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THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.[1]

By Francis E. Abbot.

O perpetuate the memory of the men, who, in the military, naval, and civil service of the Colonies and of the Continental Congress, by their acts or counsel achieved the independence of the country, and to further the proper celebration of the anniversaries of the birthday of Washington and of prominent events connected with the War of the Revolution; to collect and secure for preservation the rolls, records, and other documents relating to that period; to inspire the members of the Society with the patriotic spirit of their forefathers; and to promote the feeling of friendship among them,—"

such are the objects for which the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, as declared in their Constitution, has been instituted.

It is in fulfilment of these objects that we are now assembled in this ancient and venerable house of worship, dear to some of us by the most sacred memories of childhood, dear to all of us as one of the few surviving monuments of revolutionary Boston,— so dear, we trust, to the greater Boston of to-day that no sacrilegious hand shall ever, for any purpose whatsoever, be laid upon these inviolable walls. Here, in this most fitting place, we have come together to honor the memory of one whom to remember at all is to be touched with the spirit of worship. In the darkest days of our terrible civil war, there was not a patriotic heart in all the land that did not recognize in Abraham Lincoln a gift of God in the hour of need; and no less, in the still darker days of "the times that tried men's souls," our forefathers recognized, with a faith that puts ours to shame, a gift of God in George Washington. This reverent recognition, in the course of human events, of an omnipresent guiding Wisdom above the wisdom of man, is warranted not only by the ancient traditions and teachings of the church, but also by the most advanced modern development of science and philosophy; for Evolution is a meaningless word, if it mean not the triumph of a Divine Purpose in the constant victory of good over evil by natural means — the irresistible and unswerving march of all events, in the history of nature and of man alike, to the fulfilment of a sleepless Divine Aim. Not, therefore, without a special fitness is it, that we have met together within these walls, to hold our first annual service of gratitude for the transcendent gift of a Washington in the birth-struggle of our national independence.

There is a special fitness, moreover, and no incongruity at all, in the fact that the theme selected and assigned to me by you for this occasion is not the personal or even public career of Washington himself, but rather the "Boston Tea Party,"— in at least one important as-

[1] Oration before the Massachusetts Society of Sons of the Revolution, in King's Chapel, Boston, February 22, 1893.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WHITTIER.

By Charlotte Forten Grimke.

I HAVE been led to write these recollections of our beloved poet, not because I have much of importance to say with regard to him that others do not know, but because I longed to express the grateful affection for him, which has ever filled my heart, because I have peculiar cause for gratitude to him, belonging as I do to the proscribed race, to the redressing of whose wrongs he consecrated his noblest gifts, and to whom, through all the years of his life, he was so unwaveringly true. I think that none, except the few who were nearest and dearest to him, can grieve for him quite so deeply as we; to none, except to them, can the loss be quite so great as it is to us.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Whittier many years ago, when a schoolgirl in Salem, Massachusetts. Years before, during his residence in Philadelphia, my birthplace, while he was editing the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, he had become acquainted with my grandfather, James Forten, and a very warm friendship existed between them, although my grandfather was much older than he,—and he was frequently at his house. At that time the bitterest prejudice against color existed in Philadelphia. Although it was the headquarters of the Abolitionists, there was no Northern city in which colored people were so badly treated as in that "City of Brotherly Love." In some parts of the city their lives were in constant danger; they were mobbed, insults of all kinds were heaped upon them, all places of public entertainment, halls, lecture-rooms and schools, were closed against them. The few separate colored schools which then existed were very poor; and my grandfather was obliged to send his sons away to school, and to go to the expense of employing private teachers for his daughters. The wrongs of his people weighed heavily upon his mind; and as old age came on, and the prospect did not seem to brighten, he became at times deeply discouraged. In these dark hours the noble young poet of freedom came to him; and his indignant protest against the wrong, his loving companionship, his warm, outspoken sympathy, were a source of unspeakable consolation and hope.

Mr. Whittier's early devotion to the anti-slavery cause is well-known. Lowell paints him faithfully in his *Fable for Critics*:

> "There's Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart
> Strains the straight-breasted drab of the Quaker apart."

And another distinguished critic says:

> "If Garrison may be considered the prophet of anti-slavery, and Phillips its orator, and Sumner its statesman, there can be no doubt that Whittier was its poet. Quaker as he was, his martial lyrics had something of the energy of a primitive bard urging on hosts to battle. Every word was a blow, as uttered by the newly-enrolled soldier of the Lord. The silent, shy, peace-loving man became a fiery partisan, and held his intrepid way—
>
> 'against the public frown,
> The ban of church and state, the fierce mob's hounding down.'
>
> He roused, condensed, and elevated the public sentiment against slavery. The poetry was as genuine as the wrath was terrific, and many a political time-server who was proof against Garrison's hottest denunciations, and Phillips's most stinging invectives, quailed before Whittier's smiting rhymes."

In answer to an abusive article, severely criticising his course on the anti-slavery question, Mr. Whittier wrote:

> "No earthly friendship nor literary celebrity appears to me to weigh a feather in the scale against the holy, heaven-born privilege of defending the inalienable rights of God's poor."

It was not strange, therefore, that the poet should have been regarded in our family with deep gratitude and affection, and that from my earliest childhood I should have had a great enthusiasm for him. I never wearied of reading and

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reciting his poems, and of hearing my grandmother and aunts describe him, as he was then, — a tall, handsome young man, with remarkably brilliant eyes, and a fine head, covered with a profusion of dark curls. This was the picture which I had always in my mind, and when I met him long afterward, I was conscious of a sense of surprise, forgetting the years that had elapsed and not realizing that poets, although they may have the fountain of perpetual youth in their souls, cannot more than ordinary mortals escape the outward impress of the hand of Time. Instead of raven curls, I saw thin locks much streaked with gray, and pale cheeks which bore the traces of ill-health. But the tall form had not lost its erectness, nor the eyes their fire, and I thought the smile which occasionally brightened the somewhat sad face the sweetest I had ever seen.

The interview was a very delightful one to me. I remember the extreme kindness and simplicity of his manner, as he asked me about my school-life, my impressions of New England, etc., and the pleasant way in which he spoke of my grandfather and of his own life in Philadelphia. In comparing Pennsylvania and New England, he spoke of the superior richness of the soil of the former, but said that in New England, although there were fewer and smaller farms, larger crops were raised on the same extent of ground, because vastly more labor and pains were bestowed upon its cultivation. I was surprised at the familiarity with which he talked of these things, until I remembered that the poet had also been a practical farmer.

Something was said of spiritualism, which was then exciting much attention. An eminent professor at Harvard had just published a very bitter article against it, which Mr. Whittier said he considered most uncharitable. He said he did not believe in spiritualism, but thought it very wrong and unjust to condemn those who were interested in it. The transition from this subject to that of a future life was easy; and most earnestly and beautifully did the poet express his perfect faith in the unseen, that faith which is so evident in his poems and was so thoroughly a part of his noble and consistent life. Afterwards, at his request, I took him to see a friend of mine, a good and gifted woman, who had known great sorrow, and to whom his writings had been most helpful and consoling. Knowing what his presence would be to her, I left him there, after gladly accepting a cordial invitation to visit him and his sister in their home.

And so it happened that, one lovely summer day, my friend and I found ourselves on the train, rapidly whirling eastward, through the pleasant old town of Newburyport, across the "shining Merrimack," on our way to the poet's home in Amesbury. Arriving at the station, we found Mr. Whittier awaiting us, and a walk of a few minutes brought us to his house on Friend street. Amesbury, a busy, manufacturing town, pleasantly situated on the Merrimack, impressed me at first as hardly retired enough for a poet's home; for fresh in my recollection were Longfellow's historic house, guarded by stately poplars, standing back from the quiet Cambridge street, and Lowell's old mansion, completely buried in its noble elms; and each of these had quite realized my ideal of the home of a poet. But the little house looked very quiet and homelike; and when we entered it and received the warm welcome of the poet's sister, we felt, as all felt who entered that hospitable door, the very spirit of Peace descending upon us. The house was then white (it was afterwards painted a pale yellow), with green blinds, and a little vine-wreathed piazza on one side, upon which opened the glass door of "the garden-room," the poet's favorite sitting-room and study. The windows of this room looked out upon a pleasant, old-fashioned garden. The walls on both sides of the fireplace were covered with books. The other walls were hung with pictures, among which we noticed "The Barefoot Boy," a painting of Mr. Whittier's birthplace in Haverhill, a copy of that lovely picture, "The Motherless," under which were written some exquisite lines by Mrs. Stowe, and a beautiful little sea-view, painted by a friend of the poet. Vases of fresh, bright flowers stood upon the mantelpiece. After we had rested we

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went into the little parlor, where hung the portrait of the loved and cherished mother, who some years before had passed away to the "Better Land." Hers was one of those sweet, aged faces which one often sees among the Friends,—full of repose, breathing a benediction upon all around. There were other pictures and books, and upon a table in the corner stood Rogers's "Wounded Scout."

At the head of the staircase hung a great cluster of pansies, purple and white and gold. Mr. Whittier called our attention to their wonderful resemblance to human faces,—a resemblance which we so often see in pansies, and which was brought out with really startling distinctness in this picture.

In the cool, pleasant chamber assigned to us, pervaded by an air of Quaker serenity and purity, was a large painting of the poet in his youth. This was the realization of my girlish dreams. There were the clustering curls, the brilliant dark eyes, the firm, resolute mouth. He looked like a youthful Bayard, "without fear and without reproach," ready to throw himself unflinchingly into the most stirring scenes of the battle of life.

We were at once greatly interested in Miss Whittier, and impressed by the simplicity and kindness of her manner. We saw the soul's beauty shining in her soft, dark eyes, and in the smile which, like her brother's, was very winning; and we felt it in the music of her gentle voice and the warm pressure of her hand. There was a refreshing atmosphere of unworldliness about her. She had rarely been away from her home, and although her brother's fame obliged her to receive many strangers, she had never, as she told us, been able to overcome a painful shyness of disposition, except in the case of a very few friends. She was naturally witty and original, and when she did shake off her shyness had a childlike way of saying bright things which was very charming. She and her brother had lived together, alone, since their mother's death, and in their mutual devotion have been well compared to Charles Lamb and his sister.

We spent a delightful evening in the garden-room in quiet, cheerful talk. In society Mr. Whittier had the reputation of being very shy, and he was so among strangers; but at home, in the companionship of his friends, no one could be more genial. He had even a boyish frankness of manner, a natural love of fun, a keen appreciation of the humorous, which the sorrows and poor health of many years failed to subdue. That night he talked to us freely of his childhood, of the life on the old farm in Haverhill, which he has so vividly described in "Snow-Bound," and showed us a venerable book, "Davideis," being a history of David written in rhyme, the quaintest and and most amusing rhyme, by Thomas Ellwood, a friend of Milton. It was the first book of "poetry," he told us, that he read when a boy. He entertained us with stories of people who came to see him. He had many very interesting and charming visitors, of course; but there were also many exceedingly queer ones, and these, he said with a grim smile, generally "brought their carpet bags!" He said he was thankful to live in such a place as Amesbury, where people did not speak to him about his poems, nor think of him as a poet. Sometimes he had amused himself by tracking the most persistent of the lion-hunters, and found that the same individuals went to Emerson and Longfellow and other authors, and made precisely the same speeches. Emerson was not much annoyed by them; he enjoyed studying character in all its phases.

Begging letters and begging visits were also very frequent, and his sister told us that the poet had frequently been victimized in his desire to help those whose pitiful stories he believed. One day he received a letter from a man in a neighboring town, asking him for a loan of ten dollars, and assuring him that he should blow his brains out if Mr. Whittier did not send him the money. The tone of the letter made him doubt the sincerity of the writer, and he did not send the money, comforting himself, he said, with the thought that the man really had no brains to blow out. "I must confess, however," he added, "I looked rather anxiously at the newspapers for the next few days, but seeing no news of a suicide in the neighboring town, I was relieved."

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His sister once told us of an incident which occurred during the war, which pleased them very much. One night, at a late hour, the door-bell rang, and her brother, on answering it, found a young man in an officer's uniform standing at the door. "Is this Mr. Whittier?" he asked. "Yes." "Well, sir," was the quick reply, "I only wanted to have the pleasure of shaking hands with you." And with that he seized the poet's hand, shook it warmly, and rushed away, before Mr. Whittier had recovered from his surprise.

In subsequent visits to Mr. Whittier, he was sometimes induced to talk about his poems, although that was a subject on which he rarely spoke. On my friend's once warmly praising "Maud Muller," he said decidedly that he did not like the poem, because it was too sad; it ministered to the spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction which was only too prevalent. With "My Psalm" he felt much better satisfied, because it was more hopeful. His favorite poets were Wordsworth and Burns. He once showed us an autograph letter of Burns, which he prized very highly, and a number of beautiful photographs of Scotch scenery, the gift of a sturdy old Scotchman, a neighbor of his and also an ardent admirer of Burns.

Our conversations occasionally touched on the subject of marriage, and I remember his asking us if we could imagine why there should be so much unhappiness among married people, even among those who seemed to have everything calculated to make them happy, and who really loved each other. He said he had pondered over the subject a good deal, and had finally concluded that it was because they saw too much of each other. He did not believe it was well for any two human beings to have too much of each other's society. We told him that, being a much-to-be-commiserated bachelor, he was not competent authority on that subject.

At Mr. Whittier's house I first had the pleasure of meeting that charming poetess and most lovable woman, Lucy Larcom, one of the poet's dearest friends. She was also a very dear friend of his sister, and took the tenderest care of her in her failing health. Mrs. Thaxter, too, was one of his favorite friends, and often brightened his home with her radiant presence, her witty letters and beautiful flowers. She sent him, he said, "heaps" of nasturtiums and scarlet geraniums and other gay flowers, whose hues he thought were more brilliant in her little garden among the rocks of the Isles of Shoals than he had ever seen elsewhere. Among the most intimate of his friends were Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, Colonel Higginson, Charles Sumner, and Bayard Taylor. To the two latter, and also to Emerson, he has alluded very beautifully in one of his most characteristic poems, "The Last Walk in Autumn." Across the river from Amesbury, at a place called Curzon's Mills, lived the Curzons, old and very dear friends of the poet. It was a lovely spot, a little wooded nook, just where the Merrimack joins the picturesque little Artichoke. There were fragrant pine groves, and deep woods, where wild flowers grew, and close to the house was a green bank, overhanging the river, which the family called "the summer parlor." On this bank grew the veritable harebell, as fresh and dewy and delicate as when the light foot of The Lady of the Lake touched it on her Scottish hills. Whittier alludes to it in his poem entitled "Flowers in Winter," addressed to the young artist of the family:

"Fill soft and deep, O winter snow!
  The sweet azalea's oaken dells,
And hide the bank where roses blow,
  And swing the azure bells!

"O'erlay the amber violet's leaves,
  The purple aster's brookside home,
Guard all the flowers her pencil gives
  A life beyond their bloom."

The place was a favorite resort of artists, so picturesque and wild were all its surroundings, and Mr. Whittier was very fond of it. I remember having, one bright summer day, a delightful row with him up the little Artichoke, whose wooded shores were beautiful with the snowy flowers of the arrow-head, the starry blossoms of the clethra, and the gorgeous plumes of the cardinal flower. Clusters of lovely ferns, too, grew close to the water's edge. And keen and fresh as the delight of a child was the joy of the poet

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in the beauty around us, and in the golden glory of the sunset clouds above. He was in one of his happiest, most genial moods that day.

Mr. Whittier and his sister were deeply interested in the Freedmen; and while teaching at Port Royal during the war, I had letters from them full of earnest sympathy and encouragement. They greatly admired General Saxton, who was at that time commander of the troops at Beaufort. After reading his noble Thanksgiving proclamation, Mr. Whittier wrote me as follows:

"I read General Saxton's Thanksgiving proclamation with the deepest emotion. It is the most touching and beautiful official paper I ever saw. God bless him. 'The bravest are the tenderest.'"

I had asked him to write a little hymn for the Christmas celebration of our school. He encloses it in this letter, and says:

"We opened thy letter with surprise and pleasure. Most sincerely, dear friend, do I rejoice at the good providence of God which has permitted thee to act so directly for the poor yet deeply interesting people of the Sea Islands. . . . I send herewith a little song for your Christmas festival. I was too ill to write anything else, but I could not resist the desire to comply with thy request. . . . Our old friend, and former neighbor, Colonel Higginson, commands the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. I hope thee will see and know him. He is a rare man, — a gentleman, scholar and true friend of the slave. Elizabeth, who is too ill to write to-day, sends her best love. She says, 'Tell C. I am *so* glad she is there. I wish I was able to be with her! Tell her to write often, and let us know all about her doings.' She sends a picture of her brother; she has none of her own, — very wrong of her not to have."

The hymn has been published in the volume of Mr. Whittier's poems, under the title "Hymn sung at Christmas by the scholars of St. Helena Island, S. C." We taught it to the children after showing them the poet's picture and telling them how true a friend he was to them, and they learned it with ease, and were delighted and proud to know that it had been written expressly for them; and they sang it very joyously on Christmas Day.

In another letter Mr. Whittier writes:

"I am glad thou hast met Colonel Higginson, and to know him is of course to like him. He is a worthy coadjutor of General Saxton. I am a *peace man*, but nevertheless I am rejoiced that the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers have behaved so bravely and manfully in the late expedition. Twenty such regiments, under twenty such men as Higginson and Dr. Rogers, would soon give a new aspect to the struggle."

He alludes to the extreme cold, and then says:

"Invalids as we are, sister and I long for the sun and air of summer. I send thee a volume of A. Crummell's. Its author is a Churchman and conservative, but his writings are a noble refutation of the charge of the black man's inferiority. They are model discourses, — clear, classic, and chaste."

On visiting the poet after my return from the South, for a vacation, I found a new inmate of the house, a gray and scarlet parrot, named Charlie, a great pet of the poet and his sister, and far-famed for his wit and wisdom. He could say many things with great distinctness, and although at first refusing rather spitefully to make my acquaintance, when I invited him to come into the kitchen and get his supper he at once hopped upon my hand and behaved in the most amicable manner. It was very comical to see him dance to a tune of Mr. Whittier's whistling. His master told us that he would climb toilsomely up the spout, pausing at every step or two to say, in a tone of the deepest self-pity, "Poor Charlie!" and when he reached the roof screaming impertinently at the passers-by. The Irish children said that he called them "Paddies," and threatened him with dire vengeance. Mr. Whittier said he did not know; he "could believe anything of that bird." Charlie's favorite amusement was shaking the unripe pears from the trees in the garden; and when he saw Miss Whittier approaching, he would steal away with drooping head, like a child caught in a naughty action. This gifted bird afterwards died, and was much missed by the poet, who alluded to him in the poem entitled "The Common Question."

Mr. Whittier showed me a couple of stuffed birds which had been sent to him by the Emperor of Brazil, after reading his "Cry of a Lost Soul," in allusion to the bird in South American forests which has so intensely mournful a note that the

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Indians give it a name which signifies a lost soul. The first birds which were sent did not reach him, and the Emperor on hearing it sent him two more. The bird is larger than a mocking-bird, and has sober gray plumage — very unlike the bright-hued creatures usually seen in tropical forests.

The Emperor was a warm admirer of Mr. Whittier, and one of the first persons for whom he inquired on reaching Boston was the poet. There was some delay about their meeting, and Dom Pedro became very impatient. At last they met at a house in Boston. Dom Pedro expressed great delight at meeting the poet, and talked with him a long time, paying very little attention to any one else. On leaving, he asked Mr. Whittier to accompany him down-stairs, and before entering his carriage threw his arms around the astonished poet and embraced him warmly.

In a letter received from Mr. Whittier after I had re-visited the Sea Islands he writes:

"I think thee must have enjoyed thy visit to the islands exceedingly. I wish I could have been with you. We have had a cold spring, and still the dreadful east winds blow and sing their harsh discords among the apple blossoms. It is our Quarterly Meeting (Quaker) to-day, and our house is overrun with drab-colored people. I enclose a sprig of Mayflower from our woods."

This exceeding delicacy of constitution made him extremely sensitive to cold, and his friends repeatedly urged him go to a milder climate for the winter, and thus escape the "dreadful east winds" which tried him so severely. But he could not be induced to go.

"Then ask not why to these bleak hills
I cling, as clings the tufted moss,
To bear the winter's lingering chills,
The mocking spring's perpetual loss.
I dream of lands where summer smiles,
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet,
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet."

In the year 1864 there came to the poet the greatest sorrow of his life, — the death, after a long illness, of his beloved and only surviving sister, Elizabeth. I have spoken of the beauty of her character and the devotion of the brother and sister to each other. In a letter which I received from him after her death, he writes:

"I received thy kind letter on the death of dear Elizabeth. It has been to me a most sad bereavement. No one knows how much she has been to me. She loved thee very much, and often spoke of thee in her last days. I enclose to thee a photograph of her, which I am sure thee will be glad of. There is a glorious prospect opening, my dear friend, for long-oppressed people of color. The old accursed prejudice is vanishing like mist in the sun. It is great to live in such times. I hope thou wilt get well enough to visit N. E. next summer. I should be glad to see thee at Amesbury.

"God bless thee, and keep thee!

"Ever and truly thy friend

"JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Pemember me kindly to thy grandmother and the family, not forgetting thy uncle Robert Purvis."

Miss Whittier was herself a poet, although she has left but few printed poems. These are included in the volume of her brother's poems entitled "Hazel Blossoms." One of them, "Dr. Kane in Cuba," is particularly beautiful and touching. By her friends that rare, sweet nature can never be forgotten, and those who did not know her personally have learned to love her through the tender and exquisite tribute which her brother has paid to her memory in "Snow-Bound."

For some years after her death, Mr. Whittier's niece, now Mrs. Pickard, of Portland, kept house for him. My last visit to him, in Amesbury, was made during that time. I arrived unexpectedly, one lovely summer evening, and finding the outer door of the house open, walked in without ceremony. I explored the well-known rooms, but found no one. So I took off my hat, and establishing myself comfortably in the garden room, awaited somebody's coming. Soon the poet appeared, and after his customary warm greeting, laughingly informed me that "Lizzie," his niece, had gone to a picnic, leaving him to take care of the house, — which he had done in the most approved manner by leaving doors and windows open and sauntering down the street to chat with a friend. "And now," said he, "I shall get tea, and we shall have a delightful cosey time all by

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ourselves. I am happy to inform thee that there are strawberries for supper, — but they are not stemmed!" I insisted on stemming the berries, while he made the tea, and together we laid the table, — he suggested leaving off the tablecloth as that was "the latest fashion," and a very merry supper we had. But when I proposed washing the tea things he declared I should not do it. That should be left for Lizzie. We had done our share of the work; she must do hers.

It was a beautiful night. We sat a long time within the little vine-clad porch, enjoying the soft moonlight and talking of many things; and if there was sadness in the poet's tones as he spoke of the loved ones who had gone before, it was not a hopeless sadness. Every word was full of faith, of trust in the Unseen, of consolation in the blessed thought of re-union. And as I listened, I recalled that tribute to the beloved sister, to which I have already referred:

"And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
When cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?"

Mr. Whittier's nature was preëminently a helpful one, full of tenderest sympathy with suffering, yet counseling one to bear the suffering patiently and hopefully. During a very severe illness after leaving New England I received the following note, which is characteristic of him who wrote "The Angel of Patience":

"I have just heard of thy long and severe illness; and I hasten to write a line to assure thee of my deep regret and sympathy. . . . I wish I could do something for thee, my dear friend. May the dear Lord and Father have thee in his tender keeping! Trust Him fully; lean on Him; hope all things from His infinite love and goodness. . . ."

After the marriage of his niece, Mr. Whittier felt lonely in his Amesbury home, and removed to the beautiful home of his cousins at Oak Knoll, Danvers,— although retaining the Amesbury house, and usually spending part of each year there. I first had the happiness of seeing him at Oak Knoll one golden day in October, when the trees were clad in their richest robes of crimson, bronze and gold. Through the glowing leaves we caught glimpses of the deep blue sky, and the still deeper blue of the distant hills. We had a pleasant walk with the poet through the orchard, where lay heaps of rosy apples, and across fields and meadows where we gathered grasses and the wild flowers he loved so well. Mr. Pickard has well described this beautiful place. He says:

"The variety of trees is very great, many of them being rarely seen in New England. There is a fine magnolia near the house, and farther off a tulip tree. The rich dark hue of a purple beech calls attention to a fine grove in the western distance. There are English elms and English oaks, an immense Norway spruce, also hemlocks, pines, chestnuts, and almost every other tree that can be made to grow in this climate. There are great orchards of apples and pears; a garden planted with luxuriant grape-vines, and yielding all the smaller fruits, as a matter of course, also roses in abundance. Near the eastern piazza of the house is a large circular flower garden surrounded by a neat hedge, with great green arches for gateways to it. In the centre of this garden is a fountain throwing a fine spray to a considerable height. In this garden Mr. Whittier is to be seen at work each pleasant morning before breakfast, with rake, hoe and broom. All the beds and walks are kept exquisitely neat, for the poet is thorough in everything he undertakes."

Other visitors have written of the poet's charming young secretary, and of the many pets,— the squirrels and birds, the beautiful Jersey cows, and the fine dogs,— which she shared with him. The interior was delightful. There were paintings and engravings, statuettes and busts, and quantities of books. In the parlor, over the mantelpiece, hung the fine portrait of Mr. Whittier to which I have before alluded. There was also a statuette of Charles Sumner, and a statue of Hercules once owned by him. The rooms had open fireplaces,— Mr. Whittier delighting particularly in a wood fire. His study was a charming, sunshiny little room in the pleasantest corner of the house, and had been built especially for him. Mrs. Spofford writes:

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"Above the parlor is his spacious sleeping-room, furnished after Mr. Eastlake's ideas. Here hung a fine marine view, a sketch of the Shoals, and a portrait of Hawthorne, another cherished friend. The windows, which are on three sides of the room, command all the beauty of the place, — flower-garden and fountain, the velvet turf of the knoll, the stately groups of trees against a western sky, and the lofty lawns about the turreted asylum on the distant hill."

In this lovely home the poet spent many happy years, surrounded by the tenderest and most loving care.

Knowing his great love for wild flowers, I was in the habit of sending him, after our removal to Washington, some of the spring flowers which "break into bloom" so much earlier there than in New England. On one of these occasions I received from him, in acknowledgment, the following lines:

"Long have I waited for the Spring's
  Slow-opening buds and tardy bloom,
And lo! to-day the postman brings
  May's promise to my April room,—
Arbutus from Potomac's brink,
  Blue violets from its tribute rills,
And fair, pale innocents that fleck
  With pink and snow Virginian hills.
Dear Friend! thy gift of love has brought
  More than thy early spring to me;
And words, to thank thee as I ought,
  Should all of bloom and fragrance be!"

On his eightieth birthday, as is well known, he received more tributes of affection and admiration than have ever been accorded to any American poet. It particularly pleased him that so many of the colored schools and colleges in the South sent him testimonials of their love and gratitude. One of the most beautiful, he said, which was admired by "hundreds of visitors," was a basket of exquisite La France roses, — eighty in number, — and ferns, sent by the pupils of the colored high school of Washington. From Jacksonville, Florida, where we were then living, the children of the colored school sent him an orange-wood cane, with an alligator carved upon it, and a box of Indian River oranges. In acknowledgement, he sent me the following letter:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: — A severe cold, taken soon after my birthday, has made it impossible for me much of the time to read or write, or thy kind letter and the box of excellent oranges, and the Florida cane, would have been answered long before this. I had more than one thousand letters and messages on my birthday which I have not been able to answer. Let me then thank the pupils of the colored school for their kind tokens of regard. Such demonstrations are an ample reward for anything I have done for the race. I rejoice at the progress of the colored citizens of the United States in education, in property, and in all that elevates a people. They are rapidly overcoming the prejudices of the whites, and their day of a complete enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of American citizenship is not far distant. . . ."

Soon after our return to Washington he wrote:

"I was glad to get thy letter, and the violets came as fresh as if just plucked from the gardens of the University. The usual forgetfulness of age does not affect my memory of friends. Our winter here was a very damp but mild one; but I had a long and tedious illness from the grippe, which left me, as they say out West, 'powerful weak,' and I am not able to read or write much. But I look with interest upon everything which affects the welfare and progress of our colored citizens. There is much to discourage, but more that encourages and promises."

Never, for a moment, did he lose his interest in the cause which was so dear to him in his youth. Others might seek to apologize for the wrong, or to screen the wrong-doers; others might become indifferent to the persecutions and sufferings of their black brethren; he never did, but with vision clear as in the old days,

"He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
That sank in seeming loss before its foes,"

and he was

"well content,
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the wide-spread veins of endless
  good."

Cheerful and brave though he was, he could not but feel deeply, as the years went on, the loss of old friends, who, one by one, fell by the wayside. After the death of Longfellow and Emerson he wrote me:

"I know thee feels, with all of us, the great grief of losing Longfellow. And now Emerson has gone! It makes me feel exceeding lonely. Massachusetts seems to have lost her best treasures."

Later he writes, — from Amesbury:

"I am at my old home for a while. I am far from well, and feel the burden of years. The changes in the weather affect me greatly. Yet I am thankful that I can read, and enjoy much,

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though sensibly nearing the end. My Heavenly Father has been good to me, beyond my desert, here, and I trust He will be so in the new life. I have outlived nearly all my old Anti-Slavery friends. Elizur Wright is to be buried to-day. He was one of the signers of the Anti-Slavery Declaration in 1833; and now Robert Purvis and myself are the sole survivors. And my literary friends have nearly all gone: Emerson, Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, and James T. Fields. Only Dr. Holmes is left."

Rare and beautiful were the qualities which met in Mr. Whittier: a singularly unworldly and sweet disposition, an unwavering love of truth and justice, a keen sense of humor, the highest type of courage, and a firm faith in God's goodness, which no amount of suffering ever shook. For years he was an invalid, a martyr to severe headaches. He once told me that he had not for a long time written anything without suffering. The nearest and dearest of his earthly ties had been severed by death. But he never rebelled. His life exemplified the spirit of resignation which is breathed throughout so many of his poems.

"All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!"

My husband and I made our last visit to him two years ago, at Oak Knoll. He gave us his customary warm greeting and, although in extremely feeble health, was as sweet and genial in spirit and as entertaining in conversation as ever. He took us into his cosey little library, and talked about his books and pictures and old friends, and promised to send us his latest photograph, — which he afterwards did. Fearing to weary him, we stayed but a short time. So frail he looked, that, in parting from him, our hearts were saddened by the thought that we might not look upon that dear face again. And so it proved. I shall ever remember him as I saw him then, in his beautiful country home, surrounded by devoted friends, awaiting calmly the summons to enter into rest; — in that serene and lovely old age which comes only to those gifted ones whose lives are the embodiment of all that is noblest and best and sweetest in their poetry.

Farewell, beloved, revered friend! Thou art gone to join the loved ones who beckoned to thee from those blessed shores of Peace. To thee, how great the gain! To us, how infinite the loss! But thy influence shall remain with us. Still shalt thou

"be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty —
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense."

FROM A CITY WINDOW.

By Richard Burton.

AFTER a breathing space in quiet nooks,
Sweet days of fellowship with Spring and Sun,
Midst buds half blown, midst bird songs just begun,
Midst greening meadows and rain-swollen brooks,
How soiled and roiled the seething city looks! —
Its roar of trade, its feverish tides that run
Through channels choked, — its legends, one by one,
Of fates more strange than those in wonder-books.!

And yet I feel a throb exultant, strong,
About to breast this hoarse, tumultuous sea:
"Ah, here is Life," I say beneath my breath;
"Here all ambitions jostle fitfully,
Here saints and sinners mingle, sob and song,
While far removed seems any thought of Death."

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