RELICS OF WHITTIER.

SOME UNPUBLISHED POEMS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Last Notes of His Broken Lyre—His Dying Hand Wrote Words That None Can Read and His Last Lines Undecipherable.

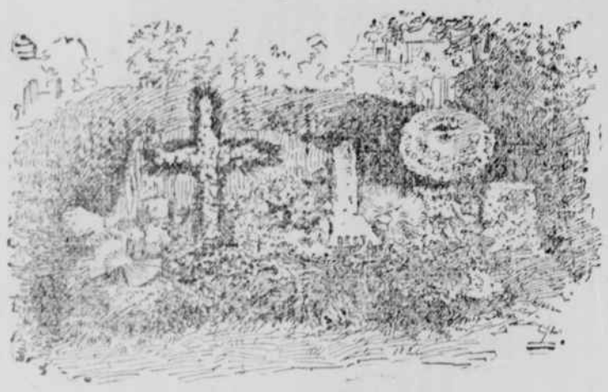
(Copyright for The Times, 1893.)

UTSIDE a dreary rain was falling from a grey November sky. The wind swept the dead leaves against the rattling panes, and went moaning everywhere. It was just such a day, two Novembers before, that I had visited poor, old Walt Whitman in his garret at Camden, where I found the venerable poet living in neglect and want, cooking soup in a yellow bowl, on a sheet-iron stove, near by. Whenever his strength permitted, he rose from his arm-chair, with the rough bear's robe thrown over the back, fumbling vainly, here and there, in dark corners, among masses of literary plunder, books and papers unnumbered, seeking the verses Tennyson wrote to him on a recent birthday, that I might be permitted to know of the friendship between the two bards. Like Father Time appeared the noble old writer, with his long, flowing, snowy beard, his high, majestic forehead, and the marks of a great age furrowed in his withered face. At parting, I could not but wonder what might become of the poet's literary remains, for, in the junk-shop jungle of these lonesome rooms, there must be much of value which would be lost, simply because of the carelessness of the owner, who considered not the nearness of death.

All this was brought forcibly back to my memory, when, dripping from the rain, I entered the hospitable home of the custodian of the literary fragments of that other of America's distinguished poets whose death has recently been mourned by the nation, whose tomb, by the way, daily receives the desecrating marks of relic-hunters, who despoil the cedars and hedges—John Greenleaf Whittier. Whatever differences there may be in the artistic value of the works of Whittier and Whitman, certain it is that the widest distinction existed between them in the ordinary affairs of their lives. Whitman was poor and needy to the last, and was supported, I have always understood, in his final infirmities by the kind interest of friends, who subscribed for his nurse that the little old frame house in Camden might shelter the snowy head of its bard to the end. Whitman, furthermore, left his papers in such confusion, in his garret, where it was his custom to pile them, helter-skelter, here and there, that the availability of many of them is questionable, if not hopeless. But with Whittier order and business-like care had its part, his whole life long. Instead of being poor, his estate, Mr. Pickard tells me, was worth $120,000. For years he had anticipated the inevitable end of all human life and had prepared for it with caution and with full instructions as to the disposition, value and whereabouts of his letters, writings, and papers; and when he died, yes, even before his death, his literary custodian had already entered fully and freely into his appointed work.

Mr. Pickard is one eminently fitted for the delicate task assigned to him by John Greenleaf Whittier. His years of experience in journalism, his literary tastes, his ample fortune, which assures him of leisure, and, above all, the companionship of his wife, the niece of the poet, who, in her turn, was for years the daily confidant of her famous uncle, looking after him in her tender, womanly fashion; all these circumstances have aided S. T. Pickard in the labor of compiling and finally disposing of the Whittier literary fragments.

I found Mr. and Mrs. Pickard in a plain, two-story house, in Portland, Maine, on one of the pleasantest streets near the Longfellow statue. Everywhere in that house, in the large, airy and unpretentiously furnished rooms, are the indemnable marks of the hand of a woman of taste and culture, which means much when a New England woman is concerned, and New England domestic arrangements are referred to. I might almost say that this is another of the many Whittier homes. In his life, it was hard to say where Mr. Whittier lived. He had houses all up and down the murmurous Merrimac and up and down the coast. He voted in Amesbury. He frequently dwelt with Judge Cade, where a room was set apart for him, for he came and went at whim. He had another house in Haverhill. He had still another at Danver's a spacious, old-fashioned home, set on a hill. He had still another home in Newburyport, where he spent so much time with Dr. Cardland, that it has been written, "you never would know who owned the house, the doctor or the poet, for both were equally at home there." Mr. Pickard has created another Whittier home and has filled it with Whittier relics, each of which is more interesting that the last, from oil paintings of the poet, to his famous cherry writing desk, which stands in a cozy corner, his homely gold watch, his books, letters and papers.



'HERE WHITTIER LIES."

WHITTIER AS YOUNG MAN.
(Copied from a painting by Deacon Peckham.)

After we had chatted a while on the life and purposes of the poet, Mr. Pickard excused himself for a moment and went upstairs to his study, soon returning with a small black box, studded with brass nails. In a rear room, Mrs. Pickard lighted a lamp, for evening was coming on, and brought ink, pen, and paper. The kindness of these people was to me very touching. I wanted to take a picture of Whittier's writing desk, but there was not light enough in the corner where it stood.

"Then I shall move it outdoors," said Mr. Pickard, without a moment's hesitation.

Mrs. Pickard ran for the stuffed thrushes which had been presented to Whittier by the Emperor of Brazil; also for a large vase, that was interesting by reason of its associations.

"You may take these, too," she said, smiling.

It was raining hard, but nothing daunted, Mr. Pickard protected the table by an overcoat, and, taking one end, while I took the other, together we carried the relic through this room and that—out to a broad back veranda, where the snap shot was quickly secured. I mention this incident to illustrate the characteristics of these good people, who, in their simple, circumscribed lives, in a quaint old New England town, practice virtues whose worth show life's finer side.

Under the glow of the evening lamp the conservator of the literary remains of John Greenleaf Whittier, with his kindly face and his snowy beard, was himself somewhat suggestive of a poet. Mrs. Pickard, the niece of Whittier, a woman of middle life, plump, brown-eyed and cheerful, sat near by, from time to time interposing a word or suggestion about her uncle, whom she never mentioned without a quaver in her sympathetic voice.

"Tell me how you came to be appointed by Mr. Whittier?" I asked the host, as he opened his black box and shuffled papers to and fro in his lap.

"There is little to tell," he explained. "But others wanted it, too," put in the wife.

"That is true; Whittier had evidently thought of appointing one of a number of persons before he finally decided on me. For one, there is Mr. Howells, the novelist. It was about the time that Longfellow died. Then Whittier's attention was finally turned toward the future. He began to consider what ought to be done with his literary effects. A book had been compiled from Longfellow's miscellany, and the matter was thus brought home to our poet, who anticipated that something of the same sort would unquestionably be repeated in his own case."

"Then he wished a book?" said I.

"Oh, no!" put in Mrs. Pickard, quickly.

"Oh, no!" rejoined the host.

"Far from that," he went on, after a moment, "but, on the other hand, Whittier personally wished that nothing might be said or written of his life. He told me so many times, at various meetings. But when he had been fully persuaded in his own mind that in some fashion a book would be written of him, he wisely determined to guard as far as possible against misunderstandings by specially appointing someone to do the work, from his letters and papers—and, ultimately, he chose me."

"What were his instructions about the book?"

"He wished that, as far as possible, the volume should be compiled from his papers and letters. He particularly cautioned me against any chapters presenting any estimate of his life's work; that, he concluded, should be left to others, or, better still, should be something each reader should settle for himself."

"When did you enter on the labor?"

"Whittier wished me to begin while he was yet alive. It is a characteristic which shows his cautious, conservative nature. He wanted to be sure that I was on the right track."

"And did you do so?"

"I did; that is, I tried; but I met with not much success. I mean by that that my first decision, endorsed by Whittier, was to hunt up all of his old letters, which he had written during a period of fifty years or more. It was not an easy task, you may imagine. I failed—for the reason that many people appealed to would not give the letters up."

S. T. PICKARD.

Mr. Pickard now referred directly to the contents of his box, saying:

"I have selected a few unique relics for your perusal. I would like to show you everything pertaining to Whittier, but, necessarily, that is impossible. I have thousands of letters, trunks filled with miscellany, whole libraries of books, and fragmentary papers of all kinds, sufficient to occupy your time and attention for a year.

"I have here," continued the speaker, unfolding a musty sheet of common note paper, "the original manuscript of 'In School Days,' in the form in which it was submitted to Miss Lucy Larcom, the poetess and editor of 'Our Young Folks.' In my judgment it is the best known of Whittier's shorter pieces, and so I will let you take a fac-simile. There are some interesting details connected with this bit of paper," said the host, holding it before him and looking at it affectionately. At the time it was written Miss Larcom had asked Whittier for a poem suitable for children, and had sent him some pictures, around which he was to weave his verses. In this however, Whittier was not successful. Instead of doing as she requested, he paid no attention to her pictures, in due time sending 'In School Days,' as you have it here. On the last page is the letter to Miss Larcom. I will read it to you, as it throws a strong light on one of the poet's characteristics. It is as follows:

"'I cannot make verses for the pictures, but I send thee herewith a bit, which, I am sure, is childish, if not child-like. Be honest with it, and if it seems too spoony for a grave Quaker like myself, don't compromise me by printing. When I get proof, I may see something to mend or mar.'

"Now," continued the speaker, "this note is written in a strain oft-times repeated, in one form or another, in hundreds of Whittier's letters. He shows his quaint humor. He is always criticising himself. He underscored the ish, at the end of child, also the like, in child-like. He enjoyed cutting himself up in this fashion. Seldom did he send a poem to a publisher without some personal criticism. True to his suggestion, he did find something to mend or mar; for, with the final copy of the poem, submitted to Miss Larcom, he included eight new lines, four of which he scratched out, illustrating the way in which he composed. The added verse or verses, are the third and fourth, and were originally written on a small piece, evidently torn from a sheet of letter paper.

"I have here many letters which will show that Whittier thought not overmuch of his work. In his youth he dashed off a great many pieces, and was sorry for it all his life! He never believed in hasty work. He was a most methodical man. He made it a practice to keep the first copies of his poems. These are oft-times written on scraps of paper, old envelopes, and in the fly-leaves of books. But for all that, he was slow, very slow, about printing them."

The host picked up an old magazine, and, opening it, pointed to the first page, saying:

"This is a volume of the 'New England Magazine' for 1833. I found therein on a blank page, written in lead pencil, the first copy of the poem called 'To a Cape Ann Schooner.' Now, the verses were not published till thirty years later! This is a most interesting act! It shows how cautious Whittier was. Furthermore, he has written many poems anonymously, which he never, in his long life, saw fit to claim. I doubt not there may be some such floating around in the press to this day! Why, between 1828-31, before he finally enlisted in the anti-slavery cause, I have discovered that he wrote, for a period of three years, a poem a week! And of all these, only twenty appeared in his books! This is much more signal, from the fact that the discarded verses were, generally, upon slavery, the very theme on which he gained his first great distinction."

"Show him the book!" put in the poet's niece.

"Oh, yes, here it is!"

Mr. Pickard then handed me what appeared to be an old note-book, in size about fourteen inches long and twelve wide, containing, I should think, perhaps two hundred musty leaves. This book was crowded, from end to end, with the discarded verses to which the speaker had just alluded. They were written in a beautiful old-fashioned style of penmanship, as fine and as clear as copper plate. Not a letter was missing. Not a line betrayed haste. Not a word was slighted nor slurred. There it was, page on page, in its artistic showing, a silent rebuke from a generation gone to the heedless rushing men and women of the present, who never would take the time to copy a whole book with such scrupulous fidelity. Then an idea came to me.

"It is beautiful! But who did this?"

"Ah, a Philadelphia friend; a lady."

"So I thought; is there any correspondence with her?" I said smiling.

The niece of the bachelor poet blushed rosy-red; Mr. Pickard tugged in an embarrassed fashion at his snowy beard. Before he responded, I had added:

"Did you find any love-letters among Whittier's literary remains?"

Mrs. Pickard smiled. The host smiled. I smiled.

"Yes," he responded, finally

"How many?"

"A great many; three packages; they were done up, each in a separate packet; you see, Whittier was very methodical; he did everything in this way; he labeled everything; he had full lists of his correspondents; when he died, all I had to do was to write to the people he had mentioned, and ask them for the letters; he was the most business-like man among our purely literary men."

"Yes; but the love-letters!"

"Really, this is not for print; you must excuse me; I can say nothing more on this topic, other than that Whittier, in his youth, wrote that sort of letter to three different women. The letters were couched in such language as you would expect from a highly poetic imagination."

"Will the letters, or any of them, be in your compilation?"

"No," said the gentleman, quietly, "they will not; there is a very good reason for this; indeed, I might say, a number of reasons."

"What are the reasons?" I said, mercilessly.

"Well—the ladies are still alive! You see, it would be bad taste! Mrs. Pickard, is it—is it not warm here?"

Another interesting incident as to the poet's characteristics, discovered by the remains, is the fact that Whittier invited corrections to his poems, and gladly embraced every opportunity to better his lines. Thus it is that there is such a marked difference in the same verses, oft-times, in the several editions. Whittier was a merciless foe of the proof-slips, and used his blue pencil with decision, and with force! His expression "to mend or mar," in the Lucy Larcom letter, was one of the strongest of the animating influences of his literary life. He seldom left a poem as he wrote it, and after writing it over, would simply write it over and over again, in his tireless search for beauty of form and idea. His one regret was that he had published too much in his youth! His oft-repeated injunction to young men was not to write voluminously, but to do what little they tried well. Yet, of the hundreds of poems in the book of the Philadelphia friend, he selected twenty—and regrets it. He kept the poem entitled "An Out-Door Reception," twelve years before it was published. He used to sit in the Solemn Friend meetings and think out his work. He never took notes. The copies of his poems are, in the main, complete drafts. If there are to be any changes they will come later, but will be left in such a way as to be easily traceable to the orginal, for in Whittier's life was order and business-like care, which had a place for everything and put everything in its proper place. Then, too, he used to compose in bed. He was a light sleeper. Before he dozed it was common to hear him reciting the verses that were running in his mind, so that he might get their sound; the next day, possibly, there would be more corrections made at that little, cherry desk, at which he wrote so many years. The letters show that Mr. James G. Blaine once suggested a correction to Whittier, and the latter accepted it quickly. It was the change of a line in the poem "Among the Hills." Whittier wrote:—

"Not beautiful alone, in curve and line,
But something more and better:
The secret charm, eluding art,
Its spirit, not its letter."

Mr. Blaine changed not only the form but the sense, which was accepted by Whittier, as follows:

"Not fair alone in curve and line,
But something more and better;
The secret charm, eluding art,
Its spirit, not its letter."

The one grand discovery of the literary fragments of Whittier, according to Mr. Pickard, the conservator, is the extraordinary interest manifested by the poet in politics. It was known, during his life, that he took part in elections and in politics in general, for it was his custom to cast his vote at Amesbury with unfailing regularity; but it was never suspected that Whittier's influence extended as widely as it did, and that he was, in his sphere, a power at the polls. He kept up an unfailing correspondence with many party leaders, and even with those in private life, noticeably with Charles Sumner, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Lidia H. Sigouerney, and Robert Rantone, of Salem. First, he was a Whig, then of the Liberty party, and, finally, a Republican. The letters show that Whittier elected Sumner to the Senate. This was accomplished by means of an ingenious "coalition" with the Democrats, a move worthy of the shrewdest politician of the hour. Whittier likewise used his influence to elect Morton Governor of Massachusetts. This, again, was accomplished by his favorite "coalition," which, it is not at all unlikely, he had learned from that great compromiser Henry Clay, for whom Whittier's praises were the highest, up to the time that Clay joined the Liberty party. Blaine, Whittier always thought greater even than Clay. Cleveland he esteemed "the best of the Democrats." The poet believed fully in protection. When his letters are finally and fully known, as they will be, through the compilation of Mr. Pickard, there is no doubt that the poet Whittier will be widely esteemed for his sagacity in foretelling events in politics. As an illustration, in several of his letters he speaks with great interest of the then probable outcome of the last campaign he was ever to witness, the presidential contest between Harrison and Cleveland, in 1892. Mr. Whittier predicted the victory of Cleveland long before the election was held, though the poet finally died before his judgment could be verified.

A pleasing feature of the Whittier memoranda is the "humorous" poems of which there are many specimens. It was the poet's custom to gather his friends about him on picnic occasions, and compose extemporaneous verses hitting off the oddities, conceits and foibles of those present, in the best natured way.

"Here is the humorous verse on 'one of the Signers,'" said Mr. Pickard, taking a musty looking sheet out of his black box. "It was written on the dedication of the Joshua Bartlett statue, at Amesbury. Whittier was invited to be present, but was prevented by sickness. So he wrote a long story about it, in which he burlesqued his friends. I will read you a verse or two to show you how he opens fire:

"'Around the Hampshire Democrats stand,
Stand, looking glum and grim;
That thing the Kingston doctor?
Do they call that critter him?

"'The pesky, black Republicans
Have gone and changed his figure;
We buried him a white man,
They dug him up—a nigger!'

"In explanation of this, I would say that the statue was of very dark bronze, so that it presented the subject in a decidedly coffee-colored tinge. This is what Whittier means by the last lines I just read. Well there are a dozen or more stanzas in much the same strain. In them the poet indulges in all sorts of fun, and characterizes the speakers as he pleases. He refers to himself, though absent, as really present, and enjoys, in fancy, the confusion of the ladies, who crowd close to the platform on which the exercises are being held, regarding him with wondering eyes, thus:

"'What! that man the poet Whittier—
The man who writes the verses?'

The chief speaker he alludes to as 'the one with the limber jaw.'"

"I wish," I said, "you would tell me the last literary work done by Whittier?"

"The very last thing written by Whittier must always remain a riddle, for the reason that it would take the voice of the dead to set us right, and our beloved friend's lips are sealed in eternal silence. He wrote, a few weeks before he died, three letters on the same day; but which one he wrote first I have no way of knowing. All I can say is that I found them among his papers after the funeral, when we laid him away in the Friends, little half-acre beside his family."

"But his last poem?"

A look of sadness came into the host's face, and was reflected in the quick glances of his wife. I felt sure that something of extraordinary interest was about to be revealed. With deliberation, worthy of the theme, the conservator of the literary relics of the venerable bard said:

"The last poem written by Whittier was penned in August, 1892, about four weeks before he died. It is to Oliver Wendell Holmes, a birthday offering, and begins thus:

"Among the thousands who, with hail and cheer,
Will welcome thy new year;
How few of all hath passed, as you and I,
So many mile-stones by."

This poem, the original of which I will now show you, is almost illegible, because Whittier's hand trembled so when he penned it; and, additionally, from the fact that he composed, erased and inserted, again and again, line on line, so that it is very badly cut up. However, a version of it has been studied out, and is now to be found in his latest editions.

"But to my mind, the very best poetical work of Whittier must always remain a mystery! Here is an original of verses, which I believe are the very last ones on which he was engaged. Some of the lines are found in the Holmes' birthday testimonial, at least,t here is a suggestion of the same idea in them. I will give you the lines; perhaps, somewhere, some admirer of Whittier may be able to study them out."

I took in my hand a mere fragment of a sheet of note paper. I studied the well-nigh illegible scrawl, and mused for a long time on its message, coming as it did like a voice from the grave—the sweet, kind voice of a master-singer whose harping is dumb in death.

"They rest in God's peace, taken from work,
The vacant place is filled—"

Was my translation correct as far as it went? I looked up from my work. The niece of the poet had gone into another room. A light was kindled where one had not been before, and its soft illumination shed a star-like luster upon a grand, old oil painting of John Greenleaf Whittier. Singing softly to herself, the good woman was arranging, in a vase underneath the portrait, some bright, golden chrysanthemums. It was a picture whose tenderness and beauty will not soon fade from memory. The host is talking again, as follows:

"Will I try to transcribe the bits of poetry I find in Whittier's papers? For my own interest—yes; but for publication—no. Why should I? I have the poet's injunctions as to what I am to print, and these must be scrupulously followed. He himself has cautioned me to print nothing further in the poetic line! He might have done so in his own life had he chosen. There are, I might say, without exaggeration, many hundred unfinished or, at least, unpublished verses among his papers and memoranda. But he, in his lifetime, decided that he had printed all he cared to. His decision is final."

"Do you find, among the papers, anything as to the poet's last and highest dreams and ambitions?"

"Yes; and supplemented by what he told me, I would say:—Notwithstanding the well-rounded success that our friend achieved, he still had ambitions unsatisfied, and fancied a time when they might be fulfilled. What were these? Well, he wished to write a history of the Anti-slavery cause, through which he hoped to conciliate, once and for all, the North and the South. This he thought of doing in the form of some novel or lengthy historical romance. Then, he always wanted to write some one long poem, after the fashion of "Snow Bound." You know, aside from this, he wrote nothing of any great length. In the end, too, I believe, it is for 'Snow Bound' that Whittier will be remembered."

"Do the letters in your possession show that Whittier was happy in his life-work?"

"Most assuredly; why should he not be? He lived a plain, frugal life; he accumulated more of this world's goods than ever he needed; he scattered the sunshine of life around him. Ah! the smile that would light up his face when a friend came to him! It was something which once seen was never to be forgotten. It was the sweetest smile I have ever seen on the face of man. In repose his face was by many considered stern and hard; but his heart was one of simple goodness itself.

"Whittier was very domestic in his habits. He lived with his friends. He cared little for money. He never speculated in any way. What he accumulated he obtained through a long series of years, and through his homely economies. He invested his money in bonds. Brokers had the highest opinion of his judgment in financial matters, and often used to visit him, seeking advice. This he freely gave, although he never profited by any speculations which his rare financial ability instinctively taught him to recognize. Up to 1866, he was a poor man. He made no money. On the other hand, he never fell in debt. He just made enough to live on—and that was all. His publishers gave him twenty-five cents for every copy of 'Snow Bound' that was sold, and this gave him his first good start. The largest price he ever received for a poem was one thousand dollars, paid by Mr. Bonner, for ninety-six lines, entitled 'The Captain's Well.'"

John Greenleaf Whittier, whose memory lives in the hearts of a grateful people, sleeps in the little half-acre of the Friend's beside his Uncle Moses, his Aunt Mercy, his sisters Mary and Lizzy, and his father and his mother."

"I wanted to give him an imposing tomb-stone," said his niece to me, "but that would be contrary to the customs of the Friends. I have just erected over his grave a plain white marble slab. On it is a quotation from Mr. Holmes' poem, entitled 'Whittier.' It is a single line, and reads thus:

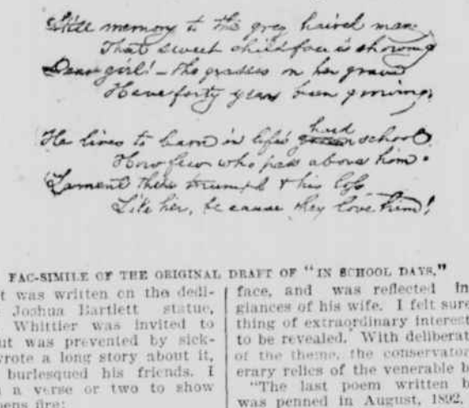
"'Here Whittier lies.'

Relic-hunters have despoiled his grave, from the day he was buried. There is a fine cedar tree on the lot, and its lower branches have been fairly carried away, twig by twig. The hedge around the plat, especially where it passes the grave of my uncle, has almost vanished. I do not know what to do about it."

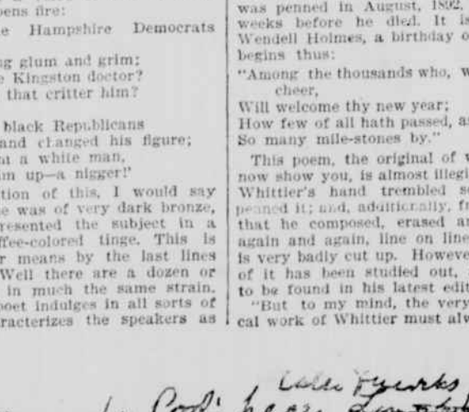
Outside, the wind swept the dead leaves against the rattling panes. The rain had turned to snow.

"It is snowing," said the woman, simply, going to the window and peering out in the darkness. "It is the first snow of the year, and the second one that has fallen on my uncle's grave."

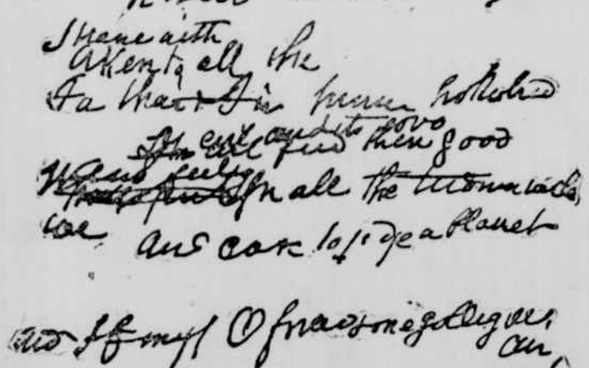
From her tender words, I knew, too, that then it was snowing in her heart.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF "IN SCHOOL DAYS."



AN UNPUBLISHED POEM ON LAFAYETTE, WRITTEN IN 1825.



WHITTIER'S LAST POEM; WHO CAN READ IT?

BELIEVES IN SELF-MADE MEN.

Ingalls Has No Faith in the Virtue of the Proverbial Silver Spoon.

Ex-Senator Ingalls firmly believes that the self-made men are the kind that move the world. He once said in a private conversation: "Among all my acquaintances at school and college, I do not recall a boy born with a silver spoon in his mouth, indulgently reared, with all the money he wanted to spend, and sure of inheriting wealth without the necessity of an effort, who has since done anything of note, or achieved signal distinction in the world. Those who have climbed the highest are those who have traveled the roughest road. The last quarter of a century has been the most important epoch in our history, and perhaps the most momentous in the annals of the human race. Of the acknowledged leaders in arms, letters, politics and business during this period, not one was born in purple, or lay in his youth among roses and lilies of life. All traveled the rugged road to renown—'Ad astra per aspera.' The boys of to-day are to inherit al the possessions of this generation. The rewards are the prizes of life. The honors and dignities, estates and emoluments will all descend to them in due season. But it is safer to predict that the gilded youths of to-day who wear fine clothes, drive fast horses, carouse with boon companions and neither toil nor spin, will not be the leaders and rulers of the republic in the first half of the next century. These will be found among those who are now striving to enter at the straight gate of learning; who have sometimes thought the way was closed, but who have strenuously persevered against poverty, privation, with self-denial and under many discouragements, till they have attained the goal."—Chicago Herald.

WORKING FOR WOMEN.

ALLOWS NO OPPORTUNITY TO PASS WHEN SHE CAN AID.

Ex-Empress Frederick, Widow of Fredreick the Noble, Wields a Powerful Influence in Germany.

Although the ex-Empress Frederick, widow of Frederick the Noble of Germany, has not lived in Berlin since the unhappy end of her husband, except for a few weeks at a time, she still wields a powerful influence in German politics and German life, says the New York Tribune. Few women have undergone greater and more persistent persecution than did this daughter of Great Britain at the time the Emperor was fighting death so hard in the palace of Potsdam. Those who were in Berlin at the time could hear the bitterest expressions regarding her on all sides. Friends and followers of the present Emperor denounced her in unmeasured language, and accused her of a deep-laid plot to exclude her eldest son from the succesion and proclaim herself regent. Hatred of her became so general that it was deemed best she remain absent from the capital as much as possible. Threats, indeed, were made against her life and condemnation of her supposed ambition was open. Sitting at table in a famous Berlin house a few days after the Emperor's death, the writer heard a well-known woman declare that she would gladly aid in "tearing out her hair and publicly insulting her."

And her majesty has lived down this hatred in the years which have gone by since those days of stress and storm. Admiration of her dignified conduct has been forced from her bitterest enemies. Doubtless the treatment which she received at the hands of the present ruler aided in overcoming the prejudice against her. The mention of her name is no longer greeted with hisses in certain circles of the capital where she formerly lived, and praise and commendation have taken the place of the condemnation and criticism which were once meted out to her

No one is better able to talk of the work of the Empress than George von Bunsen, long her friend and admirer. In a recent article in one of the German reviews he has drawn an attractive picture of her work among women for the elevation of her sex.

"The life of Empress Frederick," he writes, "rich in both happiness and misfortune, seems to-day to have reached a new turnig-point. She is still a young woman, being only fifty-three years old. She has carried on a splendid work—under difficult conditions at times— for the advancement of women in all the careers for which their nature and strength specially fit them. Through all this work, if I am not mistaken, she has had a guiding thought—the hope of proving the intellectual ability of woman equal to that of man, or, to speak practically, the hope of opening up the way—in Germany, too—for women who take up those careers which have been closed to them heretofore. A crowning of her work, therefore, will be the opening in Berlin of a gymnasium or college for women."

"The Crimean war, which from its beginning to its end spared the British Kingdom scarcely one bitter dissappointment, brought about a reform of the first importance—namely, the creation of a corps of women nurses from the educated and higher classes. The work of those women, who in the winter of 1854 and 1855, hurried to the English camp at Sebastopol, and brought life, light and hope into the badly-handled hospitals, had a great effect on the rich and work-loving nation. When in Germany the terrors of war in 1866 and 1870 presented the same necessities to us, was it any wonder that we wished to take advantage of the experience of the English ten years before, and later the experience of the Americans, and find that which was best adapted for our needs? That was brought about by the one best suited for its accomplishment—the Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia. One of the pupils and aids of Florence Nightingale—Miss Lee, now Mrs. Craven—had aided the princess in establishing a model hospital at Hamburg during the Franco-Prussian war. The idea of a world-sisterhood, which had occupied the attention of the crown princess for years and which has often been a subject for her pen, began then to assume tangible form. A lay sisterhood was planned in Berlin, modelled after that established in London by Miss Lees.

"It is hardly too much to say that the Victoria house for the care of the sick, brought to perfection in the course of years, is the greatest result of the work, intellectual and physical, which the Empress Frederick has devoted to the interests of women. Up to the present day a large number of educated women have been found ready to join the Victoria sisterhood in a life of discipline and sacrifice. Everywhere they receive the greatest praise for their work—in hospitals, clinics and in care of the sick in private families.

"Empress Frederick has endeavored to place new goals before the eyes of the German woman in addition to those pertaining to her domestic duties. There are the Association for the Care of the Health at Home; the branches of the Vacation Colonies in eighty cities; the Wadzeck institute, the Frederick institute, the Home House for Daughters of the Better Classes, of whch she is the protector and founder. The Victoria lyceum, founded by the empress, has had great success for more than twenty-two years. Thousands of young women have listened to instructive lectures there on languages, philosophy, etc., and trained themselves for the pedagogic calling.

"In the month of June, 1888, after the death of Emperor Frederick, when bitter sorrow filled not only Germany, but all the nations of the civilized world, it was proposed to do something to give expression to the general grief. It was then, on June 21, that the empress wrote: 'I do not know whether it is intended to erect a national monument to the memory of this noblest, purest of men—this pearl on a throne. But would it not be advisable to try to carry some of his ideas into execution? For instance, the Institute for the Training of Women, the Clinic for Diseases of the Throat, the houses for workmen in Berlin, the Pestalozzi-Froebel house? * * * That would have pleased my angel more than a monument of stone and iron. He was so beautiful that his picture would be an ornament anywhere. But how often have I heard him say: 'The only way to show proper regard for one who is gone is by doing some good deed for the poor and the suffering?'"

The empress has allowed no opportunity to pass by, when she could aid one of her sex. No one in all Germany is happier over the establishment of colleges for women, and the probability that the barriers forbidding their graduation from German universities will soon be torn away, for on one has done more to bring about these results. Time and again she has referred to the results in England and America as proof of the ability of women. She is naturally overjoyed that her fight for the higher education of women in Germany is to be crowned with success. Chicago News.

He Wasn't Drinking.

That usually interesting and original figure in this city, the new member of Congress, has again said something amusing. He was enjoying the hospitality of one of the most amiable and attractive women and was doing admirably as a conversationalist until she led him into trouble with this remark:

"I am afraid you find Washington rather dull at present. There is very little excitement, except what you find in the way of duty at the Capitol."

"It is rather monotonous," he asserted.

"No doubt you have an occasional mauvais quart d'heure?"

"No," he replied, and then leaning over confidentially, "I haven't tasted anything stronger than tea in a year."—Kate Field's Washington.