

# **The Bay State Monthly — Volume 2, No. 3, December, 1884 eBook**

## **The Bay State Monthly — Volume 2, No. 3, December, 1884**

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# Page 1

## Title: The Bay State Monthly — Volume 2, Issue 3, December, 1884

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[Illustration: Daniel Lothrop]

## THE

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\* \* \* \* \*

*Daniel Lothrop.*

By *John N. MCCLINTOCK, A.M.*

The fame, character and prosperity of a city have often depended upon its merchants, —burghers they were once called to distinguish them from haughty princes and nobles. Through the enterprise of the common citizens, Venice, Genoa, Antwerp, and London



have become famous, and have controlled the destinies of nations. New England, originally settled by sturdy and liberty-loving yeomen and free citizens of free English cities, was never a congenial home for the patrician, with inherited feudal privileges, but has welcomed the thrifty Pilgrim, the Puritan, the Scotch Covenanter, the French Huguenot, the Ironsides soldiers of the great Cromwell. The men and women of this fusion have shaped our civilization. New England gave its distinctive character to the American colonies, and finally to the nation. New England influences still breathe from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great lakes to Mexico; and Boston, still the focus of the New England idea, leads national movement and progress.

Perhaps one of the broadest of these influences—broadest inasmuch as it interpenetrates the life of our whole people—proceeds from the lifework of one of the merchants of Boston, known by his name and his work to the entire English speaking world: Daniel Lothrop, of the famous firm of D. Lothrop & Co., publishers—the people's publishing house. Mr. Lothrop is a good representative of this early New England fusion of race, temperament, fibre, conscience and brain. He is a direct descendant of John Lowthroppe, who, in the thirty-seventh year of Henry VIII. (1545), was a gentleman of quite extensive landed estates, both in Cherry Burton (four miles removed from Lowthorpe), and in various other parts of the country.

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Lowthorpe is a small parish in the Wapentake of Dickering, in the East Riding of York, four and a half miles northeast from Great Driffield. It is a perpetual curacy in the archdeaconry of York. This parish gave name to the family of Lowthrop, Lothrop, or Lathrop. The Church, which was dedicated to St. Martin, and had for one of its chaplains, in the reign of Richard II., Robert de Louthorp, is now partly ruined, the tower and chancel being almost entirely overgrown with ivy. It was a collegiate Church from 1333, and from the style of its architecture must have been built about the time of Edward III.

From this English John Lowthroppe the New England Lothrops have their origin:—

“It is one of the most ancient of all the famous New England families, whose blood in so many cases is better and purer than that of the so-called noble families in England. The family roll certainly shows a great deal of talent, and includes men who have proved widely influential and useful, both in the early and later periods. The pulpit has a strong representation. Educators are prominent. Soldiers prove that the family has never been wanting in courage. Lothrop missionaries have gone forth into foreign lands. The bankers are in the forefront. The publishers are represented. Art engraving has its exponent, and history has found at least one eminent student, while law and medicine are likewise indebted to this family, whose talent has been applied in every department of useful industry,”[A]

[Footnote A: *The Churchman.*]

### **GENEALOGY.[B]**

[Footnote B: From a genealogical memoir of the Lo-Lathrop family, by Rev. E.B. Huntington, 1884.]

I. Mark Lothrop, the pioneer, the grandson of John Lowthroppe and a relative of Rev. John Lothrop, settled in Salem, Mass., where he was received as an inhabitant January 11, 1643-4. He was living there in 1652. In 1656 he was living in Bridgewater, Mass., of which town he was one of the proprietors, and in which he was prominent for about twenty-five years. He died October 25, 1685.

II. Samuel Lothrop, born before 1660, married Sarah Downer, and lived in Bridgewater. His will was dated April 11, 1724.

III. Mark Lothrop, born in Bridgewater September 9, 1689; married March 29, 1722, Hannah Alden [Born February 1, 1696; died 1777]. She was the daughter of Deacon Joseph Alden of Bridgewater, and great grand-daughter of Honorable John and Priscilla (Mullins) Alden of Duxbury, of Mayflower fame. He settled in Easton, of which town he was one of the original proprietors. He was prominent in Church and town affairs.



IV. Jonathan Lothrop, born March 11, 1722-3; married April 13, 1746, Susannah, daughter of Solomon and Susannah (Edson) Johnson of Bridgewater. She was born in 1723. He was a Deacon of the Church, and a prominent man in the town. He died in 1771.



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V. Solomon Lothrop, born February 9, 1761; married Mehitable, daughter of Cornelius White of Taunton; settled in Easton, and later in Norton, where he died October 19, 1843. She died September 14, 1832, aged 73.

VI. Daniel Lothrop, born in Easton, January 9, 1801; married October 16, 1825, Sophia, daughter of Deacon Jeremiah Horne of Rochester, N.H. She died September 23, 1848, and he married (2) Mary E. Chamberlain. He settled in Rochester, N.H., and was one of the public men of the town. Of the strictest integrity, and possessing sterling qualities of mind and heart Mr. Lothrop was chosen to fill important offices of public trust in his town and state. He repeatedly represented his town in the Legislature, where his sound practical sense and clear wisdom were of much service, particularly in the formation of the Free Soil party, in which he was a bold defender of the rights of liberty to all men. He died May 31, 1870.

VII. Daniel Lothrop, son of Daniel and Sophia (Horne) Lothrop, was born in Rochester, N.H., August 11, 1831.

"On the maternal side Mr. Lothrop is descended from William Horne, of Horne's Hill, in Dover, who held his exposed position in the Indian wars, and whose estate has been in the family name from 1662 until the present generation; but he was killed in the massacre of June 28, 1689. Through the Horne line, also, came descent from Rev. Joseph Hull, minister at Durham in 1662, a graduate at the University at Cambridge, England; from John Ham, of Dover; from the emigrant John Heard, and others of like vigorous stock. It was his ancestress, Elizabeth (Hull) Heard, whom the old historians call a "brave gentlewoman," who held her garrison house, the frontier fort in Dover in the Indian wars, and successfully defended it in the massacre of 1689. The father of the subject of this sketch was a man of sterling qualities, strong in mind and will, but commanding love as well as respect. The mother was a woman of outward beauty and beauty of soul alike; with high ideals and reverent conscientiousness. Her influence over her boys was life-long. The home was a centre of intelligent intercourse, a sample of the simplicity but earnestness of many of the best New Hampshire homesteads."[A]

[Footnote A: Rec. Alonzo H. Quint, D.D. in *Granite Monthly*.]

Descended, as is here evident, from men and women accustomed to govern, legislate, protect, guide and represent the people, it is not surprising to find the Lothrop of the present day of this branch standing in high places, shaping affairs, and devising fresh and far-reaching measures for the general good.

Daniel Lothrop was the youngest of the three sons of Daniel and Sophia Home Lothrop. The family residence was on Haven's Hill, in Rochester, and it was an ideal home in its laws, influences and pleasures. Under the guidance of the wise and gentle mother young Daniel developed in a sound body a mind intent on lofty aims, even in childhood, and a character early distinguished for sturdy uprightness. Here, too, on the

farm was instilled into him the faith of his fathers, brought through many generations, and he openly acknowledged his allegiance to an Evangelical Church at the age of eleven.

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As a boy Daniel is remembered as possessing a retentive and singularly accurate memory; as very studious, seeking eagerly for knowledge, and rapidly absorbing it. His intuitive mastery of the relations of numbers, his grasp of the values and mysteries of the higher mathematics, was early remarkable. It might be reasonably expected of the child of seven who was brought down from the primary benches and lifted up to the blackboard to demonstrate a difficult problem in cube root to the big boys and girls of the upper class that he should make rapid and masterful business combinations in later life.

At the age of fourteen he was sufficiently advanced in his studies to enter college, but judicious friends restrained him in order that his physique might be brought up to his intellectual growth, and presently circumstances diverted the boy from his immediate educational aspirations and thrust him into the arena of business:—the world may have lost a lawyer, a clergyman, a physician, or an engineer, but by this change in his youthful plans it certainly has gained a great publisher—a man whose influence in literature is extended, and who, by his powerful individuality, his executive force, and his originating brain has accomplished a literary revolution.

To understand the business career of Daniel Lothrop it will be necessary to trace the origin and progress of the firm of D. Lothrop and Company. On reaching his decision to remain out of college for a year he assumed charge of the drug store, then recently opened by his eldest brother, James E. Lothrop, who, desiring to attend medical lectures in Philadelphia, confidently invited his brother Daniel to carry on the business during his absence.

“He urged the young boy to take charge of the store, promising as an extra inducement an equal division as to profits, and that the firm should read ‘D. Lothrop & Co.’ This last was too much for our ambitious lad. When five years of age he had scratched on a piece of tin these magic words, opening to fame and honor, ‘D. Lothrop & Co.,’ nailing the embryo sign against the door of his play house. How then could he resist, now, at fourteen? And why not spend the vacation in this manner? And so the sign was made and put up, and thus began the house of ‘D. Lothrop & Co.,’ the name of which is spoken as a household word wherever the English language is used, and whose publications are loved in more than one of the royal families of Europe.”[A]

[Footnote A: Rev. Dr. Quint]

The drug store became very lucrative. The classical drill which had been received by the young druggist was of great advantage to him, his thorough knowledge of Latin was of immediate service, and his skill and care and knowledge was widely recognized and respected. The store became his college, where his affection for books soon led him to introduce them as an adjunct to his business.



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Thus was he when a mere boy launched on a successful business career. His energy, since proved inexhaustible, soon began to open outward. When about seventeen his attention was attracted to the village of Newmarket as a desirable location for a drug store, and he seized an opportunity to hire a store and stock it. His executive and financial ability were strikingly honored in this venture. Having it in successful operation, he called the second brother, John C. Lothrop, who about this time was admitted to the firm, and left him in charge of the new establishment, while he started a similar store at Meredith Bridge, now called Laconia. The firm now consisted of the three brothers.

“These three brothers have presented a most remarkable spirit of family union. Remarkable in that there was none of the drifting away from each other into perilous friendships and moneyed ventures. They held firmly to each other with a trust beyond words. The simple word of each was as good as a bond. And as early as possible they entered into an agreement that all three should combine fortunes, and, though keeping distinct kinds of business, should share equal profits under the firm name of ‘D. Lothrop & Co.’ For thirty-six years, through all the stress and strain of business life in this rushing age, their loyalty has been preserved strong and pure. Without a question or a doubt, there has been an absolute unity of interests, although James E., President of the Cocheco Bank, and Mayor of the city of Dover, is in one city, John C. in another, and Daniel in still another, and each having the particular direction of the business which his enterprise and sagacity has made extensive and profitable.”[A]

[Footnote A: Rev. Dr. Quint.]

In 1850 occurred a point of fresh and important departure. The stock of books held by Elijah Wadleigh, who had conducted a large and flourishing book store in Dover, N.H., was purchased. Mr. Lothrop enlarged the business, built up a good jobbing trade, and also quietly experimented in publishing. The bookstore under his management also became something more than a commercial success: it grew to be the centre for the bright and educated people of the town, a favorite meeting place of men and women alive to the questions of the day.

Now, arrived at the vigor of young manhood, Mr. Lothrop’s aims and high reaches began their more open unfoldment. He rapidly extended the business into new and wide fields. He established branch stores at Berwick, Portsmouth, Amesbury, and other places. In each of these establishments books were prominently handled. While thus immediately busy, Mr. Lothrop began his “studies” for his ultimate work. He did not enter the publishing field without long surveys of investigation, comparison and reflection. In need of that kind of vacation we call “change of work and scene,” Mr. Lothrop planned a western trip. The bookstores in the various large cities on the route were sedulously visited, and the tastes and the demands of the book trade were carefully studied from many standpoints.



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The vast possibilities of the Great West caught his attention and he hastened to grasp his opportunities. At St. Peter, in Minnesota, he was welcomed and resolved to locate. They needed such men as Mr. Lothrop to help build the new town into a city. The opening of the St. Peter store was characteristic of its young proprietor.

The extreme cold of October and November, 1856, prevented, by the early freezing of the Upper Mississippi, the arrival of his goods. Having contracted with the St. Peter company to erect a building, and open his store on the first day of December, Mr. Lothrop, thinking that the goods might have come as far as some landing place below St. Paul, went down several hundred miles along the shore visiting the different landing places. Failing to find them he bought the entire closing-out stock of a drug store at St. Paul, and other goods necessary to a complete fitting of his store, had them loaded, and with several large teams started for St. Peter. The same day a blinding snow storm set in, making it extremely difficult to find the right road, or indeed any road at all, so that five days were spent in making a journey that in good weather could have been accomplished in two. When within a mile of St. Peter the Minnesota river was to be crossed, and it was feared the ice would not bear the heavy teams; all was unloaded and moved on small sledges across the river, and the drug store *was opened on the day agreed upon*. The papers of that section made special mention of this achievement, saying that it deserved honorable record, and that with such business enterprise the prosperity of Minnesota Valley was assured.

He afterwards opened a banking house in St. Peter, of which his uncle, Dr. Jeremiah Horne, was cashier; and in the book and drug store he placed one of his clerks from the East, Mr. B.F. Paul, who is now one of the wealthiest men of the Minnesota Valley. He also established two other stores in the same section of country.

Various elements of good generalship came into play during Mr. Lothrop's occupancy of this new field, not only in directing his extensive business combinations in prosperous times, but in guiding all his interests through the financial panic of 1857 and 1858. By the failure of other houses and the change of capital from St. Peter to St. Paul, Mr. Lothrop was a heavy loser, but by incessant labor and foresight he squarely met each complication, promptly paid each liability in full. But now he broke in health. The strain upon him had been intense, and when all was well the tension relaxed, and making his accustomed visit East to attend to his business interests in New England, without allowing himself the required rest, the change of climate, together with heavy colds taken on the journey, resulted in congestion of the lungs, and prostration. Dr. Bowditch, after examination, said that the young merchant had been doing the work of twenty years in ten. Under his treatment Mr. Lothrop so far recovered that he was able to take a trip to Florida, where the needed rest restored his health.

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For the next five years our future publisher directed the lucrative business enterprises which he had inaugurated, from the quiet book store in Dover, N. H., while he carefully matured his plans for his life's campaign—the publication, in many lines, of wholesome books for the people. Soon after the close of the Civil war the time arrived for the accomplishment of his designs, and he began by closing up advantageously his various enterprises in order to concentrate his forces. His was no ordinary equipment. Together with well-laid plans and inspirations, for some of which the time is not yet due, and a rich birthright of sagacity, insight and leadership, he possessed also a practical experience of American book markets and the tastes of the people, trained financial ability, practiced judgment, literary taste, and literary conscience; and last, but not least, he had traversed and mapped out the special field he proposed to occupy,—a field from which he has never been diverted.

“The foundations were solid. On these points Mr. Lothrop has had but one mind from the first: ‘Never to publish a work purely sensational, no matter what chances of money it has in it;’ ‘to publish books that will make true, steadfast growth in right living.’ Not alone right thinking, but right living. These were his two determinations, rigidly adhered to, notwithstanding constant advice, appeals, and temptations. His thoughts had naturally turned to the young people, knowing from his own self-made fortunes, how young men and women need help, encouragement and stimulus. He had determined to throw all his time, strength and money into making good books for the young people, who, with keen imaginations and active minds, were searching in all directions for mental food. ‘The best way to fight the evil in the world,’ reasoned Mr. Lothrop, ‘is to crowd it out with the good.’ And therefore he bent the energies of his mind to maturing plans toward this object,—the putting good, helpful literature into their hands. His first care was to determine the channels through which he could address the largest audiences. The Sunday School library was one. In it he hoped to turn a strong current of pure, healthful literature for those young people who, dieting on the existing library books, were rendered miserable on closing their covers, either to find them dry or obsolete, or so sentimentally religious as to have nothing in their own practical lives corresponding to the situations of the pictured heroes and heroines. The family library was another channel. To make evident to the heads of households the paramount importance of creating a home library, Mr. Lothrop set himself to work with a will. In the spring of 1868 he invited to meet him a council of three gentlemen, eminent in scholarship, sound of judgment, and of large experience: the Reverend George T. Day, D. D., of Dover, N.H., Professor Heman Lincoln, D.D., of Newton Seminary, the



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Rev. J.E. Rankin, D.D., of Washington, D.C. Before them he laid his plans, matured and ready for their acceptance: to publish good, strong, attractive literature for the Sunday School, the home, the town, and school library, and that nothing should be published save of that character, asking their co-operation as readers of the several manuscripts to be presented for acceptance. The gentlemen, one and all, gave him their heartiest God-speed, but they frankly confessed it a most difficult undertaking, and that the step must be taken with the strong chance of failure. Mr. Lothrop had counted that chance and reaffirmed his purpose to become a publisher of just such literature, and imparted to them so much of his own courage that before they left the room, all stood engaged as salaried readers of the manuscripts to come in to the new publishing house of D. Lothrop & Co., and during all these years no manuscripts have been accepted without the sanction of one or more of these readers. The store, Nos. 38 and 40 Cornhill, Boston, was taken, and a complete refitting and stocking made it one of the finest bookstores of the city. The first book published was 'Andy Luttrell.' How many recall that first book! 'Andy Luttrell' was a great success, the press saying that 'the series of which this is the initiatory volume, marks a new era in Sunday School literature.' Large editions were called for, and it is popular still. In beginning any new business there are many difficulties to face, old established houses to compete with, and new ones to contest every inch of success. But tides turn, and patience and pluck won the day, until from being steady, sure and reliable, Mr. Lothrop's publishing business was increasing with such rapidity as to soon make it one of the solid houses of Boston. Mr. Lothrop had a remarkable instinct as regarded the discovering of new talent, and many now famous writers owe their popularity with the public to his kindness and courage in standing by them. He had great enthusiasm and success in introducing this new element, encouraging young writers, and creating a fresh atmosphere very stimulating and enjoyable to their audience. To all who applied for work or brought manuscript for examination, he had a hopeful word, and in rapid, clear expression smoothed the difficulty out of their path if possible, or pointed to future success as the result of patient toil. He always brought out the best that was in a person, having the rare quality of the union of perfect honesty with kind consideration. This new blood in the old veins of literary life, soon wrought a marvelous change in this class of literature. Mr. Lothrop had been wise enough to see that such would be the case, and he kept constantly on the lookout for all means that might foster ambition and bring to the surface latent talent. For this purpose he offered prizes of \$1,000 and \$500 for the best manuscripts on certain subjects. Such a thing had scarcely



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been heard of before and manuscripts flowed in, showing this to have been a happy thought. It is interesting to look back and find many of those young authors to be identical with names that are now famous in art and literature, then presenting with much fear and trembling, their first efforts. Mr. Lothrop considered no time, money, or strength ill-spent by which he could secure the wisest choice of manuscripts. As an evidence of his success, we name a few out of his large list: 'Miss Yonge's Histories;' 'Spare Minute Series,' most carefully edited from Gladstone, George MacDonald, Dean Stanley, Thomas Hughes, Charles Kingsley; 'Stories of American History;' 'Lothrop's Library of Entertaining History,' edited by Arthur Gilman, containing Professor Harrison's 'Spain,' Mrs. Clement's 'Egypt,' 'Switzerland,' 'India,' etc.; 'Library of famous Americans, 1st and 2d series; George MacDonald's novels—Mr. Lothrop, while on a visit to Europe, having secured the latest novels by this author in manuscript, thus bringing them out in advance of any other publisher in this country or abroad, now issues his entire works in uniform style: 'Miss Yonge's Historical Stories;' 'Illustrated Wonders;' 'The Pansy Books,' of world-wide circulation;' 'Natural History Stories;' 'Poet's Homes Series;' S.G.W. Benjamin's 'American Artists;' 'The Reading Union Library,' 'Business Boy's Library,' library edition of 'The Odyssey,' done in prose by Butcher and Lang; 'Jowett's Thucydides;' 'Rosetti's Shakspeare,' on which nothing has been spared to make it the most complete for students and family use, and many others. Mr. Lothrop is constantly broadening his field in many directions, gathering the rich thought of many men of letters, science and theology among his publications. Such writers as Professor James H. Harrison, Arthur Gilman, and Rev. E.E. Hale are allies of the house, constantly working with it to the development of pure literature; the list of the authors and contributors being so long as to include representatives of all the finest thinkers of the day. Elegant art gift books of poem, classic and romance, have been added with wise discrimination, until the list embraces sixteen hundred books, out of which last year were printed and sold 1,500,000 volumes. The great fire of 1872 brought loss to Mr. Lothrop among the many who suffered. Much of the hard-won earnings of years of toil was swept away in that terrible night. About two weeks later, a large quantity of paper which had been destroyed during the great fire had been replaced, and the printing of the same was in process at the printing house of Rand, Avery & Co., when a fire broke out there, destroying this second lot of paper, intended for the first edition of sixteen volumes of the celebrated \$1,000 prize books. A third lot of paper was purchased for these books and sent to the Riverside Press without delay. The books were at last printed, as many

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thousand readers can testify, an enterprise that called out from the Boston papers much commendation, adding, in one instance: 'Mr. Lothrop seems *warmed* up to his work.' When the time was ripe, another form of Mr. Lothrop's plans for the creation of a great popular literature was inaugurated. We refer to the projection of his now famous 'Wide Awake,' a magazine into which he has thrown a large amount of money. Thrown it, expecting to wait for results. And they have begun to come. 'Wide Awake' now stands abreast with the finest periodicals in our country, or abroad. In speaking of 'Wide Awake' the Boston Herald says: 'No such marvel of excellence could be reached unless there were something beyond the strict calculations of money-making to push those engaged upon it to such magnificent results.' Nothing that money can do is spared for its improvement. Withal, it is the most carefully edited of all magazines; Mr. Lothrop's strict determination to that effect, having placed wise hands at the helm to cooperate with him. Our best people have found this out. The finest writers in this country and in Europe are giving of their best thought to filling its pages, the most celebrated artists are glad to work for it. Scientific men, professors, clergymen, and all heads of households give in their testimony of its merits as a family magazine, while the young folks are delighted with it. The fortune of 'Wide Awake' is sure. Next Mr. Lothrop proceeded to supply the babies with their own especial magazine. Hence came bright, winsome, sparkling 'Babyland.' The mothers caught at the idea. 'Babyland' jumped into success in an incredibly short space of time. The editors of 'Wide Awake,' Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, edit this also, which ensures it as safe, wholesome and sweet to put into baby's hands. The intervening spaces between 'Babyland' and 'Wide Awake' Mr. Lothrop soon filled with 'Our Little Men and Women,' and 'The Pansy.' Urgent solicitations from parents and teachers who need a magazine for those little folks, either at home or at school, who were beginning to read and spell, brought out the first, and Mrs. G.R. Alden (Pansy) taking charge of a weekly pictorial paper of that name, was the reason for the beginning and growth of the second. The 'Boston Book Bulletin,' a quarterly, is a medium for acquaintance with the best literature, its prices, and all news current pertaining to it.

[Illustration: Exterior View Of D. Lothrop & Co.'s Publishing House.]

[Illustration: Interior View Of D. Lothrop & Co.'s Publishing House]

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'The Chatauqua Young Folk's Journal' is the latest addition to the sparkling list. This periodical was a natural growth of the modern liking for clubs, circles, societies, reading unions, home studies, and reading courses. It is the official voice of the Chatauqua Young Folks Reading Union, and furnishes each year a valuable and vivacious course of readings on topics of interest to youth. It is used largely in schools. Its contributors are among our leading clergymen, lawyers, university professors, critics, historians and scientists, but all its literature is of a popular character, suited to the family circle rather than the study. Mr. Lothrop now has the remarkable success of seeing six flourishing periodicals going forth from his house. In 1875, Mr. Lothrop, finding his Cornhill quarters inadequate [sic], leased the elegant building corner Franklin and Hawley streets, belonging to Harvard College, for a term of years. The building is 120 feet long by 40 broad, making the salesroom, which is on the first floor, one of the most elegant in the country. On the second floor are Mr. Lothrop's offices, also the editorial offices of 'Wide Awake,' etc. On the third floor are the composing rooms and mailing rooms of the different periodicals, while the bindery fills the fourth floor.

This building also was found small; it could accommodate only one-fourth of the work done, and accordingly a warehouse on Purchase street was leased for storing and manufacturing purposes.

In 1879 Mr. Lothrop called to his assistance a younger brother, Mr. M.H. Lothrop, who had already made a brilliant business record in Dover, N.H., to whom he gives an interest in the business. All who care for the circulation of the best literature will be glad to know that everything indicates the work to be steadily increasing toward complete development of Mr. Lothrop's life-long purpose." [A]

[Footnote A: *The Paper World.*]

This man of large purposes and large measures has, of course, his sturdy friends, his foes as sturdy. He has, without doubt, an iron will. He is, without doubt, a good fighter—a wise counselor. Approached by fraud he presents a front of granite; he cuts through intrigue with sudden, forceful blows. It is true that the sharp bargainer, the overreaching buyer he worsts and puts to confusion and loss without mercy. But, no less, candor and honor meet with frankness and generous dealing. He is as loyal to a friend as to a purpose. His interest in one befriended and taken into trust is for life. It has been more than once said of this immovable business man that he has the simple heart of a boy.

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Mr. Lothrop's summer home is in Concord, Mass. His house, known to literary pilgrims of both continents as "The Wayside," is a unique, many gabled old mansion, situated near the road at the base of a pine-covered hill, facing broad, level fields, and commanding a view of charming rural scenery. Its dozen green acres are laid out in rustic paths; but with the exception of the removal of unsightly underbrush, the landscape is left in a wild and picturesque state. Immediately in the rear of the house, however, A. Bronson Alcott, a former occupant, planned a series of terraces, and thereon is a system of trees. The house was commenced in the seventeenth century and has been added to at different periods, and withal is quaint enough to satisfy the most exacting antiquarian. At the back rise the more modern portions, and the tower, wherein was woven the most delightful of American romances, and about which cluster tender memories of the immortal Hawthorne. The boughs of the whispering pines almost touch the lofty windows.

The interior of the dwelling is seemly. It corresponds with the various eras of its construction. The ancient low-posted rooms with their large open fire-places, in which the genial hickory crackles and glows as in the olden time, have furnishings and appointments in harmony. The more modern apartments are charming, the whole combination making a most delightful country house.

Mr. Lothrop's enjoyment of art and his critical appreciation is illustrated here as throughout his publications, his house being adorned with many exquisite and valuable original paintings from the studios of modern artists; and there is, too, a certain literary fitness that his home should be in this most classic spot, and that the mistress of this home should be a lady of distinguished rank in literature, and that the fair baby daughter of the house should wear for her own the name her mother has made beloved in thousands of American and English households.

[Illustration: "The Wayside."]

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New England Conservatory of Music.

[Illustration: New England *conservatory of music* Franklin Square Boston]

By *Mrs. M.J. Davis.*

One of the most important questions now occupying the minds of the world's deepest and best thinkers, is the intellectual, physical, moral, and political position of woman.

Men are beginning to realize a fact that has been evident enough for ages: that the current of civilization can never rise higher than the springs of motherhood. Given the ignorant, debased mothers of the Turkish harem, and the inevitable result is a nation

destitute of truth, honor or political position. All the power of the Roman legions, all the wealth of the imperial empire, could not save the throne of the Cæsars when the Roman matron was shorn of her honor, and womanhood became only the slave or the

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toy of its citizens. Men have been slow to grasp the fact that women are a “true constituent of the bone and sinew of society,” and as such should be trained to bear the part of “bone and sinew.” It has been finely said, “that as times have altered and conditions varied, the respect has varied in which woman has been held. At one time condemned to the field and counted with the cattle, at another time condemned to the drawing-room and inventoried with marbles, oils and water-colors; but only in instances comparatively rare, acknowledged and recognized in the fullness of her moral and intellectual possibilities, and in the beauteous completeness of her personal dignity, prowess and obligation.”

[Illustration: The Library Reading Room]

[Illustration: Art Department Painting]

Various and widely divergent as opinions are in regard to woman’s place in the political sphere, there is fast coming to be unanimity of thought in regard to her intellectual development. Even in Turkey, fathers are beginning to see that their daughters are better, not worse, for being able to read and, write, and civilization is about ready to concede that the intellectual, physical and moral possibilities of woman are to be the only limits to her attainment. Vast strides in the direction of the higher and broader education of women have been made in the quarter of a century since John Vassar founded on the banks of the Hudson the noble college for women that bears his name; and others have been found who have lent willing hands to making broad the highway that leads to an ideal womanhood. Wellesley and Smith, as well as Vassar find their limits all too small for the throngs of eager girlhood that are pressing toward them. The Boston University, honored in being first to open professional courses to women, Michigan University, the New England Conservatory, the North Western University of Illinois, the Wesleyan Universities, both of Connecticut and Ohio, with others of the colleges of the country, have opened their doors and welcomed women to an equal share with men, in their advantages. And in the shadow of Oxford, on the Thames, and of Harvard, on the Charles, womanly minds are growing, womanly lives are shaping, and womanly patience is waiting until every barrier shall be removed, and all the green fields of learning shall be so free that whosoever will may enter.

[Illustration: Art Department Modeling]

[Illustration: Tuning Department]

Among the foremost of the great educational institutions of the day, the New England Conservatory of Music takes rank, and its remarkable development and wonderful growth tends to prove that the youth of the land desire the highest advantages that can be offered them. More than thirty years ago the germ of the idea that is now embodied

in this great institution, found lodgment in the brain of the man who has devoted his life to its development. Believing that music had a positive

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influence upon the elevation of the world hardly dreamed of as yet even by its most devoted students, Eben Tourjee returned to America from years of musical study in the great Conservatories of Europe. Knowing from personal observation the difficulties that lie in the way of American students, especially of young and inexperienced girls who seek to obtain a musical education abroad, battling as they must, not only with foreign customs and a foreign language, but exposed to dangers, temptations and disappointments, he determined to found in America a music school that should be unsurpassed in the world. Accepting the judgment of the great masters, Mendelssohn, David, and Joachim, that the conservatory system was the best possible system of musical instruction, doing for music what a college of liberal arts does for education in general, Dr. Tourjee in 1853, with what seems to have been large and earnest faith, and most entire devotion, took the first public steps towards the accomplishment of his purpose. During the long years his plan developed step by step. In 1870 the institution was chartered under its present name in Boston. In 1881 its founder deeded to it his entire personal property, and by a deed of trust gave the institution into the hands of a Board of Trustees to be perpetuated forever as a Christian Music School.

[Illustration: The Dining Hall]

In the carrying out of his plan to establish and equip an institution that should give the highest musical culture, Dr. Tourjee has been compelled, in order that musicians educated here should not be narrow, one-sided specialists only, but that they should be cultured men and women, to add department after department, until to-day under the same roof and management there are well equipped schools of Music, Art, Elocution, Literature, Languages, Tuning, Physical Culture, and a home with the safeguards of a Christian family life for young women students.

[Illustration: *The Cabinet*]

When, in 1882, the institution moved from Music Hall to its present quarters in Franklin Square, in what was the St. James Hotel, it became possessed of the largest and best equipped conservatory buildings in the world. It has upon its staff of seventy-five teachers, masters from the best schools of Europe. During the school year ending June 29, 1884, students coming from forty-one states and territories of the Union, from the British Provinces, from England and from the Sandwich Islands, have received instruction there. The growth of this institution, due in such large measure to the courage and faith of one man, has been remarkable, and it stands to-day self-supporting, without one dollar of endowment, carrying on alone its noble work, an institution of which Boston, Massachusetts and America may well be proud. From the first its invitation has been without limitation. It began with a firm belief that "what it is in the nature of a man or woman to become, is a Providential



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indication of what God wants it to become, by improvement and development,” and it offered to men and women alike the same advantages, the same labor, and the same honor. It is working out for itself the problem of co-education, and it has never had occasion to take one backward step in the part it has chosen. Money by the millions has been poured out upon the schools and colleges of the land, and not one dollar too much has been given, for the money that educates is the money that saves the nation.

Among those who have been made stewards of great wealth some liberal benefactor should come forward in behalf of this great school, that, by eighteen years of faithful living, has proved its right to live. Its founder says of it: “The institution has not yet compassed my thought of it.” Certainly it has not reached its possibilities of doing good. It needs a hall in which its concerts and lectures can be given, and in which the great organ of Music Hall, may be placed. It needs that its chapel, library, studios, gymnasium and recitation rooms should be greatly enlarged to meet the actual demands now made upon them. It needs what other institutions have needed and received, a liberal endowment, to enable it, with them, to meet and solve the great question of the day, the education of the people.

[Illustration: New England Conservatory of Music Boston]

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## SKETCH OF SAUGUS.

By E.P. *Robinson*.

Saugus lies about eight miles northeast of Boston. It was incorporated as an independent town February 17, 1815, and was formerly a part of Lynn, which once bore the name of Saugus, being an Indian name, and signifies great or extended. It has a taxable area of 5,880 acres, and its present population may be estimated at about 2,800, living in 535 houses. The former boundary between Lynn and Suffolk County ran through the centre of the “Boardman House,” in what is now Saugus, and standing near the line between Melrose and Saugus, and is one of the oldest houses in the town. It has forty miles of accepted streets and roads, which are proverbial as being kept in the very best condition. Its public buildings are a Town Hall, a wooden structure, of Gothic architecture, with granite steps and underpinning, and has a seating capacity of seven hundred and eighty persons. It is considered to be the handsomest wooden building in Essex County, and cost \$48,000. The High School is accommodated within its walls, and beside offices for the various boards of town officers; on the lower floor it has a room for a library. The upper flight has an auditorium with ante-rooms at the front and rear, a balcony at the front, seats one hundred and eighty persons, and a platform on



the stage at the rear. It was built in 1874-5. The building committee were E.P. Robinson, Gilbert Waldron, J.W. Thomas, H.B. Newhall, Wilbur F. Newhall, Augustus B. Davis, George N. Miller, George H. Hull, Louis P. Hawkes, William F. Hitchings, E.E. Wilson, Warren P. Copp, David Knox, A. Brad. Edmunds and Henry Sprague. E.P. Robinson was chosen chairman and David Knox secretary. The architects were Lord & Fuller of Boston, and the work of building was put under contract to J.H. Kibby & Son of Chelsea.

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The town also owns seven commodious schoolhouses, in which are maintained thirteen schools—one High, three Grammar, three Intermediate, three Primaries, one sub-Primary and two mixed schools, the town appropriating the sum of six thousand dollars therefor. There are five Churches—Congregational, Universalist, and three Methodist, besides two societies worshiping in halls (the St. John's Episcopal Mission and the Union at North Saugus). After the schism in the old Third Parish about 1809, the religious feud between the Trinitarians and the Unitarians became so intense that a lawsuit was had to obtain the fund, the Universalists retaining possession. The Trinitarians then built the old stone Church, under the direction of Squire Joseph Eames, which, as a piece of architecture, did not reflect much credit on builder or architect. It is now used as a grocery and post office; their present place of worship was built in 1852. The Church edifice of the old Third was erected in 1738, and was occupied without change until 1859, when it was sold and moved off the spot, and the site is now marked by a flag staff and band stand, known as Central Square. The old Church was moved a short distance and converted into tenements, with a store underneath. The Universalist society built their present Church in 1860. The town farm consists of some 280 acres, and has a fine wood lot of 240 acres, the remainder being valuable tillage, costing in 1823 \$4,625.

The town is rich in local history and has either produced or been the residence of a number of notable men and women.

[Illustration: M.E. *Church, Cliftondale.*]

Judge William Tudor, the father of the ice business, now so colossal in its proportions, started the trade here, living on what is now the poor farm. The Saugus Female Seminary once held quite a place in literary circles, Cornelius C. Felton, afterward president of Harvard College, being its "chore boy" (the remains of his parents lie in the cemetery near by). Fanny Fern, the sister of N.P. Willis, the wife of James Parton, the celebrated biographer, as well as two sisters of Dr. Alexander Vinton, pursued their studies here, together with Miss Flint, who married Honorable Daniel P. King, member of Congress for the Essex District, and Miss Dustin, who became the wife of Eben Sutton, and who has been so devoted and interested in the library of the Peabody Institute. Mr. Emerson, the preceptor, was for a time the pastor of the Third Parish of Lynn (now Saugus Universalist society), where Parson Roby preached for a period of fifty-three years—more than half a century, with a devotion and fidelity that greatly endeared him to his people. In passing we give the items of his salary as voted him in 1747, taken from the records of the Parish, being kindly furnished by the Clerk, Mr. W.F. Hitchings: "A suitable house and barn, standing in a suitable place; pasturing and sufficient warter meet for two Cows and one horse—the



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winter meet put in his barn; the improvement of two acres of land suitable to plant and to be kept well fenced; sixty pounds in lawful silver money, at six shillings and eight pence per ounce; twenty cords of wood at his Dore, and the Loose Contributions; and also the following artikles, or so much money as will purchase them, viz: Sixty Bushels Indian Corn, forty-one Bushels of Rye, Six hundred pounds wait of Pork and Eight Hundred and Eighty Eight pounds wait of Beefe.”

This would be considered a pretty liberal salary even now for a suburban people to pay. From the records of his parish it would seem he always enjoyed the love and confidence of his people, and was sincerely mourned by them at his death, which occurred January 31, 1803, at the advanced age of eighty years, and as stated above in the fifty-third year of his ministry. Among other good works and mementoes which he left behind him was the “Roby Elm,” set out with his own hand, and which is now more than one hundred and twenty-five years old. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and with its perfectly conical shape at the top, attracts marked attention from all lovers and observers of trees. Among the names of worthy citizens who have impressed themselves upon the memory of their survivors, either as business men of rare executive ability, or as merchants of strict integrity, or scholars and men of literary genius, lawyers, artists, writers, poets, and men of inventive genius, we will first mention as eldest on the list “Landlord” Jacob Newhall, who used to keep a tavern in the east part of the town and gave “entertainment to man and beast” passing between Boston and Salem, notably so to General Washington on his journey from Boston to Salem in 1797, and later to the Marquis De Lafayette in 1824, when making a similar journey. We also mention Zaccheus Stocker, Jonathan Makepeace, Charles Sweetser, Dr. Abijah Cheever, Benjamin F. Newhall and Benjamin Hitchings. These last all held town office with great credit to themselves and their constituents.

Benjamin F. Newhall was a man of versatile parts. Beside writing rhymes he preached the Gospel, and was at one time County Commissioner for Essex County.

To these may be added Salmon Snow, who held the office of Selectman for several years, and also kept the poor of Saugus for many years with great acceptance. He was a man of good judgment, strong in his likes and dislikes, and bitter in his resentments. George Henry Sweetser was also a Selectman for years, and was elected to the Legislature for both branches, being Senator for two terms. Frederick Stocker, noted as a manufacturer of brick, was also a man of sterling qualities, and shared in the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. Joseph Stocker Newhall, a manufacturer of roundings in sole leather, was a just man, of positive views, and although interesting himself in the political issues of the day would not take office. Eminently social he was at times somewhat abrupt and laconic in denouncing what he conceived to be shams. As a manufacturer his motto was, “the laborer is worthy of his hire.” He died in 1875, aged 67 years. George Pearson was Treasurer of the town and one of the Selectmen,

and also Treasurer and Deacon of the Orthodox parish for twenty-five years, living to the advanced age of eighty-seven years. He died in 1883.

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Later, about 1837, Edward Pranker, an Englishman, and Francis Scott, a Scotchman, became noted for their woollen factories, which they built in Saugus, and also became residents here for the rest of their lives. Enoch Train, too, a Boston ship merchant and founder of the famous line of packets between Boston and Liverpool for the transportation of emigrants, passed the last ten years of his life here, marrying Mrs. Almira Cheever. He was the father of Mrs. A.D.T. Whitney, the author of many works of fiction, which have been widely read; among them "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "Odd or Even," "Sights and Insights," etc. In this connection we point to a living novelist of Saugus, Miss Ella Thayer, whose "Wired Lore" has been through several editions. George William Phillips, brother of Wendell, a lawyer of some note, also lived many years at Saugus and died in 1878. Joseph Ames, the artist, celebrated for his portraits, who was commissioned by the Catholics to visit Rome and paint Pope Pius IX., and who executed in a masterly manner other commissions, such as Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln, Madames Rachael and Ristori, learned the art in Saugus, though born in Roxbury, N.H. He died at New York while temporarily painting there, but was buried in Saugus in 1874. His brother Nathan was a patent solicitor, and considered an expert in such matters, and invented several useful machines. He was also a writer of both prose and poetry, writing among other books "Pirate's Glen," "Dungeon Rock" and "Childe Harold." He died in 1860.

Rev. Fales H. Newhall, D.D., who was Professor of Languages at Middletown College, and who, as a writer, speaker or preacher, won merited distinction, died in 1882, lamented that his light should go prematurely out at the early age of 56 years.

Henry Newhall, who went from Saugus to San Francisco, and there became a millionaire, may be spoken of as a successful business man and merchant. The greatest instance of longevity since the incorporation of the town was that of Joseph Cheever, who was born February 22, 1772, and died June 19, 1872, aged 100 years, 4 months, 27 days. He was a farmer of great energy, industry and will power, and was given to much litigation. He, too, represented the town in 1817-18, 1820-21, 1831-32, and again in 1835.

Saugus, too, was the scene of the early labors of Rev. Edward T. Taylor, familiarly known as Father Taylor. Here he learned to read, and preached his first sermon at what was then known as the "Rock Schoolhouse," at East Saugus, though converted at North Saugus. Mrs. Sally Sweetser, a pious lady, taught him his letters, and Mrs. Jonathan Newhall used to read to him the chapter in the Bible from which he was to preach until he had committed it to memory.

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North Saugus is a fine agricultural section with table land, pleasant and well watered, well adapted to farming purposes, and it was here that Adam Hawkes, the first of this name in this county, settled with his five sons in 1630, and took up a large tract of land. He built his house on a rocky knoll, the spot being at the intersection of the road leading from Saugus to Lynnfield with the Newburyport turnpike, known as Hawkes' Corner. This house being burned the bricks of the old chimney were put into another, and when again this chimney was taken down a few years ago there were found bricks with the date of 1601 upon them. This shows, evidently, that the bricks were brought from England. This property is now in the hands of one of his lineal descendants, Louis P. Hawkes, having been handed down from sire to son for more than 250 years. On the 28th and 29th of July, 1880, a family reunion of the descendents of Adam Hawkes was held to celebrate the 250th anniversary of his advent to the soil of Saugus. It was a notable meeting, and brought together the members of this respected and respectable family from Maine to California. Two large tents were spread and the trees and buildings were decorated with flags and mottoes in an appropriate and tasteful manner. Judges, Generals, artists, poets, clergymen, lawyers, farmers and mechanics were present to participate in the re-union. Addresses were made, poems suitable to the occasion rendered, and all passed off in a most creditable manner. Among the antique and curious documents in the possession of Samuel Hawkes was the "division of the estate of Adam Hawkes, made March 27, 1672."

Mrs. Dinsmore resided in this part of the town. A most amiable woman, a good nurse, kind in sickness, and it was in this way that she discovered a most valuable medicine. Her specific is claimed to be very efficacious in cases of croup and kindred diseases, and its use in such cases has become very general, as well as for headache. She is almost as widely known as Lydia Pinkham. She died in 1881.

[Illustration: *Mrs. Dinsmore.*]

Saugus nobly responded to the call for troops to put down the rebellion, furnishing a large contingent for Company K, Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers, which was recruited almost wholly from Malden and Saugus, under command of Captain Simonds of Malden. Thirty-six Saugus men also enlisted in Company A, Fortieth Massachusetts Volunteers, while quite a number joined the gallant Nineteenth Regiment, Col. E.W. Hinks, whose name Post 95, G.A.R., of Saugus bears, which is a large and flourishing organization. There were many others who enlisted in various other regiments, beside those who served in the navy.

[Illustration: *Nineteenth regiment badge.*]

Charles A. Newhall of this town is secretary and treasurer of the Nineteenth Regiment association, whose survivors still number nearly one hundred members.



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### THE OLD IRON WORKS.

These justly celebrated works, the first of their kind in this country, were situated on the west bank of the Saugus river, about one-fourth of a mile north of the Town Hall, on the road leading to Lynnfield, and almost immediately opposite the mansion of A.A. Scott, Esq., the present proprietor of the woolen mills which are located just above, the site of the old works being still marked by a mound of scoria and debris, the locality being familiarly known as the "Cinder Banks." Iron ore was discovered in the vicinity of these works at an early period, but no attempt was made to work it until 1643. The Braintree iron works, for which some have claimed precedence, were not commenced until 1647, in that part of the town known as Quincy.

Among the artisans who found employment and scope for their mechanical skill at these works was Mr. Joseph Jenks who, when the colonial mint was started to coin the "Pine Tree Shilling," made the die for the first impressions at the Iron works at Saugus.

The old house, formerly belonging to the Thomas Hudson estate of sixty-nine acres first purchased by the Iron Works, is still standing, and is probably one of the oldest in Essex County, although it has undergone so many repairs that it is something like the boy's jack-knife, which belonged to his grandfather and had received three new blades and two new handles since he had known it. One of the fire-places, with all its modernizing, a few years ago measured about thirteen feet front, and its whole contour is yet unique. It is now owned by A.A. Scott and John B. Walton.

Near Pranker's Pond, on Appleton street, is a singular rock resembling a pulpit. This portion of the town is known as the Calemount.

There is a legend of the Colonial period that a man by the name of Appleton harangued or preached to the people of the vicinity, urging them to stand by the Republican cause, hence the name of "Pulpit Rock." The name "Calemount" also comes, according to tradition, from the fact that one of the people named Caleb Appleton, who had become obnoxious to the party, had agreed upon a signal with his wife and intimate friends, that, when in danger, they should notify him by this expressive warning, "Cale, mount!" upon which he would take refuge in the rocky mountain, which, being then densely wooded, afforded a secure hiding place. Several members of this family of Appletons have since, during successive generations, been distinguished and well known citizens of Boston, one of whom, William Appleton, was elected to Congress over Anson Burlingame, in 1860.

Recently, one of the descendants of this family has had a tablet of copper securely bolted to the rock with the following inscription:—

"APPLETON'S *pulpit!*

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In September, 1687, from this rock tradition asserts that resisting the tyranny of Sir Edmond Andros, Major Samuel Appleton of Ipswich spake to the people in behalf of those principles which later were embodied in the declaration of Independence.”

This tablet was formally presented to the town by letter from the late Thomas Appleton, at the annual March meeting in 1882, and its care assumed by the town of Saugus.

Among the present industries of Saugus are Pranker’s Mills, a joint stock corporation, doing business under the style of Edward Pranker & Co., for the manufacture of woollen goods, employing about one hundred operatives, and producing about 1,800,000 yards of cloth annually—red, white and yellow flannel. The mill of A.A. Scott is just below on the same stream, making the same class of goods, with a much smaller production, both companies being noted for the standard quality of their fabrics. The spice and coffee mills of Herbert B. Newhall at East Saugus do a large business in their line, and his goods go all over New England and the West.

Charles S. Hitchings, at Saugus, turns out some 1,500 cases of hand-made slippers of fine quality for the New York and New England trade. Otis M. Burrill, in the same line, is making the same kind of work, some 150 cases, Hiram Grover runs a stitching factory with steam power, and employs a large number of employees, mostly females.

Win. E. Shaw also makes paper boxes and cartoons, and does quite a business for Lynn manufacturers.

[Illustration: *Residence of Rufus A. Johnson.*]

Enoch T. Kent at Saugus and his brother, Edward S. Kent, at Cliftdale, are engaged in washing crude hair and preparing it for plastering and other purposes, such as curled hair, hair cloth, blankets, etc. They each give employment to quite a number of men. Albert H. Sweetser makes snuff, succeeding to the firm of Sweetser Bros., who did an extensive business until after the war. The demand for this kind of goods is more limited than formerly. Joseph. A. Raddin, manufactures the crude tobacco from the leaf into chewing and smoking tobacco. Edward O. Copp, Martha Fiske, William Parker and a few others still manufacture cigars.

Quite an, extensive ice business is done at Saugus by Solon V. Edmunds and Stephen Stackpole. A few years ago Eben Edmunds shipped by the Eastern Railroad some 1,200 tons to Gloucester, but the shrinkage and wastage of the ice by delays on the train did not render it a profitable operation.

The strawberry culture has recently become quite a feature in the producing industry of Saugus. In 1884 Elbridge S. Upham marketed 3,600 boxes, Charles S. Hitchings 1,200, Warren P. Copp 400, and others, Martin Carnes, Calvin Locke, Edward Saunders and Lorenzo Mansfield, more or less.

John W. Blodgett and the Hatch Bros. do a large business in early and late vegetables for Boston and Lynn markets, such as asparagus, spinach, *etc.*, and employ quite a number of men.

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Nor must we forget to mention the milk business. Louis P. Hawkes has a herd of some forty cows and has a milk route at Lynn. J.W. Blodgett keeps twenty-five cows, and takes his milk to market. Geo. N. Miller and T.O.W. Houghton also keep cows and have a route. Joshua Kingsbury, George H. Pearson and George Ames have a route, buying their milk. Byron Hone keeps fifty cows. Dudley Fiske has twenty-five, selling their milk. O.M. Hitchings, H. Burns, A.B. Davis, Lewis Austin, Richard Hawkes and others keep from seven to twelve cows for dairy purposes.

[Illustration: *Residence of Charles H. Bond.*]

Having somewhat minutely noticed the industries we will speak briefly of some of the dwellings. The elegant mansion and gardens of Brainard and Henry George, Harmon Hall and Rufus A. Johnson of East Saugus, and Eli Barrett, A.A. Scott and E.E. Wilson of Saugus, C.A. Sweetser, C.H. Bond and Pliny Nickerson at Cliftdale, with their handsome lawns, rich and rare flowers and noble shade trees attract general attention. The last mentioned estate was formerly owned by a brother of Governor William Eustis, where his Excellency used to spend a portion of his time each year.

At the south-westerly part of the town, not far from the old Eustis estate, the boundaries of three counties and four towns intersect with each other, viz: Suffolk, Essex and Middlesex counties, and the towns of Revere, Saugus, Melrose and Maiden. Near by, too, is the old Boynton estate, and the Franklin Trotting park, where some famous trotting was had, when Dr. Smith managed it in 1866-7, Flora Temple, Fashion, Lady Patchen and other noted horses contending. After a few years of use it was abandoned, but it has recently been fitted up by Marshall Abbott of Lynn, and several trots have taken place the present summer.

[Illustration: *Town hall.*]

The Boynton estate above referred to is divided by a small brook, known as "Bride's Brook," which is also the dividing line between Saugus and Revere, and the counties of Suffolk and Essex. Tradition asserts that many years ago a couple were married here, the groom standing on one side and the bride on the other; hence the name "Bride's Brook."

The existence of iron ore used for the manufacturing at the old Iron Works was well known, and there have been many who have believed that antimony also exists in large quantities in Saugus, but its precise location has as yet not become known to the public.

As early as the year 1848, a man by the name of Holden, who was given to field searching and prospecting, frequently brought specimens to the late Benjamin F. Newhall and solemnly affirmed that he obtained them from the earth and soil within the limits of Saugus. Every means was used to induce him to divulge the secret of its locality. But Holden was wary and stolidly refused to disclose or share the knowledge

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of the place of the lode with anyone. He averred that he was going to make his fortune by it. Detectives were put upon his trail in his roaming about the fields, but he managed to elude all efforts at discovery. Being an intemperate man, one cold night after indulging in his cups, he was found by the roadside stark and stiff. Many rude attempts and imperfect searches have been made upon the assurances of Holden to discover the existence of antimony, but thus far in vain, and the supposed suppressed secret of the existence of it in Saugus died with him.

“Pirate’s Glen” is also within the territory of Saugus, while “Dungeon Rock,” another romantic locality, described by Alonzo Lewis in his history of Lynn, is just over the line in that city. There is a popular tradition that the pirates buried their treasure at the foot of a certain hemlock tree in the glen, also the body of a beautiful female. The rotten stump of a tree may still be seen, and a hollow beside it, where people have dug in searching for human bones and treasure. This glen is highly romantic and is one of the places of interest to which all strangers visiting Saugus are conducted, and is invested with somewhat of the supernatural tales of Captain Kid and treasure trove.

There is a fine quarry or ledge of jasper located in the easterly part of the town, near Saugus River, just at the foot of the conical-shaped elevation known as “Round Hill.” which Professor Hitchcock, in his last geological survey, pronounced to be the best specimen in the state. Mrs. Hitchcock, an artist, who accompanied her husband in his surveying tour, delineated from this eminence, looking toward Nahant and Egg Rock, which is full in view, and from which steamers may be seen with a glass plainly passing in and out of Boston harbor. The scenery and drives about Saugus are delightful, especially beautiful is the view and landscape looking from the “Cinder Banks,” so-called, down Saugus river toward Lynn.

### **REPRESENTATIVES FROM SAUGUS SINCE THE TOWN WAS INCORPORATED.**

Saugus, (formerly the West Parish of Lynn), was formed in the year 1815, and the town was first represented by Mr. Robert Emes in 1816. Mr. Emes carried on morocco dressing, his business being located on Saugus river, on the spot now occupied by Scott’s Flannel Mills.

In 1817-18 Mr. Joseph Cheever represented the town, and again in 1820-21; also, in 1831-32, and again, for the last time, in 1835. After having served the town seven times in the legislature, he seems to have quietly retired from political affairs.

In 1822 Dr. Abijah Cheever was the Representative, and again in 1829-30. The doctor held a commission as surgeon in the army at the time of our last war with Great Britain.

He was a man very decided in his manners, had a will of his own, and liked to have people respect it.

In 1823 Mr. Jonathan Makepeace was elected. His business was the manufacture of snuff, at the old mills in the eastern part of the town, now owned by Sweetser Brothers, and known as the Sweetser Mills.

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In 1826-28 Mr. John Shaw was the Representative.

In 1827 Mr. William Jackson was elected.

In 1833-34 Mr. Zaccheus N. Stocker represented the town. Mr. Stocker held various offices, and looked very closely after the interests of the town.

In 1837-38 Mr. William W. Boardman was the Representative. He has filled a great many offices in the town.

In 1839 Mr. Charles Sweetser was elected, and again in 1851. Mr. Sweetser was largely engaged in the manufacture of snuff and cigars. He was a gentleman very decided in his opinions, and enjoyed the confidence of the people to a large degree.

In 1840, the year of the great log cabin campaign, Mr. Francis Dizer was elected.

In 1841 Mr. Benjamin Hitchings, Jr., was elected, and in 1842 the town was represented by Mr. Stephen E. Hawkes.

In 1843-44 Benjamin F. Newhall, Esq., was the Representative, Mr. Newhall was a man of large and varied experience, and held various offices, always looking sharply after the real interests of the town. He also held the office of County Commissioner.

In 1845 Mr. Pickmore Jackson was the Representative. He has also held various offices in the town, and has since served on the school committee with good acceptance.

In 1846-47 Mr. Sewall Boardman represented the town.

In 1852 Mr. George H. Sweetser was the Representative. Mr. Sweetser has also held a seat in our State Senate two years, and filled various town offices. He was a prompt and energetic business man, engaged in connection with his brother, Mr. Charles A. Sweetser, in the manufacture of snuff and cigars.

In 1853 Mr. John B. Hitching was elected. He has held various offices in the town.

In 1854 the town was represented by Mr. Samuel Hawkes, who has also served in several other positions, proving himself a very straightforward and reliable man.

In 1855 Mr. Richard Mansfield was elected. He was for many years Tax Collector and Constable, and when he laid his hand on a man's shoulder, in the name of the law, the duty was performed in such a good-natured manner that it really did not seem so very bad, after all.



In 1856 Mr. William H. Newhall represented the town. He has held the offices of Town Clerk and Selectman longer than any other person in town, and is still in office.

In 1857 Mr. Jacob B. Calley was elected.

In 1858 the district system was adopted, and Mr. Jonathan Newhall was elected to represent the twenty-fourth Essex District, comprising the towns of Saugus, Lynnfield and Middleton.

[Illustration: *Sketch of Saugus.*]

In 1861 Mr. Harmon Hall represented the District. Mr. Hall is a very energetic business man, and has accumulated a very handsome property by the manufacture of boots and shoes. He has held various other important positions, and has been standing Moderator in all town meetings, always putting business through by daylight.



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In 1863 Mr. John Hewlett was elected. He resides in that part of the town called North Saugus, and was for a long series of years a manufacturer of snuff and cigars.

In 1864 Mr. Charles W. Newhall was the Representative.

In 1867 Mr. Sebastian S. Dunn represented the District. Mr. Dunn was a dealer in snuff, cigars and spices, and is now engaged in farming in Dakota.

In 1870 Mr. John Armitage represented the District—the twentieth Essex—comprising the towns of Saugus, Lynnfield, Middleton and Topsfield. He has been engaged in the woollen business most of his life; formerly a partner with Pranker & Co. He has also held other town offices with great acceptance.

J.B. Calley succeeded Mr. Armitage, it being the second time he had been elected. Otis M. Hitchings was the next Representative, a shoe manufacturer, being elected over A.A. Scott, Esq., the republican candidate.

Joseph Whitehead was the next Representative from Saugus, a grocer in business. He was then and still is Town Treasurer, repeatedly having received every vote cast. J. Allston Newhall was elected in 1878 and for several years was selectman.

Albert H. Sweetser was our last Representative, elected in 1882-3, by one of the largest majorities ever given in the District. He is a snuff manufacturer, doing business at Cliftondale, under the firm of Sweetser Bros., whom he succeeds in business. Saugus is entitled to the next Representative in 1885-6. The womb of the future will alone reveal his name.

The future of Saugus would seem to be well assured, having frequent trains to and from Boston and Lynn, with enlarged facilities for building purposes, especially at Cliftondale, where a syndicate has recently been formed, composed of Charles H. Bond, Edward S. Kent, and Henry Waite, who have purchased thirty-four acres of land, formerly belonging to the Anthony Hatch estate, which, with other adjoining lands are to be laid out into streets and lots presenting such opportunities and facilities for building as cannot fail to attract all who are desirous of obtaining suburban residences, and thus largely add to the taxable property of Saugus and to the prosperity of this interesting locality.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Bartholdi colossus.*

By *William Howe Downes.*

The project of erecting a colossal statue of Liberty, which shall at once serve as a lighthouse and as a symbolic work of art, may be discussed from several different points

of view. The abstract idea, as it occurred to the sculptor, Mr. Bartholdi, was noble. The colossus was to symbolize the historic friendship of the two great republics, the United States and France; it was to further symbolize the idea of freedom and fraternity which underlies the republican form of government. Lafayette and Jefferson would have been touched by the project. If we are not

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touched by it, it proves that we have forgotten much which it would become us to recall. Before our nation was, the democratic idea had been for many years existing and expanding among the French people; crushed again and again by tyrants, it ever rose, renewed and fresh for the irrepressible conflict. Through all their vicissitudes the people of France have upheld, unfaltering, their ideal—liberty, equality and fraternity. Our own republic exists to-day because France helped us when England sought to crush us. It is never amiss to freshen our memories as to these historic facts. The symbolism of the colossus would therefore be very fine; it would have a meaning which every one could understand. It would signify not only the amity of France and the United States, and the republican idea of brotherhood and freedom, as I have said; but it would also stand for American hospitality to the European emigrant, and Emma Lazarus has thus imagined the colossus endowed with speech:

“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she.  
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses, yearning to breathe free;  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore—  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me—  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

Now, there can be no two ways of thinking among patriotic Americans as to this aspect of the Bartholdi colossus question. It must be agreed that the motive of the work is extremely grand, and that its significance would be glorious. The sculptor’s project was a generous inspiration, for which he must be cordially remembered. To be sure, it may be said he is getting well advertised; that is very true, but it would be mean in us to begrudge him what personal fame he may derive from the work. To assume that the whole affair is a “job,” or that it is entirely the outcome of one man’s scheming egotism and desire for notoriety, is to take a deplorably low view of it; to draw unwarranted conclusions and to wrong ourselves. The money to pay for the statue—about \$250,000—was raised by popular subscription in France, under the auspices of the Franco-American Union, an association of gentlemen whose membership includes such names as Laboulaye, de Lafayette, de Rochambeau, de Noailles, de Toqueville, de Witt, Martin, de Remusat. The identification of these excellent men with the project should be a sufficient guarantee of its disinterested character. The efforts made in this country to raise the money—\$250,000—required to build a suitable pedestal for the statue, are a subject of every day comment, and the failure to obtain the whole amount is a matter for no small degree of chagrin.



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Who and what is Mr. Bartholdi? He is a native of Colmar, in Alsace, and comes of a good stock; a pupil of the Lycee Louis-le-Grand, and of Ary Scheffer, he studied first painting then sculpture, and after a journey in the East with Gerome, established his atelier in Paris. He served in the irregular corps of Garibaldi during the war of 1870, and the following year visited the United States. It is admitted that he is a man of talent, but that he is not considered a great sculptor in his own country is equally beyond doubt. He would not be compared, for instance, with such men as Chapu, Dubois, Falguiere, Clesinger, Mercie, Fremiet, men who stand in the front rank of their profession. The list of his works is not long. It includes statues of General Rapp, Vercingetorix, Vauban, Champollion, Lafayette and Rouget de l'Isle; ideal groups entitled "Genius in the Grasp of Misery," and "the Malediction of Alsace;" busts of Messrs. Erckmann and Chatrain; single figures called "Le Vigneron," "Genie Funebre" and "Peace;" and a monument to Martin Schoengauer in the form of a fountain for the courtyard of the Colmar Museum. There may be a few others. Last, but by no means least, there is the great Lion of Belfort, his best work. This is about 91 by 52 feet in dimensions, and is carved from a block of reddish Vosges stone. It is intended to commemorate the defence of Belfort against the German army in 1870, an episode of heroic interest. The immense animal is represented as wounded but still capable of fighting, half lying, half standing, with an expression of rage and mighty defiance. It is not too much to say that Mr. Bartholdi in this case has shown a fine appreciation of the requirements of colossal sculpture. He has sacrificed all unnecessary details, and, taking a lesson from the old Egyptian stone-cutters, has presented an impressive arrangement of simple masses and unvexed surfaces which give to the composition a marvellous breadth of effect. The lion is placed in a sort of rude niche on the side of a rocky hill, which is the foundation of the fortress of Belfort. It is visible at a great distance, and is said to be strikingly noble from every point of view. The idea is not original, however well it may have been carried out, for the Lion of Lucerne by Thorwaldsen is its prototype on a smaller scale and commemorates an event of somewhat similar character. The bronze equestrian statue of Vercingetorix, the fiery Gallic chieftain, in the Clermont museum, is full of violent action. The horse is flying along with his legs in positions which set all the science of Mr. Muybridge at defiance; the man is brandishing his sword and half-turning in his saddle to shout encouragement to his followers. The whole is supported by a bit of artificial rock-work under the horse, and the body of a dead Gaul lies close beside it. In the statue of Rouget de l'Isle we see a young man striking an orator's attitude, with his right arm raised in a gesture which seems to say:



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*"Aux armes, citoyens / Formes vos bataillons!"*

The Lafayette, in New York, is perhaps a mediocre statue, but even so, it is better than most of our statues. A Frenchman has said of it that the figure "resembles rather a young tenor hurling out his C sharp, than a hero offering his heart and sword to liberty." It represents our ancient ally extending his left hand in a gesture of greeting, while his right hand, which holds his sword, is pressed against his breast in a somewhat theatrical movement. It will be inferred that the general criticism to be made upon Mr. Bartholdi's statues is that they are violent and want repose. The Vercingetorix, the Rouget de l'Isle, the Lafayette, all have this exaggerated stress of action. They have counterbalancing features of merit, no doubt, but none of so transcendent weight that we can afford to overlook this grave defect.

Coming now to the main question, which it is the design of this paper to discuss, the inquiry arises: What of the colossal statue of Liberty as a work of art? For, no matter how noble the motive may be, or how generous the givers, it must after all be subjected to this test. If it is not a work of art, the larger it is, the more offensive it must be. There are not wanting critics who maintain that colossal figures cannot be works of art; they claim that such representations of the human form are unnatural and monstrous, and it is true that they are able to point out some "terrible examples" of modern failures, such, for instance, as the "Bavaria" statue at Munich. But these writers appear to forget that the "Minerva" of the Parthenon and the Olympian Jupiter were the works of the greatest sculptor of ancient times, and that no less a man than Michael Angelo was the author of the "David" and "Moses." It is therefore apparent that those who deny the legitimacy of colossal sculptures *in toto* go too far; but it is quite true that colossal works have their own laws and are subject to peculiar conditions. Mr. Lesbazeilles[A] says that "colossal statuary is in its proper place when it expresses power, majesty, the qualities that inspire respect and fear; but it would be out of place if it sought to please us by the expression of grace.... Its function is to set forth the sublime and the grandiose." The colossi found among the ruins of Egyptian Temples and Palaces cannot be seen without emotion, for if many of them are admirable only because of their great size, still no observer can avoid a feeling of astonishment on account of the vast energy, courage and industry of the men of old who could vanquish such gigantic difficulties. At the same time it will not do to assume that the Egyptian stone cutters were not artists. The great Sphinx of Giseh, huge as it is, is far from being a primitive and vulgar creation. "The portions of the head which have been preserved," says Mr. Charles Blanc, "the brow, the eyebrows, the corners of the eyes, the passage from the temples

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to the cheek-bones, and from the cheek-bones to the cheek, the remains of the mouth and chin,—all this testifies to an extraordinary fineness of chiselling. The entire face has a solemn serenity and a sovereign goodness.” Leaving aside all consideration of the artistic merits of other Egyptian colossi,—those at Memphis, Thebes, Karnac and Luxor, with the twin marvels of Amenophis-Memnon—we turn to the most famous colossus of antiquity, that at Rhodes, only to find that we have even less evidence on which to base an opinion as to its quality than is available in the case of the numerous primitive works of Egypt and of India. We know its approximate dimensions, the material of which it was made, and that it was overthrown by an earthquake, but there seems to be reason to doubt its traditional attitude, and nothing is known as to what it amounted to as a work of art, though it may be presumed that, being the creation of a Greek, it had the merits of its classic age and school. Of the masterpieces of Phidias it may be said that they were designed for the interiors of Temples and were adopted with consummate art to the places they occupied; they have been reconstructed for us from authentic descriptions, and we are enabled to judge concerning that majestic and ponderous beauty which made them the fit presentments of the greatest pagan deities. I need say nothing of the immortal statues by Michael Angelo, and will therefore hasten to consider the modern outdoor colossi which now exist in Europe—the St. Charles Borromeo at Arona, Italy, the Bavaria at Munich, the Arminius in Westphalia, Our Lady of Puy in France. The St. Charles Borromeo, near the shore of Lake Maggiore, dates from 1697, and is the work of a sculptor known as Il Cerano. Its height is 76 feet, or with its pedestal, 114 feet. The arm is over 29 feet long, the nose 33 inches, and the forefinger 6 feet 4 inches. The statue is entirely of hammered copper plates riveted together, supported by means of clamps and bands of iron on an interior mass of masonry. The effect of the work is far from being artistic. It is in a retired spot on a hill, a mile or two from the little village of Arona. The Bavaria, near Munich, erected in 1850, is 51 feet high, on a pedestal about 26 feet high, and is the work of Schwanthaler. It is of bronze and weighs about 78 tons. The location of this monstrous lump of metal directly in front of a building emphasizes its total want of sculptural merit, and makes it a doubly lamentable example of bad taste and bombast. The Arminius colossal, on a height near Detmold in Westphalia, was erected in 1875, is 65 feet high, and weighs 18 tons. The name of the sculptor is not given by any of the authorities consulted, which is perhaps just as well. This statue rests on “a dome-like summit of a monumental structure,” and brandishes a sword 24 feet long in one hand. The Virgin of Puy is by Bonassieux, was set up in 1860, is 52 feet high, weighs 110 tons, and stands on a cliff some 400 feet

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above the town. It is, like the Bavaria, of bronze, cast in sections, and made from cannons taken in warfare. The Virgin's head is surmounted by a crown of stars, and she carries the infant Christ on her left arm. The location of this statue is felicitous, but it has no intrinsic value as an art work. It will be seen, then, that these outdoor colossi of to-day do not afford us much encouragement to believe that Mr. Bartholdi will be able to surmount the difficulties which have vanquished one sculptor after another in their endeavors to perform similar prodigies. Sculpture is perhaps the most difficult of the arts of design. There is an antique statue in the Louvre which displays such wonderful anatomical knowledge, that Reynolds is said to have remarked, "to learn that alone might consume the labor of a whole life." And it is an undeniable fact that enlarging the scale of a statue adds in more than a corresponding degree to the difficulties of the undertaking. The colossi of the ancients were to a great extent designed for either the interiors or the exteriors of religious temples, where they were artfully adapted to be seen in connection with architectural effects. Concerning the sole prominent exception to this rule, the statue of Apollo at Rhodes, we have such scant information that even its position is a subject of dispute. It has been pointed out how the four modern outdoor colossi of Europe each and all fail to attain the requirements of a work of art. All our inquiries, it appears then, lead to the conclusion that Mr. Bartholdi has many chances against him, so far as we are able to learn from an examination of the precedents, and in view of these facts it would be a matter for surprise if the "Liberty" statue should prove to possess any title to the name of a work of art. We reserve a final decision, however, as to this most important phase of the affair, until the statue is in place.

[Footnote A: "Les Colosses anciens et modernes," par E. Lesbazeilles; Paris: 1881.]

The idea that great size in statues is necessarily vulgar, does not seem admissible. It would be quite as just to condemn the paintings on a colossal scale in which Tintoretto and Veronese so nobly manifested their exceptional powers. The size of a work of art *per se* is an indifferent matter. Mere bigness or mere littleness decides nothing. But a colossal work has its conditions of being: it must conform to certain laws. It must be executed in a large style; it must represent a grand idea; it must possess dignity and strength; it must convey the idea of power and majesty; it must be located in a place where its surroundings shall augment instead of detracting from its aspect of grandeur; it must be magnificent, for if not it will be ridiculous. The engravings of Mr. Bartholdi's statue represent a woman clad in a peplum and tunic which fall in ample folds from waist and shoulder to her feet. The left foot, a trifle advanced supports the main weight

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of the body. The right arm is uplifted in a vigorous movement and holds aloft a blazing torch. The left hand grasps a tablet on which the date of the Declaration of Independence appears; this is held rather close to the body and at a slight angle from it. The head is that of a handsome, proud and brave woman. It is crowned by a diadem. The arrangement of the draperies is, if one may judge from the pictures, a feature of especial excellence in the design. There is merit in the disposition of the peplum or that portion of the draperies flung back over the left shoulder, the folds of which hang obliquely (from the left shoulder to the right side of the waist and thence downward almost to the right knee,) thus breaking up the monotony of the perpendicular lines formed by the folds of the tunic beneath. The movement of the uplifted right arm is characterized by a certain *elan* which, however, does not suggest violence; the carriage of the head is dignified, and so far as one may judge from a variety of prints, the face is fine in its proportions and expression. I do not find the movement of the uplifted arm violent, and, on the whole, am inclined to believe the composition a very good one in its main features. There will be an undeniable heaviness in the great masses of drapery, especially as seen from behind, but the illusion as to the size of the figure created by its elevation on a pedestal and foundation nearly twice as high as itself may do much towards obviating this objection. The background of the figure will be the

... Spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue etherial sky,  
And spangled heavens ...

The island is far enough removed from the city so that no direct comparisons can be made between the statue and any buildings. Seen from the deck of a steamer at a distance say of a quarter of a mile, the horizon, formed by the roofs, towers, spires and chimneys of three cities, will not appear higher than the lower half of the pedestal. In other words the statue will neither be dwarfed nor magnified by the contiguity of any discordant objects. It will stand alone. The abstract idea, as has been said, is noble. The plan of utilizing the statue as a lighthouse at night does not detract from its worth in this respect; it may be said to even emphasize the allegorical sense of the work. "Liberty enlightening the world," lights the way of the sailor in the crowded harbor of the second commercial city of the world. The very magnitude of the work typifies, after a manner, the vast extent of our country, and the audacity of the scheme is not inappropriate in the place where it is to stand. It may be, indeed, that when the statue is set up, we shall find it awkward and offensive, as some critics have already prophesied: but that it must be so inevitably does not appear to me to be a logical deduction from the information we have at hand as to the artist and his plans. It is freely admitted that no modern

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work of this nature has been successful, but that does not prove that this must absolutely be a failure. The project ought not to be condemned in advance because of the great difficulties surrounding it, its unequalled scope and its novelty. Mr. Bartholdi is above all ingenious, bold, and fertile in resources; it would be a great pity not to have him allowed every opportunity to carry out a design in which, as we have seen, there are so many elements of interest and even of grandeur. It has been said that "there does not exist on French soil such a bombastic work as this will be." Very well; admitting for the sake of argument that it will be bombastic, shall we reject and condemn a colossal statue before having seen it, because there is nothing like it in France? And is it true that it will be bombastic? That is by no means demonstrated. On the contrary an impartial examination of the design would show that the work has been seriously conceived and thought out; that it does not lack dignity; that it is intended to be full of spirit and significance. It would be the part of wisdom at least to avoid dogmatism in an advance judgment as to its worth as a work of art, and to wait awhile before pronouncing a final verdict.

Hazlitt tells of a conceited English painter who went to Rome, and when he got into the Sistine Chapel, turning to his companion, said, "Egad, George, we're bit!" Our own tendency is, because of our ignorance, to be sceptical and suspicious as to foreign works of art, especially of a kind that are novel and daring. No one is so hard to please as a simpleton. We are so afraid of being taken in, that we are reluctant to commit ourselves in favor of any new thing until we have heard from headquarters; but it appears to be considered a sign of knowledge to vituperate pictures and statues which do not conform to some undefinable ideal standard of our own invention. There is, of course, a class of indulgent critics who are pernicious enough in their way; but the savage and destructive criticism of which I speak is quite as ignorant and far more harmful. It assumes an air of authority based on a superficial knowledge of art, and beguiles the public into a belief in its infallibility by means of a smooth style and an occasional epigram the smartness of which may and often does conceal a rank injustice. The expression of a hope that the result of Mr. Bartholdi's labors "will be something better than another gigantic asparagus stalk added to those that already give so comical a look to our sky-line," is truly an encouraging and generous utterance at this particular stage of the enterprise, and equals in moderation the courteous remark that the statue "could not fail to be ridiculous in the expanse of New York Bay." [A] It is not necessary to touch upon the question of courtesy at all, but it is possible that one of our critics may live to regret his vegetable metaphor, and the other to revise his prematurely positive censure.



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There is a sketch in charcoal which represents the Bartholdi colossus as the artist has seen it in his mind's eye, standing high above the waters of the beautiful harbor at twilight, when the lights are just beginning to twinkle in the distant cities and when darkness is softly stealing over the service of the busy earth and sea. The mystery of evening enwraps the huge form of the statue, which looms vaster than by day, and takes on an aspect of strange majesty, augmented by the background of hurrying clouds which fill the upper portion of the sky. So seen, the immense Liberty appears what the sculptor wishes and intends it to be, what we Americans sincerely hope it may be,—a fitting memorial of an inspiring episode in history, and a great work of modern art.

[Footnote A: *Vide* papers by Clarence Cook in The Studio, and by Professor D. Cady Eaton of Yale College in the New York Tribune.]

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ELIZABETH.[A]

A ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS.

BY FRANCES C. SPARHAWK, Author of "A Lazy Man's Work."

[Footnote A: Copyright, 1884, by Frances C. Sparhawk. All rights reserved.]

### CHAPTER III.

IDLESSE.

"Don't move your head, Elizabeth, keep it in that position a little longer," said Katie Archdale, as she and her friend sat together the morning after the sail. "I wish an artist were here to paint you so; you've no idea how striking you are."

"No, I have not," laughed the other, forgetting to keep still as she spoke, and turning the face that had been toward the window full upon her companion. The scene that Elizabeth's eyes had been dwelling upon was worthy of admiration; her enthusiasm had not escaped her in any word, but her eyes were enraptured with it, and her whole face, warmed with faint reflection of the inward glow, was beautiful with youth, and thought, and feeling.

"Now you've spoilt it," cried Katie, "now you are merely a nice-looking young lady; you were beautiful before, perfectly beautiful, like a picture that one can look at, and look at, and go away filled with, and come back to, and never tire of. The people that see you



so worship you, but then, nobody has a chance to do it. You just sit and don't say much except once in a while when you wake up, then you are brilliant, but never tender, as you know how to be. You give people an impression that you are hard. Sometimes I should like to shake you."

Elizabeth laughed.

"That's the way you worship me," she answered. "I suspected it was a strange kind of adoration, largely made up of snubbing."

"It's not snubbing," retorted Katie, "it is trying to rouse you to what you you might be. But I am wasting my breath; you don't believe a word I say."

"I should like to believe it," returned the girl, smiling a little sadly. "But even if I did believe every word of it, it would seem to me a great deal nicer to be like you, beautiful all the time, and one whom everybody loves. But there's one thing to be said, if it were I who were beautiful, I could'nt have the pleasure I do in looking at you, and perhaps, after all, I shouldn't get any more enjoyment out of it."



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“Oh, yes, you would,” retorted the other, then bit her lips angrily at her inadvertence. A shrewd smile flitted over Elizabeth’s face, but she made no comment, and Katie went on hurriedly to ask, “What shall we do to amuse ourselves to-day, Betsey?” Another slight movement of the hearer’s lips responded. This name was Katie’s special term of endearment, and never used except when they were alone; no one else ever called her by it.

“I don’t know,” she said. “Let us sit here as we are doing now. Move your chair nearer the window and look down on the river. See the blue-black shadows on it. And look at the forests, how they stretch away with a few clearings here and there. A city behind us, to be sure, a little city, but before us the forests, and the Indians. I wonder what it all means for us.”

“The axe for one, the gun for the other,” retorted Katie with a hardness which belief in the savageness and treachery of the red man had instilled into the age. “The forests mean fortune to some of us,” she added.

“Yes,” answered Elizabeth slowly, finding an unsatisfactory element in her companion’s summary.

“Do you mean that we shall have to shoot down a whole race? That is dreadful,” she added after a pause.

“You and I have nothing to do with all that,” returned Katie.

Elizabeth waited in despair of putting the case as she felt it.

“I was thinking,” she said at last, “that if we have a whole land of forests to cut down and of cities to build up, somehow, everything will be different here from the Old England. I often wonder what it is to be in this New World. It must be unlike the Old,” she repeated.

“I don’t wonder,” returned Katie, “and that’s just what you shouldn’t do. Wonder what you’re going to wear to-morrow when we dine at Aunt Faith’s, or whether Master Harwin will call this morning, or Master Waldo, or wonder about something sensible.”

“Which means, ‘or if it’s to be Master Archdale,’” retorted Elizabeth, smiling into the laughing eyes fixed upon her face, and making them fall at the keenness of her glance, while a brighter rose than Katie cared to show tinted the creamy skin and made her bend a moment to arrange the rosette of her slipper. The movement showed her hair in all its perfection, for at this early hour it had not been tortured into elaborateness, but as she sat in her bedroom talking with her guest, was loosely coiled to be out of the way, and thus drawn back in its wavy abundance showed now burnished, and now a darker brown, as the sunlight or the shadow fell upon it.



“He’s not always sensible,” she answered, lifting her head again with a half defiant gesture, and smiling. Katie’s smile was irresistible, it won her admirers by the score, not altogether because it gave a glimpse of beautiful teeth, or because her mouth was at its perfection then, but that it was an expression of childlike abandonment to the spirit of the moment, which charmed the gay because they sympathized with it and the serious because it was a mood of mind into which they would be glad to enter. “Stephen has not been quite himself lately, rather stupid,” and she looked as if she were not unsuspecting of the reason.



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“Too many of us admirers, he thinks?” laughed Elizabeth. “For he is bright enough when he takes the trouble to speak, but generally he doesn’t seem to consider any one of sufficient importance to amuse.”

“That is not so,” cried Katie, “you are mistaken. But you don’t know Stephen very well,” she added. “What a pity that you are not living here, then you would, and then we should have known each other all our lives, instead of only since we went to school together. What good times we had at Madam Flamingo’s. There you sit, now, and look as meekly reproving as if you had’nt invented that name for her yourself. It was so good, it has stood by her ever since.”

“Did I? I had forgotten it.”

“Perhaps, at least, you remember the red shawl that got her the nickname? It was really something nice,—the shawl, I mean, but the old dame was so ridiculously proud of it and so perpetually flaunting it, she must have thought it very becoming. We girls were tired of the sight of it. And one day, when you were provoked with her about something and left her and came into the schoolroom after hours, you walked up to a knot of us, and with your air of scorn said something about Madam Flamingo. Didn’t it spread like wildfire? Our set will call that venerable dame ‘Flamingo’ to the end of her days.”

“I suppose we shall, but I had no recollection that it was I who gave her the name.”

“Yes, you gave it to her,” repeated Katie. “You may be very sure I should not have forgotten it if I had been so clever. Those were happy days for all their petty tribulations,” she added after a pause.

Elizabeth looked at her sitting there meditative.

“I should think these were happy days for you, Katie. What more can you want than you have now?”

“Oh, the roc’s eggs, I suppose,” answered the girl. “No, seriously, I am pretty likely to get what I want most. I am happy enough, only not absolutely happy quite yet.”

“Why not?”

“Our good minister would say it was not intended for mortals.”

“If I felt like being quite content I should not give it up because somebody else said it was too much for me.”

“Oh, well,” said Katie, laughing, “it has nothing to do with our good Parson Shurtleff, anyway.”



“I thought not. What, then?”

The other did not answer, but sat looking out of the window with eyes that were not studying the landscape. Whether her little troubles dissolved into the cloudless sky, like mist too thin to take shape, or whether she preferred to keep her perplexities to herself is uncertain, but when she spoke it was about another reminiscence of school days.



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“Do you remember that morning Stephen came to see me?” she began. “Madam thought at first that Master Archdale must be my father, and she gave a most gracious assent to my request to go to walk with him. I was dying of fun all the time, I could scarcely keep my face straight; then, when she caught a glimpse of him as we were going out of the hall, she said in a dubious tone, ‘Your brother, I presume, Mistress Archdale?’ But I never heard a word. I was near the street door and I put myself the other side of it without much delay. So did Stephen. And we went off laughing. He said I was a wicked little cousin, and he spelled it ‘cozen;’ but he didn’t seem to mind my wickedness at all.” There was a pause, during which Katie looked at her smiling friend, and her own face dimpled bewitchingly. “This is exactly what you would have done, Elizabeth,” she said. “You would have heard that tentative remark of Madam’s, of course you would, and you would have stood still in the hall and explained that Stephen was your cousin, instead of your brother, and have lost your walk beyond a doubt, you know the Flamingo. Now, I was just as good as you would have been, only, I was wiser. I, too, told Madam that he was my cousin, but I waited until I came home to do it. The poor old lady could not help herself then; it was impossible to take back my fun, and she could not punish me, because she had given me permission to go, nor could she affirm that I heard her remark, for it was made in an undertone. There was nothing left for her but to wrap her illustrious shawl about her and look dignified.” “Do you think Master Harwin will come to-day?” Katie asked a few moments later, “and Master Waldo? I hope they will all three be here together; it will be fun, they can entertain each other, they are so fond of one another.”

“Katie! Katie!”

The girl broke into a laugh.

“Oh, yes, I remember,” she said, “Stephen is your property.”

“Don’t,” cried Elizabeth, with sudden gravity and paleness in her face. “I think it was wicked in me to jest about such a sacred thing. Let me forget it.”

“I wont tease you if you really care. But if it was wicked, it was a great deal more my doing, and Master Waldo’s, than your’s or Stephen’s. We wanted to see the fun. Your great fault, Elizabeth, is that you vex yourself too much about little things. Do you know it will make you have wrinkles?”

This question was put with so much earnestness that Elizabeth laughed heartily.

“One thing is sure,” she said, “I shall not remain ignorant of my failings through want of being told them while I’m here. It would be better to go home.”

“Only try it!” cried Katie, going to her and kissing her. “But now, Elizabeth, I want to tell you something in all seriousness. Just listen to me, and profit by it, if you can. I’ve

found it out for myself. The more you laugh at other people's absurdities the fewer of your own will be noticed, because, you see, it implies that you are on the right standpoint to get a review of other people."



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“That sounds more like eighty than eighteen.”

“Elizabeth, it is the greatest mistake in the world, I mean just that, to keep back all your wisdom until you get to be eighty. What use will it be to you then? All you can do with it will be to see how much more sensibly you might have acted. That’s what will happen to you, my dear, if you don’t look out. But at eighteen—I am nineteen—everything is before you, and you want to know how to guide your life to get all the best things you can out of it without being wickedly selfish—at least I do. Your aspirations, I suppose, are fixed upon the forests and the Indian, and problems concerning the future of the American Colonies. But I’m more reverent than you, I think the Lord is able to take care of those.”

Elizabeth looked vaguely troubled by the fallacy which she felt in this speech without being quite willing or able to bring it to light.

“But, remember, I was twenty-one my last birthday,” she answered. “I ought to take a broader view of things.”

“On the contrary, you’re getting to be an old maid. You should consider which of your suitors you want, and say ‘yes’ to him on the spot. By the way, what has become of your friend, the handsome Master Edmonson?”

Elizabeth colored.

“I don’t know,” she answered. “Father has heard from him since he went away, so I suppose that he is well.”

“And he has not written to you?”

“No, he has only sent a message.” Then, after a pause, “He said that he was coming back in the autumn.”

“I hope so,” cried Katie, “he is a most fascinating man, and of such family! Stephen was speaking of him the other day. He was very attentive, was he not, Betsey?”

“Ye-es, I suppose so. But there was something that I fancied papa did not like.”

“I’m so sorry,” cried Katie. She rose, and crossing the little space between herself and her friend, dropped upon the footstool at Elizabeth’s feet, and laying her arms in the girl’s lap and resting her chin upon them, looked up and added, “Tell me all about it, my dear.”

“There is nothing to tell,” answered Elizabeth, caressing the beautiful hair and looking into the eyes that had tears of sympathy in them.



“I was afraid something had gone wrong, afraid that you would care.”

Elizabeth sat thinking.

“I don’t know,” she said slowly at last, “I don’t know whether I should really care or not if I never saw him again.”

Her companion looked at her a moment in silence, and when she began to speak it was about something else.

## **CHAPTER IV.**

### **GIRDING ON THE HARNESS.**

Later that same morning a gentleman calling upon Mistress Katie Archdale was told that he would find her with friends in the garden. Walking through the paths with a leisurely step which the impatience of his mood chafed against, he came upon a picture that he never forgot.

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Great stretches of sunshine lay on the garden and in its brilliant beds of flowers glowed with their richest lights, poppies folded their gorgeous robes closely about them, Arab fashion, to keep out the heat; hollyhocks stood in their stateliness flecked with changing shadows from the aspen tree near by. Beds of tiger lilies, pinks, larkspur, sweetwilliams, canterbury bells, primroses, gillyflowers, lobelia, bloomed in a luxuriance that the methodical box which bordered them could not restrain. But the garden was by no means a blaze of sunshine, for ash trees, maples, elms, and varieties of the pine were there. Trumpet-vines climbed on the wall, and overtopping that, caught at trellises prepared to receive them, and formed screens of shadows that flickered in every breeze and changed their places with the changing sun. But it was only with a passing glance that the visitor saw these things, his eyes were fixed upon an arbor at the end of the garden; it was covered with clematis, while two great elms met overhead at its entrance and shaded the path to it for a little distance. Under these elms stood a group of young people. He was unannounced, and had opportunity without being himself perceived, to scan this little group as he went forward. His expression varied with each member of it, but showed an interest of some sort in each. Now it was full of passionate delight; then it changed as his look fell upon a tall young man with dark eyes and a bearing that in its most gracious moments seemed unable to lose a touch of haughtiness, but whose face now was alive with a restful joy. The gazer, as he perceived this happiness, so wanting in himself, scowled with a bitter hate and looked instantly toward another of the party, this time with an expression of triumph. At the fourth and last member of the group his glance though scowling, was contemptuous; but the receiver was as unconscious of contempt as he felt undeserving of it. From him the gazer's eyes returned to the person at whom he had first looked. She was standing on the step of the arbor, an end of the clematis vine swaying lightly back and forth over her head, and almost touching her bright hair which was now towered high in the fashion of the day. She was holding a spray of the vine in her hand. She had fastened one end in the hair of a young lady who stood beside her, and was now bringing the other about her neck, arranging the leaves and flowers with skilful touches. Three men, including the new-comer, watched her pretty air of absorption, and the deftness of her taper fingers, the sweep of her dark lashes on her cheek as from the height of her step she looked down at her companion, the curves of her beautiful mouth that at the moment was daintily holding a pin with which the end of the spray was to be fastened upon the front of the other's white dress. It was certainly effective there. Yet none of the three men noticed this, or saw that between the two girls the question as to beauty was a question



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of time, that while the one face was blooming now in the perfection of its charm, the charm of the other was still in its calyx. The adorer intuitively felt something of this. Perhaps she was not the less fond of her friend that the charms she saw in her were not patent to everybody. Bring her forward as much as she might, Katie felt that Elizabeth Royal would never be a rival. She even shrank from this kind of prominence into which Katie's play was bringing her now. She had been taken in hand at unawares and showed an impatience that if the other were not quick, would oblige her to leave the work unfinished.

"There," cried Katie, at last giving the leaves a final pat of arrangement, "that looks well, don't you think so, Master Waldo?"

"Good morning, Mistress Archdale," broke in a voice before Waldo could answer. "And you, Mistress Royal," bowing low to her. "After our late hours last night, permit me to felicitate you upon your good health this morning, and—" he was about to add, "your charming appearance," but something in the girl's eyes as she looked full at him held back the words, and for a moment ruffled his smooth assurance. But as he recovered himself and turned to salute the gentlemen, the smile on his lips had triumph through its vexation.

"My proud lady, keep your pride a little longer," he said to himself. And as he bowed to Stephen Archdale with a dignity as great as Stephen's own, he was thinking: "My morning in that hot office has not been in vain. I know your weak point now, my lofty fellow, and it is there that I will undermine you. You detest business, indeed! John Archdale feels that with his only son in England studying for the ministry he needs a son-in-law in partnership with him. The thousands which I have been putting into his business this morning are well spent, they make me welcome here. Yes, your uncle needs me, Stephen Archdale, for your clever papa is not always brotherly in his treatment, he has more than once brought heavy losses upon the younger firm. It's a part of my pleasure in prospect that now I shall be able to checkmate him in such schemes, perhaps to bring back a little of the loss upon the shoulders of his heir. Ah, I am safer from you than you dream." He turned to Waldo, and as the two men bowed, they looked at one another steadily. Each was remembering their conversation the night before over some Bordeaux in Waldo's room, for they were staying at the same inn and often spent an hour together. They had drunk sparingly, but, just returned from their sail, each was filled with Katie Archdale's beauty, and each had spoken out his purpose plainly, Waldo with an assurance that, if it savored a little of conceit, was full of manliness, the other with a half-smothered fierceness of passion that argued danger to every obstacle in its way.



“You’ve come at the very right moment, Master Harwin,” broke in Katie’s unconscious voice, and she smiled graciously, as she had a habit of doing at everybody; “We were talking about you not two minutes ago.”



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"Then I am just in time to save my character."

"Don't be too sure about that," returned Miss Royal.

Waldo laughed, and Katie exchanged glances with him, and smiled mischievously.

"No, don't be too sure; it will depend upon whether you say 'yes,' or 'no,' to my question. We were wondering something about you."

Harwin's heart sank, though he returned her smile and her glance with interest. For there were questions she might ask which would inconvenience him, but they should not embarrass him.

"We were wondering," pursued Katie, "if you had ever been presented. Have you?"

As the sun breaks out from a heavy cloud, the light returned to Harwin's blue eyes.

"Yes," he said, "four years ago. I went to court with my uncle, Sir Rydal Harwin, and his majesty was gracious enough to nod in answer to my profound reverence."

"It was a very brilliant scene, I am sure, and very interesting."

"Deeply interesting," returned Harwin with all the traditional respect of an Englishman for his sovereign. Archdale's lip curled a trifle at what seemed to him obsequiousness, but Harwin was not looking at him.

"Stephen has been," pursued Katie, "and he says it was very fine, but for all that he does not seem to care at all about it. He says he would rather go off for a day's hunting any time. The ladies looked charming, he said, and the gentlemen magnificent; but he was bored to death, for all that."

"In order to appreciate it fully," returned Archdale, "it would be necessary that one should be majesty." He straightened himself as he spoke, and looked at Harwin with such gravity that the latter, meeting the light of his eyes, was puzzled whether this was jest or earnest, until Miss Royal's laugh relieved his uncertainty. Katie laid her hand on the speaker's arm and shook it lightly.

"You told me I should be sure to enjoy it," she said. "Now, what do you mean?"

"Ah! but you would be queen," said Harwin, "queen in your own right, a divine right of beauty that no one can resist."

Katie looked at him, disposed for a moment to be angry, but her love of admiration could not resist the worship of his eyes, and the lips prepared to pout curved into a smile not less bewitching than the brightness of anger was still in her cheeks. Archdale and Waldo



turned indignant glances on the speaker, but it was manifestly absurd to resent a speech that pleased the object of it, and that each secretly felt would not have sounded ill if he had made it himself. Elizabeth looked from Katie to Harwin with eyes that endorsed his assertion, and as the latter read her expression his scornful wonder in the boat returned.



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“Why are we all standing outside in the heat?” cried the hostess. “Let us go into the arbor, there is plenty of room to move about there, we have had a dozen together in it many a time.” She passed in under the arch as she spoke, and the others followed her. There in her own way which was not so very witty or wise, and yet was very charming, she held her little court, and the three men who had been in love with her at the beginning of the hour were still more in love at the end of it. And Elizabeth who watched her with an admiration as deep as their’s, if more tranquil, did not wonder that it was so. Katie did not forget her, nor did the gentlemen, or at least two of them, forget to be courteous, but if she had known what became of the spray of clematis which being in the way as she turned her head, she had soon unfastened and let slip to the ground, she would not have wondered, nor would she have cared. If she had seen Archdale’s heel crush it unheedingly as he passed out of the arbor, the beat of her pulses would never have varied.

## CHAPTER V.

### ANTICIPATIONS.

It was early in December. The months had brought serious changes to all but one of the group that the August morning had found in Mr. Archdale’s garden. Two had disappeared from the scene of their defeat, and to two of them the future seemed opening up vistas of happiness as deep as the present joy. Elizabeth Royal alone was a spectator in the events of the past months, and even in her mind was a questioning that was at least wonderment, if not pain.

Kenelm Waldo was in the West Indies, trying to escape from his pain at Katie Archdale’s refusal, but carrying it everywhere with him, as he did recollections of her; to have lost them would have been to have lost his memory altogether.

Ralph Harwin also had gone. His money was still in the firm of John Archdale & Co., which it had made one of the richest in the Colonies; its withdrawal was now to be expected at any moment, for Harwin did not mean to return, and Archdale, while endeavoring to be ready for this, saw that it would cripple him. Harwin had been right in believing that he should make himself very useful and very acceptable to Katie’s father. For Archdale who was more desirous of his daughter’s happiness than of anything else in the world, was disappointed that this did not lie in the direction which, on the whole, would have been for his greatest advantage. Harwin and he could have done better for Katie in the way of fortune than Stephen Archdale with his distaste for business would do. The Archdale connection had always been a dream of his, until lately when this new possibility had superseded his nephew’s interest in his thoughts. There was an address and business keenness about Harwin that, if Stephen possessed at all, was latent in him. The Colonel was wealthy enough to afford the luxury of a son who was only a fine gentleman. Stephen was a good fellow, he was sure, and Katie would be happy with



him. And yet—but even these thoughts left him as he leaned back in his chair that day, sitting alone after dinner, and a mist came over his eyes as he thought that in less than a fortnight his home would no longer be his little daughter's.



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"It will be all right," he said to himself with that sigh of resignation with which we yield to the inevitable, as if there were a certain choice and merit in doing it. "It is well that the affairs of men are in higher hands than ours." John Archdale's piety was of the kind that utters itself in solitude, or under the breath.

Katie at the moment was upstairs with her mother examining a package of wedding gear that had arrived that day. She had no hesitation as to whom her choice should have been. Yet, as she stood holding a pair of gloves, measuring the long wrists on her arm and then drawing out the fingers musingly, it was not of Stephen that she was thinking, or of him that she spoke at last, as she turned away to lay down the gloves and take up a piece of lace.

"Mother," she said, "I do sometimes feel badly for Master Harwin; he is the only man in all the world that I ever had anything like fear of, and now and then I did of him, such a fierceness would come over him once in a while, not to me, but about me, I know, about losing me. He was terribly in earnest. Stephen never gets into these moods, he is always kind and lovable, just as he has been to me as far back as I can remember, only, of course more so now."

"But things have gone differently with him and with poor Master Harwin," answered Mrs. Archdale. "If you had said 'no' to Stephen, you would have seen the dark moods in him, too."

The young girl looked at her mother and smiled, and blushed a little in a charming acknowledgment of feminine power to sway the minds of the sterner half of humanity. Then she grew thoughtful again, not even flattery diverting her long from her subject.

"But Stephen never could be like that," she said. "Stephen couldn't be dark in that desperate sort of way. I can't describe it in Master Harwin, but I feel it. Somehow, he would rather Stephen would die, or I should, than have us marry."

"Did he ever say so?"

"Why, no, but you can feel things that nobody says. And, then, there is something else, too. I am quite sure that sometime in his life he did something, well, perhaps something wicked, I don't know what, but I do know that a load lies on his conscience; for one day he told me as much. It was just as he was going away, the day after I had refused him and he knew of my engagement. He asked permission to come and bid me goodbye. Don't you remember?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Archdale.

"He looked at me and sighed. 'I've paid a heavy price,' he said half to himself, 'to lose.' Then he added, 'Mistress Archdale, will you always believe that I loved you devotedly,



and always have loved you from the hour I first saw you? If I could undo'—then he waited a moment and grew dreadfully pale, and I think he finished differently from his first intention—'If I could undo something in the past,' he said, 'I would give my life to do it, but my life would be of no use.'"

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“That looks as if it was something against you, Katie.”

“Oh, no, I don’t think so. Besides, he wouldn’t have given his life at all; that’s only the way men talk, you know, when they want to make an impression of their earnestness on women and they always think they do it that way. But the men that are the readiest to give up their lives don’t say anything about it beforehand. Stephen would die for me, I’m sure, but he never told me so in his life. He don’t make many protestations; he takes a great deal for granted. Why shouldn’t he; we’ve known one another from babyhood? But Master Harwin knew, somehow, the minute after he spoke, if he didn’t at the time, that he wouldn’t die for his fault at all, whatever it was. And then, after he spoke it seemed to me as if he had changed his mind and didn’t care about it in any way, he only cared that I had refused him, and that he was not going to see me any more. I am sorry for a man like that, and if he were going to stay here I should be afraid of him, afraid for Stephen. But he sails in a few days. I don’t wonder he couldn’t wait here for the next ship, wait over the wedding, and whatever danger from him there may have been sails with him. Poor man, I don’t see what he liked me for.” And with a sigh, Katie dismissed the thought of him and his grief and evil together, and turned her attention again to the wedding finery.

“Only see what exquisite lace,” she cried, throwing it out on the table to examine the web. “Where did Elizabeth get it, I wonder? She begged to be allowed to give me my bridal veil, and she has certainly done it handsomely, just as she always does everything, dear child. I suppose it came out in one of her father’s ships.”

“Everything Master Royal touches turns into gold,” said Mrs. Archdale, after a critical examination of the lace had called forth her admiration. “It’s Mechlin, Katie. There is nobody in the Colonies richer than he,” she went on, “unless, possibly, the Colonel.”

“I dare say I ought to pretend not to care that Stephen will have ever so much money,” returned the girl, taking up a broad band of India muslin wrought with gold, and laying it over her sleeve to examine the pattern, at which she smiled approvingly. “But then I do care. Stephen is a great deal more interesting rich than he would be poor; he is not made for a grub, neither am I, and living is much better fun when one has laces like cobwebs, and velvets and paduasoyes, and diamonds, mother, to fill one’s heart’s desire.”

As she spoke she looked an embodiment of fair youth and innocent pleasure, and her mother, with a mother’s admiration and sympathy in her heart, gave her a lingering glance before she put on a little sternness, and said, “My child, I don’t like to hear you talk in that light way. Your heart’s desires, I trust, are set upon better things, those of another world.”

“Yes, mother, of course. But, then you know, we are to give our mind faithfully to the things next to us, in order to get to those beyond them, and that’s what I am doing now,



don't you see? O, mother, dear, how I shall miss you, and all your dear, solemn talks, and your dear, smiling looks." And winding her arms about her mother, Katie kissed her so affectionately that Mrs. Archdale felt quite sure that the laces and paduasoyes had not yet spoiled her little daughter.



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“Now, for my part,” she said a few minutes later as she laid down a pair of dainty white kid shoes, glittering with spangles from the tip of their peaked toes to their very heels, —high enough for modern days,—“These fit you to perfection, my dear. For my part,” she repeated, “you know that I have always hoped you would marry Stephen, yet my sympathies go with Master Waldo in his loss, instead of with the other one, whom I think your father at last grew to like best of the three; it was strange that such a man could have gotten such an influence, but then, they were in business together, and there is always something mysterious about business. Master Waldo is a fine, open-hearted young man, and he was very fond of you.”

“Yes, I suppose so,” answered the girl, with an effort to merge a smile into the expression accompanying a sympathetic sigh. “It’s too bad. But, then, men must look out for themselves, women have to, and Kenelm Waldo probably thinks he is worth any woman’s heart.”

“So he is, Katie.”

“Um!” said the girl. “Well, he’d be wiser to be a little humble about it. It takes better.”

“Do you call Stephen humble?”

Katie laughed merrily. “But,” she said, at last, “Stephen is Stephen, and humility wouldn’t suit him. He would look as badly without his pride as without his lace ruffles.”

“Is it his lace ruffles you’re in love with, my child?”

“I don’t know, mother,” and she laughed again. “When should a young girl laugh if not on the eve of her marriage with the man of her choice, when friends and wealth conspire to make the event auspicious?”

“I shall not write to thank Elizabeth for her gift,” she said, “for she will be here before a letter can reach her. She leaves Boston to-morrow, that’s Tuesday, and she must be here by Friday, perhaps Thursday night, if they start very early.”

“I thought Master Royal’s letter said Monday?”

“Tuesday,” repeated Katie, “if the weather be suitable for his daughter. Look at this letter and you’ll see; his world hinges on his daughter’s comfort, he is father and mother both to her. Elizabeth needs it, too; she can’t take care of herself well. Perhaps she could wake up and do it for somebody else. But I am not sure. She’s a dear child, though she seems to me younger than I am. Isn’t it funny, mother, for she knows a good deal more, and she’s very bright sometimes? But she never makes the best of anything, especially of herself.”



It was the day before the wedding. The great old house was full of bustle from its gambrel roof to its very cellar in which wines were decanted to be in readiness, and into which pastries and sweetmeats were carried from the pantry shelves overloaded with preparations for the next day's festivities. Servants ran hither and thither, full of excitement and pleasant anticipations. They all loved Katie who had grown up among them. And, besides, the



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morrow's pleasures were not to be enjoyed by them wholly by proxy, for if there was to be only wedding enough for one pair, at least the remains of the feast would go round handsomely. Two or three black faces were seen among the English ones, but though they were owned by Mr. Archdale, the disgrace and the badge of servitude had fallen upon them lightly, and the shining of merry eyes and the gleam of white teeth relieved a darkness that nature, and not despair, had made. In New England, masters were always finding reasons why their slaves should be manumitted. How could slavery flourish in a land where the wind of freedom was so strong that it could blow a whole cargo of tea into the ocean?

But there were not only servants going back and forth through the house, for it was full of guests. The Colonel's family living so near, would not come until the morning of the ceremony, but other relatives were there in force. Mrs. Archdale's brother,—a little patronizing but very rich and gracious, and his family who having been well patronized, were disposed to be humble and admiring, and her sister who not having fed on the roses of life, had a good deal of wholesome strength about her, together with a touch of something which, if it were wholesome, was not exactly grateful. Cousins of Mr. Archdale were there also. Elizabeth Royal, at Katie's special request, had been her guest for the last ten days. Her father had gone home again the day he brought her and was unable to return for the wedding and to take his daughter home afterward, as he had intended; but he had sent Mrs. Eveleigh, his cousin and housekeeper. It seemed strange that the father and daughter were so companionable, for superficially they were entirely unlike. Mr. Royal was considered stern and shrewd, and, though a well-read man, eminently practical, more inclined to business than scholarship, while Elizabeth was dreamy, generous, wholly unacquainted with business of any kind, and it seemed too much uninterested in it ever to be acquainted. To most people the affection between them seemed only that of nature and circumstances, Elizabeth being an only child, and her mother having died while she was very young. It is the last analysis of character that discovers the same trait under different forms. None of her friends carried analysis so far, and it was possible that no effort could have discovered subtle likeness then. Perhaps it was still latent and would only hereafter find some outward expression for itself. It sometimes happens that physical likeness comes out only after death, mental not until late in life, and likeness of character in the midst of unlikeness is revealed usually only in the crucible of events.



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That day, Elizabeth, from her window overlooking the garden, had seen a picture that she never forgot. It was about noon, all the warmth that was in the December sun filled the garden (which the leafless trees no longer shaded). There was no snow on the ground, for the few stray flakes premonitory of winter which had fallen from time to time in the month had melted almost as soon as they had touched the ground. The air was like an Indian summer's day; it seemed impossible that winter could be round the corner waiting only for a change of wind. The tracery of the boughs of the trees and of all their little twigs against the blue sky was exquisite, the stalks of the dead flowers warmed into a livelier brown in the sunlight. Yet it may have been partly the figures in the foreground that made the whole picture so bright to Elizabeth, for to her the place was filled with the lovers who were walking there and talking, probably saying those nothings, so far as practical matters go, which they may indulge in freely only before the thousand cares of life interfere with their utterances. Stephen had come to the house, and Katie and he were taking what they were sure would prove to be their last opportunity for quiet talk before the wedding. They went slowly down the long path to the clematis arbor, and then turned back again, for it was not warm enough to sit down out of doors. Elizabeth watched them as they walked toward the house, and a warmth came into her own face in her pleasure. "Dear Katie," she said to herself, "she is sure to be so happy." The young girl's hand lay on Archdale's arm, and she was looking up at him with a smile full of joyousness. Archdale's head was bent and the watcher could not see his eyes, but his attitude of devotion, his smile, and Katie's face told the story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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GLORIFYING TRIAL BY JURY.

By CHARLES COWLEY, LL.D.

Twice within two years representatives of the highest courts of Massachusetts have published in the North American Review, panegyrics of jurics and jury trials. The late Judge Foster and Judge Pitman both concede—what indeed is too notorious to be denied—that there are frequent and gross miscarriages of justice; but they touch lightly on this aspect of the question. Being personally identified with the institution which they extol, their self-complacency is neither unnatural nor unpardonable. It seems not to have occurred to them, that if a reform of our judiciary is really needed, they are "a part of the thing to be reformed." But in weighing their testimony to the advantages of trial by jury, allowance must be made for the bias of office and for the bias of interest. In the idolatrous throng which drowned the voice of St. Paul with their halcyon and vociferous shouts, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" there was no one who shouted louder than the thrifty silversmith, Demetrius, who added the naive remark, "By this craft we live."



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In the outset of his presentation of the beauties of jury trials, Judge Pitman says that “certain elementary rules of law are so closely associated with this system that change in one would require alteration of the other.” Now, these rules of law are either good or bad. If they are bad, they should be revised; and the fact that they are so closely associated with trial by jury, that they can not be amended without injury thereto, adds little lustre to that time-honored institution. On the other hand, if these “elementary rules of law” are good, it is presumed that courts will be able to appreciate and apply them quite as well as juries.

Judge Pitman then proceeds to argue that criminal trials without juries would be attended with disadvantages, because he thinks that judges would have, oftener than juries, that “reasonable doubt” which by law entitles the accused to an acquittal. This warrants one of two inferences: either the writer would have men convicted whose guilt is involved in “reasonable doubt,” or he fears that the learning and experience of the bar and the bench tend to unfit the mind to weigh the evidence of guilt or innocence. It is curious that in a former number of the same Review, another learned writer expressed exactly the contrary opinion.[A] Mr. Edward A. Thomas thinks that “judges are too much inclined to convict persons charged with criminal offences,” and that juries are too much inclined to acquit them. And Judge Foster seemingly agrees with Mr. Thomas upon this point.

[Footnote A: N.A. Review, No. CCCIV, March, 1882.]

Again: Judge Pitman argues that a jury is better qualified than a judge to determine what is “due care.” And Judge Foster, going still further, says, “common men belonging to various walks in life, are, in most cases, better fitted to decide correctly ordinary questions of fact than any single judge or bench of judges.” There are, unquestionably, many cases in which the main questions are so entirely within the scope of ordinary men’s observation and experience that no special knowledge is required to decide them. With respect to such cases, it is true that

“A few strong instincts and a few plain rules  
Are worthy all the learning of the schools.”

But where the questions involved are many in number, intricate and complicated in character, and enveloped in a mass of conflicting testimony requiring many days to hear it, is it not manifest that a jury,—not one of whom has taken a note during the trial, some of whose members have heard as though hearing not, and seen as though seeing not, the testimony and the witnesses,—deals with such a case at a great disadvantage, as compared with a judge whose notes contain all the material testimony, and who has all the opportunity for rest and relaxation that he may require before filing the finding which is his verdict? With respect to such cases, it is clear that, as a learned English judge has said, “the securities which can be taken for justice in the case of a trial by a judge without a jury, are infinitely greater than those which can be taken for trial by a judge

and jury."[A] A judge may be required to state what facts he finds, as well as the general conclusion at which he has arrived, and to state upon what views of the legal questions he has acted.



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[Footnote A: Stephen's History of the Criminal Law, 568.]

Judge Foster most justly remarks: "There can be no such thing as a good jury trial without the co-operation of a learned, upright, conscientious and efficient presiding judge, ... holding firmly and steadily the reins, and guiding the entire proceedings." This is what Judge Foster was, and what Judge Pitman is, accustomed to do. But if the jury requires such "guiding" from the court, and if the court is competent thus to guide them, it is clear that the court must know the way and must be able to follow it; otherwise it could not so guide the jury.

Judge Pitman also argues that the jury can eliminate "the personal equation" better than the judge. But is this so? Does education count for nothing in producing that calm, firm, passionless state of mind which is essential in those who determine causes between party and party?

Are not juries quite as often as judges swayed by popular clamor, by prejudice, by appeals to their passions, and by considerations foreign to the merits of the case? As Mr. Thomas asks in the article before quoted: "How many juries are strictly impartial? How many remain entirely uninfluenced by preference for one or the other of the parties, one or the other counsel, or the leaning of some friend to either, or by political affiliations, or church connections, or relations to secret societies, or by what they have heard, or by what they have read? Can they be as discerning and impartial as a bench of judges, or if inclined to some bias or prejudice, can they as readily as a judge divest their minds of such an impression?" If it be true that juries composed of such material as Judge Pitman shows our juries to be largely composed of, are as capable of mastering and determining intricate questions of fact as judges trained to that duty, then we may truly say—

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,  
And naught is everything, and everything is naught."

According to Judge Pitman, the system which prevails in some of the states, of trials by the court without juries (with the provision that the trial shall be by jury if either party demand it), "works satisfactorily." The testimony of lawyers and litigants in Massachusetts, Connecticut and other states where this system prevails, is to the same effect. For ourselves, while far from desiring the abolition of trial by jury, whether in civil or in criminal causes, we are by no means disposed to "throw glamour" (as the Scotch say), over an instrumentality for ascertaining legal truth, which is so cumbersome in its operation, and so uncertain in its results. A jury is, at best, a means, and not an end; and although much may be said about the incidental usefulness of jury service on account of its tendency to enlarge the intellectual horizon of jurors, all that is beside the main question.



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Whether a particular occurrence took place or not, is a question which, whether it be tried by a judge or by a jury, must be decided upon evidence; which consists, in part, of circumstances, and, in part, of acts, but in part also, and very largely, of the sworn statements of individuals. While falsehood and corruption prevail among all classes of the community so extensively as they now do, it is useless to claim that decisions based upon human testimony are always or generally correct. Perjury is as rife as ever, and works as much wrong as ever. To a conscientious judge, like Judge Pitman, "the investigation of a mass of tangled facts and conflicting testimony" cannot but be wearisome, as he says it is; and, in many cases, the sense of responsibility "cannot but be oppressive;" but he has so often repeated a *dictum* of Lord Redesdale that he must be presumed to have found solace in it—"it is more important that an end be put to litigation, than that justice should be done in every case." There is truth in that *dictum*; but, like other truths, it has often been abused, especially by incompetent or lazy or drowsy judges. More unfortunate suitors have suffered as martyrs to that truth than the judges who jauntily "cast" them would admit.

Judges may do their best; juries may do their best; they will often fall into error; and instead of glorifying themselves or the system of which they are a part, it would be more modest in them to say, "We are unprofitable servants." Not many judges have been great enough to say, "I know I sometimes err," but some have said it. The lamented Judge Colt said it publicly more than once, and the admission raised, rather than lowered, him in the general esteem. When he died the voice of the bar and of the people said, "Other judges have been revered, but we loved Judge Colt."

Massachusetts gives her litigants the choice of a forum. All trials in civil causes are by the courts alone, unless one party or the other claims a jury. If the reader has a case of much complexity, either with respect to the facts, or with respect to the law, perhaps he would like to have our opinion as to which is the better forum. The answer is the same that was given by one who lived at the parting of the ways, to a weary traveller who inquired which fork of the road he should take: "Both are full of snags, quagmires and pitfalls. No matter which you take, before you reach the end of your journey you will wish you had taken the other." In the trial by jury, and in the trial by the court, just as in the trial by ordeal, and in the trial by battle in the days of old, the element of chance is of the first magnitude.

### **PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.**

SENEFELDER, THE INVENTOR OF LITHOGRAPHY AND CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.  
—HIS ART IN BOSTON DEVELOPED BY L. PRANG & CO.—COLOR-PRINTING ON SATIN, ETC.

A century ago the world knew nothing of the art of lithography; color-printing was confined to comparatively crude products from wooden blocks, most of which were

hardly equal to the Japanese fan pictures now familiar to all of us. The year 1799 gave us a new invention which was destined to revolutionize reproductive art and add immensely to the means for education, culture and enjoyment.

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Alois Senefelder, born 1771, at Prague (Austria), started life with writing plays, and too poor to pay a printer, he determined to invent a process of his own which should serve to print his manuscript without dependence upon the (to him) too costly types.

A born inventor, this Alois Senefelder, a genius, supported by boundless hope, immense capability for hard, laborious work, and an indomitable energy; he started with the plan of etching his writings in relief on metal plates, to take impressions therefrom by means of rollers. He found the metal too costly for his experiments; and limestone slabs from the neighboring quarries—he living then in Munich—were tried as a substitute. Although partly successful in this direction, he continued through years of hard, and often disappointing trials, to find something more complete. He hit upon the discovery that a printed sheet of paper (new or old) moistened with a thin solution of gum Arabic would, when dabbled over printers' ink, accept the ink from the dabber only on its printed parts and remain perfectly clean in the blank spaces, so that a facsimile impression could be taken from this inked-in sheet. He found that this operation might be repeated until the original print gave out by wear. Here was a new discovery, based on the properties of attraction and repulsion between fatty matters (printers ink), and the watery solution of gum Arabic. The extremely delicate nature of the paper matrix was a serious drawback, and had to be overcome. The slabs of limestone which served Senefelder in a previous emergency were now resorted to by him as an absorbent material similar to paper, and a trial by making an impression from his above-mentioned paper matrix on the stone, and subsequent gumming, convinced him that he was correct in his surmise. By this act lithography became an established fact.

A few short years of intelligent experimenting revealed to him all the possibilities of this new discovery. Inventions of processes followed each other closely until in 1818 he disclosed to the world in a volume of immortal interest not only a complete history of his invention and his processes, but also a reliable description of the same for others to follow. Nothing really new except photo-lithography has been added to this charming art since that time; improvement only by manual skill and by chemical progress, can be claimed by others.

Chromo-lithography (printing in colors from stone) was experimented on by the great inventor. He outlined its possibilities by saying, that he verily believed that printed pictures like paintings would sometimes be made thereby, and whoever has seen the productions of our Boston firm, L. Prang & Co., will bear him out in the verity of his prediction.



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When Prang touched this art in 1856 it was in its infancy in this country. Stray specimens of more or less merit had been produced, especially by Martin Thurwanger (pen work) and Fabronius (crayon work), but much was left to be perfected. A little bunch of roses to embellish a ladies' magazine just starting in Boston, was the first work with which the firm occupied its single press. Crude enough it was, but diligence and energy soon developed therefrom the works which have astonished not only this country but even Europe, and the firm, which took thereby the lead in their speciality of art reproduction in color, has succeeded in keeping it ever since from year to year without one faltering step, until there is no single competitor in the civilized world to dispute its mastery. This is something to be proud of, not only for the firm in question, but even for the country at large, and to crown its achievements, the firm of L. Prang & Co. have this year made, apart from their usual wonderful variety of original Christmas cards and other holiday art prints, a reproduction of a flower piece of the celebrated Belgian flower painter, Jean Robie, and printed it on satin by a process invented and patented by Mr. Prang. For truthfulness as a copy this print challenges the admiration of our best artists and connoisseurs. The gorgeous work as it lies before our eyes seems to us to be as perfect as if it left the very brush of the master, and even in close comparison with the original it does not lose an iota of its charms.

Of the marvellous excellence of this, the latest achievement of this remarkable house, thousands who visited the late exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic's Association and saw Messrs. L. Prang & Co.'s, extensive exhibit, can bear witness. Everybody who looked at the two pictures, the original masterpiece by Robie and its reproduction by Prang, side by side, was puzzled to distinguish which was which, many pointing to the reproduction as the better, and in their eyes, therefore as the original picture. The same was true with regard to many more of this justly celebrated firm's reproductions, which they did not hesitate to exhibit, alongside of the original paintings. Altogether, their exhibit with its large collection of elegant satin prints, its studies for artists, its historical feature, showing the enormous development of the firm's work since 1856, its interesting illustration by successive printings of how their pictures are made, and its instructive and artistic arrangement of their collection, made it one of the most attractive features of the fair.

What more can we say but that we are proud ourselves of this achievement within our city limits; it cannot fail to increase the fame our beloved Boston as a town of masters in thought and art. Honor to the firm of L. Prang & Co.

### **NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.**

THE VOYAGE OF THE "VIVIAN" to the North Pole and Beyond, or Adventures of Two Youths in the Open Polar sea. By COLONEL THOMAS W. KNOX, the author of "The Boy Travellers in the Far East," "The Young Nimrods," etc. Illustrated; 8vo.; cloth, \$3. Harper & Brothers, New York.



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A fascinating story for boys, into which is woven by the graceful pen of the author the history of Arctic exploration for centuries past. The young readers who have followed the "Boy Travellers in the Far East" will welcome this addition to the literature of adventure and travel.

LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE AIR, By the authors of "Little Playfellows." Illustrated; 8vo., \$1. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

A series of pretty stories of feathered songsters, for little men and women, alike interesting to the young and children of an older growth.

POLITICS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS. By CHARLES NORDHOFF, author of "The Communistic Societies of the United States," *etc.* Popular edition; paper, 12mo., 400. Harper and Brothers, New York.

A series of essays in the form of letters, calculated to instruct the youth of this country in their duty as American citizens.

A PERILOUS SECRET. By CHARLES READE. Cloth, 12mo.; 75 cents. Harper and Brothers, New York.

This volume forms one of Harper's Household editions of the works of this popular novelist.

THE ICE QUEEN. By ERNEST INGERSOLL, author of "Friends Worth Knowing," "Knocking Around the Rockies," *etc.* Illustrated; Cloth, 16mo., \$1. Harper and Brothers, New York.

A story for boys and girls of the adventures of a small party storm-bound in winter, on a desolate island in Lake Erie.

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