions. Minturn was my mentor in regard to these mysteries. I sat stupefied and listened to the fantastic tale, while Minturn seemed to be a kind of Puck who appeared on top of a hedgerow and gave news of the fairy underworld from which he had emerged, and into which he dived again.

The first benevolent catastrophe which fate provided for him (for I shall not rehearse his griefs) was his sudden transfer from college to New York and to the deadly grind of business, law work, and the earning of a living. This and the tragic illness of his father were rolled upon him like stones upon a butterfly; but they flattened him only for a time. The new responsibilities entered into him, found the brain which was prepared for them, and revived him. I have known plenty of boys who passed through the same sort of experience and who came out of it gloomy and oppressed. But Bob was still himself.

The secret of this power to expand lay in a depth of religious feeling which had always been within his nature, but lay like a well that was hidden. I scarcely know how it is, but the shattering events of life seem designed to attack a man's whole system merely for the purpose of forcing a single inner golden thread of resignation to vibrate. When this happens the tiny harmony reconstructs and informs the entire man. As for Bob, the more fate pressed him the stronger he grew.

Thus a few years later, in early middle life, when he received the worst cut known to humanity in the shape of creeping paralysis, he blossomed under it. His walk in lameness took on a new dignity, his cane gave him weight; and that serenity of his which we all remember came to crown the slow dissolution of his body and the steady triumph of his spirit. I cannot give the precise chronology in his periods of reverse and good fortune, and they are of small importance; for the outcome of every life sheds its meaning on all that went before, and in Bob's case the outcome was so clear and continued for so long that what went before was forgotten.

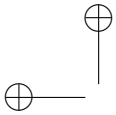
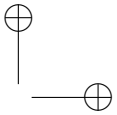
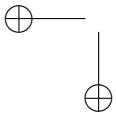
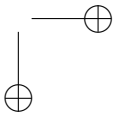
His old-fashioned bonhomie and a certain romanticism of manner never left him. When he met you, it was a *meeting*, and must be gay and genial. At the risk of violating convention I must tell of

his behavior on the day of his last seizure, when he suddenly lost, for the time being, the power of articulation, and his final illness began. He was lunching at our house, and gave such an example of grand manners that his picture ought to be in the history of knighthood forever. We were in the sitting-room and he arrived late and began to apologize. When he found that he had not the word, he tried again, – vainly. He was confused, smiling, baffled, – distressed that he should be the cause of concern to others. There was nothing tragic about him, except the fact of his trouble. It was the last stand of the old courtier.

The great war had broken out at a time when Minturn was failing; and the passionate interest he took in the war no doubt hastened his end. He was among those to whom the slowness of America's response to the general peril was a source of grief, shame, inexpressible solicitude. His emotions were excited to the highest pitch, and all the heroic feeling which had sustained him against the trials of his own life was called upon in the cause of humanity. He could not respond: he could only break. A good many people have been killed by the war besides those who die at the front.

For more than a year he lay dying, his mind being successively obscured and cleared by the clouds that drifted over him and the gleams of sun

that reached him from the outer world. In such manner was he gradually engulfed, and the chasm closed over him. One is tempted to pause, and say, "If I had been the Creator I should have omitted this last scene, or else I should have had the facts merely told by a messenger to the audience and not acted out upon the stage." But we are not the Creator, and must accept the mysteries of life as they are given us.

James L. Ford

(Note in the original: "It was a little after the death of James L. Ford, (February 26, 1928) that Mr. Chapman wrote these brief notes. The number of Ford's friends was so great and the interest in his career so widespread that the members of The Coffee House – a club of which he was then the only Honorary Member – thought it well to print Mr. Chapman's notes for private publication.")

When James L. Ford died, the journalists and reviewers of Manhattan, our litterati, critics, playwrights and authors must, each in his own way, have paused in his work and, hearing the news, wafted a silent adieu to the brave spirit that had passed on.

For Ford was known to every one, loved by many and respected by all. He had for many years been the Dean of New York's literary Bohemia, and had kept alive a tradition which had all but per-

ished among us – the tradition of the hearthstone as the focal point from which literature radiates. His opinions were spoken right off, being neither learned from books nor picked up in the crowd, but generated by his whole inheritance of thought and his personal mode of feeling. A year or two ago he gave us in his memoirs a vivid glimpse of the old New England family from which he sprang, – of great grandfathers and uncles who were statesmen in Washington's time; of daguerreotypes and comfortable frame houses. All of these things furnished a background for his writings.

It is indeed very remarkable what a spirit of leisure pervades the volume of memoirs which Ford dictated a year or two before his death, dictated in the intervals of recovery from severe surgical operations, which never affected his indomitable cheerfulness nor his habit of earning his daily bread with his pen. His reminiscences are freshly told, – gaily, ingenuously told, and form, I suppose, the best bird's-eye view in existence of New York's amusements, first nights, foreign stars, local celebrities and notorious persons during the last fifty years.

Ford begins his memoirs with an ancestral vista – the New England homestead viewed, as it were, from a parlor in little old Brooklyn in the 'sixties. Coming, later, to New York, he plunges into the concert halls, theatres, bar-rooms and even into the

haunts of crime in Manhattan during the decades that followed the Civil War. And so he leads the reader steadily down through the century to the things of yesterday, to our follies of to-day and our surmises about to-morrow. Yet the little old New York in Ford never became obliterated or merged into the large new hippodrome city now surging over us in which everyone must be either a tiger, or a ring master or a spectator; and in which every one is in any case forced to be serious in his function – whether it is that of gathering or scattering, of laughing or making others laugh, – because the pace of the whole show is so tremendous that a leisurely or casual attitude toward it is out of the question, Ford's pace dates from an earlier day. Therefore it is that he is able to hold you by the button-hole and chat about Lester Wallack and P. T. Barnum as no one in the world will hereafter talk about Jack Barrymore or Tex Rickard, because there is not time nowadays to apprehend or enjoy our notables as they pass, and there will in all probability be no time to think about them retrospectively in the hereafter.

To-day we have few enthusiasms: we lack illusions and the pleasures of the imagination. And yet here comes a septuagenarian child of Bohemia who brings forth from the stores of his memory things old and new laid up in myrrh and lavender,

and behold! all men acknowledge the charm in his writing. Whence comes it? Why, it comes from the daguerrotypes and the portraits and the mahogany chairs, some of which survived till day before yesterday in the rooms in West Eleventh Street where James L. Ford, the old literary hack, resided with his maiden sister for I know not how many years. The mind of the old journalist revolved on an axis of its own, and was never subdued to the sights and sounds whether of Bohemia or of Franklin Square, but went on humming its own tune in the midst of them till the end.

The book he wrote at the outset of his career, "The Literary Shop," is one of the very few first-rate books ever written about literary conditions in America. It holds water: it explains the course of our journalism during the twenty years that followed its own publication. I should advise anyone who wants to understand American literature to read "The Literary Shop" as a guide to our contemporary prose and poetry.

The mill is larger now; the millhands are more numerous, and are assigned to an infinitely greater number of specialties; they are better paid, very much better paid; and yet it seems to me that they are more enslaved to-day than they were in the times of Ford's youth. Natural conditions have imposed this servitude on our writers. Cravats

must be supplied to America's millions, and so must literature, Ford saw the process in its early stages, saw it clearly, and described it accurately, as a scientist might describe a bacillus. In his book "The Literary Shop" he declared war on our most powerful publishing houses and magazines. He ridiculed the respectable managers of these institutions without apology, stint or remorse. It was done with absolute courage and in contempt of consequence. He struck out like a crusader, and he was, so far as I know, entirely alone in his crusade, and almost without followers; for Americans have neither time nor interest for such questions as whether or not publishers are hypocrites; and indeed they regard such speculations as foolish. Thus Ford had no supporters. The publishers themselves, who could not but wince under his shafts, thought his speculations not only cruel but misguided in the extreme.

I think it cannot be doubted that Ford's worldly advancement was crippled by his interest in the blight which in America is cast upon intellect by commerce, – an injury that is sometimes accomplished through the mechanism of publishing houses. Any philosophic mind can, without difficulty, come to regard the middle-men of American literature as professional stranglers; but to do this does not conciliate these gentlemen or tend to

make life pleasant for the writer who takes this course. The opposite course is to enlist in the strangler-service, wherein every grain of literary talent that a man possesses comes into a golden market at once: the children's shoes and the family coal bill are paid for as if by magic, and the life of letters becomes possible – nay, it smiles.

Ford however was never tempted. He was a moralist and critic. Perhaps his temperament became a little case-hardened from being always in the opposition; for it is impossible to expose what you regard as hypocrisy without using sharp words; and the habit is not easily put off. Witness Ezekiel who really became too crusty for civilized intercourse. Thus Ford, who was in reality the most good-natured fellow in the world, developed the trick and habit of incisive utterance, and his favorite animal was the porcupine. He once named a short-lived periodical which he edited "The Porcupine"; and he believed to his dying day that if only the benevolent Maecenas who was backing his "Porcupine" had not most unadvisably committed suicide, the wholesome prickles of the creature would have awakened the dormant soul and conscience of America, and we should have had a really valuable comic magazine.

I will not say that Ford was as great as Isaiah, but I say that his acerbity was of the ancient

Hebrew kind, impersonal and wholesome. He drew the strength for his assaults on society from the natural force within him, and he must in the course of his life have been a source of light and a spur of courage to many minds, as he certainly was during my earlier years to mine.

Most of the men who have distinguished themselves in the course of our history have, like Ford, drawn their strength from their early family surroundings, which have often been of the Puritan variety, – or at any rate tinctured with what one might call European traditions, specifically with American forms of the old domestic pieties of Europe. The general sentiment of America favors this kind of man and takes pride in the farmhouse where President Coolidge was born. It wants to see photographs of our President's uncompromising old parent standing by a baby carriage. Do you think that this feeling of ours for the old gentleman and the farmhouse and the baby carriage is due to mere sentimentalism? It is due to the most profound political instinct. Upon what else could the country build a hope that was half so rational? The rapid and enormous changes that are now in progress in the citizenship and in the education of America make us all wonder upon what ideals the younger generations of the country will stake their faith. Homes and hearthstones

are being ploughed under daily, and a thousand theories are in the air claiming to replace them. And yet we know that those homes and hearthstones which now seem like discarded fragments of the past, will somehow come to earth again and get started on a system not so very different from those of former times, and never entirely divested of the old pieties on which the Roman Empire was founded, – and this because of the conservative force that exists in human nature itself, the same force which has in past times preserved the world through a hundred deep-rooted revolutions. There is life in our fragments. They will come together sooner than we foresee. It is from this point of view that the career of James L. Ford is of interest and importance.

Memories of Paul Fuller

(Written in 1915 or 1916.)

There have always been reform movements in progress in New York City. Even during the worst day of misgovernment which followed the Civil War there were growling citizens who proclaimed their own degradation, and thus prevented the town from sinking into inertia and despair. The overthrow of the Tweed Ring in 1871 was due to this insuppressible moral element, and was a wonderful victory, which itself put courage into all men for a generation. The victory was won, however, by means that savored of the old Adam; the fight was conducted by men who thought that if they could only get rid of Tammany Hall, virtue would walk in on the other side, and we should have good government. Quite the reverse happened; for Tammany went round the corner and crept

back into the government under as many names as there were factions. Ebullitions of protest kept cropping up, nevertheless, during the next twenty years. They exhibited all possible combinations of altruistic impulse with personal ambition or private interest; but these movements served on the whole to keep alive the tradition of agitation. There was always somebody in the town who was casting dust on his head and calling upon the Lord for aid.

The real difficulty in the situation was one of method. All the usual methods of practical politics were tainted; and unless a procedure were corrupt it was not thought to be practical, the most upright men constantly corrupting their consciences by doing evil that good might come. Nevertheless the standards were growing steadily higher, and in about 1890 there emerged a group of men who began to develop a sort of inchoate philosophy of reform. This was what was needed; for some sort of philosophy or idealism is the only thing that will protect a man from that apparent triumph of evil which the passing world generally exhibits. As Hawthorne says: "Nobody should ever fight an earth-born Chimaera unless he can first get on the back of an aerial steed."

This new group of agitators differed from the earlier groups in that they regarded the thing in

hand as unimportant, save as the means of getting at a greater thing behind. Whether they won or lost a particular battle, whether their man was elected or convicted, was, let us not say indifferent, but subsidiary to a larger scheme and to a deeper idea. They played against the politicians with the loaded dice of this idealism, which brought support from sources that the politicians could not see, and which won even when it seemed to lose. Their movement was rather a tendency than a movement, and their group was rather a list of individuals than a band. The individuals emerged out of different houses and from different avocations, at various moments of crisis small or great. One, perhaps, came in the canvass for an alderman, or during a fight to protect a park, another in a protest against the encroachment of a railroad.

It must not be imagined that any one of these men had a perfectly clear conception either of the work to be done or of how to do it. He had merely a strong instinct that he ought not to violate his own conscience at any time, and that to do so would defeat his purpose.

The spread of the idea which these men half unconsciously represented was due, as is usual in such cases, to the antagonism which they aroused, and to the abuse they received. This hostility revealed to them that some kind of big power was at

work behind their movement; and this conviction became a source of encouragement.

Looking back at the matter from an historic point of view, we can see that the immense improvement of our city government was due to a general awakening of the civic conscience, of which these men represented a portion, – as it were the extreme left. Their daily experience was teaching them that the upper classes of the city of New York – its statesmen, eminent lawyers, rich bankers, educated clergy, and refined persons– were foggy-minded and weak-backed conciliators whenever a moral issue arose in politics, and that, in fact, there was no class that could be relied on. A reliable individual was rather more apt to emerge from a second-story back than from a brown-stone front, I remember very well the feeling of disenchantment with which I came to regard the "better element" of the great city. That was a day of inquests and visitations. When some obvious wickedness was to be defeated or some obviously honorable effort was to be seconded, the reformers would make visits upon one prominent man after another, going through a list of our divines, editors, philanthropists, great merchants, and persons noted for public service or for public spirit. These canvasses revealed an incredible obtuseness on the part of our eminent men – the figureheads of our society. The mag-

nates and their adherents and admirers – that is to say the whole of the polite and respectable world – seemed to be more inaccessible to ideas than the man in the street. The nearest cabman was a Socrates compared to them. It was not without a shock that we discovered that our whole society contained no class whose opinions were worthy of respect.

After a few years of experiment this inquest of the great was abandoned, because we had been over the list. We knew them all, and saw in them merely a snare and a delusion, the *ignes fatui* which lead truth-seekers into the quagmire. In the course of those struggles to get aid from great men and great reputations, we fell into innumerable bitter disputes with the king logs and king storks whom from time to time we called to rule over us. It was a rough, hard-hitting life which the insurgents lived, full of rebuffs, knotty points, and recriminations. The last final ounce of energy had to be expended each day, bricks made without straw, halls hired without money, and harangues made without audiences. The periods of intense activity were punctuated by avalanches of failure – failures often grotesque and even amusing, but always fatiguing.

A life of agitation does not always make men bitter, but it is apt to make them rough. They

feel that they must shout and dance in order to be heard. Let us suppose that your problem is to bring to the attention of a rich smug merchant the fact that he is half-unconsciously allied with some sinister abuse, for which he is morally responsible. In Voltaire's time you might write a clever satire upon the man, which every one would read. But in New York in 1890 no one would read a satire: one might as well feed bon-bons to a hippopotamus as expend wit upon the American business man. On the other hand sharp abusiveness hurts his feelings, and stings him. They did not sting him much, but a little. If you waylaid him and beat him half to death, he would avoid you for six months by going down a side street when he saw you coming. And if you continued to smile pleasantly on him, the time might perchance come when he felt safe in your company, and then some day he would ask you "Do you mind telling me why you beat me on such and such a day?" Aha, you have prevailed! Now at last you have the man's attention. Such, reduced to words of one syllable, is the philosophy of agitation.

It was to the counsels of this band of outlaws that Paul Fuller joined himself. He was ten years older than they, and totally different from the rest in training and education. Fuller was of New England parentage, but had been educated as a

devout Catholic under French influences. He had the learning of the Jesuits and was, by gift and training, a scholar. He knew French and Spanish as well as he knew English, and he knew the literatures of all these countries. He was a thoroughgoing international lawyer and a member of one of the best-known law firms in the city. He was not only a man of the world but a man of the great world, who would have been at home in any European conference. He had the suavity and the metaphysical subtlety of Southern Europe, and in spite of all these things he had a Puritan fervor and the courage of the anarchist. He brought to the counsels of the younger men the most encouraging thing that any man could bring – an understanding of what the youths were about. But more than this, he brought a knowledge of life, a temperate wisdom which calmed the asperities and mitigated the personal animosities of the younger men.

Fuller would agree in the *fortiter in re* part of the proceedings, but he added the *suaviter in modo*, which was a part of his own nature. He would agree that such and such an eminent citizen was the damned scoundrel we thought him, but would deprecate a campaign of vilification, – and this not from motives of expediency, but from a profound and humane understanding the case.

Fuller was one of those men who in the midst of incessant occupations is always internally at leisure. He had a library and carried about him the atmosphere of a library. The particular little imbroglio to which he brought his talents became clarified, dignified, and lifted into a clearer and calmer region. It is plain today that the essential struggle of the reformers of that epoch was to get a new vision of current events, and to see them in the light of history, philosophy, and education. All the bridges were broken down between the moral world and the practical world (perhaps they are never in very good repair), and our radicals were drawing together whatever they could lay their hands on to span the chasm. Now there have been in the past innumerable engineers, surveyors, mathematicians, astronomers, and speculative persons, who have given their lives to this very problem, and an acquaintance with the works of these men is indispensable in any approach to it. Fuller was a mature prospector in the field before we ever knew him; and he had a good outfit of instruments and books, and an academic background in his mind which was very restful. The unlearned think of geometry as an abstract science; yet you cannot measure the water in a bucket without it. Some people affect to despise metaphysics; yet you cannot express an idea without having lived through a

course and survived drastic examinations in metaphysics. Metaphysics is as powerful, as real, and useful as dynamite. Fuller's scholarly mind shed a glow over the rather ugly field of our activities, and brought to us the very elements we most needed.

Quite apart from his cultivation Paul Fuller was a sage. To be a sage is a gift like second sight: it has nothing to do with learning. I have recently read over his papers and addresses, delivered before learned societies, colleges, clubs, and philanthropic organizations; and I have read them with one kind of disappointment: because while they reveal the variety and breadth of his interests, and show his courage and zeal, they fail to convey the very thing that made him most remarkable – a penetrating sympathy and an intellectual remoteness. Perhaps these qualities can be revealed only through some independent form of literature which is a part of the fine arts, or else through social intercourse.

The chief endowment of the sage is not intellect but unselfishness, and Fuller was one of the most unselfish men I ever met. He inevitably became the friend and adviser of those he knew. But more than this, – and herein we find that he was more than the mere sage, – he was always ready to do, to give, and to be. He would preside at a public meeting of protest, he would take a train and go to Albany. He was always adding practical help

to the friends whom he counseled, and there was about him the benignity of a man who not only put the whole apparatus of his very complex mind at your disposal, but who was ready to help you in any other way he could.

I never happened to talk of religion with him, though I always felt that his religion was the guide of his life. He was a good Catholic and his relations with Fordham College and other militant Catholic bodies made him a part of the hierarchy; and I sometimes wonder whether in approaching dogmatic subjects with him, I should have felt in him a force that was hostile to individual freedom. I am apt to feel this force in those of his faith whom I know. The relation between dogma and life differs in every soul: one cannot reason from one man to the next. The impression that survives in me is that God made only one Paul Fuller, and that now that he is gone I can never find out whether it is possible to be a good Catholic and yet not want to build up the Catholic Church at the expense of private judgment.

Fuller played a leading part in the agitations that took place in the United States between the invasion of Belgium and the dismissal of Bernstorff, – agitations designed to awaken our country to the reality of the German peril, and which excited Fuller, as they excited the other thinking people in

America, more than anything that had occurred in a generation.

I quote from the magazine *The Bench and Bar* for December, 1915, the account of the last day of his life. The writer says:

"A list of the charitable institutions and committees to which Mr. Fuller gave not only his name but his never failing attention and study, long as it is, would fail to convey any idea of the catholic sympathy of the man. Orphan asylums, homes for friendless, probation societies, school boards, and countless like institutions were the better for his influence and for the cheery optimism of his character. He had resigned from the Board of Education in order to accept the appointment of Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Hunter College, and on the last afternoon of his life he travelled to the other end of the city to be present at a Trustees' meeting. On the evening of the same day he finished a Memorial to the President about the Lusitania, and concerning this Memorial the President wrote to another member of the Committee:

" 'You may be sure that I read it with added interest because of the very touching and almost tragical associations connected with it. Mr. Fuller always struck me as a man intently bent upon the promotion of the real interests of the country.'

"And a few minutes after he had finished the Memorial in question he went to meet a number of his French friends, for whose present bitter sorrows he was so vastly sympathetic. He died very suddenly the same night at about midnight, and death found him, as his friends might have expected, giving the last moments of his life for the good and comfort of others."

There is a class of men whose public spirit pushes them from time to time into a prominence which they neither seek nor enjoy; and whose service to the public consists of injecting a sort of personal virtue into some phase of a public question. The element they inject is in its nature invisible. Sheer character, that great drug of which society always stands most in need, works in the dark. There would seem to be a strange law of nature which leads the world to give men what they ask for. Fuller was a self-effacing man and society took him at his word. Yet I have no doubt that such a life as Fuller's affects the temperament of the entire community, and leaves an influence more permanent than the inscription on many a monument.

Thomas Rodman Plummer

(*Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, Volume XXVII, June 1919, Number CVIII.)

It is a mere accident when any one of us gets a glimpse into the inner life of another. Our ideas about human character come to us for the most part out of poetry and fiction, while our living friends walk about cloaked in a mysterious reticence which we respect; and indeed we have not the time to guess what may lie behind it. If we do so, our guesses themselves become a sort of poetry; and I suppose that this is the way in which the romancers feed their dreams. It would seem that our imagination, though it controls our nature, yet lies aloof and broods over us from its nest. There are, however, shocks that bring fact and fiction together; and the greatest of them is sudden death.

Little Snow White lay in a coffin covered with glass, and the dwarfs watched by her side for six months; for the dwarfs suspected she was not dead. Moreover, the dwarfs, being fairy people, took everything lightly and hoped for the best. The fable is charming, and yet, like the rest of German folk-lore, it is injured by an unpoetic, brutal use of the gruesome; it sports in an unhuman way about a great human mystery. There is indeed a plate of glass which instantly and invisibly descends between us and the dead, and shows them to us in a peculiar twilight of their own – in a place which seems to have been in existence before they died. No effort of the imagination can set a living friend within that glamorous half-light into which a companion steps the moment we hear that he is dead.

The Greeks and Romans with their Hades and its gloomy rivers, sad landscape, strange beasts, shadowy judges, and "the strengthless heads of the dead" have left a dreadful account of the ghastly side of this under-world; but the classics seem never to have made a fable about the bright side of the experience, or given his due to Death the Illuminator. For Death dramatizes the past as nothing else can do. Our friends, in stepping into shadow, give us back whole histories, and lift a veil from forgotten scenes which seem to be magically

staged for our review. They themselves take the center of the scene in a way they never did in real life, and we know them, as it were, for the first time.

The Great War is memorable and unique in this, that it has left our civilian heroes surrounded by the same glory that used to be reserved for the soldier. The moral issues of the war are the reason for this merger. Those issues burned as fiercely and consumed as much in the lives of civilians as of warriors. The sacrifices were made without the thought that there was sacrifice, and almost every one took part in them. Sculptors, physicians, lawyers, apothecaries, retired business men, unreformed voluptuaries, unknown sewing-women passed through an internal French Revolution, a quickly passing, ephemeral judgment-day that set all men and classes on the same level, and constituted a little age by itself. We are still winking our eyes at the light, as we issue from the cavern of this joint experience, and I set down these notes about a classmate, knowing that they illustrate the doings of hundreds of thousands of people most of whom are alive. The strange thing is that if Plummer had not been killed I should never have seen him in his penumbra which must, nevertheless, be shining about the survivors also; for death creates nothing, but reveals.

If a prophetess had predicted on the day of our graduation thirty-five years ago that a member of the class of '84 would be buried in rural France; that his funeral would be attended by a file of soldiers with a French Colonel at its head; that an entire village would turn out for the occasion; that the hero would be laid in ground given by the village and to be kept in order forever at the expense of the municipality, – no one of us would have guessed that Tom Plummer was the man; and Plummer himself would have greeted such an idea with the quizzical humor he always displayed when his own affairs were mentioned. He was completely unaware, even more than the rest of us, that he was a man with a big brain, and a destiny. I can hardly realize it yet; though I always knew he had a big character.

At the time he came to Harvard he knew more of the real world than Harvard Freshmen usually do; though his outward appearance of cherubic innocence did not betray this. He had read French and German and had lived in foreign places and seen something of the older civilizations. He had done these things quietly and casually, not as a tourist. His mother was a wonderfully gentle, witty, cultivated, loving woman who wore beautiful old-fashioned rings, and was surrounded by little well-bound volumes of the poets and quaint charming

objects of all sorts. She was exceedingly gracious and humorous, indeed she was very much like Tom; and it was by her that he had been dipped in the great world, I mean into that stream of traditional social life, where ideals, romances, poetry, music, and conversation are mingled, – a stream which does not much change in character from age to age. Mrs. Plummer and Tom were very much like those gentlefolk who live in Bologna and Venice and inherit some quiet old family palace, as well as the amenities that go with the palace and have been going on uninterruptedly since the days of ancient Rome. They were people without pretention, without ambition, without self-consciousness – adorable people.

Thus when Tom came to College he was n't really half so frightened by College as the rest of us were. His shy, odd, humorous detachment concealed a certain amount of worldly equipment. We, of course, could not perceive this, because Tom was an undersized elf with small hands and feet, weak shoulders, a large square head, and eyes that rolled open suddenly when he threw his head back and stared as if to catch a thought. He was always laughing, and he laughed at ideas that were subtle. The interests, the amusements, the temptations of the average American college boy are crude. In fact they are so silly that almost any boy can be

protected against them, if he be given some slight experience of Europe before he is sent to college. In like manner Ulysses was protected from the enchantments of Circe by smelling from time to time the flowers which Hermes had put in his hands before the interview. Tom, as I say, possessed this antidote to college – a whiff of Europe.

He floated through the maelstrom of Harvard like a Kobalt on a leaf. His mental maturity protected him among other dangers in College, from that of social success; he did n't make clubs and societies. His indolence and lack of ambition prevented him from learning anything in particular in the bookish way, and athletics were out of the question, for he could hardly use his hands to eat with, – he was so clumsy; and, of course, he hated athletics. He used to read – or read in – miscellaneous literature, and take dilettante courses about the fine arts. I tutored him in Homer. Our method was simp!e. Plummer had a good verbal memory, and, of course, one could make a fair guess at the passages which were likely to be given for translation on the examination paper. Plummer memorized the standard English translation of a selected lot of Homeric beauties. He studied also the introductory key-words to each passage; for, of course, if he should get started on the wrong passage, nothing could save him. The method

would be exposed, and Plummer disgraced. But as a matter of fact, he got through.

After College we lost Plummer for years, and we used to hear of him as a traveler in Morocco, in the Holy Land, at Bayreuth, ete. He became a whimsical, aimless globe-trotter and roller-up of reminiscences. When he drifted in from time to time, his gayety was tinged with a melancholy which deepened with the years. His jokes flitted like butterflies across a churchyard. But in the eighties and nineties we did not notice such things. We next heard that he was settling down and taking life seriously on a farm near his native town. He was supposed to be hard up and conscientious, rather a recluse, but mysteriously and importantly raising chickens.

There is one quality which betrays itself immediately in any one's conversation, namely, renunciation. It betrays itself by revealing a point of view; and Tom, even in his boyhood, was always playfully taking a back seat. He did the same in later life. When his chickens would not lay, but died (as of course they did), he buried their corpses with an epigram; and I have no doubt that he had buried many a secret desire by Moslem tombs in Syria, or dropped a casket of letters in the Rhone as he stood on the bridge at Avignon. This quality of renunciation is the basis of the fine characters

of the world. It makes for intellect, it makes for humor, it is the foundation of a sort of invisible power which one feels in many humble people and in many eminent people, and this power was hidden somewhere about Plummer, and when war broke out, the force in him blazed out suddenly into self-immolation, efficiency, and death.

The spring of 1914 found him a confirmed old bachelor who lived in his haunts and dim seclusions, like an old trout under a river-bank. If you plunged your hand in and seized him he would leap and flash with many colors; and then dive off again to the depths of his dreamy quietude at the bottom of the stream. The invasion of Belgium waked him with a bounce. He offered his services to our Government and was employed by the American Embassy in France, where his knowledge of French and German made him useful in censoring the letters of German prisoners of war during the period of our neutrality. After our entry into the war he enlisted in the Red Cross, and went to the front – the extreme front in a remote village on the eastern border of France near Saint-Dié. Here he organized a canteen, and by ten months of excessive labor, both mental and manual, wore himself out. He lived just long enough, however, to hear the Armistice proclaimed, and to welcome the hordes of French, English, Italian, Russian,

and Rumanian prisoners released from Germany, who swarmed across the trenches. On November 23 he was seized by pneumonia and died on the following day. The Croix de Guerre of France and a citation from the medical service of the Seventh Army arrived at the hospital on the day after his death.

The heroism of the young is part of the order of nature, and we accept it gladly. But when an elderly recluse of cultivated tastes plunges into the mêlée to save the world by a kind of labor for which his whole life would seem to have unfitted him, the act wears a beauty of its own which casts the young heroes for one moment into the shade.

I add one of Tom's latest letters in which he describes the morning of the Armistice; for it is a piece of great writing:

November 13, 1918.
On active service
With the American Expeditionary Force.
American Y.M.C.A.
Cantine Franco-Américains, No. 31.
Same place – Moyenmoutier – at what
was a few days ago the front!
(I don't know where it is to-day !)

Since last Sunday I have been meaning to set down, as I felt them, the extraordinary sensations of these last few days. When I have had the moments to do this I have been too tired to do it well, and so have not done it at all. Just as well I suppose – every little scribbler

in Europe has thought he could express on paper what every one, stupid, intelligent, or just plain absorbent, has been feeling these last few days of the war. You have escaped me and so be thankful.

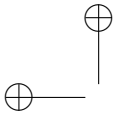
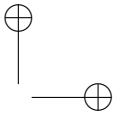
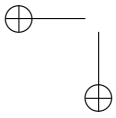
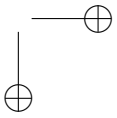
Monday morning, though, sticks tightest to my fading memory. I went to build the canteen fire at about 5.15 A.M. The poilus, we are all friends here now, began to stand around and wait for the water to boil and me to make chocolate. The air seemed vibrating with expected news. We are mostly a Breton regiment here and not emotional. Soon a poilu in a helmet joined the group. He knew, – they knew it at Saint Dié. It was official – it had been posted up at Etival. Another poilu joined the group. The telephone message had been taken that morning at the military telephone bureau where he worked. There was absolutely no doubt about it. At 11 o'clock the Armistice signed, was to go into effect! Still almost no emotion shown by the poilus. Quiet talk and expression of wonderment that, after four years of the trenches and wounds and privations and death of comrades, it could all end at last. Two American soldiers dropped in from somewhere. One of them, turning to me, said: "What an unemotional nation the French is." I tried to explain a little and failed utterly. I was like a charged wire. All of us were like that, though no one expressed it by his face or gesture. Then a poilu helped me carry the heavy twenty-five litre "marmite" of chocolate into the canteen and I began to serve through the slide to the men. One stolid, middle-aged Breton (we are of the Territorials here now) sat down on a little wooden bench and staring straight in front of him burst out with: "Bon sang – de bon sang – de bon sang!! et de penser à Verdun! Ah, la putain!" That was all he could say and it was his "cri du cœur." He had been at Verdun and he called her a "bitch" for whom he had been willing to give his life. Much in

the same way Hamlet calls to his father's ghost, "Old true penny."

Still the quiet talk among the poilus went on. I joined in when spoken to, – no visible emotion, but intense consciousness that emotion unexpressed was in each soldier. Many stated that it is to America that France owes the end.

Soon the broad road filled with soldiers in groups and strolling. The bells were to be rung at eleven. They had n't rung since the day Italy entered the war. There had been some suspicion of signals made to the Germans from the belfry.

The morning wore on very calmly, – a lovely autumn morning. It began to be near eleven and an occasional premonitory "dong" fell from the belfry of the big old church. They had been oiling the iron work from which the bells hung. We could see the men, very small, away up there, through the slats of the broken blinds of the belfry. They were the ringers. It was one of the most intense moments I have ever lived through. And then they rang out solemnly, joyously, and the soldiery and the village folk gathered below in the wide street, began to laugh and to talk and put hands affectionately on blue-clad shoulders. Full realization had come to them that war was ended and peace almost here.

Thomas Mott Osborne

(*Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, Volume XXXV, March 1927, Number CXXXIX. TMO to JJC: "I think it was through your influence more than any other that I learned to try and avoid self-deception and to think clear and straight on political matters" (1905). "The last two years in Auburn and the last year in Sing Sing have brought about developments which give most satisfactory proof of what you and I both believe in. I wonder if you realize that it was you who first and made me understand the meaning of 'Resist not evil' – that sermon you preached in the Nursery years ago" (1916).)

To judge the height of a tree we must retreat from it, and to guess the size of a man we must wait for posterity. This much may be hazarded about Tom Osborne, – that his career will not be forgotten, for it is identified with a perennial subject, Prison Reform. The whole tenor of his life

calls up some of the most persistent ideas in the world's history, and sends the thinker to some of the world's greatest minds for light on the subject. Moreover, his interests and activities throw into prominence the social and political conditions of America in his own day, and show up as in a camera obscura many things that one might guess at but could not see clearly before they had passed into history.

Tom Osborne's maternal ancestors were old New England puritans who at an early date intermarried with Pennsylvania Quakers; and his activities revealed the best qualities of both inheritances, together with a romantic element which was peculiarly his own. Lucretia Mott, the well-known lecturer and reformer, was his great aunt. His mother's sister married a son of William Lloyd Garrison, and the tradition of piety and public spirit had endured in the family for many generations before Tom was born. His father, David M. Osborne, was a magnificent type of the other kind of mid-century American, – the large-boned, sturdy, benevolent, not highly educated but highly endowed, self-made master-builder of a fortune, who is liked and trusted by his countryside.

Thomas Mott Osborne was born in 1859, being the only son of D. M. Osborne, the pioneer manufacturer of farm implements whose great business

was a feature in the growth of the town of Auburn, New York. He was educated at Milton Academy, graduated from Harvard in the class of '84, was married in 1886 to Agnes Devens of Boston, who died in 1896 leaving four sons. After leaving college Osborne immediately entered public life, served on the Auburn Board of Education from 1885–91 and from 1891–94. In 1888 he presided at a meeting in favor of Tariff Reform, though his family had been Republican. In 1892 he became a Delegate to the Democratic National Convention, and in 1894 a candidate for Lieutenant Governor on the Citizens Union Ticket. In 1900 Osborne refused to support Bryan and his "free silver" plank. In 1902 he was elected Mayor of Auburn, in 1904 was reelected. In 1905 he founded the Auburn Citizen and was president of the company thereafter till the time of his death. In 1906 he was a delegate to the State Democratic Convention in the fight against Hearst. In 1907 he was one of the two Democratic members of the State Public Service Commission. In 1908, "free silver" being dead, he supported Bryan for President.

In the meantime he had been serving an apprenticeship in the great Corporation which he had inherited, and in 1886 had succeeded to the presidency of the Company at the age of 26. He continued as president for seventeen years, when

the business was absorbed by the International Harvester Company. In 1899 he attended the Conference on Trusts in Chicago, and in 1907 was a delegate to the Conference at Washington on the Extension of Foreign Trade. In 1896 he became a trustee of Wells College, Aurora.

During all these years Osborne was the leading spirit in the social, charitable, musical, dramatic and educational interests of the city of Auburn, He organized and for a time conducted an amateur orchestra, arranged for visiting orchestras and musicians and took part in every form of communal endeavor. His relations to labor were friendly and came about through the hundreds of employees whom he had, as it were, inherited and with whom he grew up.

It may be doubted whether any man since the days of Aristotle more completely fulfilled the functions of the good citizen than Osborne did, and the confidence and affection which he inspired in his fellow citizens shows that the community was worthy of the man. For all of Tom Osborne's contacts were *personal*. This is the key to his life. He was not an abstract thinker nor a man of dogmas, but a practical, sensitive, galvanic, enterprising, fearless experimenter who trusted his instincts and moved on from one enterprise to the next as life presented them.

Thomas Mott Osborne

In our College days Osborne was a tall, poetic-looking youth who took some part in athletics but was chiefly prominent as the manager of the College dramatic performances – extravaganzas and comic operas, – and as the leader of the Pierian Sodality, the College orchestra. He knew Gilbert & Sullivan's operas by heart, both words and music, played on the piano on the slightest provocation, and belonged to the A.D. Club, the Alpha Delta Phi, and was interested in literature and intelligent conversation. I should say that taking him all in all and considering his ancestry, his early surroundings and his outlook on life, he came to college with as many advantages as a young American can hope for.

At what date Tom first became interested in the reformation of prisoners I do not know. There is no reference to the prison question in the following verses which I extract from a doggerel address that I delivered at the 25th Anniversary of the class of '84 in 1909. They give a picture of him as he appeared to his classmates at that time.

> Osborne, of thee we had expected much,
> Even in thy youth, before the fates declared.
> The meaning of a brow that wore a touch
> Of sadness and of talent, we had dared
> To prophesy some mystic gain for thee;
> I know not what, – some palm, some victory.

> And thou hast overrun all expectation,
> Not in the brightness of a single deed,
> But in the wealth and richness of donation
> That has a hand for every human need;
> And like a vine that hangs above the street
> Blossoms in charities that make the world
> smell sweet.

We lost him of course at graduation, but I kept up with him by correspondence and in occasional meetings about lost causes in which we both happened to be interested; for it must be remembered that the decade of the Eighties was marked by civic movements: by impulses of independence from party and from political dogma, by the desire of the individual to escape from a servitude to majorities. Courage and hope were in the air. Tom's own life forms the best comment on the period. His classmates, like the rest of the world, came to know of Tom's ideals and projects chiefly through his adversities. Auburn prison lay at his door: it was inevitable that he should include the place in his civic interests. At an early period he became impressed with the part played by the judicial and penal institutions of society in impeding the moral reform of any one who had fallen into the clutches of their machinery. This problem occupied his mind as he extended his acquaintance among the prisoners – who appeared to him to

defy classification – each one was a special case, The subject absorbed his thought and became to him a mission. His friends among the prisoners filled his mind with illustrations of the evils of the whole system, his reading with arguments. He made a study of the whole literature of Prison Reform, – a literature in which theory predominates, – but theory never for a moment took Osborne's attention off the convicted man. It was for the benefit of this man that all prisons existed. The duty of society to protect itself was fulfilled by the shutting up of a prisoner. All historic and psychological theories about the " criminal type," the "criminal class," fell on his ears in vain, He could find no type, he could see no class, he could see only men who were helpless, suffering, caught in the treadmill of physical and moral perdition. His mind gradually focussed upon a single question, which had been confused and all but lost in the technical literature of the subject, much of it emanating from the historic leaders of European thought. This question was how to reform the individual prisoner.

For Osborne there was no difference in function between the galleys of the middle ages, the Old Bailey of London, or our own Sing Sing of to-day, – and a detention camp for refractory boys. In searching for a clue to his question his eye rested

on the George Junior Republic (of which he was a director) where self government, remunerative labor and the Honor System had been tried with some success; and he saw in that institution the germ he was in search of, – the germ of self-respect. His many public and quasi-public activities had given him practice in controversial writing, lecturing and speaking. His presence was handsome, and his earnestness transparent and effective. All his interests in life and all his faculties now became concentrated on the prison question and he brought it forward in public in every way that was open to him.

The logic of his argument was at one with the warmth of his nature. He was full of sympathy for the unfortunate. He loved the prisoners individually. To do so was his gift and his destiny. The number of people who are so gifted is not large at any time. To most people prisoners represent a nuisance, an expense, a nagging, moral, insoluble problem. Most men regard a prison-reformer with uneasiness because he irritates their conscience. They think of him as somehow a part of the nuisance. This prejudice against the general subject was intensified among delicate-minded persons by learning that Osborne had put on prison garb and passed a week in jail in order to know how it felt. He was led to do this by a desire to study facts,

by the hope of equalizing himself as far as possible with the unfortunates and by the instinct of a great agitator who knows his own function: it was the way to get heard. As it turned out the experience saved him from making a false start with his Welfare League, for he learned during this week which he spent in jail that the prisoners' experience of spies and "stool-pigeons" had made them so suspicious of all aid from above that the League must absolutely originate with the jail birds themselves, or it would have no chance of success.

The fortunate circumstances of a sympathetic State Governor and a friendly Warden of Auburn Prison enabled Osborne very gradually and with great wisdom to introduce his Welfare League into that prison, to obtain for the prisoners many alleviations of their sufferings and to implant in the breasts both of the prisoners and of the management a spirit of hope. Osborne even established an Honor Camp where certain of the prisoners were permitted to work on the roads unwatched and to receive pay for their labors. His plans had worked on the whole with such good results in Auburn Prison that a subsequent Governor of the State appointed him Warden of Sing Sing for the purpose of introducing his new system in that large institute.

But now came the rub. There are certain universal principles which are only understood by special students. One of them is that the general public must be saturated with an idea before any practical improvement which embodies the idea can be introduced. The second is that reform does not consist in a gentle indoctrination of benevolent feelings. Reform means the taking of a bone from a dog: reform means belling the cat. And it is through these early stages of depriving the dog of his bone and of belling the cat that the ear of the general public is reached. Even then one is still at the beginning of things so far as a special betterment of actual conditions is concerned. The typical reformers of the world know these principles, and they generally contrive to get themselves into jail in the progress of pushing their idea: they preach from the pillory.

Osborne's success in Auburn prison was the result of so many fortunate circumstances as almost to blind a man to the natural course of human things. But he was soon to have an experience of the normal. For he was to be made Warden of Sing Sing, a far greater and more difficult institution. Here was indeed a clearing-house of various kinds of abuse.

The iniquities of mankind, which in all ages have centered about its prisons, surrounded Sing Sing

in the form of a political prison-ring whose emoluments were threatened by Osborne's appearance. The Prison authorities were made angry by Osborne's militant attitude, and here arises a point which perhaps I should have mentioned earlier, – the acrimony of reformers. The Hebrew prophets are the most familiar example of this quality of harsh speech, and it is shared by most of the Christian reformers of later times. The greatest example of a prophet who was imperturbably calm is the pagan, Socrates; and. one is obliged to reflect that his gigantic intellectuality did not save him from death through the machinations of a political ring. The same must be said of the selfless and gentle martyr, Sir Thomas More. The fierceness of militant righteousness is proverbial, and whether it helps or hurts the cause of righteousness we do not know. It certainly gives an excuse for the cavils of protesting conservatives, especially in a country like America where good nature is thought to be the first virtue. But this fierceness also cuts into the smug illusions of the stand patters, and is the only known solvent which can do this. My own belief is that the bone taken from the dog is always the real point of the contest. Material interests are at the bottom of moral controversies. Power is at stake. Thought attacks power, and power defends itself. As a result of the contest a whole hierarchy

of underlying conservative forces is brought to the surface.

Osborne's work in Sing Sing turned out to be so serious an attack upon an ancient citadel of evil that its defenders both visible and invisible mustered to the fray. The term "Satan's Invisible Empire," used by W. T. Stead to describe the fighting power of an entrenched abuse, seems to be accurate; and the conspiracy against Osborne which followed his attacks on the citadel, resulted in a dastardly attack upon his private character in proceedings before the Grand Jury. He was charged with the lowest of human vices. His experience in this vividly recalls a chapter in the life of W. T. Stead.

I was in London in the summer of 1885 when the *Pall Mall Gazette* was making its revelations as to the purchase for immoral purposes of little girls from their parents in the slums of London at the usual price of £5, and under a system which the law permitted. It had for years been generally believed that the population of England included a class of wealthy degenerates who kept the trade alive. The law as it stood declared that any child of thirteen was legally competent to consent to her own seduction, It also refused to allow little girls of eight to give evidence against the monsters who had outraged them, on the ground that the victims

were too young to understand the nature of an oath. The law against abduction... provided no adequate punishment for those who trafficked in womanhood.

A bill to correct these evils had twice been passed by the Lords and blocked by the Commons. Parliament was in session, but Gladstone's defeat at the polls made it certain that a third defeat awaited the measure. The leaders of the Commons, when interviewed, declared that they were going to introduce no bills during that session, and certainly not the child bill. W. T. Stead, Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, thereupon went into the slums of London in the pretended character of a bad man and produced a dozen little girls who had been sold to him through the usual trade channels.

It was in the midst of the excitement that followed Stead's publication of these facts that I arrived in London. Nothing else was talked of in the drawing rooms, clubs, cafés, on the street, in railway carriages. There was such a *furore* of moral passion as England had never known before, and in the midst of it the bills were passed by the Commons. In the following November, however, Stead was indicted and sent to jail for three months, under a charge from the judge that amounted to a direction to the jury that they must convict. A mi-

croscopic search of Stead's documents had showed that in one case the legal consent of the supposed father of the child had not been obtained. The father was produced in court. Stead had violated the law.

Stead's trial lasted several days and of course excited as much fury as the revelations themselves. Moreover, it subsequently turned out that this particular little girl was born out of wedlock, so that the consent of the titular father had not been necessary. The point illustrated by this case is that there was enough come-back in the Underworld of London to arouse the whole of England's ponderous legal machinery in the cause of punishing the man who had braved that Underworld. Just how these things are done can never be found out. I do not suppose that the eminent Judge who directed the jury to convict had an interest in the traffic. But he was reachable by influence of some kind, – by party, by caste, by prejudice, by temperament, by association. He was brought to heel.

In Osborne's case there was more to be urged, – I will not say in justification, but in explanation of the hostility against him, than in the case of Stead. Osborne was intolerant of the "stupidity" of his superiors (the State Governor and the Superintendent of Prisons) and resented their interference in his administration, which he interpreted, some-

times justly, and I believe sometimes unjustly, as a deliberate attempt to break down his administration. He was at all times very free in his criticism of the "old system" as he always called it, and this was most keenly resented by the wardens of the other New York State Prisons (Clinton and Great Meadow) who naturally regarded the criticism as abuse of themselves. It was in these other prisons (to which Osborne had exiled some of the worst men in Sing Sing) that the conspiracy against him was hatched. The wardens were only too credulous of the filthy tales that these derelicts told about him.

The "system" which Osborne replaced included contracts for supplies of all kinds and the graft incidental to them. This was certainly one of the most important elements of the case. Indeed the politicians (District Attorney, etc.) who managed the prosecution, had a grievance in the very fact of Osborne's appointment. Osborne was an up-state man and a Democrat; and yet as warden of Sing Sing, he was holding a fat office with considerable patronage at his disposal – an office that had always been a perquisite of the Machine in Westchester County. Meanwhile the State Government was in Republican hands and Osborne's official superiors were his party opponents.

I have just examined 298 obituaries of Thomas Mott Osborne and there is only one of them from which a close reader could guess the nature of the charges of which he was accused. The American people is nice-mouthed and fastidious, hates to face ugly things or impute bad motives; loves to forget the unpleasant. Yet at the time of Osborne's indictment by the Grand Jury of Westchester County for disobedience to superiors, the American people understood perfectly well the nature of the charges – which were not named in the indictment, but were presented to that Jury – namely, homosexual practices imputed to Osborne in connection with the lowest of humanity. At the time the charges were made I attended a public concert in New York – one of those small public concerts where everybody knows everybody – when Osborne appeared in the audience. He was gazed at with a chill of awed curiosity. You could have cut the atmosphere with a knife. I have never been the center of that particular kind of observation, but I believe it to be the most acute ordeal through which an innocent human being can pass.

It is a strange fact that if you accuse a respectable man of a small crime, people will scout the idea; but if you accuse him of murdering his best friend they will tend to believe it. The greater the crime, the more credit it gets. As men ap-

proach the unknowable they become credulous. It is almost unbelievable what power there is in any vague suggestion of evil, and makes one suspect that "Satan's Invisible Empire" is nearer to us than we could wish. I remember thinking, while I listened to the music that evening, that if I should ever by chance be similarly accused, half of my acquaintances would half-believe the charge, and never forget it.

The case against Osborne never came to trial, but was dismissed by the Court because of the flimsy character of the evidence on which the indictment was founded. From the point of view of pure philosophic theory Osborne should have employed no lawyers and made no defense. He should have folded his hands, and, in case of conviction, taken his way toward the jail, saying, "You are sending me to the place where I can best continue my work." But Tom was a fighter, not a mystic; a hero, not a philosopher. He was reinstated as warden of Sing Sing; but the nerves and memories of all parties made the time unpropitious for the starting-up of ideal reform movements in the prison, and he soon resigned the post.

In the meantime his fame had spread to foreign lands, as he discovered when he lectured to crowded audiences in England and Scotland. He had not merely formulated a new idea, but he had

tried it on, and all the European penologists were interested in his work, In 1916 Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels appointed him as head of the United States Naval Prison at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with the rank of lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve, a post of which he was justly proud and happy, for the war-spirit enabled him to introduce his reforms under circumstances of universal hopefulness and enthusiasm. I believe that this experience at Portsmouth was the happiest of his life. After the war he continued to be closely identified with the American Legion,

Whatever Yale man it may have been who first suggested that Osborne should give the lectures on prisons (afterward published by the Yale University Press under the title "Society and Prisons") all those who value Osborne's memory and work are greatly indebted to Yale. This book is Osborne's self. I once spoke to him in praise of it and he treated the matter as a thing of no consequence, something he had thrown off to distract his mind at the time of his troubles. But the fact is that his talks as printed have every quality of a good book. They are good-natured, witty, short, spontaneous, unconscious. As a writer Tom was generally long winded, as a politician he was too trenchant. But these were lectures; and the lecturer's first function is to entertain, to please, to stimulate, to attract.

In these happy talks Osborne conveyed all that he was not writer, artist or thinker enough to convey by other modes of utterance. They express both his specific intellectual contribution to the theory of prisons and his own personal endowment of force and genius.

The influence of Osborne's public activities has passed into American life for whatever that influence may count for. But this book remains. It expresses the imaginative, whimsical elements of his nature. Tom had a talent for dealing with children. An acquaintance once told me that he had seen Osborne take a little girl on his knees and begin to talk to her, telling her stories of some sort, as my friend supposed – for the child remained as in a trance; and this scene was recalled to me by reading the following pages in "Society and Prisons." The anecdote, as Osborne gives it, has the beauty of a myth, and vaguely recalls Hans Andersen. It concerns the work of Auburn prisoners at road-making in the so-called Honor Camp.

> Two of my camp-mates – big, powerful, rough fellows; one of them bred in the slums of the great city, the other the product of a prominent juvenile institution and of several prisons – were assigned to work on a stretch of the highway where every morning there passed on their way to school a timid little girl of eleven or twelve years of age and a sullen-looking boy of two or three years older. The smiling faces and cheery greetings of the

two gray clothed convicts soon thawed the reserve of the children, and a pleasant acquaintance arose; for the golden curls and sweet face of the little girl seemed to bring the very warmth and light of the sun to the hearts of the men so long separated from their families and forbidden even the sight of women and children.

Soon the boy and girl were pouring their troubles into the ears of their sympathetic friends; and there was real trouble to tell. They had been placed in the care of a neighboring farmer by their father, whose second marriage had given them an indifferent, if not unkind, stepmother with a child of her own. The farmer was not only overworking and ill-treating the boy; but he was half starving both children; and day after day the two convicted criminals would quietly lay aside from their own scanty breakfast enough to make two sandwiches to slip into the lunch-box of the children.

On the day I returned to camp for my second stay, I was taken aside by one of the convicts, who told me the story of these children; told me that the boy, after seriously debating with himself the question of suicide, had decided to run away and go West. "You must do something for those children," said my friend, the prisoner, to me; "you must save them."

"Yes, Jack," I answered: "I shall be glad to do what I can": and then I started to talk of his own affairs and the chances of a pardon or commutation for himself.

But Jack was not to be diverted from his subject. "Don't you bother about my pardon now," he said. Then he went on to tell how the boy had begun plans of running away by stealing from the farmer a small sum of money. "And Tom," Jack continued, with the tears running down his checks, "you know what that means. It means that he's following right along in our tracks,

straight into state prison. For God's sake do something to save them."

As soon as practicable I got into communication with the father and sent him out to see for himself.

Osborne then proceeds to give the prison records of the two men who had saved the children.

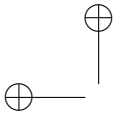
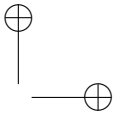
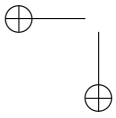
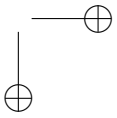
Osborne came to be the one human being whom hundreds of prisoners trusted, and their feeling for him communicated itself to the prisoners throughout all the jails of America. The wardens of these places were, quite mistakenly, averse to receiving visits from him for fear that some demonstration or outburst might follow on the part of the inmates. His great influence must be accepted as a fact. There was a messianic element in his nature and from him a power went out towards his prisoners that was, so far as I know, never abused. He was occasionally disappointed in some one of them. Prisoners ran away, broke their paroles and relapsed.

That a man who lives in such moral exaltation as to see the divine in human nature is sure to be betrayed now and then goes without saying. Such betrayals, which in Tom's case became known once or twice through a resort of one of Tom's favorites to Tom's intimates to get money on false pretenses, gave a justification to cynical persons, and his

failures were remembered. The many whom he saved we do not know; and I doubt whether his failures would average higher than one in twelve. Put it how you will, apparent failure is inherent in all faith and as to real and ultimate failure, – whether in regard to a particular case or as to a whole career, – we can never find out whether there be such a thing or not.

Tom's sudden death brought a dramatic close to a life filled with dramas. His funeral was very impressive. The plain square Unitarian Church at Auburn was packed to the doors and the wide street in front of it was corded at the sidewalks where the people were massed. After the service a concourse of citizens followed the bier to Auburn Prison and the body, dressed in the Portsmouth uniform, was laid in an open coffin, in a narrow corridor while the prisoners, released from their wards, filed past him in endless procession to the auditorium where a second service was to be held. I never had known how many men there were in fourteen hundred. As he lay there he looked extraordinarily handsome and severe. Most of the passing prisoners seemed undersized and almost crouched as they went by, looking at him furtively, all much affected and some of them in tears. The solemnity of their silent good-byes was moving in the extreme.

Osborne both in his talk and writings was singularly free from Biblical allusions. Yet nothing but the Hebrew metaphors can express his relation to his prisoners. “A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench; he shall bring forth judgment unto truth.” “Bring forth the blind people that have eyes and the deaf that have ears.” “He was numbered with the transgressors and made intercession for the transgressors.”

Osborne's Place in Historic Criminology

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It is the sport of historians to trace the course of spiritual movements and moral causes in the past. This is blind work, and to predict the future is blinder still. Yet, in attempting to think clearly about Thomas Mott Osborne's life and work, I have found myself wandering into both of these fields of inconclusive speculation.

In the case of any man who has contributed to the advancement of pure Science it is comparatively easy to discover the foundations on which he built, to name his predecessors and identify his pupils; for Science advances step-wise and leaves her footprints behind her. She deals with mensurable things and her conquests may be reviewed

by the multiplication table. But every human interest except science deals with matters that are non-mensurable and are recorded in symbols which are vague and fluctuating. Each historian of what is non-mensurable invents a new variety of imaginative prose which he improvises as he proceeds. Thus every writer about the past leaves behind him a personal memoir of himself and calls it History. But what of that? It is at least a drop in the history of his own times, – of certain pages, few or more, of an inferior kind of poetry.

We soon take our fill of even the great historians, for after reading a hundred pages of any one of them we become saturated with his mind and seem to be reading the same thing over again on every page. The author is delighted by finding himself at home in every episode, but the reader is a little bored by coming across him behind every bush. The matter is, however, more serious than this. The historian is, it appears, not only a monotonous person, but he is the member of some particular type of humanity: he has prejudices and convictions: he is preaching a doctrine. And, worst of all, he is apt to be a patriot and his work is propaganda. The most subtle and pervasive passion of the world is territorial patriotism. I see that the modern British historians are rather grudging in their praise of the Irish monks of the fifth century

A.D., whose knowledge of Greek is more highly extolled by German than by British scholars. The German historians are removed by distance from territorial competition with the sites of the old Celtic monasteries. One may feel sure that every Irish antiquarian, no matter how learned, will have convictions on the subject which fire could not melt out of him. You will find him contest every inch of the island and even trumpet its claims to prehistoric importance. In America loyalty to the soil is lavished on the backyard. Every true American can tell you the number of inhabitants of his home town, and subscribes to a gazetteer that keeps him posted. The county histories of England exhibit a more complex form of the same preoccupation.

This all but universal geographic passion is a form of natural religion, and makes the study of any great historic-international influence very difficult. Every such subject is being torn to bits in every epoch by the territorials. Any great cause, as for instance, Freedom of Speech, the Abolition of the Slave trade, Tolerance in Religion, Prison Reform, is great because it is international; and yet one is obliged to study its history in the books of those special pleaders, the fame-snatching historians, who wish to attach their national cockades to any cause that is creditable and triumphant. Thus

the very sages whose glory it has been to think for humanity at large are made the stalking-horses of a theatrical patriotism.

I shall endeavor to avoid this vice in dealing with Osborne's relation to the historic cause of Prison Reform, and I shall recur to the subject now and then so as to keep down my own tendency to eulogize my compatriot and classmate Osborne.

In western Europe the various strands of national thought became more and more interlaced after the invention of printing, and by the end of the eighteenth century there seems to have existed such a thing as an International European Mind. This kind of mind was partly due to the influence of the Dutch thinkers of the seventeenth century. At any rate there ensued in the eighteenth century an Age of Reason which found its centre in France. A galaxy of savants appeared whom it is convenient to refer to as the Encyclopedists, because the French encyclopedia was one outcome of their labors. But many eminent men who were not French must be counted as part of the movement, as for instance Benjamin Franklin and Adam Smith, who were men of an international mind, – humanists of sociology, if the phrase may be permitted. This school of thought relied upon the intellect rather than on sentiment or religious feeling. It trusted to careful analysis, common

sense, reliable information and the perfectibility of human nature for the solution of social problems.

The patriotic historians of the nineteenth century, when called upon to deal with this then recent phenomenon, the international mind of the eighteenth, were sorely tried. To them the whole of history appeared as a Great Game while they themselves were shouters on the side lines cheering for their several champions. Of course every one of them claimed the International Mind as his pet pugilist and the cock he had trained. Macaulay's view of the French Encyclopedists is as follows:

> The literature of France has been to ours what Aaron was to Moses, the expositor of great truths which would else have perished for want of a voice to utter them with distinctness.... The great discoveries in physics, in metaphysics, in political science, are ours. But scarcely any foreign nation except France has received them from us by direct communication. Isolated by our situation, isolated by our manners, we found truth, but we did not impart it. France has been the interpreter between England and mankind.

Macaulay's great nephew, George Macaulay Trevelyan, has recently written lectures on the history of England from which the schoolboy may learn that all is still right in the world because it has been conquered and saved by England, It was England that made the Reformation. The Continent is

indeed mentioned by Trevelyan; but no mention is made of the fact that the English books he names on which the Reformation in England was grounded had to be printed in Germany. In reading Trevelyan one would never be led to suspect that the whole English Reformation went forward under the shadow of Martin Luther.

The Trevelyan type of British historian claims Luther through Wickliffe, and Erasmus through his residence in England and Voltaire through his letters on England. In one way or another what is valuable to humanity is looked for not in Saxony but in Anglo-Saxony. The Normans themselves owed their great and peculiar merits to their island residence.

One need not, however, feel any solicitude for the French when the English undervalue them; for they are quite able to protect their own interests. The voracity of the French in staking out claims in the Past seems absurd to us only because we are not Frenchmen and have therefore not been properly indoctrinated and prepared in early life for the greatness of our Gallic inheritance. The French, as we know, regard the Italian Renaissance as merely a bungling preliminary to the great age of Francis I and Henry II. France it was who gave Art to the World, and she followed this up two centuries later by the gift of science, economics

and all the *agréments* of modernity. Then came Napoleon who gave Liberty to man,

Not long ago M. Salomon Reinach, one of the greatest French Humanists, wrote a little volume in which he showed that Diderot was the originator of progress; for Diderot it was who by his unflagging labors put through the Encyclopedia, the Encyclopedia brought on the French Revolution, and the Revolution ushered in the modem world.

It goes without saying that our American historians are afflicted with the same sort of national prejudice that blights the minds of the learned in Europe, – and this with much less excuse. In Europe national patriotism is kept alive by the probability that war will break out at any moment. The historians feel it to be their duty to hold open the gate of the Temple of Janus.

And now for Osborne's place in criminology. It will be observed that all parties agree in the existence and importance of the encyclopedists of the eighteenth century. It is indubitable that the tardy but steady amelioration of the criminal law and of the prisons of the world which followed in the nineteenth century, was due in part to the French savants of the eighteenth. Beccaria (1735–94), though an Italian, was one of them. He first

laid the ground-work for a rational theory of punishments in a small book (1764) which became a classic immediately. The work was published clandestinely, for Beccaria was a timid man and said that while he was the apostle of humanity, he had no desire to be its martyr. In his treatise he opposed capital punishment and torture, but he never returned to such dangerous subjects. Nevertheless he had spoken words that were not to be forgotten, and he became the academic father of Criminology.

Jeremy Bentham (1748–1882) though an Englishman, was a savant of the continental school, a man of the armchair and the schedule. He affected the world's thought about prisons because he affected that thought in every branch of the law. Moreover, he wrote an amusing book about prisons and almost put through a model and very theoretical prison-scheme of his own. Macaulay, forgetting for the moment everything but the fact that Bentham was an Englishman, exclaims "The whole of jurisprudence is his." But Bentham was not only unEnglish, but anti-English in his ideas and his methods. His pet aversion was England's greatest legist, Blackstone, whom he ridicules and tears to pieces with glee. For Blackstone's mind and temperament were the mind and temperament of Dr. Johnson, "My country, right or wrong! British law,

British philosophy! – right or wrong!" Bentham, then, must be counted among the French Encyclopedists. On going to France in later life he received the same sort of public welcome that was given to Franklin when Franklin was set on a throne opposite to Voltaire during the last days on earth of that great saint of the continental intellectuals.

The mode of quiet reasoning of the eighteenth-century savants seems to the modern prison-reformer almost offensive. Bentham calmly weighs in his balance the *inconvenience* of condemning the innocent as against the *inconvenience* of suffering an offender to escape. As to hard labor, Bentham says, "Upon examining laborious punishment we shall find it to possess the properties wished for in a mode of punishment, in greater perfection upon the whole than any other single punishment." He admits "that the prejudices of the people are not quite so favorable to it as could be wished." "Solitude, darkness and hard diet have the merit of inducing reformation." And yet the modern reformers have all entered into the labors of Bentham and of those other sages and idealists who qualified the public conscience and, as it were, created the subject of Prison Reform.

In sharp contrast to the school of the rationalists is the work of a tender-hearted and religious man, now to be spoken of. I do not think that any of

the prison reformers thus far mentioned had ever visited a prison, or at least had ever interviewed the prisoners. It was different with John Howard (1726–90) whose whole life was dominated by the single passion of pity and devoted to the inspection of prisons. Howard visited all the jails of England, France, Holland, Prussia, Saxony, Bohemia, Austria, Italy, Malta, Smyrna, Constantinople, and published the results of his observations in a series of books that were translated and read from one end of Europe to the other. He was a dissenter, a teetotaler, a vegetarian, traveled fifty thousand miles, notebook in hand, worked unaided by state or charitable institutions, and spent £30,000 of his own fortune in the work. He was moved by religious feeling, and his thought had no apparent connection with the speculations of the contemporary continental school.

No one before Howard ever saw the subject of Prisons as he did, or was immersed in it as he was. I am not aware that Osborne was first turned towards prison reform through a reading of Howard's books; but Osborne came into a world where Howard had prepared the ground for him. Howard, however, was not, like Osborne, an experimental prison reformer, he was a voice crying in the wilderness.

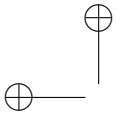
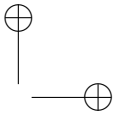
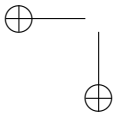
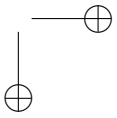
The fact that jails were hot-beds and breeding places of sin, crime, and spiritual death had been well known for centuries. Howard had burnt that fact into the consciousness of millions of men; but nevertheless it was still regarded as a subordinate – perhaps an inevitable fact – a thing to be dealt with through expedients and palliatives.

Osborne's claim to notice consists of two distinct portions. The first and most important is purely intellectual and consists of a dogmatic assertion, almost an axiom. The second is made up of the practices and experiments which he introduced into Auburn and Sing Sing Prisons, and which were designed to build up the character of the prisoners. Osborne's axiom is this – that we know nothing certain about any criminal except that he has done a particular act, and that he is a human being who cannot safely be left at large. Therefore he must be shut up. As to any convict's moral guilt, its nature and extent; as to the proportion of penalties to delinquencies, or the relation of suffering inflicted to moral reformation hoped for, we are as much in the dark about these matters in a jail as we are in the world outside the jail. The world's criminal law has heretofore been based on the idea that the judge fixes the penalty, he chooses the medicine. The judge is presumed to be able to fix the punishment intelligently upon

reviewing the legal evidence of the crime. If this is an erroneous view the system must fall. With a skepticism that is colossal Osborne pulls down a great portcullis, saying, "The whole of criminal legal procedure and prison government must be recast and should consist of two kinds of court. *First*, courts of condemnation, whose duty is to ascertain whether a given man has done a particular act. If so the man must receive an indeterminate sentence. And *second*, courts of Release, Commissioners or Experts, whose duty shall be to decide when and whether it is safe to *let the criminal out*." This idea may in the progress of the succeeding experience of mankind be found to express an abstraction toward which reason leans and by which criminology in all its branches may be gradually modified, guided, and governed. In so far as this view of his axiom prevails, the name of Osborne will tend to become the greatest name in Criminology. Every one will in that ease come to regard the axiom as self-evident and give Osborne credit for having been the first to see so plain a truth.

As for Osborne's second title to fame, namely as one who brought hope, courage and self-help into the lives of many prisoners, his example will not be forgotten among prison reformers. The regeneration of the individual can, however, never be reduced to a formula, and Osborne made no

attempt to reduce it to a formula. He approached the matter from its religious side, and in the spirit of his epoch.

Victor Emmanuel Chapman

(Published in 1917, in *Victor Chapman's Letters from France*.)

Victor Emmanuel Chapman, a member of the Franco-American Aviation Corps, was killed at Verdun on June 23, 1916, and fell within the German lines. He was in his twenty-seventh year; was born in New York, spent two years at the Fay School, went for several years to St. Paul's School, Concord, lived abroad for a year in France and Germany. On his return, he spent a year at the Stone School in Boston and then went to Harvard, where he graduated in 1913; immediately after graduation he went to Paris and studied architecture for one year in the atelier of M. Gromort, in preparation for admission to the Beaux Arts. This made him a Beaux Art student, – for the ateliers

are a part of the school, – and thus it came about that in 1914 he joined the Foreign Legion.

Victor spent a year in the trenches at a point in the lines where there were no attacks, but where inaction and the continual "sniping" severely tried the nerves. Kohn, an accomplished Polish mathematician was shot, as he and Victor were leaning over the *talus*. He died in Victor's arms. For over one hundred consecutive days Victor was in the front trenches as *aide-chargeur* to a *mitrail*. He was slightly wounded once, and one half of his squadron were either killed or seriously hurt. In September, 1915, he was transferred to the Aviation Corps. He served a short time as a bomb-dropper to aviators and was then sent to learn to fly at the instruction camps. He received his flying papers as Pilot in the following February.

The organization of the Franco-American Flying Corps was perfected at about this time, and Victor went to the front as pilot in company with Norman Prince, Elliott Cowden, William K. Thaw, Kiffin Rockwell, Bert Hall, James McConnell and others.

The history of the Franco-American Aviation Corps must be sought elsewhere; but the mention of it compels a word of admiration for its creator, Norman Prince. Prince was as brilliant as an organizer as he was as a fighter, and the patience of himself and the other young Americans who

persisted in their idea of offering to the French Government an American Flying Corps, when they could, with much greater ease have gathered laurels for themselves in the French service, will in the future be recognized by our country as stamped with true patriotism. They clung through thick and thin to their idea of an American unit, and at last their offer was accepted. By this course they brought the name of America into honor and bound their glory on their country's brows.

Victor's mother was so remarkable a woman and so like him in many ways, – she was so much the author of the heroic atmosphere, a sort of poetic aloofness that hung about him and suggested early death in some heroic form, – that to leave her out in any account of him would be to leave out part of himself. Her name was Minna Timmins, and her mother was an Italian, a Milanese lady who married a rich American and lived with him in Milan in the Sixties, during which time five children were born, of whom Minna was the eldest daughter. My knowledge of the early surroundings of their family depends naturally upon hearsay and tradition. They seem to have had everything handsome about them. They had Opera boxes, horses and carriages, menservants, fine linen and cut glass, and a silver tray four feet across which was brought into the drawing-room ready set and

covered with urns, teapots and sugar bowls, being borne up by two staggering menservants, – to the vast satisfaction of Milan. The children lived in the *mezzanine*, and were packed into small rooms and allowed to appear upon show occasions. They were much left to servants, and they huddled together with fear when they heard the terrible ringing of their mother's hand-bell, summoning one servant after another to receive peremptory orders. The hand-bell signified that a tempest was raging, and tempests were frequent; for the mother (Victor's grandmother) was a demon of natural force with a will and temperament such as Italy sometimes produces, and a temper that was under no control. The swarm of young semi-Italians was neglected, from the point of view of American standards; and yet neglect was its advantage. The elder sister became the little mother of the brood, and her character and wits were thereby developed beyond her years. Now, all this while, there was living in America, a wedded, rich and childless sister of Mr. Timmins, and upon his death, which occurred early and suddenly, it was found that this aunt and her husband, Mr. Martin Brimmer of Boston, had agreed to take the children, or some of them, to America. They arrived in several consignments during several years, and were sent to American schools, – all except the oldest boy, the mother's

pet, who remained in Italy. Minna, a swarthy, fiery, large-eyed girl, who looked like the younger sybil of Michael Angelo, was sent with a sister to St. Agnes' School at Albany. She would have been like an eagle in a barnyard anywhere, and remained to the end of her life, which occurred when Victor was six years old, a classic figure, athletic, sweeping and impulsive. She "walked with her head in the clouds and her feet at the bottom of the sea." She read constantly and wrote diaries, letters, memoranda, abstracts of books and notes on lectures. She followed philosophical courses and made metaphysical studies down to the end of her life. I think there must be twenty note-books of every size and shape among her papers, crammed with musings, rhapsodies and dates. Her reading was miscellaneous, voracious and disordered; and her memoranda were like the leaves blown about the Cumean cavern by the winds of inspiration.

Yet for all this whirlwind which seemed to move in her steps, there was a central calm in her, a smiling majesty; and when I think of her it is as a tall young matron full of life, entering a room with gaiety, bearing an armful of flowers for the pots and vases, – crowned with inner dignity, ready to meet the thoughts of all, domestic and full of common sense. It was life that glowed in her and flowed out in her correspondence, her friendships,

her pursuits, her passions. Her vitality seemed like extravagance because of its fulness, but in her it was nature and the modesty of nature. I think that the rarity of her came from a sort of double endowment. She had the man-minded seriousness of women in classic myths, the regular brow, heavy dark hair, free gait of the temperament that lives in heroic thought and finds the world full of chimeras, of religious mysteries, sacrifice, purgation. This part of her nature was her home and true refuge. Here dwelt the impersonal power that was never far from her. There have been few women like her; and most of them have existed only in the imagination of Æschylus and the poets.

But Minna's seriousness was not the whole of her; and perhaps the part that is played on the stage is not the whole of Antigone and Medea. Within the priestess there lived a joyous nymph, – a kind of Euphrosyne; and this is what makes her doings indescribable, because, when she ran riot, it was the riot of the grape-vine. There was divinity in it.

She and her sister were exceedingly religious, with a touch of old world Catholicism which they had from an old padre whose name, if I could remember it, ought to be recorded here; for he lived in the memories of the sisters as one of those quiet Saints which the Roman Church still gives

to the world. The piety of this padre passed over into the Protestantism which awaited both of the girls. They lived in a sanctuary of prayer, religious books, observances, meditations. This world Victor inherited; for while he had not the intellect of his mother and was an inchoate nature, there was from his infancy to his death something about him of silence, mystery, godhead.

He continued to the end of his life to make the sign of the cross in saying the same prayers that she had taught him – which ended with the phrase – "and make me a big soldier of Jesus Christ who is the Lord and Light of the world." He folded his hands like a crusader as he said them. He was a part of the middle ages in this piety. His tiny trench-bible, which was full of pressed flowers and kodaks of his friends, was so much a miniature copy of his mother's bible that the little book seemed like the baby of the big one. To return to the Brimmer household, there was an extraordinary beauty in the relation of the two girls to the aunt and uncle who had saved them. The girls nourished and celebrated the older couple. They hung garlands about them and ran before them like fawns. In company with the Brimmers, the Timmins girls travelled much in Europe. The house in Boston was filled with pictures, bric-a-brac and educated people. There were sumptuous

dinners, and elaborate evening receptions; for the Brimmer establishment was mounted luxuriously. In the midst of this social life the two girls continued a sort of inner conventual life of their own. Their foreign origin made for them not an isolation but a retreat. Their tastes were by nature hardy, and they supported each other in being elemental Italian women, speaking to each other in a patois which had originally been Milanese Italian and which, of course, I learned in the course of time.

The younger sister, Gemma, was in every way a contrast to the elder. She was short, comparatively speaking blonde, very sweet and submissive and a born slave to the elder. Indeed she was so much overshadowed by Minna's dominant nature that it was not until Minna married that Gemma came into her own. The relation between them, though I think it encouraged the imperiousness of Minna, was an organic thing, and one which no philosophy could reach. They had grown up together like trees that are intertwined, and the branches of one shaded the other. There was a reminiscence of his mother's nature in Victor's friendships. He was always the leader, both leaning on and sweeping forward some subordinate nature who adored and followed. This matter gave me concern, but there was nothing to be done about it.

Minna was infinitely more expressive than Victor. She acted upon her impulses which were loving and headlong, tender or fierce, personal or impersonal as occasion gave rise to them, but always large, and done with a sweep. Some people she terrified by her force, others she melted by her warmth. She once met on a doorstep a very beautiful young girl of her acquaintance, and who was wearing a new hat trimmed by herself with imitation sweet-peas. Minna was enraptured by the vision but the colors were wrong. Some of the tints in the sweet-peas were inharmonious. She took the hat from the head of the vision and picked off the offending colors one by one and threw them to the winds. Yet she did this in such a way as to endear herself and explain the action. She was an extreme example of that temperament which the Italians call *terribile*, – the temperament that speaks its mind on all occasions. The word does not imply a savage manner but an insuppressibility. Minna was capable of extraordinary social finesse. At a social function a very kind good Bostonian gentleman admired her dress and took the edge of it in his fingers. Both she and her sister wore dresses that were somehow reminiscent of Italy. This action of the admirer was the sort of trespass upon the person which deserved a rebuke – and she said, "*Tapissier*?" – but she said it with a smile

and with so much benevolence that there was no sting in it.

I must admit, – what the reader will have surmised, – that her unconventionality and habit of spontaneous expression did not please all people. There are those who cannot enjoy nature in this geyser form. A friend reminds me of the following story, which is probably true. Minna and I were walking on Fifth Avenue, apparently engaged in moral discussion, when some one met us. It seems that she had taken the tortoise-shell pins out of her hair, and her braids fell to her waist. Her plea was that she had a headache. My sense of propriety was shocked, and I was vainly supplying her with sound reasons for a more seemly behavior. At length I gave way to her point of view, took off my coat and carried it on my arm. This policy of non-resistance worked like a charm, and she put up her hair. I resumed my coat. Now it is impossible to make *all* persons understand a being of this sort. But on the whole, Minna was well understood and rightly all but worshipped by many.

She loved old people, and made a cult of various beautiful examples of old age who were then blessing Boston, and whom she went to see constantly; for, at the bottom of her soul, there was a passion of piety and reverence, which attached itself to per-

sons who were serene. Her early maturity, brought about through pain, and which was strangely duplicated in her boy, made her a friend to those that suffered. I have forgotten to speak of her painting and drawing, her studios, her pilgrimages to visit strange saints and odd characters. Now, it was a man who made violins or who had a collection of early watches. Now, it was an old woman who had lost eight sons in the Civil War. The reverence she would cast into the accosting of the milk man, if for any reason her imagination was awakened, was a thing I have never seen in another and which, at this moment, fills me with awe. She could be rough too, and smite like Agag; and in case of some supposed injustice or meanness, she would smolder, flash and crash with volcanic power. It wasn't she that did it: it just occurred.

Her sister was in a lingering and fatal illness at the time Victor was born. I think it was for this reason that his Christening was hurried. About nine days after his birth, his mother wrapped him in the pelt of a mountain cat and went to Boston for the Christening. Phillips Brooks was his godfather. Soon after this, Minna became possessed with the idea that if Gemma could be fed with milk from her own breast, she would be saved. I remember only the tragic passions of this crisis, and I do not know whether the plan was carried out

or not; but I seem to remember another journey to Boston with this end in view.

Minna was immensely strong physically and would spend six hours on a step-ladder papering a room or hanging pictures. She sewed, hammered, sawed, painted, etched, gathered flowers, decorated and arranged indefatigably. Her passion for physical objects was a Mediterranean inheritance. She could never have enough of them; an object, once loved and collected, retained its significance and sanctity in her mind. Her little drawing-room, which my grandmother used to call a junk-shop, was really the catalogue and digest of her soul's history.

She was a great housewife and loved accounts, kept her bills and beat down the tradesmen like a peasant. I used to find my old friend and neighbor, Thomas Ward, the coal merchant, holding long sessions with her in the parlor. I used to say to him – "Mr. Ward, how can you make money on this system?" – But I suppose he did it somehow; for I had an affectionate letter from him at the time of Victor's death. Minna was also a believer, or half-believer, in astrology; and I have somewhere in a trunk a large engrossed horoscope of Victor, predicting for him almost incredible glory and greatness.

As soon as Victor was born, he became the idol and slave of this Sybil. He was a swarthy child, all eyes, and his eyes shone like stars, and he was generally in tears. The Sybil took him with her wherever she went, mopped his tears and got him so that he would forbear to weep so long as she was by. If she left him for a half hour, however, – there were the eyes and the tears. His slowness at book-learning made him the despair of infant schools, and his aptitude for getting into danger made him the terror of nurses and guardians. That there was something very remarkable about the child everyone felt; but his melancholy gave us concern. When he was eight years old, there was trouble with a canary. His great-grandmother, who made a pet of Victor and used to send him notes and picture-cuttings from the daily press, said something disparaging about the canary in one of her notes. Victor dissolved into tears, muttering: "The canary is better than I." This fathomless humility he retained through life, as well as a portion of his melancholy.

When Victor was six years old his mother died suddenly in child-birth, and Victor, who had lived in her as an egg lives in its shell, who had scarcely ever been out of her sight or hearing – for she dragged him about as a lioness drags her cub – was left suspended in an unknown universe, with his

grief and his visions. He mourned, as sometimes a child will mourn in inaccessible solitude, pining and sinking deeper and deeper into a stupor. He would stand silently by the window for hours and hours with unshed tears in his eyes, watching the sky and the street. A loving Irish maid-servant, still with us, said to him, "Victor, what are you thinking about when you stand like that?" He replied, quietly, "I am thinking of some one, and you know who."

His earliest schoolmistress, Miss Buck, writes me as follows: "I felt he was cut out for something unusual, he seemed to *ponder* so over life. It was during that winter that his mother died, and although he was so little, only six or seven, I felt that he had to fight out his troubles alone. It seemed to me that it would be intruding to try to talk to him as one might to most little fellows. I have a very weird mental picture of the thin little face and wondering eyes he used to turn up to me, and I remember once I found him sitting on the steps of the school-house in the drizzling rain, and how shocked I was to find him there: and yet I could not baby him. I took him in and talked to him about facing things and he went home alone to try to help his little brother. He seemed a generous spirit even then, and when I saw his death in the paper, before I had time to reason that it was

tragic, it seemed a fitting end to a life destined from the outset for something requiring unusual strength of character, and one of those events that do not cause surprise because the mind at once realizes they must have happened."

Victor always regarded me with piety; but as for being nourished and fed by my ministrations, it was out of the question. Not until his stepmother had lived with him and over him for several years did the mystic past begin to fade and the new world open around him. He had a brother, also Minna's child, two years younger than himself, and the two were passionately fond of each other. The younger was shy, brilliant, blond, handsome as a prince, and quite a genius at painting. When Victor was twelve, the younger was drowned almost before his eyes in the torrent of a rapid river. The child had been left alone by Victor for a moment, could not swim, and must have lost his balance and fallen into the flood.

Here was grief indeed and the world lost once more, for a morbid child with no apparent talents and a gift of suffering such as few natures possess. The loss of this little boy rearranged the universe for the family in such measure as those know who have passed through the experience, and during the long cataclysm, Victor was not especially considered, though he had the bitterest end of it, for

he always wondered whether somehow he had not been to blame. But youth is youth and survives, and within a few years, Victor became a dull and weedy schoolboy, much alone, fond of the woods and of nature, an open air creature, a young wild animal. He would harness a gennet to a double runner and drive at a gallop about the countryside, standing on the sled and brandishing whips of his own manufacture. Indeed in his earlier years he had sought the fields. Soon after my second marriage, a guest in the house discovered, what none of us knew, that Victor, aged about nine or ten, was in the habit of rising at daybreak and roaming the countryside. "Victor," said the lady to him, "why do you do this?" 'Because it is the best time of the day," he said. "The light is muzzy and all the creatures are out."

Victor never really felt that he was alive except when he was in danger. Nothing else aroused his faculties. This was not conscious, but natal, – a quality of the brain. As some people need oxygen, so Victor needed danger. I have seen him walk on the roof-tree of a barn – with his younger brother (the painter, who had no aptitude for such feats) walking behind him; and my heart gave a squeeze as if some one had taken it in a monkey-wrench. We were always saving him, and I had always a greater fear for the younger one than for him.

Victor Emmanuel Chapman

Everyone thought Victor bore a charmed life and you couldn't convince his contemporaries that any harm could befall him, so constantly would he fall from the top of a pine tree and guide himself by the branches as they broke under him. My sister-in-law on one occasion saw, while walking on the lawn, the silhouette of Victor, aged 12, dancing upon the gutter of the mansard roof. He was fighting with a nest of hornets whom he had disturbed, but he did not lose his presence of mind as he beat a retreat. An English friend, the Rev. Mr. Dalrymple, who acted as tutor to Victor during a visit to England, writes to me, commenting on Victor's presence of mind and *sang froid* at the age of ten. During an excursion on the Thames the boy managed to fall into the water from a rowboat, and had, as his tutor thought, a narrow escape from drowning. On being fished out of the water Victor remarked that it was lucky he had worn his wash-suit.

His boyhood showed many life-saving incidents to which little attention was paid, and of which no record was kept, – the saving of a child from drowning at a picnic, the rescue of his small brother from between cars that were being coupled, etc. The following letter from John Temple Jeffries, a classmate at Harvard, was printed in the Boston Transcript soon after Victor's death.

"The death of Corporal Victor Chapman in an aeronautical battle in France means much more than the loss of merely one American gentleman, though that in itself is bad enough. It means the loss of a man who had all the noble and chivalrous instincts in such overwhelming proportions that it was literally impossible for him to act like the average person. It was as though Prince Rupert or Richard Plantagenet himself had stepped down from history. Chapman never could bridle his intrepidity enough to avoid all rows, and he never could suppress chivalry enough to be really politic. He was, besides, a born soldier, with all the snap and alertness of militarism. His unerring instinct in art would have brought him the highest honors inside of fifteen years.

"Just five years and a half ago, I think, Chapman declined to follow me across some ice floes half a mile out to sea because the going was palpably unsafe, and inside of ten minutes he had saved my life by returning and working out to sea till he finally hooked me out from the icy water on the muzzle end of a loaded and cocked rifle. Nothing could be more typical of him. His death in France resulted from again trying to save his friends' lives.

"If long and distinguished ancestry, the presence of all a man's virtues and the absence of all vices count for much, then Harvard has lost one of the greatest gentlemen that ever studied at that university."

I have the following story from one of his comrades in the Foreign Legion. When Victor was in the trenches, his Captain, upon one occasion, had to take a pistol to him to prevent his attempting the rescue of a comrade who was engulfed in a

neighboring mine explosion. Victor's anger was so great at being withheld from doing what seemed to him the merest act of decency that, in the words of the relator, "*Il en est devenu malade.*"

He had no aptitude for sports, none for books, none for music; but always a deep passion for color and scenery, and a real talent for all forms of decoration, which we hoped would lead him toward painting or architecture. His water-color sketches, done in 1913–14 in Paris, showed a great advance on earlier work; but the dreamer was still in his dream, – and art is concentration. His pleasure was in scenery. If you could place him in a position of danger and let him watch scenery, he was in heaven. I do not think he was ever completely happy in his life till the day he got his flying papers.

It will be seen that Victor belonged to a well-known type of nature which develops slowly. All those necessary stimuli which the world has invented to encourage the ambition and awaken the intelligence of boys were applied to him in the approved manner, both at home and at various schools, but fell upon him as appeals to a sleeping thing, – disturbing, sad and terrible voices. Whether they could ever have called him out of his own world into ours cannot be known. As it is, the few "trivial fond records" of him which survive,

give us a glimpse into the cloudy, starry place he lived in. During the last few years, I was sometimes disturbed by his lack of interest in women and by his relations to them, which were either social or seraphic – for he was an angel in these matters of sex. He was untouchable and worldwise even from early youth. In the understanding of other people's sorrows, he was wise beyond his years and as discreet as an oak tree.

As an influence upon his younger brothers, he displayed the qualities, one might say, of all the different ages at once. He was youthful, benign, humorous, astute, far-sighted, impersonal and affectionate. He was of course regarded by them as a demigod, partly because they were clever and he was not clever, only large. There was something like a big dog about him, a helpless quality. He needed attention; and inactivity brought with it sad moods and the phantom hounds of inner reproach. Not that he ever did anything to deserve reproach, – except the giving way to this very inactivity. I recall, as I write, certain rare, short outbursts of unmeaning fierceness which passed over him, – as in a wolf that is domesticated. At such times he would speak strangely to those who loved him most. For me he had that extreme piety toward the parent which prevails in Semitic tribes. He was also very fond of me, and proud of me; and

our relations were perfect. Yet once in two years he would unexpectedly bark at me and paw the ground, as if I and the whole universe I lived in were intolerable to his soul. When he was a small boy these gusts of passion alarmed me, and I used to warn him that he might kill his best friend in one of them, and then become a prey to everlasting remorse. But in fact he never took action while in these fits. They were explosions of an energy which darkly collected in him and which needed ambition as its outlet.

Let him serve some one and he leaped with great bounds to do it. He would put up a wood-shed, or build a pier, if there were an excuse for being useful. In his physical force, large frame, and need for manual labor, he resembled his mother, and there was something in him that always reminded me of Milton's lines: –

> "Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
> To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
> When in one night, ere glimpse of morn
> His shadowy flail had threshed the corn
> That ten day-laborers could not end;
> Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
> And stretched out all the chimney's length,
> Basks by the fire his hairy strength;
> And cropful out of door he flings,
> Ere the first cock his matin rings."

Victor could eat anything, sleep on anything, lift anything, endure anything. He never had enough of roughing it till he joined the Foreign Legion, and his year in the trenches' made him taller, straighter, compacter, and gave him the walk, smile and eye of a self-confident man. It was the cause that made a man of him. Here was a thing that was big enough.

Just before his enlistment in August, 1914, there occurred a scene between Victor, his stepmother and myself, which was our domestic part of the great war drama. No doubt millions of families on which the wheels of fate were then turning, can recall similar little dramas in which the dies of life and death were thrown for them. We were all in a London hotel, having fled the Continent at the mobilization. The English people were singing the Marseillaise in front of the Parliament Houses. Victor had been prowling about in a lonely way for twenty-four hours, and he now, with a sort of hang-dog humility, suggested that he was going to enlist. I reasoned with him. With that stupidity which is the natural gift of parents, I probed his conscience and suggested that perhaps it was merely a random desire to see life and get rid of his serious duties that led him to the idea of enlistment. He concurred, with dumb diffidence, and said: "'No doubt this must be it." My wife says

that I called him a quitter and held him up to the scorn of just men. But my own idea was that I was only preventing the lad from doing something which was not fundamentally his duty. He submitted. I supposed he was merely being rational; but there was a something in his voice and manner, something, I know not what, of a soul-tragedy, that struck his stepmother and gave her a vision of a ruined life. And as soon as Victor had left the room, she said: "He has submitted through his humility and through his reverence for you. But I had rather see him lying on the battlefield than see that look on his face." Within a week, he was in France.

At the time of his enlistment and during his entire service, he received advice, assistance and constant care from my wife's brother, William Astor Chanler, then living in Paris, who became for him rather a second father than an uncle. The old buccaneer and the young one understood each other perfectly, as may be seen in many of Victor's letters, which concern boots, periscopes, eye-glasses, under-clothes, chocolate and small talk. Victor seems to have commandeered every resource of his uncle with the confidence of a spoiled child. He treated Augustus F. Jaccaci, then in Paris, with much the same freedom. Victor never seems to

thank either of them, but to live upon them as on conquered territory.

The following sketch by Alexandre Mavroudi, which appeared in the French Journal, *l'Opinion*, of July 1, gives a picture of Victor's life in the Legion. The material was furnished by a fellow *Légionnaire* and great friend of Victor's, Kisling the Polish painter.

> During the first days of the war Chapman's company was set to digging trenches in the neighborhood of Paris. The young Yankee set to work with incredible vim. He chopped, hacked and digged, hour after hour without a pause. The captain noticed him. "Say, you there, were you a ditch-digger in private life?" "You're off there, captain," said a bystander, "he's a millionaire." But Victor Chapman had the American point of view about money. Money is for necessaries, for gay whims and to help a friend. Money relieves no one from work, obligation or duty. Money multiplies energy, but should never paralyze it.
>
> "Chapman, you're on the potato squad today." "Good, come along!" And the rich American starts peeling potatoes rapidly, conscientiously, as if he had done nothing else all his life.
>
> After some weeks of training his regiment left Paris for the front. Chapman was a *mitrailleur*. He had to set up his gun in a shelter; with the help of a Polish comrade, the mathematician Kohn, he set to work building the shelter. You would think he had the paws of a beaver. The walls rise on the sight; in three days the cabin is ready. But a window-sill is lacking. Where can one be found? Chapman starts on a search in a neighboring

village and comes back with a wonderful Louis XVI sill on his shoulder. The cabin became the reading-room of the section. He received almost all the Paris newspapers and magazines, not to speak of novels and volumes of poetry. One day he also received a book from America. Chapman undid the parcel, and buried himself in his cabin, when he came out some hours later he was joyful, exuberant; he had read at a sitting the anti-German book that his father had published in New York to enlighten those fellows over there.

But more trenches had got to be digged, more passage-ways, more cellars. The havoc caused by the enemies' guns must be repaired from day to day. The *Légionnaires* worked hard, and Chapman hardest of all. At night we saw his figure outlined against the darkness, and the sound of his pick-axe broke the stillness while all others slept. Chapman had come "to work" against the Germans and he did it with all his might.

One morning he felt a twinge in his arm and something warm running down inside his sleeve. "Hello! I've a ball in my skin." He had it bandaged by a comrade, and never thought of going to the Surgeon. The Surgeon looked him up. "You're to be sent to the rear." "Why?" "To be looked after at the hospital." "My friend understands bandaging as well as a nurse. Let us attend to it, Sir. I don't want to play hookey." Chapman's theory was that every man who had an ounce of strength left in him and who left the front line was shirking.

One day a *mitrailleur* came up to him saying, "I'm sick. The major has ordered me to drink milk for two weeks; but there isn't any here. They're going to send me to the rear, and I'm bored with the notion." "Good," said Victor. "Stay where you are: I'll settle it." At dinner time Chapman disappeared. That evening the section saw him returning accompanied by a cow which he was

dragging behind him. "I bought her so that you could get your milk," said he to the sick *mitrailleur*. "Now you can stay with us." Chapman was the Mæcenas of the regiment, the master of revels, the friend of all.

His high spirits were contagious. He was only seen to weep once. It was the day his chum Kohn, the mathematician, was mortally wounded. Chapman carried him in his arms to the first aid. "Save him, sir," he cried, his voice broken with sobs, "and I'll give you a hundred thousand francs." The Major surgeon was too cut up even to smile. "All is over, my friend, control yourself."

Victor's entry into the American Aviation was, to him, like being made a Knight. It transformed, – one might almost say, – transfigured him. That the universe should have supplied this spirit with the consummation which it had sought from infancy and should have given, in a few weeks, complete happiness and complete fulfillment, – the crown of a life to which one can imagine no other perfect ending, – is one of the mysteries of this divine age. We see the crushing misery of much that is in progress. Let us also see the new releasing into humanity of infinite courage, hope and power. I have not sought to sift out the true story of his last fight. That he set out to the rescue of his companions I can well believe. He was himself rescued many times by them in previous combats. To go to each other's rescue was their daily and hourly business.

If Victor could have known the way in which his death has brought special notice upon him, he would have been amazed, ashamed, – nay, have been rough and unpleasant about it. All true soldiers feel like this. They feel that they are enclosed within a force not themselves, and form a part of a sort of church triumphant – though they can often express themselves only by swearing. Praise strikes them as a lie, if not as a kind of blasphemy. All the men fighting for the Allies, and especially all those young Americans who have been fighting for France and England, and thereby doing more for their own country than for Europe, should be in our minds when we think of any one of them. They form a single soul and spirit.

The enthusiasm which broke out in France at the time of Victor's death, and was reflected in this country, was due to many causes. He was the first American aviator to fall. He was killed just before the fourth of July, 1916. His year in the Legion had made him known to many, and the fighting qualities of the newly-formed American Escadrille had already given that body a place in history. These American Volunteers whom we had thought might be lost in the mêlée were thus received into the light where burned the soul of the war; in their death they were canonized. The great fact behind all was this: the French people were

living in a state of sacrificial enthusiasm for which history shows no parallel. Their gratitude to those who espoused their cause was such as to magnify and exalt heroism. The French press blazed with spontaneous pæns. The American Church became, as it were, the shrine of both nations at Victor's funeral on July 4th.

Piety compels me to reprint some of the French tributes; because they were made not to Victor, but to the American people.

The following is from Mme. le Verrier: "I have just left the Church in the Avenue d'Alma, after attending the service in honor of your son. The ceremony was very touching in its simplicity. The chancel was draped with two great flags and decorated with flowers; two small flags and other flowers were on the altar. The women about me were in tears. It was a sad celebration of your Independence Day, and brought home to me the beauty of heroic death and the meaning of life.

"When we first learned of the event, and after the first moment's stupor had passed, we felt a renewal of energy. Everyone is talking of this disinterested devotion, – much greater even than that of our own men, who are fighting for their own country as well as for ideal ends. But the self-sacrifice of this one who comes to us, and places himself at our side, for no other reason than to make right triumph over

wrong, is worthy of peculiar honor. It comforts those who are in the struggle and shows the road to those who doubt. On all sides people speak with admiration and gratitude of the details, tragic and touching as they are, of his trip to his friend, of the little basket of oranges, of his headlong plunge to save his comrades. America has sent us this sublime youth and our gratitude for him is such that it flows back upon his country. Wherever I go I am asked about him. Never since the outbreak of the war has public sentiment been more deeply aroused."

Mr. Briand, the prime minister of France, in speaking at the Banquet of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris on the evening of July 4, paid a long tribute to the United States and instanced the various kinds of aid that its citizens had given to France. In the course of his address he spoke of the American aviators, and mentioned Chapman as "the living symbol of American idealism." "France," he said, "will never forget this new comradeship, this evidence of a devotion to a common ideal."

On July 7, the president of the French Republic sent me a telegram as follows. "I beg to offer you my perfect sympathy. In your son who has died in the most just of all causes I hail a worthy rival of the brothers in arms of Lafayette."

Mr. Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, said at the banquet on Lafayette Day, New York, Sept. 6, 1916. "Never in my country will the American volunteers of the Great War be forgotten; some, according to their power, offering their pen, or their money, or their help to our wounded, or their life. There is not one form of suffering, among the innumerable kinds of calamities caused by a merciless enemy, that some American work has not tried to assuage. In the hospitals, in the schools for the maimed and blind, in the ruins of formerly prosperous villages, on the battlefields, in the trenches, nay, in the air, with your plucky aviators, the American name is blessed; in the trenches – where those kits named after the hero of to-day, the Lafayette Kits, have brought comfort to so many soldiers, in remembrance of what Lafayette himself had done in his time.

"You are indeed a nation that remembers. When Lafayette revisited West Point in 1825, one of the orators alluded to his having provided shoes for the army at Valley Forge and proposed this toast: 'To the noble Frenchman who placed the Army of the Revolution on a new and better footing.' More than one of our soldiers is, owing to you, on a better footing.

"Serving in the Ambulances, serving in the Legion, serving in the air, serving Liberty, obeying

the same impulse as that which brought Lafayette to these shores, many young Americans leaving family and home, have offered to France their lives. Those lives many have lost and never, even in antique times, was there shown such abnegation and generosity, such firmness of character; men like Victor Chapman who dies to rescue his American and French co-aviators nearly overcome by a more numerous enemy... or that Richard Hall killed by a shell while on the search for our wounded, and whose mother hesitated to accept a permit to visit his flower-wreathed tomb at the front, 'because French mothers are not allowed to do so;' or that Harvard graduate, the poet of the Legion, Alan Seeger, who felt that his hour could not be far remote, and who, in the expectation of it, had written from the blood-soaked battlefield where he had fought for liberty: 'The Frenchman who goes up is possessed with a passion beside which any of the other forms of experience that are reckoned to make life worth while seem pale in comparison.... It is a privilege to march at his side – so much so that nothing that the world could give could make me wish myself anywhere else than where I am.'"

M. Emile Boutroux, the venerable dean of French Philosophy, wrote an article for *Le Temps* of July 5, in which after sketching the early stages of the American Escadrille, he said: "It was this

picked corps that Victor Chapman joined after six months of apprenticeship. How happy he was at this chance of working, fighting and being useful with all the powers he possessed I could judge from the visit he paid me shortly afterwards. His simplicity and good humor were charming. I complimented him on his French. 'Oh,' said he, 'my French is the French of the *poilus*; I don't understand all the words I use, and I'm not sure they are all used in the polite world, but of course I speak as my comrades do.' It would be impossible to unite more of the gaiety and tranquility of youth, more sweetness and simplicity, with more decision and the energy of character than Victor Chapman showed. He was eminently a soldier. In a service where one is thrown upon one's own resources, he was duty incarnate, he thought only of doing the business in hand as well as possible and in contempt of all danger. His intrepidity was extreme; and in the midst of the nervous tension which such expeditions give rise to, he retained an absolute composure and presence of mind."

After giving some accounts of the fighting, Mr. Boutroux concludes: "Such is the devotion, such are the high principles, such is the simple and true grandeur of which the American soul is capable. Such also are the reverence, the profound love which France inspires in men who are an honor

to humanity. What recompense can our labors have, equal to the testimony of this kind, borne by witnesses like these! No; the great interpreters of the human conscience were not mistaken. To die, rather than betray the cause of right and justice, this is not to die, but to become immortal. It means not merely to live in the imagination of posterity, but to leave behind one those deeds of faith and virtue which, soon or late, assure the triumph of right."

I add a few letters and sketches, which the general reader may skip if so inclined, but toward which he will be indulgent, remembering that a volume of this kind always serves as a little memorial for family and for friends. The first is a dictation taken down by Mr. Jaccaci from the lips of Louis Bley, Victor's *mécano*. The document is so striking in the original French, that I have reprinted it in a page of appendix. One feels in reading it that each flyer is the bravest of all in the eyes of his devoted *mécano*.

"That day, the day of his death, there was a *sortie* over Verdun in the morning. Chapman was in it, and returned at nine o'clock, making a rough landing, which resulted in breaking a sandow. But just then they signalled us that the Boches were coming over Bar-le-duc. I was repairing the sandow, but he took all my tools from me and threw them

away, saying, 'Leave that alone, I must go and see the Boches.' I told him that he couldn't go with the broken sandow, and that I wouldn't stand for it, as that state of things was too dangerous; he might capsize, or have an accident in landing. For answer he said, 'It's all one to me capsizing,' – which meant, 'It's all one to me if only I can down a Boche.' But he didn't get off. After this he went to lunch, and since there was to be a *sortie* at half-past twelve, I changed his sparking plugs. He returned at twelve fifteen and asked if the machine was ready. I said yes. He was delighted, and said he would try it. He gave me a big bundle of newspapers with some oranges and chocolate and said, 'I shall take a turn over the lines, and when I get back I shall stop at Vatlincour (behind Verdun), I shall take the oranges and chocolate to poor Balsley at the hospital, for I think there is little hope of saving him.' Then I put the package, the oranges and chocolate in place for him to carry to his comrade. He shook hands with me and was off, saying, 'Au revoir, I shall not be long.'

"Two days before, they were mending his machine-gun, but seeing his companions fly off, he ran to his machine, jumped in and he went off without his combination, – that is, in his ordinary clothes, above the enemies' lines.

"On his former trip over Verdun, which he made with his 80 horsepower machine, he was wounded by a ball that grazed his scalp; a trifle lower down and he would have been killed. In this sortie a ball had cut the warping control, a bullet had cut the turn-buckle of a wing and pierced a wheel; an explosive bullet had passed through the support which holds up the top plane; an explosive bullet had passed through the wind-shield and a bullet had grazed the varnish of the *fuselage* and it was this last bullet which grazed his skull.

"He came down at Vatlincourt to have the wound dressed, and returned to our barracks at Bar-le-Duc at half-past three, and as there was to be a *sortie* over Verdun at four he wanted to be off again in spite of his wound. Captain Thenault forbade this; and for his courage promised him a machine of 110 horsepower. Chapman was very happy. It was on the Verdun sortie with this machine that he was killed.

"Once at Luxeuil-les-Bains he came in after an explosive bullet had passed through the body of the *fuselage*, come out on the side, and exploded against the turn-buckle. This same time a bullet entered his left sleeve and passed through, grazing the flesh and slightly burning the skin. The afternoon of the same day, after another sortie, he returned with a bullet through the aluminum bon-

net of the motor. In order not to be visible in his new machine (this 80 horsepower machine was an entirely white machine, the 110 was painted green like grass), he had amused himself two days before his death by scratching off the green paint with a coin of ten centimes, so as to make the machine less visible. I, his mechanician, had painted the *fuselage* a pale gray. The paint was not dry next day when Chapman learned that the Boches were over Verdun, and was off all the same with the paint wet. I didn't like this, and told him he had better wait. He refused, and said, 'Who cares for paint! If I bring down my Boche, that's as good as a new coat of paint.'

"Once he attacked a Boche and came within twelve feet of him. He told me that his propeller almost touched the upper plane of the Boche, and he could have shot him point blank with his revolver, which he had by him always when he flew, but he couldn't get it from the case while manœuvering.

"Another time he was three hours and twenty minutes over the German lines, and came down with only three litres of gasolene in his tank, – a very dangerous thing.

"Once he flew on one day for seven hours over the German lines. He made 70 miles in the air with his 80 horsepower machine without breaking

anything. He was a marvellous pilot. Whether on guard or not, as soon as the Boche flyers were signalled, he would jump into his machine and was off. There was not another like him.

"For flights over the German lines he was always the first to start and the last to come home, and always flew alone. If one of his comrades was in danger he rushed to his aid. But he himself never noticed whether he was followed up or supported. He was the bravest of all.

"Once he ran into fifteen Boche planes, and flew at them, aiming at the bunch. When he came back Captain Thenault scolded him, but he took it lightly. His answer was always, 'If I can get a Boche.' "

The following is an extract from a long and generous letter from Captain Thenault, Captain of the American Escadrille. "Our grief was extreme for we loved him deeply. At the moments of greatest danger in the air we could always discover the silhouette of his machine, that machine which he managed with so much ease. One of my *pilotes* has just said to me, 'Would that I had fallen instead of him.' With the army at Verdun his bravery was legendary, and hardly a day passed without some exploit from which he returned with his machine pierced by bullets and sometimes slightly wounded himself. He was to have received the *Medaille Mil-*

itaire when death took him. A citation with the *croix de guerre* will speak for a small part of what he did."

The following sentences are from a letter of Sergeant McConnell of the American Escadrille to Henry M. Suckley, of the American Ambulance Corps (afterwards decorated for conspicuous bravery under fire, and recently killed near Saloniki). I preserve them because they would have pleased Victor. "We are all terribly grieved over the death of poor old Victor. He was the best and bravest of us all and I admired him more than any man I knew. He was a wonderful character, and a great loss to the world as well as to the French Army. As a soldier he was the most conscientious I have ever known."

The following letter is from my friend M. André Chevrillon, the French author:

> My dear Chapman:
>
> I cannot tell our grief. I had the news only yesterday – on my return from the British front by a letter from my wife; and in the evening the *Temps* gave fuller particulars. I enclose the cutting. It is short, but what it says is among the things of this war that will sink deepest in the memory of our people. No soldier's death in our modern battle has so much of the truly epic as the feat and the fate that are described here.. They carry us back to the legendary times in which everything was pure and beautiful – to the times of the Medieval Knight who

ran, single-handed, with his cry of "*A la rescusse*!" to the help of a surrounded and overwhelmed confederate – to the time of Roland and his *preux*, nay, of the Greek, Homeric hero. That word hero is now commonly used for all those who die on the battlefield – but they are the obscure heroes, of whom the numbers only and nothing individual will be recorded by history. The death fight of Victor Chapman touches our imagination with fire. Be assured that his name will stand forever in France. He died whilst rescuing, – *en combat singulier*, – three Frenchmen. That name will become a new symbol, and far more moving than any of the old links between our nations, and the name of America will partake of its glamour. Morally the sacrifice more than makes up for all that you resented so much in the attitude of your present government. You may indeed be proud of your son. In those last minutes of his life he rose to the front rank of what we call here our Saints: he carved his own statue; it has the essential simplicity of the supremely beautiful.

And we also are proud to have known him, He used to come to us quite simply, dropping in like an old friend; and the fact is that from his first visit we felt as if we had known him for years. He learned to feel more at home in our St. Cloud house, which is almost country. My wife felt with him as if he was one of her big nephews, and the children had a shout of joy when they heard his voice downstairs. We loved him for his simplicity, his gentleness, his modesty, his perfect tact, and what we guessed of his courage. Only once did we perceive that he knew his risk. Some one asked him if he would go on in France with his art studies after the war. He seemed for a moment to hesitate, and a sort of vagueness came over his look, as he just repeated slowly, "After the War. . . ," without adding another word. The next

moment he was talking merrily of something else. But we remembered that broken sentence, the sudden and brief change in the look, and we knew that he knew the whole risk, and had looked straight at the sacrifice. We shall never forget him, and we mourn with you both. And yet it is of such a death that it has been said, "One should not weep."

André Chevrillon.
June 30, 1916.

Of all the men that Victor met in the aviation corps Kiffin Rockwell was the dearest to him. He envied Rockwell for having been in the great charge made by the Legion in May; and worshipped Rockwell's courage and romantic spirit. When Rockwell fell, soon after Victor's death, I felt as if Victor's soul was but a little way above Kiffin's head, and "stayed for his to keep him company."

Escadrille N. 124, Secteur 24.
August 10, 1916.

My dear Mrs. Chapman: I received your letter this morning. I feel mortified that you have had to write me without my having written you before, when Victor was the best friend I ever had. I wanted to write you and his father at once, and tried to a number of times. But I found it impossible to write full justice to Victor or to really express my sympathy with you. Everything I would try to say seemed so weak. So I finally said, "I will just go ahead and work hard, do my best, then if I have accomplished a lot or been killed in accomplishing it,

they will know that I had not forgotten Victor, and that some of his strength of character still lived." There is nothing that I can say to you or anyone that will do full credit to him. And everyone here that knew him feels the same way. To start with, Victor had such a strong character. I think we all have our ideals when we begin but unfortunately there are so very few of us that retain them; and sometimes we lose them at a very early age and after that, life seems to be spoiled. But Victor was one of the very few who had the strongest of ideals, and then had the character to withstand anything that tried to come into his life and kill them. He was just a large, healthy man, full of life and goodness toward life, and could only see the fine, true points in life and in other people. And he was not of the kind that absorbs from other people, but of the kind that gives out. We all had felt his influence, and seeing in him a man, made us feel a little more like trying to be men ourselves.

When I am in Paris, I stay with Mrs. Weeks, whose son was my friend, and killed in the Legion. Well, Victor would come around once in a while to dinner with us. Mrs. Weeks used always to say to me: "Bring Victor around, he does me so much good. I like his laugh and the sound of his voice. When he comes in the room it always seems so much brighter." Well, that is the way it was here in the Escadrille.

For work in the Escadrille, Victor worked hard, always wanting to fly. And courage! he was too courageous, we all would beg him at times to slow up a little. We speak of him every day here, and we have said sincerely amongst ourselves many a time that Victor had more courage than all the rest of the Escadrille combined. He would attack the Germans always, no matter what the conditions or what the odds. The day he was wounded, four or five of the Escadrille had been out and come

home at the regular hour. Well, Victor had attacked one machine and seriously crippled it, but the machine had succeeded in regaining the German lines. After that Victor would not come home with the rest but stayed looking for another machine. He found five machines inside our lines. None of us like to see a German machine within our lines, without attacking. So, although Victor was alone, he watched the five machines and finally one of them came lower and under him. He immediately dived on this one. Result was that the other dived on him. One of them was a Fokker, painted like the machine of the famous Captain Boelke and may have been him. This Fokker got the position on Victor, and it was a miracle that he was not killed then. He placed bullet after bullet around Victor's head, badly damaging the machine, cutting parts of the command in two, and one bullet cutting his scalp, as you know. Well, Victor got away, and with one hand held the commands together where they had been cut and landed at Froids where we had friends in a French Escadrille. There he had dinner and his wound was dressed, and they repaired his machine a little. That afternoon he came flying back home with his head all bound up. Yet he thought nothing of it, only smiled and thought it an interesting event. He immediately wanted to continue his work as if nothing had happened. We tried to get him to go to a hospital, or to go to Paris for a short while and rest; but he said No. Then we said, "Well, you have got to take a rest, even if you stay here." The Captain told him that he would demand a new and better machine for him, and that he could rest while waiting for it to be ready, and then could see whether or not he should go back to flying. This was the 17th of June. The following morning Balsley was wounded. The same day or the day after, Uncle Willie came to see Victor and was with us a couple

of days. Those first days Victor slept late, a privilege he had not taken before since being in the Escadrille, always having got up at daylight. In the daytime he would be with Uncle Willie, or at the field, seeing about his machine, or he would take his old machine and fly over to see Balsley. At first Balsley could not eat or drink anything. But after a few days he was allowed a little champagne and oranges. Well, as soon as Victor found that out, he arranged for champagne to be sent to Balsley, and would take oranges over to him. At least once a day, and sometimes twice, he would go over to see Balsley to cheer him up. And in the meantime he wouldn't ever let anyone speak of his wound, as a wound, and was impatient for his new machine. On the 21st he got his machine and had it regulated. On the 22nd he regulated the Mitrailleuse, and the weather being too bad to fly over the lines, he flew it around here a little to get used to it. His head was still bandaged, but he said it was nothing. Late in the afternoon some German machines were signalled and he went up with the rest of us to look for them, but it was a false alarm. The following morning the weather was good, and he insisted on going out at the regular hour with the rest. There were no machines over the lines, so the *sortie* was uneventful. He came in, and at lunch fixed up a basket of oranges which he said he would take to Balsley. We went up to the field, and Captain Thenault, Prince and Lufberry got ready to go out and over the lines. Victor put the oranges in his machine and said that he would follow the others over the lines for a little trip and then go and land at the hospital. The Captain, Prince and Lufberry started first. On arriving at the lines they saw at first two German machines which they dived on. When they arrived in the midst of them, they found that two or three other German machines had

arrived also. As the odds were against the three, they did not fight long, but immediately started back into our lines and without seeing Victor. When they came back we thought that Victor was at the hospital. But later in the afternoon a *pilote* of a Maurice Farman and his passenger sent in a report. The report was that they saw three Nieuports attack five German machines, that at this moment they saw a fourth Nieuport arriving with all speed who dived in the midst of the Germans, that two of the Germans dived towards their field and that the Nieuport fell through the air no longer controlled by the *pilote*. In a fight it is practically impossible to tell what the other machines do, as everything happens so fast and all one can see is the beginning of a fight and then, in a few seconds, the end. That fourth Nieuport was Victor and, owing to the fact that the motor was going at full speed when the machine fell, I think that he was killed instantly.

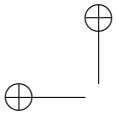
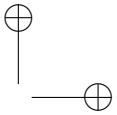
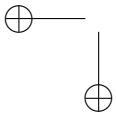
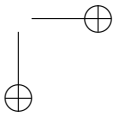
He died the most glorious death, and at the most glorious time of life to die, especially for him with his ideals. I have never once regretted it for him, as I know he was willing and satisfied to give his life that way if it was necessary, and that he had no fear of death, and there is nothing to fear in death. It is for you, his father, relatives, myself, and for all who have known him, and all who would have known him, and for the world as a whole I regret his loss. Yet he is not dead, he lives forever in every place he has been, and in everyone who knew him and in the future generations little points of his character will be passed along. He is alive every day in this Escadrille and has a tremenduous influence on all our actions. Even the *mécaniciens* do their work better and more conscientiously. And a number of times I have seen Victor's *mécanicien* standing (when there was no

work to be done) and gazing off in the direction of where he last saw Victor leaving for the lines.

For promotions and decorations things move slowly in the army, and after it has passed through all the bureaus, it takes some time to get back to you. Victor was proposed for Sergeant and for the Croix de Guerre May 24th. This passed through all the bureaus and was signed by the General, but the papers did not arrive here until June 25th. However, Victor knew on the 23rd, that they had passed, and that it was only a question of a day or so. He had also been promised, after being wounded, the *Médaille Militaire* which he would have received sometime in July. I wish that they could have sent that to you, for he had gained it, and they would have given it to him. But it is against the rules to give the *Médaille Militaire* unless everything has been signed before the *titulaire* is killed.

I must close now. You must not feel sorry, but must feel proud and happy.

Kiffin Rockwell.

Note on Edmond Genet

(Prefatory Note to *War Letters of Edmond Genet, The First American Aviator Killed Flying the Stars and Stripes*, Edited by Grace Ellery Channing, 1918)

The Genets are descended from Edme Charles Genet, who was secretary and interpreter to the Comte de Provence (subsequently Louis XVIII), and who died in 1780. Edme Charles, having lived long in England, became in France an authority on English affairs and was a publicist of some importance. His numerous works consist of historical essays, memoirs, and letters about the British constitution, British politics, and current events in England. Two of his children became distinguished, the first, Edmond C., was the famous, not to say notorious, Citizen Genet, whom the Revolutionary government in France sent as ambassador to the United States in 1792, and whose

indiscretions led to his recall. He never returned to France, but settled at Albany, and subsequently married the daughter of Governor Clinton.

The Citizen's sister, Henriette (Mme. Campan), was one of the most remarkable women of her day. Inasmuch as her father was an intimate of the King's brother, she was, as it were, born at court, and being an infant prodigy she received her education under the charge of distinguished poets, musicians, and savants. At the age of fourteen she became governess to the children of Marie Antoinette, whose dearest friend she remained for twenty years. When the King and Queen were thrown into jail she begged to be allowed to accompany them, but this was denied her. It was to her hands that Louis XVI confided the most secret documents, family trinkets, and locks of the royal hair at the time of his confinement in the prison of Feuillants, in 1792. Among these mementos was a brooch sent by Marie Antoinette to Citizen Genet, and which is to-day worn by the mother of the aviator. Madam Campan after the fall of the monarchy supported herself by founding a school for young girls, which became famous immediately and was afterward turned into a national academy by Napoleon. Hortense Beauharnais, stepdaughter of Napoleon, was one of Madame Campan's pupils. On the fall of the First Empire the Bourbons per-

secuted Mme. Campan for having accepted the protection of Napoleon and treated her with most astounding and cruel ingratitude, considering the devotion she had shown to their family in former years. She died in disgrace and poverty in 1822 at the age of seventy, and left memoirs of the old court which are among the best that exist.

The aviator, Edmond C. Genet, is a great-great-grandson of the Citizen.

During the summer of 1915 I met young Genet in Paris. He was at that time a companion of my boy Victor in the Foreign Legion. Genet was a shy, neatly made, small, blond youth, and only a wizard could have divined the burning ambition that lay concealed beneath his quiet demeanor. The fact was that the Americans in the Foreign Legion represented the idealism of the youth of America. They were a flight of birds from all over the country. Mere romanticism and the desire for adventure would not have brought them together; and the more we find out about these boys the more we see that in each of them there was a soul's history that led up to this especial consummation. They are national characters – symbols of America. In life and in death they express the relation of America to the war.

I see them hasting toward the light

Where war's dim watchfires glow;
The stars that burn in Europe's night
Conduct them to the foe.

As when a flower feels the sun
And opens to the sky,
Knowing their dream has just begun
They hasten forth to die.

All that philosophy might guess
These children of the light
In one bright act of death compress,
Then vanish from our sight.

Like meteors on a midnight sky
They break – so clear, so brief –
Their glory lingers on the eye
And leaves no room for grief.

And when to joy old sorrows turn,
To spring war's winter long,
Their blood in every heart will burn,
Their life in every song.

Mrs. John L. Gardner

(*Boston Evening Transcript*, Friday, July 18, 1924.)

Mrs. Gardner's death at her palace on the Fenway seems almost to mark the end of an epoch in Boston, that city which she set off and, as it were, illumined for so many years by her indomitable activities and by the spread of her fame. "There is a great spirit gone!" as Mark Anthony exclaims when he hears of Fulvia's death. Mrs. Gardner was, indeed, spirited and a spirit; and when she first arrived in Puritan Boston in the dim mythical past, being brought thither from New York, as a bride, into the bosom of one of Boston's old Brahminical families, she must have felt like a fairy in a machine shop. But of this early epoch I know almost nothing.

The first time I ever saw Mrs. Gardner was at St. Paul's School, in Concord, N.H., where she came

to visit the young Augustus Peabody Gardner, one of the three orphan nephews whom she educated and who were my contemporaries. Among the wreaths to be laid upon her bier there should be one commemorating her as a second mother to these boys, for the experience of bringing them up brought out a side of her nature that otherwise might not be suspected. She gave them at a very early age such a training as one connects with the idea of a British matron. It was a mixture of devotion and of rigor. They were by nature highly organized, clever, sensitive, conscientious children, apt at all things intellectual, and they became noted both as boys and as men for integrity – every kind of integrity – mental, moral, social – and for their extraordinary devotion to their aunt.

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At the time I first saw her at the school Mrs. Gardner had long been accepted by Boston as an established foreign influence – an ambassadress from the beyond – somewhat as Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Dorr, and, at a later date, Mrs. Whitman, were accepted. Whatever we may say against Boston, the air of the place is stimulating. The traditions of intellect and of a well developed social life hang about it. Its citizens make much of the stranger, and though

they may not quite adopt him, they somehow sustain and nourish him. I doubt whether any of the women I have named could have become so important as they were if they had stayed at home. Perhaps their very isolation tended to fortify and develop each of them; for strong natures prosper in isolation: it forces them to create their own world, and set up a solar system that suits their being. At any rate, we have seen in Boston, and in no other American city, queen bees that hived there and were accorded the freedom of the town in a gold box. Boston was proud of them.

The charge against New England is that the genial current of the soul of her sons and daughters has been a little chilled by three centuries of theology and morality. It may be so. You must not expect the outpourings of spontaneous feelings – guitars in the moonlight – from the native Bostonian. But he is a good fellow nevertheless, and that tinge of theology in his life and manners which has survived through three centuries of growth and change indicates a great native strength in the man. It is in its own way touching and beautiful. Mrs. Gardner felt this, and the rigidities of the New England temperament never annoyed her. I have never heard her say cross or critical things about Boston. She was too gay for that. Indeed her native buoyancy and good humor seemed to

make her float on the waves of moral controversy if they rose; for her soul's interest lay in other directions.

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The fine arts were her field and the home of her spirit, and this in a profound, personal and very unusual way; for it was neither as a practitioner, nor as an amateur, nor as a collector, nor as a Mæcenas that she dealt with art. She did not patronize the fine arts; she merely enjoyed them; they were meat and drink to her. Long before her amazing practical abilities became interested in casting drag-nets over the treasures of Europe, she lived in a large house on Beacon street and insensibly surrounded herself with such objects as pleased her. From year to year her parlors showed that her hand had been reaching out farther into distant epochs; yet the pieces themselves remained mere chattels of personal taste – whims, if you please – but whims that were drawn together under the guidance of an instinct which in the end was to prove tremendous and, on this continent, at least, unique.

If one happened in to see her in the old Beacon street house, she was apt to be found lunching alone on ham and eggs, or entertaining an artist

who was making a sketch in the conservatory. She always had time for you, and after a while would produce casually from a cupboard some picture or curio that was startlingly beautiful. And soon after she would shepherd it back to its hiding place, not sacredly but quietly and as if the thing were a note from a friend. Thus all her possessions came to have the same quality. She could impart the quality of a Correggio; and near the Correggio would be some toy of her childhood or a Chinese painting that she had picked up yesterday at an auction.

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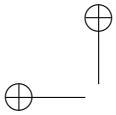
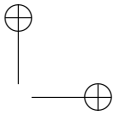
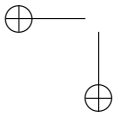
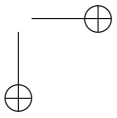
Her genius for the fine arts developed very rapidly in middle life and continued to expand and burn brighter and brighter till the end of her life. This peculiar power of hers came into its own through her most fortunate alliance with Mr. Berenson, who she had first befriended as a poor scholar and whose extraordinary talents as an art critic were put at her service with a loyalty that did honor to both. But the objects which she drew together and the palace she raised above them could never have been assembled or placed by Mr. Berenson – no, nor by all the critics in Europe. There was some magnificence in her nature which

she now leaves behind embodied for future times in The Fenway, where the splendor of the Renaissance seems to survive as if the place itself were old and the grand dukes had just moved out of it. It is a museum: but it is more than a museum, for the vast habitation is domestic, livable, wonderful. And yet the file and its arrangement are not imitated from anything in particular. It is the palace of an old dowager – and of all places in the world it is in Boston.

This could have come about only through the unusual combination in a single person of a rare gift for beauty and an equally remarkable knowledge of the world. I mean the instinct of whom to trust. The collector must, of course, in modern times have large sums at his elbow, but this is not enough. He must have the experience of an antiquary and the quickness of a tiger. He must be at the same moment an impassioned votary and a big business man. Freer was such, and John G. Johnson was such, but neither of them had in their own minds and souls that enclosing, personal palace and, as it were, dome of life in which they instinctively housed their possessions over again, and left them, not as objects, not as a collection, hardly even as plants in a conservatory, but rather as art-in-the-life, growing on its own stem in the Garden of Hesperides.

Mrs. John L. Gardner

Something like this, at least, is what Mrs. Gardner did during the last forty years of her life, and in the course of doing it became the original fay or strange small spirit and mind-thing that she was when she was first fortuitously wafted into Boston. She was the most noted personality in the town for a generation and in recent times her great age and failing powers of locomotion led to her becoming a shrine – a thing which her talent for friendship and her infinite interest in everyone's conversation made inevitable. And she retained to the last this great spirit. She was spirited, a spirit to the end.

Obsessions and Digressions

(Read at the forty-fifth anniversary dinner of the Harvard Class of 1884.)

WHAT: Is it forty years ago?
Nay, forty-five? Who told you so?
I mean since last we met – for life's not dated,
But rushes by us in an overflow.
I can't remember when we graduated;
Though something tells me it was '84.
Yes, but what century? Chronology
Is scrapped. The chalk marks on the door
Of Time are jumbled. History is no more.
BC.; A.D.; A B C D.
So Rip Van Winkle stood before
The shutter and the tavern score
In blank perplexity.

In Pharaoh's day,
When monuments were thought to be unshakable,
Men set up something unmistakable
To show a king or age had passed away.

But now an age just crumbles into sand:
The king was here last night, but can't be found,
Yet nothing shows it.
No time to make a bust of buried Cæsar!
He's with the Ptolemies before one knows it.
Perhaps he's living still, but underground.
    Think of the Kaiser!

It chanced when we were born there ruled on high
A dislocation in the starry spheres,
That gave the lie to all astronomy.
Time slipped a cog and ran three hundred years.
Our children find in us their ancestry,
To them we are colonial pioneers;
And looking on us they are moved to mirth
That men so quaint had ever walked the earth.

They think our minds are clouded by the sages
Of Greece and Rome, by Emperors and Kings,
By saints and martyrs of the Middle Ages
And other vague, historic human things,
Like torture and religious pilgrimages.
For them the syren – the steam syren – flings
Her dulcet benediction o'er the dell,
To tell them they are born and all is well.

Yes, they are born and they are satisfied
That no one like them e'er appeared before.
They view the action with a natural pride,
Like a young champion resting on his oar.
Yet, there's a point that others must decide –
Those helpless parents standing on the shore.
The point is this – what sort of education
Will nourish this steam-whistling generation?

Among other things that have passed away and seem now three hundred years distant are Boston and Harvard and sea-going booby-hutches, that were on hand when you arrived from New York at the Park Square Station, and would dash you through a snowstorm to food and freedom. Yes, the old Harvard is gone. The only portion of Harvard College that is still standing is Park and Durgin's restaurant in Faneuil Market. I never visit Boston without going there alone for a lunch amid the clatter of the serving maids and the conversation of the clerks and market-hands and commissioners, the lobsters and apple pies of 1850.

Yet it was not there but at a beer shop on the Common, where one ate sausages after a concert, that I first met Josiah Royce. I think I was a Freshman at the time. He wore a thin pink overcoat and insisted on walking out to Cambridge on one of the coldest nights of the year. He was young, immature, and pumpkin-like, and I was much alarmed for his health. He was the only man I ever knew who had no social atmosphere, no approach, no preliminary; not more than a sacred insect might have – a scarab.

Twenty years later, when one of my boys was at Harvard, I wished him to meet Royce. The boy was interested in Greek, so I said: "You are interested in Greek. Have you ever heard of Prometheus?

Well, you don't know much about him, for nobody does. Just think up some question about him, as, for instance, 'Was Prometheus of Asiatic origin?' Royce is sure to have a theory about it. Royce undoubtedly keeps an open door at some time of the day – when he is accessible to truth-seekers. Go to him and put your question. He will thereupon stand and talk to you for half an hour. Don't interrupt him."

All this happened. Now that is the kind of thing that makes a university. It takes only a few great figures to make a university, but they must be accessible. Cut away the rubbish and don't try to educate any one; just make it possible for a man to educate himself if he wants to. William James would stand on a street corner and talk to any man about anything. He was pretty near to an angel. If you felt doubts about the basis of morality, Palmer would receive you with the respect due to a better man than yourself. Shaler was a companion, Norton was a friend. There were lights burning at every corner – Gurney, Goodwin, Child – some of them with rays that shone over Europe. And there were sacred images and Termini. The most remarkable of these was Professor Sophocles, with his dressing-gown and his big shaggy gray head, who used to cut up his raw beef into gobbets and roast it on sticks, as described in the Iliad. Who

it was that had fished him out of the Ægean I never knew, but he stood at a Holworthy entrance, a figure out of Poussin – Father Time, Hesiod, Homer himself. Think of a University that had had sense enough to plant him there!

Over the Law School loomed Langdell and Thayer and Ames. Beyond the College walls there were other anciani. Longfellow was at his desk in the Craigie Mansion. Charles Francis Adams, the elder, and John Holmes were to be seen stumping about Cambridge, and in the world beyond loomed old retired gladiators and sages, like Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Francis Parkman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, and towering over them in the distance, Emerson, inarticulate and sublime.

You and I did not make pilgrimages to these men. We felt them atmospherically. They were as much ours as our own village and family. I am talking to you boys who remember these things. But just consider: If I should read this paper to the graduating Class of 1929, what abracadabra it would seem to them! They would be absolutely nonplused, and one of them would whisper to his neighbor, "I think he's reading to us out of a book – probably Boswell's Johnson."

Yes, a very extraordinary thing happened in the United States during the period just before and during the Great War. As this is an intimate occa-

sion, perhaps you will pardon a personal digression. During the first decade of the twentieth century, I wrote some trifling small books and pamphlets on literary and political subjects. I was surprised the other day, in looking over an old scrapbook of newspaper clippings, to find how favorably they had been received. My first book had 1800 readers; my next 1342; my next 811; my next 103, and after that I lost interest in details and was taken up with sheer curiosity as to the nature of the phenomenon. Evidently my old readers were dying off and no new ones were being born. I kept on printing more brochures of the same variety – out of habit, as it were, at my own expense – with what result may be imagined. They are in a garret in my country house. It would do your heart good to see the piles and boxes of them. Unless a fire breaks out, they will never be rare books. I have tried many schemes to palm them off on the public, but the public is too sharp for me. Then at length came the explanation, at present only too familiar to us all. All the newspapers had changed hands, all the magazines had changed their covers. There had been a transformation-scene and the waves of a New Age came roaring in. I was with the Ptolemies and you, my friends, are with the Ptolemies – though looking remarkably well, I must confess.

Out at Cambridge the Authorities are struggling with the deluge, like Hoover trying to stem the floods of the Mississippi. They put mattresses in the cracks and sluices in the rapids. They haul drowning students aboard of rafts and motor boats. They cry "Give us time! Help us to feed the starving thousands! Send clothes, send tents; we will save education in the end!" I see Mr. Lowell as a great practical engineer trying to make use of the material that is hurled toward him. If some one sends him a model of the Parthenon made in Omaha to use as a light house, can he refuse it?

Persons of the old-fashioned kind are apt to say to him: "Mr. Lowell, it seems to us that education is a quiet sort of thing – academic groves, ripe scholars lying on the green and reading Horace's odes; the emulation of noble natures; holy, leisured aspiration." "We are coming to that," says Lowell, "give us time!"

Old Mr. Edward Silsbee, a quaint sea-captain, who was Shelley-mad, drank hard and talked well about British poetry fifty years ago in Boston, used to say, apropos of certain American poets, that the American believed that if you were only *smart* enough and *moral* enough, you could *do* poetry. A somewhat similar belief was generated as to education during the late Vanishing Age, which,

as I say, began when we were in college – a belief that if you had only *money* enough and *publicity* enough, you could *do* education. The graduates became richer and more enthusiastic and formed themselves into sporting clubs. The universities were their whippets. The graduates shouted, the whippets ran. Stadia and dormitories, towers, bridges, domes, libraries rose like exhalations. The royal sport of university-building was developed, and social joys were at an end.

Have you ever attended a large money-raising Harvard dinner? Some new circus or dormitory is to be launched. After a long, preliminary, perpendicular standing about, the heroes of the Alumni Association march in, headed by President Lowell, followed by a couple of Bishops, a few business magnates and LeBaron Briggs. Next comes a phalanx of giants, garbed in portentous dress suits and bristling with natural power and the will to prevail. These are the Managers of the Alumni Association. Their learning is engraved on geographical schedules, which give the bank balances of every one of the 40,000 graduates of Harvard. The diners shudder at them, for they know that a mausoleum of some kind is to be put over.

The importance of the affair precludes conversation. It is not an occasion for speeches from the floor. It is a serious political function. There is

a motion to be carried – nay, roared – a motion that will waft Harvard's publicity to the utmost corners of the world. The suburbs of Buffalo will hear of her. The jungles of India will ring with her name.

You ought not to laugh. The enthusiasm of that dinner is real enthusiasm – expressed in the only symbols that our people understand – Arabic numerals. Indeed the decay of the old theologies and ethical systems of the world, and the discoveries of Einstein have left untouched the decimal system as the only reliable record of the world.

Some old Greek philosopher once said that Man was the measure of all things. Was anything ever so foolish! No! a thousand times No! *Money* is the measure of all things –

> "Money is truth, truth money; that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."