NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CINCINNATI BAR.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE: REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES OF THE COURTS AND BAR OF CINCINNATI. By JUDGE CARTER. 12mo, pp. 466. Cincinnati: Peter G. Thomson.

Judge Carter's book is a chatty and humorous description of the old Cincinnati Court House, built in 1819 and destroyed by fire in 1849, and of the judges, lawyers and court officials who figured in it. The humor has a strong Western flavor, and is at times rather coarse, but it is hearty and genuine, and the fidelity with which the author repeats it makes the book valuable as a rough sketch of the men and manners of the courts and bar of the Western metropolis during nearly half a century. Many men who afterward won fame in wider fields argued cases on the striped rag carpet of the old Cincinnati Court House. The bar of that plain and primitive structure has furnished two Presidents of the United States, Harrison and Hayes; two members of the Supreme Court, McLean and Chase; two Attorney-Generals of the United States, Stanberry and Taft; two Secretaries of the Treasury, Corwin and Chase; seven Governors of Ohio, Corwin, Bebb, Dennison, Brough, Hayes, Anderson and Young; and a number of United States Senators, members of Congress and foreign Ministers, whose names Judge Carter does not take the trouble to enumerate. General Harrison was elected President while holding the office of Clerk of the Common Pleas in the old Court House. Judge Carter remembers Harrison well, and has an anecdote to tell of his son, who was a practising lawyer in the court of which his father was clerk:

William Henry Harrison, son of Benjamin Harrison, one of the original signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Virginia, and from that State he came, by the appointment of the President, Governor of the Northwestern Territory, and afterward was distinguished as a Major-General of the United States Army in the war of 1812, and then was a Senator of the United States from the State of Ohio. He was a member of the Cincinnati Bar, and from it was made Clerk of the Common Pleas of Hamilton County by the appointment of the four judges then upon the bench, and from that humble office, took the great and long stride to the Presidency of the United States. He was one of my early recollections, and when I was a student at law in the office of Wright & Walker, many a time had I the pleasure of seeing and conversing with the old General, who frequently visited our office to counsel with his firm and fast friend, Judge John C. Wright, who was called by politicians in 1840, his "conscience keeper."

The General had a bright and brilliant son of the same name as himself, William Henry, who was also a member of our bar, and a talented one. But he was a man too much convivially, as too many young men of great promise are, and he died young; but during his brief career as a lawyer he made quite an impression as an eloquent advocate, and was distinguished for his wit and humor. I remember an incident about him and our court and bar, although I was very young at the time it occurred, but it was duly preserved among the old lawyers, and often told by them.

In the time of the associate judges, all persons who desired to keep a tavern, inn, or hotel, were required by law to procure a yearly license from the court, and the duty of granting these licenses devolved upon the associates, during the first days of the regular terms of court. Of course, lawyers had to be employed to make the application for license in due and legal form for their clients, and were reasonably paid for it, according to the purse of the applicant, and the character of his house. On one occasion, one Moses Bussel, a curious and woebegone neighbor of Lawyer Harrison, living in Miami township, near the town of Cleves, and of course quite near the North Bend residence of Harrison, waived a renewal of license to keep a tavern on the Clevestown road, and duly employed William Henry Harrison, jr., as his lawyer, without, however, presuming to pay his delegator (Harrison) any fee. But Harrison was on time in court notwithstanding, with his client anxiously sitting beside him, and having his opportunity, he suddenly arose in his place at the bar and said:

"May it please the associates of this honorable court, I, this very dry morning, appear here on behalf of my very dry client, Moses Bussel, who presents this petition (holding it up), for a renewal of license to keep a tavern on the Clevestown road, near my house, for one more year. In my experience I am ready to declare that Mr. Bussel is a good and moral citizen, but he can not pay a great deal for a license, for he has not paid me! I know he is a very poor man, and keeps a d——d poor tavern!"

Mr. Harrison set down some what unconscious of his whereabouts and his convivial sally, but there was quite a laugh on the associates, and a loud guffaw among the outside. Recorder Kinsella, old, gray-haired Judge Tom Henderson, chief of the prosecutors, called out in stentorian voice, no doubt for the sake of example and precedent, "Mr. Clerk, enter upon the minutes a fine of $10 against Mr. Harrison for swearing in court."

"Ain't the court the proper place to swear in?" interposed Harrison from his seat. "Where else could I swear?"

"No interruption, Mr. Harrison, you're in contempt of court," continued Judge Henderson in a loud tone—but, slyly turning to the clerk beside him, and so to you, "Remit that fine, Mr. Clerk, for tucd——n wh of the thing."

In the days of the old Court House the Court of Common Pleas consisted of four judges sitting in a row upon a bench—a Presiding Judge, who was presumed to be learned in the law, and three associates, who were generally old, sedate citizens, without legal training, who were supposed to assist the Presiding Judge with their hard common sense. For many years before this system was abolished the Cincinnati Court was irreverently styled "The Demarara Team." Judge Carter says the epithet was first applied by James W. Gazlay, a capable lawyer who went to Cincinnati from Dutchess County, N. Y., in 1819:

On one occasion Lawyer Gazlay had a matter of legal importance before the full bench—a quo warranto or mandamus writ, or something of that sort, which he most anxiously desired the court to grant against certain defendants, and so pressed the matter before the court in full, with all the ardency of its nature. He convinced, by his legal eloquence, the presiding judge, who was that good old man—though not very learned lawyer—George P. Torrence, that he was right, and the presiding judge was about to grant the writ in his capacity of overruling judge; but the associates did not agree with him—not one of them—and, being a majority of the court, had the right to, and would have overruled Judge Torrence. So, in the dilemma, the good-hearted presiding judge said to Mr. Gazlay, "We will take the papers, and the court will decide the matter to-morrow morning." Tomorrow morning came, and the full court was in session, and lawyer Gazlay was present in patient expectation that the writ would be of course granted by the court, as yesterday the presiding judge was in his favor, and he was the only and sole judge of the law. But what was his surprise when the presiding judge announced that "he had carefully examined the papers and was now convinced that the writ bought not to be granted, and could not be legally granted"; "but," said he, "my brother associates on the bench are now convinced that the writ ought to be granted—each and all of them; and thus, with the issues turned this morning, they still disagree with me; we will further consider this matter."

Gazlay—"But I want the writ granted now. It is a matter of prime necessity——"

Presiding Judge—"We cannot help that. I am convinced that you have no legal rights here, and I will convince my associates."

Gazlay—"But they are a majority of the court and they will now grant the writ."

Presiding Judge—"But I mean to convince them my way."

Gazlay—"They never will go your way in this matter. This court is a regular 'Demarara Team!'"

Presiding Judge—"What do you mean by that, brother Gazlay? what do you mean by that?"

Gazlay—"I mean what I say. This court is a Demarara Team, composed of one mule and three jackasses, when the mule wants to go the jackasses won't go, and when the jackasses want to move, the mule won't budge a step!"

Presiding Judge—"This is contempt of court, brother Gazlay, and I fine you $10 for contempt."

Gazlay—"No matter what you do—the associates will not go with you."

Presiding Judge—"Sit down, brother Gazlay; we will have no more of this. I we are a Demarara Team, drive on with your mad team!" We will hear you further in argument."

So, with the good humor produced by this jolly sally of the sweet and clever presiding judge, Mr. Gazlay went on with his case, and, after the fulest of arguments presented by him, the Demarara Team told him that they would grant him the writ of mandamus, preliminarily; that he might drive on for a while, and then they would wait for the wagon on the other side. And this pleased all concerned, and settled matters.

From this early time forth this term of "Demerara Team" adhered to the judges of the old Court of Common Pleas of the old court house all through its existence; and many were the jokes perpetrated on account of it among the lawyers and between them and the judges, in and out of court.

Salmon P. Chase was among the lawyers who practised at the Old Court House bar. Judge Carter says of him:

I knew him as an early lawyer at our bar. He came here, had the passport of New-England, commenced the practice of the law, was soon into polite society, and got married to a lady of family and position in society. As a lawyer, Mr. Chase was a hard student and a hard worker. He had talents, but little or no genius. He never was an orator, at the bar or elsewhere. He was never brilliant at anything. His chief merit, if merit it can be called, after all, was ambition, and he was forever seeking a position of place and power. I remember when he doubted politics, and was a candidate on the Whig ticket of this county for State Senator, and defeated. Then he became a Free-Soiler, and helped create the Liberty party; and then he was elected by the Democratic party, with the help of two Free-Soilers, to the United States Senate, and then he got the spider of the Presidency in his brain, and moved in that direction himself, but was only helped so far as being made Secretary of the Treasury, and then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and then not satisfied, he was still a candidate for the Presidency. Apropos: Being in the law-office of Mr. Chase, on Third-st., one day, he got talking to me, a youngster lawyer as I was, about business, future prospects, etc. In the course of our conversation he referred to the proper ambition of lawyers in reference to becoming judges upon the bench, and he remarked, in regard to himself, that "his highest ambition was to become the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and if he ever reached that, he would be satisfied with his life." He did reach that, but he was not satisfied.

Of Robert T. Lytle, a famous stump orator who played an important role in National politics as the particular friend of President Jackson, Judge Carter gives a brace of anecdotes:

In the year 1832, on one occasion, Orator Bob was pitted against a certain Kentucky orator from Bourbon County, a strong Henry Clay man, and the two orators had it long and well in their extended political discussion. At last they grew personal toward each other, and the Kentuckian, who had achieved the unenviable distinction of not being sober all the time, and was evidently somewhat under the influence of "Kentucky Bourbon" at the time, loudly lifted up his sonorous voice, and pronounced clever Bob nothing but a demagogue. But Bob did not get mad under the denunciatory infliction and affliction, but he arose on the stump and said in his blandest oratorical style, "Fellow-citizens, my Kentucky friend, in his spirit of annihilating denunciation, calls me a demagogue. All I have to say in reply to takes," at the same time pointing his long index finger at him, "if I am a doubtful demagogue, he certainly is—a Bourbon demijohn."

On another occasion, somewhere in the thirties, statesman and stump-speaker Bob was in a political discussion with a rival party candidate for the same office, who did not at all deal in denunciation, but was trying to persuade his hearers to vote for him against Bob, in the politest and most agreeable ways. He finally made this strong appeal to his numerous audience: "Fellow-citizens—Unlike my high-born competitor, I am the son of a mechanic, a maker of barrels and hogsheads, an unmistakable cooper, one whom many of you before me well knew; and I have no hesitation in saying that there are some fellow-citizens among you for whom my mechanic sire has made many and many a tight and stout barrel or hogshead. So vote for the son of a mechanic, an honest cooper, rather than for a high-born aristocrat, though he calls himself a Democrat." This was enough to startle and start Bob in the beginning of his speech in reply, and he began:

"Fellow-citizens—I have not the least hesitation in the world in according the fullest credence to what my opponent has so well said of himself. I have no doubt at all that his father was a cooper and made many a barrel or hogshead; but I must be permitted to doubt if he made them all well, for there is one he made, standing in my place here, just now, in whom and on whom he forgot to place any head, or rather he did put on one, and made him a hogshead!"

The following interesting sketch is given of the brothers Charles and John Brough, one of whom was a gallant soldier and a good judge, and the other the Governor of Ohio who was elected by the largest majority ever given any man in that State:

We have had occasion before, to mention Judge Charles H. Brough. He and his brother John were comparatively early lawyers here, and somewhat important personages. They were, I think, born and reared in Marietta. From thence went to Lancaster, and became joint editors of *The Ohio Eagle*. They then in the winter of 1840-'41, after studying law, came to this city and bought out the newspaper—*The Cincinnati Advertiser*—from the venerable Moses Dawson, and changed the name to *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, which still lives and flourishes as such. Both editors, lawyers and politicians. John became auditor of State, and in 1842, Charles was elected prosecuting attorney of this county, and a hard, diligent and vigilant prosecutor he was, too—if anything, too vigilant, too desirous and active, for conviction of poor devils, whether or no. As the breaking out of the Mexican War Charles raised a regiment and became its colonel, and, fighting gallantly, returned from the war with much distinction and glory, and was then, by the Legislature of our State made presiding judge of our old Court of Common Pleas. In 1849, while serving on the bench, he was unfortunately and most lamentably the first victim in this city of the dread cholera, which, immediately after his decease, became epidemic here. He departed this life in the midst of his notable career, having won much success, honor and distinction.

In my memory I know of no one, woo, in his eloquence, particularly in stump speaking, was so very attractive as John Brough. He had a ringing tenor voice, as clear as a bell, and a fluence of words like the flow of a beautiful river, and the matter, as well as the manner of his speech, was always attractive and interesting. Clear back in 1842, I remember his appearance here as a public speaker, when he made a Democratic stump speech just before the Exchange, on the wharf on Front-st., having before him thousands of people, and his voice was so loud, ringing and clear, that he gathered a large audience on the bank on the other side of the river, in Covington, who, hearing him so plainly, were interested throughout his whole speech, and frequently applauded his remarks across the river. The night was bright moonlight, and the atmosphere pure and beautiful, thus lending, of course, a great help to his clear, melodious, clarion voice. I spoke that night myself, as a young stumper, after Mr. Brough, and well do I remember my own loud voice, too, reaching with ease the large audience on the other side of the river, which had been collected by the ringing tones of John Brough.

Charles Brough was also eloquent, though his eloquence was rather in the sober, serious, pregnant matter vein in the manner. In evidence, his manner was by no means agreeable, as he was used too well to know, who had to deal with him as prosecuting-attorney. John was fat, fair and forty; Charles was long, gaunt and younger, and really awkward in his way; but for all that he was strong and powerful. He pleaded where John roved and ranged, but after all was a more reliable person, perhaps, in every regard than his more adopted brother, as prosecuting attorney, Charles was notoriously hard and severe, and woe to the poor devils who got once in his clutches. There was no mercy for them. Pale, however, he him off used to say was altogether "official." Lawyers at the bar, however, were frequently astonished at he ring the prosecuting attorney declare, in his State speeches before the jury, and this with a peculiar nasal twang, "If the prisoner is not guilty, why don't he prove his innocence—why don't he prove his innocence?" The only reply that his opponents could give to this was a vice versa, "If the prisoner is not innocent, why don't the prosecutor prove his guilt—why don't the prosecutor prove his guilt?"

Tom Corwin, who occasionally came down from Lebanon, to plead a case in the old Court House, had a poor opinion of the average jury. In the course of one of his speeches before the Court, he said there were two things which it was impossible to predict—one was what a woman would do in an emergency, and the other was the verdict of a jury. Of the two, the verdict of the jury was the more uncertain. He very much doubted, and he spoke from a long experience, whether any person in earth below or in heaven above could tell what the verdict of a jury would be in any case but the Almighty Himself. The following anecdote is given of Corwin:

When Tom Corwin was in Congress from the Warren County District he used to be disturbed very much by hearing so much boasting and bragging from State of Maryland members of the wonderful greatness of the eastern shore of Maryland. Other members of Congress were bored as well as Corwin by the eastern shore fellows continually harping upon their great eastern shore, and their great constituency—their great people! One day an eastern shore member was speaking to some measure, and Tom declared to some of his fellow-members in his place, if that Maryland chap again said anything about his eastern shore, he would reply to it. This was, and rose, noised about among members, and those in the conspiracy waited for an eulogium upon the eastern shore. Sure enough, the orator, in due time, came to the "eastern shore," and, among other things, he proclaimed: "Look at the great State of Maryland, look at the eastern shore of Maryland from whence I come! Why, it is the garden spot of creation, and its people are the choicest ones of mankind. It is a great country, a blessed country, a God-gifted land!" And the orator soon sat down after all that, and Tom Corwin arose in his place, with his fellow-members around him, all expectant, but not knowing what was to come. Among other things, orated eloquent Tom:

"The gentleman from Maryland speaks most eloquently and opportunely of his great State, and pronounces the eastern shore of that great State 'the garden spot of creation, and its people a blessed people.' In reference to this I have a fact to relate, if I can command sufficient attention." Everybody in the House was now full of attention. "Mr. Speaker, I am a lawyer, and I had a case in court one day in my town of Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio. It was a case of much importance, and my success in it depended upon the evidence of an aged, venerable, white-headed witness, near four-score years; and I called him to the duty of stand, and he gave his most important testimony, and my case, I thought, was won. But the lawyer on the other side commenced to cross-examine the witness, to break him down, if possible, on account of his extreme old age and necessary want of memory, and says he to the witness: 'My aged friend, how old might you be?' The old, white-headed witness looked around at the court and to the jury and at me and then, at last, at the cross-examining attorney, and he answered: 'I am just forty-two years of age near a month!' This was an astonisher, an admirer. I was amazed, and felt that my witness would certainly be completely broken down for lunacy. All in court were surprised. The cross-examiner continued: 'Only forty-two years of age! why, old man, you look to be at least eighty years of age!'

"'Well,' said the witness, 'I will tell you how that is: The first part of my life I spent on the eastern shore of the State of Maryland. I was born there—on the eastern shore! and I lived around, and lost there thirty-eight years, and under the good God I have always thought that in estimating and numbering my years He would not take account of the years gone and lost on that God-forsaken eastern shore of Maryland, and, therefore, I am just forty-two years of age!"

A good instance of the effectiveness of the *argumentum ad hominem*, when addressed to an excitable jurymen, is afforded by the following anecdote of Richard M. Corwine:

Lawyer Richard M. Corwine was a showy fellow in the law and out of it. There was no man that I know of who could make more favorable first impressions upon his fellows, and particularly strangers, than Dick Corwine, and it was a common remark that nobody was ever introduced to Dick, and enjoyed the pleasure of a single acquaintance with him, but who thought him a great man, and he really did have a great deal of merit, and was a good lawyer and an eloquent advocate. He was once a partner of Oliver M. Spencer, who was so distinguished a judge of the new Superior Court, and he too was once a senior partner in the practice of the law of Rutherford B. Hayes, who is now the President of the United States, the firm being Corwine & Hayes. Well, Dick was decidedly an eloquent advocate before a jury. He was once counsel and advocate in a criminal murder case, and the defence he set up for his client was "se defendendo," or "se offendendo," as Shakespeare's grave-digger has it—self-defence—and in the progress of the trial he had witnesses to prove it too. It came the time for Dick's argument and great speech to the jury, and he waxed exceedingly eloquent, and he got the jury in sympathy with him almost to fever heat, and he was about to conclude, and he vociferously declaimed: "Gentlemen of the jury—Now put yourselves in the place of my client—he, a small diminutive man, and the deceased, a great, brawny, scalawag butcher, who perished upon my client with the ferocity of a lion or a tiger, with a large butcher or bowie-knife in his unlifted right hand, and would have cut his heart out then and there if my client had not prevented him by shooting and killing him on the spot. Under such circumstances, what would you all have done, gentlemen of the jury? I say, what—what would you have done?" Here Corwine noticed the only Irishman of the jury in a huge state of nervous sympathetic excitement, very uneasy in his chair, and turning suddenly to the Irishman, the excited orator boldly and loudly proclaimed: "My friend from Ireland, what would you have done under circumstances like these? What—what would you have done?" The Irish juror could stand it, or rather sit it out no longer, he sprang to his feet in the jury box, and flinging up his arms and hands in a flush of terrible excitement, he screamed out, in response to the orator: "Shot the d——l spaupcen on the spot, by the eternal thunder!"

This was enough—this was a wonderful triumph, and the eloquent advocate said not another word, but sat down, and left the case, and the fate of his client to the mercies of the twelve jurors, who, after the charge of the court, retired to their room, and soon afterward brought in a verdict of not guilty, and Corwine and his client rejoiced in great joy.

LITERARY NOTES.

Another change has come over *The Pen*, a London journal of literature, whose brief and creditable career has been marked by various vicissitudes. With a change of proprietorship it is now discontinued as a monthly, but will reappear on January 1 as a weekly paper.

The first instalment of Mrs. Burnett's "Fair Barbarian" will appear in the "Midwinter Scribner," and will be completed in three numbers. This story has already been published serially in a magazine with a different circle of readers. The author has revised it, but made no material change.

"Medical Heresies" (Philadelphia, Presley Blackiston) is a series of essays by Dr. G. C. Smythe, of Greencastle, Indiana, on the origin and development of sectarian medicine. The secondary object of the book, he says, "is to furnish the regular profession with some much-needed information in regard to homeopathy.

General Grant has turned author and written an article for the February *North American Review*, in which he will favor the scheme for a Nicaragua ship-canal. He is showing so much versatility in practising the arts of peace that the country would not be overwhelmed with surprise if some day he should make a flank movement on Parnassus itself.

A blue book of 336 pages and full of dismal facts about the slave trade has just been issued by the English Government. It makes out England's charity-patient, Turkey, to be the principal support of the inhuman traffic. Account is given of a white girl, aged nineteen, who was released a year ago from a black Turk by the British Consul at Malta. The Turk had instructions to deliver her to a purchaser in Tripoli, who had paid Vesundar Pacha, of Constantinople, £202, Turkish money, for her. The book throws a good deal of light on slavery as a social institution of the Ottoman Empire.

There could be no better proof of a demand for a new and revised edition of Marion Harland's "Common Sense in the Household" than the fact that Charles Scribner's Sons had printed from the old plates until they were worn out, and had not been able to satisfy the public clamor for it with over one hundred thousand copies. The book was first published ten years ago. The author, who has done so much through her book to lighten the cares of American housekeepers, has made the new edition as perfect as possible, by adding new receipts and making the whole book square with the newest development of the culinary art.

"Exile; a Dramatic Episode," by Lewis J. Block (St. Louis: G. I. Jones & Co.) is too stilted a performance for the average poetic taste. This poor earth is described in its lines as "the realm Where souls repulse 'gainst souls and the lame act Halts far behind the wish." The conversation, and there is little or no action, is divided among a "Father," a "Mother," a "Stranger," the hero, "who would bestow his wealth's large sovereignties on others," or in other words adopt Ida as his daughter, who says, "I catch your sense," but clings with greater tightness to her mother's apron string, while her young lover, Alfred, exclaims: "I hate you, sir. If you come here again I shall be wroth, and take sure means to do you some fell harm." The first two lines of the poem state this proposition: "Is there in the deed-world a deed, a way, worth doing or worth following?" and it is much to be regretted that it is not satisfactorily answered even at the end of 120 pages.

In commenting on the fact that Endymion is still wandering about railway book stalls in England in three volume form, while in this country it is selling for 15 cents a copy in a volume of eighty-four pages, *The Pall Mall Gazette* says Harper & Brothers produced the edition in a leisurely manner during two weeks after the copy had arrived from England. "Some calculations have been made as to the time in which it could have been produced, if need were. Setting up the 497,448 'ems' which the book contains, would take twenty hours; in twelve hours more the work would be electrotyped and the plates ready for the press. Fifteen hours would be consumed in printing off the first 20,000 copies. Eight hours more would be required to get these 20,000 copies dried, folded, stitched and trimmed. This gives a total of forty-five hours to produce 20,000 copies—a feat which could have been performed without in any way interfering with the other business in hand. It is suggested by the collector of these figures that in 1980 the author will improvise his work through a telephone, the vibrations from which will set the type. It is a comfort to think that that dire possibility is still 100 years distant."

AMONG THE AMERICANS.

MEN OF ACTION IN BOSTON.

MR. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE GIVES HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT AMERICANS—EMERSON COMPARED WITH CARLYLE—INTERVIEWS WITH WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From The Manchester Cooperative News.

There are men of thought and action in most cities. They abound in New-York, in Chicago, in Cincinnati, but it is a different kind of thought from that which excites the interest of a stranger in Boston. In Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust" the lines occur:

When the crowd sways, unbelieving,
Show the daring will that warms,
He is crowned with all achieving
Who perceives and then performs.

But the merit of this discernment altogether depends upon the quality of the thought which is converted into social force. The people who perceive what is right and do not do it are more numerous than is supposed. Next to the knaves, those philosophers are the most contemptible who, seeing the errors of the multitude, keep their wisdom to themselves. It is more respectable to be a fool than to have knowledge and be indifferent to the duty it imposes of generously diffusing it, and raising the level of social and public life thereby. The only philosophers worth honoring are they who, like Petrarch, have a passion "for setting forth the low of their own minds, and employ their understandings and acquirements in that guide and direction in which they may most benefit the largest number possible of their fellow-creatures."

The greatest of modern Italians, Mazzini, had a favorite phrase, "Thought and Action." In public affairs thought which does not imply action or lead to it, or incite it and mean it, is not to be counted in the forces of opinion. The distinction of Boston is that its thought seems always meant for political or moral action. It is this purpose which, more than its general intellectual brightness, has given this city dignity and influence beyond that of any other in America. It led the War of Independence; it led the war against slavery. Its philosophers think, and even its minstrels sing heroic ballads of improvement. Other cities carry palms of great achievements which make their names memorable, but Boston is a city of inspiration.

If I had a personal object in visiting America, it was to meet Mr. Wendell Phillips, whose intrepid eloquence, confronting dangerous majorities, and animating forlorn hopes, has ever been generously exerted on behalf of the slave, black or white, in bondage to planter or capitalist. As the only oration he had delivered against anyone, out of his own land, was a reply to certain "Ion" letters of mine, in 1854, on "Methods of Anti-slavery Advocacy," I presented myself at his door as his ancient and alien adversary; and the historic sites of Boston were made more memorable in my eyes because they were shown me by him. Men who had heard Mr. Phillips and the most famous orators of Europe regarded him as excelling in the mighty career of speech, which resembles the torrent rather than the volcano in its inherent impetus and splendid rush. While I was in Boston, he was engaged by the Church of the Sacred Heart to deliver an oration on Daniel O'Connell. I desired it to be communicated to the authorities concerned that if they would arrange a time for the oration when I could be present I would become a votary of the Roman Catholic Church. Unfortunately, they did not attach sufficient importance to my adhesion, and it never fell to me to hear him. In many cities, from Philadelphia to Boston, I was told that I "ought not to leave the country without hearing Phillips." This was never said to me of any other speaker. Stories I oft heard told of his perils and triumphs on the platform exceed anything I know in the annals of oratory. One of his reporters has lately appeared in English papers. It occurred in the days when all the churches preached in favor of slavery. One day a minister met Mr. Phillips, and, thinking to be smart and unpleasant, said to him, "If your business is to promote the freedom of slaves, why do you not go South and attend to your business?" "May I ask what is your business?" said Mr. Phillips. "Oh, my business is to preach the Gospel and save souls from hell." "Then why do you not go to hell and attend to your business?" was Mr. Phillips's answer; and the point of the reply was that it was about as pleasant and quite as safe to go down South at that time, pleading for slaves among planters, as visiting the satanic kingdom would be, and the preacher knew it. It may be said of Wendell Phillips, as was said of Luther, "God honored him by making all the worst men his enemies."

As my business in America was idleness, and the only exercise I intended to take was sleep—never having had a season of recreation before—I did not see half the men of mark I might have met in Boston.

One morning, after taking me to Bunker Hill, and repeating a passage from Webster's splendid oration there when the monument on it was completed, Mr. Phillips showed me the Auburn Cemetery, where I was surprised to see the tomb of Spurzheim. He said, "Hard by lives Mr. Longfellow, in an old English mansion formerly occupied for a time by General Washington," and there I had the pleasure to converse for a short time with the poet, whose works are in many cooperative libraries, and whose poems of inspiration I had oft heard recited on their platforms. Longfellow's bearded and august face gives him the appearance now of a Jupiter of poetry. Mr. Lowell's house lies not far away among the trees of Cambridge, but he was in Europe then. We are all glad he is the American Minister in London now.

The diffidence Mr. Phillips reproached me with of not visiting persons I wished to see without some colorable pretext was nearly fatal to my seeing Mr. Emerson. Several mornings Mr. Phillips went with me to the libraries and book stores, where Mr. Emerson was sure to be found when he came up to Boston from Concord, but without meeting with him. One day at the library Mr. Phillips introduced me to a banker, saying, "This is my friend, Mr. Holyoake, from London. He has never said a word about it, but I suspect he is a believer in 'hard money,' which is the one virtue which you will have to save you." "Yes, I may escape by that," replied the banker, addressing me; "but your friend, Mr. Phillips, has so many virtues, which we all recognize, that his future is secure, despite his one sin of believing in 'paper currency.'"

It came to pass that Mr. Stevens, of Cambridge, gave me a letter to Dr. Alcott, of Concord, asking him to take me to see Mr. Emerson. So, in company with my friend, Mr. Verity, formerly of Lancashire, I, not knowing the way, set out to Concord. The way thereto, and the place itself, were as bright as the historical associations of the town. If ever Concord made up its mind to be content, it would be in that pleasant spot where water and wood, spacious plains, quiet villas, and fairy reads abound. Mr. Emerson's daughter being from home, the philosopher received us himself. Pictures and works of art, which it was good to look upon, were just numerous enough to be part of the household. Touching, like an enchanter, a panel, which was not noticeable, it slid away, and we entered the study, which no one could see without interest. Though tall, Mr. Emerson is still erect, and has the bright eye and calm grace of manner we knew when he was in England long years ago. In European eyes, his position among men of letters in America is as that of Carlyle among English writers; with the added quality, as I think, of greater braveness of thought and clearness of sympathy. The impression among many, to whom I spoke in America, I found to be that while Carlyle inspires you to do something, not clearly defined, when you have read Emerson you know what you have to do. However, Mr. Emerson would admit nothing that would challenge the completer merits of his illustrious friend at Chelsea. He showed me the later and earlier portraits of Carlyle which he most cherished; made affectionate inquiries concerning him personally, and as to whether I knew of anything that had proceeded from his pen which he had not in his library. Friends had told me that age seemed now a little to impair Mr. Emerson's memory, but I found his recollection of England accurate and full of detail. A fine portrait of him, which Mr. Wendell Phillips presented to me, has been generally thought by those who have not seen Emerson to be a portrait of Mr. Gladstone, whom he certainly very much resembles now. Englishmen told me with pride that in the dark days of the war, when American audiences were indignant at England, Emerson would put in his lectures some generous passage concerning this country, and raising himself erect, pronounce it in a defiant tone, as though he threw the words at his audience. More than any other writer Emerson gives me the impression of one who sees facts alive and knows their ways, and who writes nothing that is mean or poor.

One morning there appeared in THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE the following paragraph:

A day or two ago there met in State-st., Boston—on the spot where the fatal massacre took place—Mr. Wendell Phillips, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, and the son of Mr. John Bright. Mr. Phillips, who was showing Mr. Holyoake the historic spots of Boston, had stopped at the conference, when, to his surprise, came up with a friend. On being introduced to Mr. Phillips, a very cordial greeting took place. "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Bright," Mr. Phillips said, "but I would rather meet your father." "My father is better worth meeting," modestly answered Mr. Bright. "I wish you could persuade your father to visit us," said Mr. Phillips. "I am afraid he does not like, or fears, the sea," was the reply. "We should be content if he would come and make us just one sneeze," added Mr. Phillips. "Ah," said Mr. Bright, "I think my father fears that more." Mr. Bright is taller than his illustrious father, but has his massiveness and fervent carriage. The expression of his features is that of his mother. In a speech he made a year ago in his native town, he displayed quite his father's vigor and fire.

Mr. Phillips asked me afterward who wrote the paragraph, saying he did not. Mr. Bright plainly did not, nor did his friend. I answered that being a stranger in America I could not be expected to be able to throw light upon the ways of their native journalism so soon. One thing the writer might have added which struck me at the time. I observed that Mr. Phillips stood with his hat off all the time of the conversation. Not Mr. Evarts's message to Mr. Bright from the American people gave me a deeper sense of the sincerity of the regard felt for him than this line act of courtesy in a man so eminent as Mr. Phillips—a man of noble presence and Roman head standing uncovered in a public square, expressing thereby his respect for young Mr. Bright for his own and his father's sake. The man and the act were national. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

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