BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EDWARD HOWLAND

BY MARIA HOWLAND

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Notes

Chapter I.

(Extract from a poem dedicated to E. H. by J. M. P. in 1867.)

"A soul unsullied that never knew
The stain of even a passing wrong:
A child, as children are-- loving and true,
A giant, as giants are, sturdy and strong.
He laughs at the gods and the heavens of old,
And weeps for the sorrows and sins of earth;
Reproves the Mammonish craze for gold
And keeps in the sunlight of kindness and mirth."

Edward Howland who was born in Charleston, South Carolina, September 15, 1832, and who died at La Logia on Xmas morning, 1890, was one of the most beautiful and perfect characters of his time. Physically, he was five feet eight and a half inches tall, exceedingly symmetrical, due largely to the ordinary games and gymnastic exercises of young manhood, calisthenic exercises, and latterly by many kinds of light work on our twenty-two acre farm in Hammonton, New Jersey. He took wise care of the body always, and was temperate in the most exemplary degree, in all things. He made no effort in this care and temperance-- it was simply a continuation of his mother's wise training. His morning bath, followed by brisk rubbing with a rough towel, and his calisthenic exercises were never omitted even when he was traveling unless absolutely impossible of attainment. Omitting this care he was apt to suffer from headache, which never happened under any other circumstances; and during the twenty five years of our married life, up to the time of his last,
6 lingering, mysterious illness whose cause baffled the skill of every physician, he never was ill, with one exception-- a short attack in New York City from the excessive heat.

Not inheriting great strength of body nor any extraordinary

mental gifts, he was a fine example of the effect of physical culture upon good if not strong foundation, and of careful education upon a fine and remarkably quick intelligence. Upon the body it produced a beautiful form, distinguished bearing and grace of movement, square shoulders and a fine poise of one of the finest shaped heads I have ever seen. Every one remarked the beauty of his head, hands and feet. The latter had been so well cared for from birth that up to his death they were beautiful to look upon-- a study for a sculptor. His hair was fine, brown in color and from the age of thirty-five, he was somewhat bald. His moustache was rather thick but his beard was so slight that he usually shaved all except the chin where it made a slightly better growth. His eyes were large, blue-grey in color, his nose straight, his mouth fine, and, in early life, his teeth were beautiful. Dentist work had cost him so much and the results were so temporary, that he finally rebelled altogether, and no friend could induce him during the last ten years of his life to sit in a dentist's chair.

In 1853, being in his 21st year, he graduated from Harvard University. He was a shining light, I believe, in the Hasty Pudding Club, and during all his life he loved to talk of his college life and experiences. The present President of the college, Mr. Elliot, was one of his classmates.

The father of Edward, B. J. Rowland of New York, formerly of Charleston, was a well known cotton commission merchant, and a philanthropist of distinction. He founded the first public library of Charleston, the News Boys' Lodging House of New York, and all his life he was known and honored for his sterling integrity and for his

sympathy with every noble effort. He was the eighth descendant in direct line from John Howland who came over in the Mayflower, and who, according to the historical record, fell overboard during the voyage, but "being a lusty young fellow" he was saved. Himself and wife, Elizabeth Tilley, and her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Tilley, made four well authenticated ancestors on that famous ship, which is more than falls to the lot of most people, who are proud of their Puritan ancestry.

When I first met Mr. Howland, about 1859, he was interested in a literary venture: The New York Saturday Press, a rather brilliant and very sententious weekly, edited by Henry Clapp, Jr., a well known writer and a disciple of Fourier; a wit, a scholarly man, and of long residence in Paris, if I remember rightly. He died miserably some years ago, a victim of intoxicants; but at that time he was a brilliant man and his conversation upon Fourier's doctrines could not fail to attract a young man of Edward's proclivities. He put all the money he had in the Saturday Press and even sold his fine collection of books to feed the fires of that enterprise, which, however, went out after some two volumes of a feverish existence. T. B. Aldrich, O'Brien, the author of that charming magazine story, The Diamond Lens; Mr. Howels, the great novelist; William Winter; George Arnold; Wilkins, author of that fine comedy: My Wife's Mirror; sweet Ada Clare, and many others since become famous-- all wrote for the Saturday Press and were much attached to it. Ada Clare kept house then in Forty-second Street, and at her informal, unconventional literary receptions, we met a very choice circle of friends.

During this time Edward became an indefatigable student of Fourier's works, and to this study more than to all other sources combined, was due his socialistic convictions. "Once a Fourierist always a Fourierist," was a saying in that old-time circle, and I believe it to be true. Edward used to say that no person who was mentally capable of stating the doctrine of Fourier ever doubted any of its great fundamental truths. In all the rooms he ever furnished for himself, probably in all he ever inhabited for any length of time, were sure to be displayed two illuminated mottoes:
8 Attractions are Proportional to Destinies, and The Series Distribute the Harmonies. These he brought from Casa Tonti, our last home in the United States, and they are now, much the worst for wear, adorning the walls of this Alberton Hall. Latterly we added Godin's great formula: "The Support, the Progress, the Harmony of Life." He was very skillful in making Gothic letters, and quaint illuminated letters of many forms, and he was fond of adorning his home with mottoes in many languages. Nearly every door of Casa Tonti was hung unpainted, emblazoned with mottoes in colors, left until the wood yellowed a little by time, and then varnished. The door from the library to his sleeping room, contained the famous three laws of Kepler concerning the movements of the heavenly bodies which are, in substance, I need not verify the exact words:- "Planets move in elliptical orbits about their suns;" "The square of the periodic times of planets is proportional to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun," and "The radius vector of a planet passes over equal areas in equal times." There was hardly a panel which had not its decoration. On the door between the study of Edward and the bath-room,

was a verse from Tennyson:

"Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Can find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?"

Even cupboard and pantry doors were "illuminated." The first cupboard we ever owned he made himself-- the first cabinet work he ever did and it was rather rude in construction, but inexpressibly precious to me even for that rudeness.-- Across the double doors was emblazoned in Greek letters: Pro ton pan ton (for all and everything), and beneath it in Latin: Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus ("Without corn and wine love freezes," was the off-hand translation of Ada Clare. On the front veranda just before the door, was printed in big shaded red letters in old Roman type, the word SALVE, (welcome). This was surrounded by black right lines. The cellar door also had its emblazonment on the transom: Facilis est descensus Averni; but that was a merely trivial conceit. The door leading from the library to the dining-room had nearly its whole surface covered with the propositions of Herbert Spencer, as formulated by John Fiske, who at one time was much read at Casa Tonti. But the most pleasant, in effect, of all the mottoes, was that on the cross-beam or tie of the conservatory. This was from the Persian and was done with special brilliancy, but in such quaint letters that it was very hard to read. A guest was always placed on the opposite side of the table, facing the conservatory, whose wide, glazed doors, on such occasions, were always folded back. His or her first engagement was with the difficulties of that motto which stretched half way across the smoothly polished beam. When puzzled out the effect was always pleasant, implying as it did a gracious compliment: "Of all men thy guest is the superior."

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Chapter II.

11 Casa Tonti we named from a mere souvenir and caprice. Casa is, of course, house, or cottage, and Tonti meant very much to us--absolutely nothing to the rest of the world. We had other homes, at different times, in several countries, but none so precious as that ugly, low-studded, most comfortable and cosy old Casa Tonti, now gone to strangers and probably those doors which we thought so beautiful, are now made spick-and-span with white paint! The Cold Jacket hot-air furnace, I heard, was cast out because it burned so much coal; the conservatory is turned into a bedroom and the bath-room into something else. Once only, Edward alluded to that last home, merely by asking me if we would not return to "look after" it. I asked him if he desired to return, and he replied: "No: I would not go back to stay, but do you not think I ought to go and look after my chestnut grove, and the vineyards?" During our last years there the vineyards were neglected and became half choked with weeds, because of Edward's failing health and our new responsibilities. Still, he never complained-- never grieved over anything. "Life is too short," he used to say.

One of our pleasant homes was a "semi-detached" cottage in St. John's Woods, London. A tiny garden in the rear furnished us more peas, beans, radishes, lettuces, etc., than we could eat; and our bonny Kate Renwick, who had been a servant at Apsley House, and had many a reminiscence of the "Iron Duke," used to cook us dinners that we considered marvelously fine. Another home was in the outskirts

of Amsterdam, Holland-- but it would take a volume to describe it.
12 We were married in Scotland in 1865 and our tour comprised the Trossachs, the "bens" and "lochs" and "meads" of the romantic country, made famous in Scott's Lady of the Lake; some months in Holland and Belgium, then back to London where we boarded several months in the Arundel Hotel in the Strand-- a quiet, side street hotel, occupied largely by retired East Indian officers, and it must have been distinguished for its quaint characters from every part of the world. It was kept by a Mr. Williams, "a gentleman by birth," he used to say, "and by act of Parliament." One curious, rather handsome fellow, whom everybody called "Sam," was from Antigua, an island somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean. To Edward it was a source of merriment to hear "Sam" bid good-bye to departing guests, warmly urging them to visit him in "Antigua," just as if he had said, "right around the corner, you know, in the next street." Sam's reputation for hospitality was a cheap luxury. During the first part of that wedding tour we stopped three weeks in one of the most charming spots imaginable. This was a quaint little hotel with two sugar-loaf towers, in the Highlands of Scotland. Our room was in one of these towers and had four windows, narrow and high, overlooking Loch Achray, Ben Venue, the Trossachs, and Ben A'an; the last, I think was the ben on whose flank this hotel, Ardcheanochrochdan (the high end of the hill), was perched. A little stream leaped from rock to rock in musical glee down over the mountain which rose precipitously behind the hotel. That place furnished pleasant souvenirs for all our after lives. It would be very easy to fill a volume with them.

Most of this romantic journey was accomplished on the top of an omnibus, Scott's poems in hand, and read in snatches as we passed places immortalized by that poet of youth and romance. One of the places I specially recall was Coilangle Ford where the combat took place between Roderick Dhu and Fitz James, Loch Vennachar on the left, Ben Ledi on the right, graphically described in

"The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green
And heather black that waved so high,
It hid the corpse in rivalry."

The heather was in its glory on those September days, and its millions of clustering flowers tinged all the hills with delicate purple. Another memorable spot was Lanrick Mead, the Clan Alpine place of muster.

"Speed, Malise, speed! he said and gave:
The corslet to his henchman brave,
The muster place be Lanrick Mead:
Instant the time! Speed, Malise, speed!"

Then at the "whistle shrill"-- how well read by Edward!--

"Instant through corpse and heath arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows,
On right, on left, above below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
Fron shingles gray their lances start
The bracken bush sends forth the dart;
The rushes and the willow wand,
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

It was keen delight to Edward to read aloud the poems of Scott as we passed these Highland scenes. At first he read to me, only, in a subdued voice, but soon the passengers insisted upon his reading for all, to which he willingly consented. He was the life of the whole party, and though he often said things that might be a

little rough to our English acquaintances, they always took everything from him in the best humor. Talking of the Queen one day at the Arundel Hotel, Major Studdy, a very courteous old Indian army officer, remarked to Edward that he thought she bid fair to live a great many years. Edward said: "Yes, I think she will." "At least," he added with much gravity, "I do not think her mind will ever wear out her body." In Edinburgh he got quite indignant over the preposterous charges of the Crown Hotel, and revenged himself by an epigram. Indeed his epigrams are plentifully scattered over my diary of the time. This one was:--

"If e'er to Edinboro' town
You go, remember this:
Shun as you would a Judas kiss
The hotel called The Crown.
There for your gold they lie in wait
And claim it for their own
As treasure trove, and confiscate
Of course, unto the Crown."

Being always a great reader of books, and a searcher after curiosities in literature, he naturally became connected with an old book concern in New York, Philes and Company, and went abroad many times searching for and buying old books. He was a true bibliophile, but he very rarely found anyone who could converse with him upon the curios of the literary world, or who knew, like him, the whole marvelous history of the development of the printer's art. The book
13 concern mentioned published at that time The Philobiblion-- its catalogue and bulletin, containing a great deal of valuable and occult information upon rare books, furnished largely by Mr. Rowland. On the title page of the Philobiblion there is a portrait of Erasmus, writing, and around the picture the legend: "Statimque ut pecuniam accepero Graecos primum auctores, deinde vestes emam. Eras. Epist.

(As soon as I get some money I will buy me some Greek books and afterward some clothes.) The concern went down, like many others, during or immediately after the civil war. But Edward's own private collection, containing rare books, copies of precious editions, etc., etc., over two thousand volumes, he retained and guarded jealously, though on several occasions when greatly needing money, he reluctantly packed boxes of them and sent them away to famous auction sales.

In the collection there are many valuable works of Charles Fourier, yet untranslated; other valuable works upon sociology, scientific works, cyclopaedias and philosophical works by the greatest thinkers of the age; but there are many others very curious, but not of much interest except to bibliophiles and collectors. Among these may be mentioned the volumes of the aforementioned Philobiblion, elegantly bound in old gold Morocco; complete files, bound, of The New York Saturday Press, and of the North American Phalanx; a presentation copy, on Holland paper, of the Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima, a history and elaborate description, with fac-similies of texts and illustrations, of all works relating to America published between A.D. 1492 and 1551; a very rare book as only five hundred copies were printed, and ten extra copies in quarto on Holland paper for private distribution. Mr. Howland knew Mr. Harrisse, the author, and Mr. Barlow, who, I believe, contributed the means for publishing this very costly work.

I am not competent to give a bibliophile any adequate idea of this collection of Mr. Howland. There are books in it printed by Aldus, Pickering, Elzevir, Baskerville, P.Jannet, Didot Freres, Hachette, Benjamin Franklin, Whittingham,Perrotin, and many others.

The catalogue is in manuscript and will soon, I trust, be printed. Among the books which seem to me valuable or curious, I note the famous Breeches Bible (From the text: "And they sewed figge tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches"), a quarto finely bound and in elegant condition; a Horace in diamond type, printed by Pickering; the same printed by Baskerville; two copies of the famous Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum, one printed in Frankfort in 1624, the other in Rome; "Stampato con Privilegio del Papa;" a copy of the diary of the valet of Louis XVI, kept while imprisoned in the Conciègerie; Holbein's Dance of Death, profusely illustrated; an elegant copy of Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book, profusely illustrated by Holbein; Le Quinze Joyes de Marriage; Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles; Cotton's Montaigne (1743); the Bibliotheca Scatalogica; the singular work of Cornelius Agrippa on the superiority of women, translated into French[x]; works of Rabelais and the Contes Drolatiques of Honoré de Balzac, profusely illustrated by Gustave Doré; Sir Kenelm Digby's work On the Powder of Sympathy, also his Lectures; Pepy's Diary (London, 1825); The Hundred Merry Tales, mentioned by Beatrice in Shakespeare's Much Ado about Nothing; Holbein's Scripture Cuts, Pickering, London; The very famous Le Songe de Polyphile; George Herbert's Poems, Pickering, London; De Tribus Impostoribus; La Papesse Jeanne, by Gustav Brunét; The original edition of The Citizen of the World, printed for Goldsmith, London, 1762, etc., etc.

Mr. Howland used to say that his ambition was to have a library which should not contain a single one of "the books which 'no gentleman's library should be without.'"

[x] Is it a translation? Took it that as the name of the author was entirely Latin, that he must have written in that tongue. —M.H.

He wrote much anonymously for newspapers, and magazines-- in fact during all his early life he had the greatest aversion to seeing his name in print. There are quantities of articles and poems in the file of the New York Saturday Press that I know are his, simply from his acknowledging them years after. One significant prophetic article of his: The Future of Railways in the United States, I remember in the Westminister Review of January, 1871, which some day we will give our readers. It was unsigned. For several years he contributed jokes and jeu d'esprits for illustrated comic papers. Not unfrequently have I known him to laugh in the middle of the night at some comic conceit of his which he would get up to write down lest he should forget it. For years, also, he contributed editorial matter to some of the New York dailies-- notably the Daily Graphic which used much of the "copy" he furnished, and of mine also. He also for many years contributed freely to various Greenback journals, for he was a staunch champion of "flat money," believing that from the barter of savages up to the highest forms of commercial interchange, the normal development of the medium of exchange is from the wholly material (intrinsic value), up to the wholly symbolic; that money at its highest is the mere symbol of a function performed, or a service rendered, its base being the honor and good faith of the commonwealth issuing it.

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Chap. III.

When the Grange movement was inaugurated he aided it enthusiastically. The first Grange of South Jersey was organized at Casa Tonti and its members were initiated in our library by Mr. Abbott, one of the earliest organizers of the movement. Mr. Howland and myself were both active in the Grange work. We were both present in 1873 at the organization of the New Jersey State Grange, of which he was chosen Master, and he represented it in the seventh annual meeting of the National Grange at Saint Louis in December
23 of the same year. As a presiding officer, Edward was not positive enough, both from his natural modesty and his neglect to master Cushing's, or Jefferson's or any other manual of Parliamentary laws. Often have I listened with dismay at the timid fall of the gavel when a half dozen grangers, all on their feet at once, needed to be reduced to orderly proceeding. But he got along somehow, and everybody loved him. He hated secret societies and his work as "Master" was irksome. He was always forgetting the unwritten work. That was easy to me. Twice I was chosen in the State Grange to exemplify the unwritten work-- to explain it, answering all questions.

24 Of the memorable first meeting of the New Jersey State Grange, in November, 1873, I should remember much, but it all seems like a fading dream except the address of Edward, inspiring and nobly instructive, and the very eloquent one of the great Greenbacker, John G. Drew, which ended it with a strong poem by J. H. Duganne which, I think, was composed almost entirely of Anglo-Saxon

monosyllables. The last verse was

"Plain truths, plain men, plain words,
But he who at them mocks,
May, at the ballot box,
Find them like swords."

One curious experience in the history of the New Jersey State Grange well illustrates Edward Howland's confidence in his fellow beings and his knowledge of character. We elected an agent to buy for all the Granges of the State and rented a great warehouse in Philadelphia for this business. The Pennsylvania Granges joined us, believing that one agent could do the work of both States; and Mr. G. had been recommended by us of New Jersey, as a most sterlingly honest man. Things went along smoothly for a while, the business increased and Brother G. begged to retire as the work, he said, was beyond his executive ability. But no one would give ear to his earnest request to be allowed to resign. He was so good and honest, we wanted to keep him. Very soon complaints began to arise and shortly, to multiply. Confusion grew worse and worse confounded; many had to pay bills twice over, on account of neglect at our agency. This was the experience of Mr. Howland who had already paid once for a shipment of lumber ordered through our agent. An investigation had to be ordered and promptly. The report was startling indeed. For all that immense business, involving thousands upon thousands of dollars, there had been no systematic records at all! "Assistants" as ignorant of the knowledge of book-keeping as was Brother G. had but increased the confusion. They had made memoranda-- as had Mr. G-- on old envelopes and other scraps of paper, and even these were largely lost or mislaid. The grangers were enraged over a deficit of some thousands of dollars,

and there was loud talk of prosecuting Mr. G. Edward came boldly to his defence before Granges in session and in eloquent letters to various officers and influential members of Granges. He declared that notwithstanding the great deficit there was not a particle of real proof that Brother G. was guilty of any crime save incompetency; that we were responsible for the results of that by having insisted upon his retaining his post of agent when he begged to be excused from it; and finally that there was nothing to be gained by further disgracing an already unfortunate comrade; that the deficit was great, but that if we would co-operate in bearing the burden it would not fall heavy on any one. He therefore strongly urged a per capita assessment of the members of all the Granges of the two States, for the purpose of balancing those dreadful accounts. This is what was actually done and very promptly, and I believe that, beyond a little growling against the Master of the State Grange, there was no real dissatisfaction caused. His confidence in the honesty of Brother G. was finally shared by all.

Mr. Howland was a very charming conversationalist; most affectionate and loyal as a friend; truthful and honorable in all things. I believe that all the men of his family have the reputation of being the most tender, loyal, and exemplary husbands. Certainly Edward merited that reputation if ever man did. During all the twenty-five years of our married life, there scarcely ever occurred the slightest misunderstanding or dispute. If there had been it would surely have been my fault; for very few mortals could pretend to be so uniform and sweet in temper, so kind to everything having life, and so utterly free from "nerves" or moods.

I am convinced that had he been married to any woman, even an entire stranger, he would have won her confidence, her admiration, and ere long her love. No man could be more delicately respectful of woman's nature, her rights, and even her whims and wishes. And yet he had very few intimate friends among women except his two sisters: Mrs. Helen Wetmore of New York City, and Miss Cornelia Howland, now traveling abroad. To these he was most tenderly attached, as he was also to his brothers. He was perhaps a little reserved in his manners-- yet it was not exactly reserve, as we understand that term, certainly he was very cordial-- but something which always prevented people from taking any liberties with him. He was a great friend
26 and admirer of the poet Augusta Cooper Bristol, who was also one of the most charming public speakers I have ever known. He used to direct her reading upon sociological and philosophical subjects, and was always gratified to see the results of his advice in her writings and lectures, and used to call her his "spiritual child."

It was not his custom to ask people to visit our home. And when I chided him for this neglect he would say: "You are troubled about many things. Let people do as they wish."

Like all men of decided character he had his peculiarities; one was an antipathy to the "personal sphere" of the horse. He fully sympathized with Mr. Owen in his ideal city where no brutes should dwell, and while he was most kind to all living creatures and punctual and careful in attending to all their wants, he seldom caressed any animal. Naomi and Brownie, two cows we owned at different times, he was quite attached to; perhaps more in gratitude for the milk, cream and newly churned, unsalted butter, of which

he was very fond. He disliked riding after horses and would walk in preference, whenever practicable; and this was not from lack of familiarity with horses in his youth, for as a boy he had his own pony with entire control of its fate. Another peculiarity, and rather a blemish, or at least apparently unphilosophical, was his hatred of boisterous winds. They excited the most violent hatred in him and he seemed impatient over the slow process of science
27 in controlling the weather. It was his firm belief that the earth would be brought under man's control, deserts reclaimed, mountains terraced, and made subject to rapid transit, all swamps drained and converted into fair fields and gardens, all forests everywhere, brought under wise management as to the kinds of timber grown, and all made clean of underbrush and traversed by noble roads. A lover of Fourier, he used smilingly to declare his unquestioning faith in the coming "Reign of Social Harmony" according to the famous Thèorie des Quatre Mouvemens (Theory of the four movements), when the aromatic dew would be spread over the earth at night, the sea exhale perfume, and the boreal crown develop into rings of light like those of Saturn. For as "Light is the sign of progress," no very great perfection in social harmony can be expected as long as the planet is so much of the time moonless and dark.

It was most delightful to walk with Edward in the garden or orchard, exercises he delighted in, and listen to his quaint remarks, his prophetic forecasts, and catch the infection of his ever boyish, animal spirits; nothing marred his enjoyment, keen and unceasing, of the sun's light and warmth, the intoxicating morning air, the sunsets of every day, the odors of flowers, the soft,

caressing breezes; but if these rose high and twisted the branches he was pruning, or benumbed his fingers, he would denounce them in the most unphilosophical, relentless way, and leave the work for a more genial day. He thought it was time for the human race to act in concert for the correction of abuses and the institution of higher social conditions in which all the constructive and productive forces, now frittered away in "sports" and idle amusements and running about aimlessly over the world in search of "pleasure", being devoted under the reign of "attractive industry," to the constructive arts and sciences, would leave still a vast population free to undertake gigantic enterprises, such as reclaiming the
28 Desert of Sahara. "Some time we shall see," he was fond of saying, "a crop of fine strong women organizing the younger members of the community for peaceful invasions into desert and waste places to reclaim them-- vast armies building improved railroads, planting vineyards and sowing fields, as they go, and leaving them in the care of detachments to supply the 'sinews of war.'" He used to declare that the times were nearly ripe for the organization of such armies in which the flower of any land would enter with nobler enthusiasm than ever aggressive, murderous warfare could command; for the women could take part in such conquests and be as useful as the men, doing the lighter work and making the environment sane and attractive, and the recreations worthy of cultured beings, united for the accomplishment of great work.

When alone with confidential friends, whatever the time given to political outlook and the social movements of the time, the conversation was very apt to drift into what he called "construc-

tive radicalism." At such times he would give us glorious pictures of the future when all the earth would be brought under the dominion of Love and Wisdom, and where the climates of northern countries would be so modified that

"Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,
Knots of Paradise."

and,

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres
of sea,"

we would find at greater distances from the tropics than now.

Of course he was an omnivorous lover of books. He read everything that came into the house as a rule, but mostly very rapidly, leaving his long hours for works he loved-- the works of modern reformers, scientists, sociologists. Among authors of the past, he especially delighted in Montaigne, Beranger, Balzac, Goldsmith, and, of course, his ever welcome Fourier.

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Chapter IV.

Somehow, even in thinking of Edward Howland, Fourier and his doctrines come before my mental vision. The most radical of these doctrines he freely accepted, or at least respected, even to the most startling of them, as the disinfection of the sea, already mentioned, and the aromatic dew through the influence of the couronne boréale (Northern crown); La majorité amoureuse* and the theory of the influence of planets upon each other. He maintained that among all the friends of women, none was so great as Fourier, for no others believed in her absolute freedom. Her influence, according
30 to Fourier, is great and beneficent just in the measure of her freedom to develop her structure and exercise her functions.

She is a creature of high instincts, of high aspirations toward divine beauty, order and harmony in the environment; she is the natural police of the world, and for man to dictate to her upon the limits of her sphere, was to him le monde à rebours, or the world upside down. Man's sphere is to conquer the earth; woman's to
31 adorn and glorify it. As long as man has power to hold woman by ~~by~~ any tie but that of the love he inspires, he will not know the depth, the tenderness nor the upholding power of her affection for him as man. As a slave woman may be caressing, cajoling, fascinating, may arouse the baser passions of men and make them kill each other for the transient mockery of pleasure, the possession of her body! Free, she will be divinely tender. She will surround herself with beauty. Spiritually enchanting in her varied intercourse

The exercise of her functions of motherhood. M.H. not added July 1911.

* Fourier held that at a certain age women [illegible]

with man, her power will rest him, bless and charm him while calling forth and strengthening all the godlike powers of his nature. Fourier is the avant-courier of the modern movement for woman's rights. He said: "L'extension des privélèges des femmes est le principe general de tous progrés sociaux" (The extension of privileges to women is the general principle of all social progress).--Théories des Quatre Mouvemens, pp. 180.)

The late Albert Brisbane, one of the most distinguished Fourierists in the United States, was often at our house in New York. His conversation was largely upon social and political subjects and there were very few people whom Edward so much enjoyed. His was a very striking figure: tall, slender, an immense forehead, nervous in manner and greatly lacking repose. Brisbane's presence, I think, seldome rested one, but it was stimulating indeed, to hear him. In his youth accident or disease had destroyed his right eye and he wore a crystal one in its place. Sometimes the tear duct refused to function properly, and those talking with him were not unfrequently startled to see him moisten his little finger upon the tongue and cooly rub it round and round right on the eyeball! The sight of such rough treatment of the most delicate organ of the body, used to send a cold shiver down the spine! Apropos of Mr. Brisbane, Henry Clapp, jr., who was once employed by him on the translation of one of Fourier's works, used to tell an amusing story. The translation finished, an appointment was made at Mr. Brisbane's house for the reading of the manuscript aloud. Mr. Brisbane arranged the gas, placed an easy seat for the reader, and stretching him-

self full at length upon a lounge, signified that he was ready. Mr. Clapp commenced the reading, supposing that some thirty or forty pages would suffice for one session; but when he had read over an hour, he saw that Mr. Brisbane was listening intently, evidently much interested in what Mr. Clapp justly regarded as a very good translation, and so he continued another hour or so. Still was Mr. Brisbane listening with eyes wide open and looking up at the ceiling. But Henry was tired, and he confessed, a little annoyed that his work had not received one word of comment. He therefore asked if he should read longer. There was an "ominous silence," whereupon Mr. Clapp rose and went to the lounge. "There was Brisbane," he exclaimed, "dead asleep with his left eye! but that glass eye was wide awake and I had been reading to it two mortal hours!"

Once at our house, listening to the conversation of Mr. Howland and Mr. Brisbane, a young friend ventured to question the soundness of Fourier because he believed in God! Brisbane looked at him a moment, wondering, no doubt, if it were well to spend any time on a thing so puerile, and then exclaimed severely: "No God! Young man, how would you construct a universe without a pivot?" Of course that ended the discussion.

I remember that at one time Mr. Brisbane used often to spend a night with us, leaving after breakfast the next day. For breakfast he took only a roll and a cup of hot coffee with an egg broken in it: but the egg must be a fresh-laid one and in order to find one that suited, he would sometimes break seven or eight one after the other into different glasses or cups, sniffing at each one in

a manner most annoying to his hostess. Sponge cakes always followed these visits. But after all, Mr. Brisbane was an agreeable man and we greatly enjoyed his conversations for he was a true cosmopolitan and really learned. He went to Paris as a young man, ostensibly for pleasure, but really to make the acquaintance of Charles Fourier and study his philosophy. This he did by engaging Fourier to talk with him at short intervals and for compensation.

At those long, brilliant conversations with Edward, I sat generally sewing, and contributing little more than a rapt attention. Edward always saw the world better than it is and no mood of pessimism ever came to him. It never occurred to him to blame me as so many have done, because I find "so much more in people"
32 than others do. When we are "on the heights", according to him, we are exemplifying our true selves: all the rest is acting a part. Justifying me, he once wrote on the fly-leaf of my journal this, from Emerson, I believe: "No one can say a finer thing of another person than that he or she habitually over-estimates others. Every person contains all. If my friend sees more in me than I can see in myself, it is because, being more divine than I, his finer sense perceives my undeveloped divinity, and counts it as my present development. Why, it must be that the angels see us as angels, since they can see nothing that does not respond to some sense of their own. To the pure in heart all things are pure. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

No man, I think, could hold women in higher esteem than he. "Her love is the Christ," he used to say. "Leave her untrammeled, and she will save the world."

And yet with all his love and loyalty to women, and though a most courteous man to all people, he was not a gallant man especially. His smile seemed sweeter when addressing women, but otherwise, it may be said he treated both sexes alike-- with exquisite, high-bred courtesy. He always maintained that, physically, man's form was more beautiful than that of woman. The Diana of the Louvre he placed above all Venuses except that of the Venus of Milo in the same palace, and I used in vain to try to charm from him the admission that woman was, physically, more beautiful. He admitted that her outlines, per se, were more graceful, flowing or beautiful, but as a whole the Apollo was nobler, freer, or more self-dependent, therefore possessing more beauty than the Venus. The Diana of the Louvre he was enraptured with, because of its wonderful grace and strength. I said once, a little piqued, perhaps, when standing before it: "You admire it because it is half Apollo." "No," he said, "it is womanly enough, but proud and free." Ah! how much there was in that criticism!

While writing Mabel Gray, Papa's Own Girl and other stories, and articles for the press, I read to him late every night what I had written; and his policy, if such it were, was unqualified praise. Everything I wrote, or spoke or did, seemed just right in his eyes. I used to wonder at this. Surely I should be the veinest of women, if the power to answer the needs of a great soul like his could make me so; and, indeed, I do not ignore the possession of large self esteem; I rejoice in it. It has sustained me well through ungrateful labor for unpopular causes, and through the detractions of malice. Once only do I remember his suggesting

a change in my manuscript. It was in the reply of an American abroad to a challenge to mortal combat, sent by a French gentleman. I was not satisfied with it and in vain I tried every means to induce him to write the answer himself. He never could bear to touch his pen to another's manuscript, and when I asked him to "edit" a letter for the Credit Foncier, for example, whose matter was good but the structure grammatically false, he would rarely do more than correct the spelling. "You do it, my dear," he would say; "you have got the true slap-dash, editorial conscience. I am a coward." But I think those who see their letters in the Credit Foncier will bear me witness that I do not over-"edit" them. Often and often a critical old friend scolds me for letting such "crude forms" stand; but those forms often give that very individual coloring that is more effective than a more polished one. Some of our contributors who have good sense and good ideas, manifest an indifference to grammatical correctness that is almost unaccountable. All these Edward would reject; I would "edit" and place them on the copy-book.

One of our contributors always wrote the word please without the final "e". Of this author he said:-- "His observations are worth little, or in all the long years he has been reading and writing he would have noticed the spelling of so common a word." To reply, I made an excursion to the low loft over the dining-room extension, and among a whole trunkful of his old letters secured a big bundle of the earliest ones. I carried it down and after much searching found the well remembered sentence wherein he had written the word blame, "b-l-a-i-m." I took it to him quite tri-

umphantly. "Behold!" I said, "how a graduate of Harvard spells so common a word as blame."

He smiled as he replied:- "Why, that is not a mistake. It is a blunder. Suppose I had spelled it p-l-a-m-e. Would you have inferred from that that I did not know how to write it?

And so I tugged those beautiful letters back to the loft, feeling that I had the worst of the argument.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EDWARD HOWLAND.

By Marie Howland.

Chapter V.

Those letters! Nearly all in that trunk, and two other trunks full of papers, letters and excerpts, I made a holocaust of before coming to Mexico. We never could find time to examine and select what we might have really needed to preserve. It would have taken so long. Yet still I saved a few. Great was Edward's sorrow that he could not bring his pamphlets-- especially his precious Greenba[illegible] pamphlets. I carefully packed those in the biggest dry-goods box I could find, and when the moving came the teamsters declared that it weighed"at least half a ton;" and so it was left where I packed it, in Casa Tonti barn!

Of course, Edward never missed it-- never even enquired for it, though had he realized that it was left to the mercy of the Goths and Vandals, he would have refused to be comforted. The passion for saving everything that might become valuable as historical matter, was so strong in him that had I not secretly and furtively relegated to the barn loft great files of newspapers and pamphlets from the tops of book-cases-- that he might have room for the ever fresh supplies-- he would have been unable, literally, to move about in his room. The whole space in the bay window of his study was piled with books and pamphlets. I packed them a little more evenly, spread a table-cover on them and used it as a seat, sometimes, when I went to consult him: a proceeding to him quite sacril€gious. He used often to say I was like his mother: that I had a perfect passion for destroying things. "Why," said he

"she actually gave away the cradle in which we all were rocked!" He used to tell what a grand discovery she one day made: that by removing old furniture, clothing, etc., to the sidewalk it would quickly disappear!

Mr. Howland had what might almost be called an antipathy to visiting. During a residence of over twenty years in Hammonton, I only remember a New Year's or Thanksgiving dinner at the pleasant home of the Presseys, and tea on a few occasions with Judge Byrnes and his very charming wife. Yet in society he was very easy and agreeable and could always amuse by his wit and by a fund of anecdotes which never failed him. We joined the Hammonton Amateur Dramatic Club at one time, and he took great interest in comic parts; but he was the despair of his comrades, for he forgot "cues" in a manner that was "agonizing"; he forgot, indeed, much of his ~~one~~ own "lines" but that never disturbed him in the least. He constructed others on the spur of the moment quite as good, but alas!, for the actor at the wing waiting for his cue!

When told that he had failed, he would apologize in so gracious a way that no one could scold him. Indeed, who could be angry with such a man as Edward?

In "making up" for the stage he was very successful and looked best in powdered wig and knee-breeches. He was the life of our little town-hall stage and enlivened between the acts by his merry quips. He told of some friends who presented a play to a manager and called at the appointed time to know its fate. He was told that it would not do. The author demanded the reason and received the impatient reply: "How am I to represent your ridiculous

scene of a battle between four elephants?" "Ah!" replied the author, "I know nothing about that. I write plays. It is your business to furnish the properties!"

Mrs. A.*, an acquaintance in the Arundel Hotel in London once told an anecdote at table, of her friend, the wife of a Reverend Mr. Hogg who used to play chess with her husband and became so furious on being vanquished that she would fling the whole set of chess-men over the room. "What kind of a temper do you call that"? asked Mrs. A.? "I should say," replied Edward, "that your friend Mrs. Hogg had a very sour temper!" Once a friend drinking a glass of wine with Edward, said he had often wondered where the custom of tipping glasses arose. Edward suggested that the custom came from Tipperary! He was so quick to see all sorts of relations and resemblances. Our friend, the socialist, Victor Drury, used to sing "The Rigs of Barley" very beautifully, but he always made this mistake:--

"I kissed her o'er and o'er and o'er again."

I remarked to Edward that the word "o'er" did not occur but twice. "But of course," said Edward, "Drury must put in his oar!"

Once he regaled us at dinner with a London incident. He had a friend there who enjoyed the luxury of a fine Turkish bath in his own residence. There he was one day entertained by this host, with two or three other gentlemen who sat around entirely naked except for the towel that each wore tied across the loins. The host was a great radical, which fact Edward knew well, and the conversation turned upon the shams and hypocrisies of the clergy, on which subject he was eloquent. "I took it," he said, "that we were all

*Ashcourt, widow of an Indian officer. The Arundel guests were largely retired officers.

liberals; in that costume a man seems to be in sympathy with Nature. But when we dressed, 'a wonder came to light.' One of them began to get more and more prim and respectable with every garment he donned, until the climax when he put on a white 'choker' and blossomed out into the most prim and godly looking parson I ever saw."

One of our pleasantest homes in New York was in Ninth Avenue at the corner of Twenty-second Street-- a fine old house modernized so that each flat possessed every appointment, and thus we were very comfortable. The view from ours, the upper story, overlooked the fine garden and the fine building of a theological seminary, and from the dining-room window as we sat at table, we looked out upon a charming view across the Hudson. Never had we been so comfortable and happy. While there, Edward for some months edited Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, and the income supported us nicely until he had some trouble with the proprietor, whose name was not Leslie, by the way, that name being assumed for some reason. Then there was a season of much anxiety. The rent, which even for that upper floor was thirty dollars a month, became a serious problem. Edward wrote much and all the time, and so did I; but of the manuscripts sent to papers and magazines, at that time, not enough were accepted to keep us. In such straits, I always came to the rescue and took private pupils at our home or sought positions as stenographic emanuensis at twenty-five or thirty dollars a week. Thus in the winter and spring of 1867-8, I was one of the stenographic corps of the New York State Constitutional Convention during its entire session. Mr. Edward F.

Underhill, an old friend of ours, had the contract for the reporting of the deliberations. Meanwhile, Edward was hard at work at home on a campaign life of General Grant, engaged by Burr and Company of Hartford, Connecticut. It was not for him a mere mercenary contract, for at that time he had great faith in Grant and wrote the life con amore.

One of the most polished speakers of the convention was George William Curtis, editor of Harper's Weekly, and still, and for many years, the editor of the Easy Chair in Harper's Magazine. He was a member of the Board of Regents of the New York State University and there was a proposition in the convention to abolish that Board, Mr. Curtis in a long,labored speech, very eloquently sang its requiem, but the joke was that the Board was not abolished after all. Mr. Underhill, as all who know him testify, is a very jolly companion, full of anecdotes, jokes and curious reminiscences. It was he, I think-- or was it Edward?-- who said of Mr. Curtis, whose wife's mother was a very charming woman to whom he was greatly attached, that he pitied Adam because he had no mother-in-law!

Our life in New York was a very quiet one, and pleasant on the whole, but the rent, the gas and the fuel for the terribly cold winters, seemed to eat up everything we could earn, and even at times make little inroads upon the small fund we had laboriously saved toward realizing the long cherished dream of securing sometime in some corner of the earth a home that should be all our own. Destiny ordered that that corner should be in Hammonton, New Jersey. Edward went there with an acquaintance and when he returned he had engaged that much-talked-of home-- five acres, "encumbered," as he

afterward said,"with 3 acres of strawberries." As there were no buildings on the land we rented a barn near, which had already done service as a residence for its owner.

Those strawberries did indeed prove an encumbrance. What a struggle we made to gather, crate and ship them, neither of us having had the slightest experience. But our neighbors and friends were very good to us and gave us a great deal of advice, all of which we tried hard to follow. The great difficulty was to get the strawberries picked. Pickers were in great demand for the inconsiderate fruit would ripen all over town on the same day! Sidney, a charming English boy with a complexion of roses and milk, whom we knew in New York, was much with us during our first and second years in Hammonton and was of great assistance. He volunteered to go to the train and seek for pickers among the crowds of Italians and other ragamuffins from Philadelphia attracted by the offer of two cents a box for picking berries. This enabled them to earn more than they could at any other unskilled labor. Many earn from one to two dollars a day. I myself picked eleven boxes in an hour as a test of speed, but of course could not have continued all day.

How well I remember the occasion of Sidney's first excursion. He returned at the head of about a dozen of the oddest specimens of mortality-- men women and children-- singing at the top of his voice:--

"Marching his ani-miles two by two
The Hippopotamus and the kangaroo!"

Edward,who was in the grove getting the crates ready for packing

the fruit, looked up in horror at such treatment of his beloved working-class; but they did not mind the young fellow; probably none of them speaking English well enough to comprehend him.

Much labor, anxiety and trouble did we have with those strawberries which yielded many hundred of boxes. Edward kept the accounts and found that when the last reports were in from the commission merchants that there was a balance of $1.37-1/2; but whether in our favor or against us, I have forgotten! The picking of every box cost two cents, whole crates of "empties" (empty boxes) were lost; and though the berries were fine and fresh and though no one ever could buy a box of good strawberries in the cities for less than about eight or ten cents, yet those commission men often reported sales at three, two, and even one cent a box, or less! It was the same experience all over that town famous for its small fruits, until hundreds of acres of different fruits were plowed under by the discouraged fruit-raisers. In the Grange, in Greenback and other Societies, Mr. Howland untiringly urged co-operation among the producers as the natural solution of the vexed problem of labor and capital.

During the first year of our residence in that barn at Hammonton I opened a little private school which was quite a success, many children from the village attending. The room was quite large, and to conceal the roughness of the walls Mr. Howland covered them almost entirely with his engravings and sketches. A little carpeted platform for my desk and chair, behind it the blackboard, many books in cases, seats for the children and a large bust of Ariadne, made the room look quite student like. The children were well

behaved, studious, sensitive and as a rule, quite superior. The young ladies used to crown Ariadne with a garland of flowers nearly every day, as I find by my journal-- a pleasant incident that I had quite forgotten.

About a year after our settling in Hammonton, the officers of the Board of Education there signified their wish to have Edward take charge of the high school. The salary was, I think, one hundred dollars a month. They had heard that he was a graduate of Harvard university but naturally wanted proof of it. But when it came to the finding of such proof the task seemed endless and fruitless. What masses of old literary documents I searched over! But every trace of diploma, college catalogue bearing his name-- everything was missing, except, indeed, his elaborate Hasty Pudding Club essay, containing the regulation number of original Greek and Latin quotations or original verses. I remember its pages were all glued together with masses of hasty pudding. In this condition these essays are handed back to the astonished candidates who up to that event imagine they are joining a society requiring serious literary attainments! Edward suggested that he present that essay by way of diploma! I reproved him for being so careless as to keep no record of his M. A. degree. "My dear," he gravely replied, "do you suppose that in my wildest aspirations I ever foresaw such an honor as this?" In the end I found the catalogue of the class that graduated in 1853, containing his name; but before being appointed the regular examination had to be passed, I think.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EDWARD HOWLAND

By Marie Howland.

Chapter VI.

In the last chapter I speak of our living in a barn as our first residence in Hammonton. It was the property of our neighbors and friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Holt, who were absent in the West in the Government service among the Indians. They were both educated, progressive, fine people. Near by the barn was a field situated on slightly higher ground than the barn, and about which Mr. Holt told us a curious experience. I think it was the original builder of the barn who owned the land and planted it to sweet potatoes which grow magnificently in Hammonton, but when the spring winds came they made havoc in that field, actually blowing a large part of the sweet potatoes out of the ground! The winds there are quite a trial, but that story would not have been believed by Edward or me but for the well known trustworthiness of Mr. Holt. It is likely that those sweet potatoes were young plants from the hot-bed, not yet having rooted after being planted out.

One comical event in that barn must be recorded. Victor Drury, the well known socialist orator and writer, of whom I have already spoken, visited us there and stayed some weeks, occupying the best room above, which was over the library and school-room. This latter had been prepared quaintly by Mrs. Holt. The ceiling was, I think, sheets of brown paper and looked far more solid

than it really was, and the floor above was of a rather loose and uncertain character. One day, being at work in the outer shed, which was our kitchen, I heard a fearful crash, immediately followed by a call for help. I ran into the best room, and there, right over my table, on which stood our bust of Apollo Belvidere, hung suspended "all that was mortal" of the famous socialist orator, Victor Drury-- all below the arms at least! He had fallen through the ceiling of paper and was in great trouble fearing he had "smashed Apollo," as he said, but no harm had been done except our slight shock which the laugh we had over the situation amply compensated.

After some months in that barn, during which we taught the high school, we found, by giving up our five-- or was it ten?-- acres of mere land, for which we were to pay one thousand dollars, we could purchase for less than that amount, twenty-two acres situated "divinely" on the highest point anywhere near the village, having a house on it and a forest for moonlight walks! We promptly abandoned the first venture, sacrificed the first payment of two hundred dollars, and purchased the new place which became our beloved Casa Tonti. For nearly twenty years we worked there, built additions to the house, a fine barn, a concrete chicken house, two concrete tanks for rain water, one for waste water to irrigate the hot-beds; dug a sixty-five feet well in the shed, planted fruit orchards, vineyards, evergreen trees, shrubs, chestnut grove, etc., etc. If our schemes and investments were not always wise in a worldly point of view, they at least made life delightful to us while we worked. Talk of the fullness of life in a city where everything is dead but the people. Dead walls, dead streets, hot

or frozen pavements: marts for the sale of lifeless things: museums of dead art: halls of deader lore. Oh, how, in our close, city life, we used to sigh for the dear, green earth, for flowers, the songs of birds and the music of the soughing pines! Yet to us, children of cities, it seemed so great a movement, so hard a task, to go out alone into the great, open world, away from old friends and associates, and, wholly dependent upon ourselves, gain our daily bread. Yet the struggle in the city was hard, and we so longed to be free from the eternal calls for money for rent and fuel, gas and grocer's bills. We knew that a couple of doves like us would need little to eat. We could surely have a fruit tree or two, and a patch of strawberries. We felt confident that we could even raise potatoes, and took care to find a place where we could raise sweet ones, for Edward valued those very highly.

Shall I ever forget the delightful excitement of producing real wealth-- not its symbol or counter, merely, which had always come to us as pay for our work, but an actual peach or strawberry, or a rose to beautify our home? What golden days were those, when we nearly "killed" ourselves tugging at the Pressey Stump-puller! For with our own hands, and a lift from the strong arm of some friend who might be passing, impatient of waiting for help which was rather hard to find in those days, we actually pulled out all the stumps for our flower garden and first croquet ground, and for a carriage road down to Eleventh Street, some twenty rods, perhaps! People wondered that our white hands could do so much, but truly, those were the most glorious days of our life. To be sure we started our flower garden before the potatoes and the

onion bed, but everything was right in those days-- nothing could go very wrong because all life was so sweet. It was just as we had expected: life in the country, to us denizens of the city from tenderest childhood, was one continuous series of pleasurable excitements. The quiet spirit of that life and many of the details also, are described in Torricelli, a short story by myself, published in Harper's Magazine for March, 1883.

The much petted cow in that story was the beautiful Jersey, Naomi, which was sent to us by Frank Howland, Edward's brother. How rich we felt when we ate strawberries from our "domain," with cream from our own cow! But the fate of that first cow was tragical. She grew so fat after the third year that no calves were possible, our Rammonton authority, Señor Albrici, said. He said we had fed her as if for the shambles, and he bought her for beef for sixty dollars! We had become so attached to the beautiful Naomi that we were almost persuaded to keep her just to look at! It would have been in keeping with our ways, which so many called Utopian and preposterous.

Talk of the excitements of the city! To us it seemed absurd. A new play by a friend; the début of some actress or singer; a fine concert; the exhibition of some great picture occasionally-- what more was there, and these at long intervals? But in our country home how different. It was such joy to light our little fire, and have our simple breakfast, mostly of bread and fruit, to "go over the domain" together. For years, unless the rain were falling, we never missed this grand, exciting recreation. And the "domain" grew and extended every year. At first there was

the little, oval flower garden, twenty grapevines, some strawberries and a little kitchen garden. In time the going over the "domain" was quite a lengthened progress, for every animal, plant, graft, flower or fruit, and even the birds' nests about the Casa had to be carefully inspected. And what grand, life-giving excitement to feel all Nature, boundless in her wealth and grace, cooperating with us, her children!

With nearly all our operations we were successful-- bees, silkworms, etc., etc., though of course, not pecuniarily. Fancy the Howlands, Babes in the Woods, making money! But we had an infinitely greater success-- we made happiness. Mr. Pressey gave me practical lessons in grafting trees, and I undertook all that pleasant work, also the pruning. The peach trees, which I had carefully budded and whose buds set well and flourished, all died with "yellows," and then we studied the subject anew and planted a few new trees with slacked lime and ashes and they grew amazingly; two trees down by the waste water cistern-- an Oldmixon and a Crawford Late-- giving all the peaches that we could dispose of in the family.

Once Edward brought me from New York, a dozen roots of the lily-of-the-valley and two dozen English violets. The violets would not produce anything but leaves in the conservatory, but I learned to leave them out of doors all winter under a simple sash and there they blossomed profusely. Lifting up the sash with a thick coat of snow upon it, what a cloud of incense would arise! Could such a delight be measured by money? A bouquet of these upon the breakfast table gave Edward keen delight, and especially was

be pleased over every little triumph of mine. With our lilies-of-the-valley we had much trouble. We planted them in beds, in borders-- everywhere in vain, until we selected the north side of the house close to the foundation walls. From that time they grew as rank as weeds. They extended all around the drain-- half a hogshead set flush with the ground and filled with water lilies-- under the veranda, around the front steps and even came up and blossomed in the solid earth of the walks. What a pleasure they were to us! O, those halcyon days! O, lost One! Will any other life, even could it be in some fairer world, ever bring back to
36 us the joys of that simple life at Casa Tonti?

Edward had been a great smoker until about seven years before coming to Mexico. Dr. Forest of Papa's Own Girl is a treasury for Edward's ideas and forms of speech; of course, therefore, the Doctor had the smoking habit; and as everything Edward did was about perfect in my eyes, the hero, Von Frauenstein, if made too perfect to use tobacco, would have seemed a reproach to Edward, so he, also, was not exempt!

In later years I often feared that smoking excessively injured Edward, and told him so. It seemed to me that his temperament was far too high-strung to endure such stimulants and I finally made a direct personal appeal:- urging simply that I was anxious lest I should have the misfortune to outlive him, unless he quit, entirely, the use of tobacco. How well I remember his reply: "My dear, if you think it is my pipe that is going to make me a coward and run off leaving you in the smoke of battle, why I will quit it at once." As he never denied me anything,

I know he meant what he said. He did not like (like me when I gave up my cigarette) destroy every sign of temptation. His vase of tobacco, his pipes, and also his boxes of cigars still remained within reach; and yet, not only did he never return to either, but he never admitted that he had the slightest longing or temptation to do so. He used to say-- and he had smoked since early manhood-- that he had not acquired the habit. This used, I think, to be doubted, even by his intimate friends who, nevertheless, knew of his exemplary truthfulness. "If I had found out that I had acquired a habit," he used to say, "I would instantly break it. I would not be dominated by a habit." How often I heard him express that in different forms; and when he came to give up smoking he showed the truth of the statement: that habit had not got control of him.

Some weeks or months after Edward had abandoned tobacco, our old and very dear friend, Jacob F. Byrnes of Philadelphia, a great smoker, came to see us, and, entering the library a few minutes after his arrival, I was surprised to find Edward smoking a cigar!-- "Why Edward!" I exclaimed, "you! you-- gone back to tobacco!"

That was one of the moments when I was unworthy of his great nature. The expression of disappointment in me I saw clearly in his eyes. The next day, after the guest had gone, Edward deigned to explain that he had given up smoking as a habit, which did not mean that he would never take a cigar with a friend, and he asked me if I did not trust him. I replied that I feared a little, that the habit would gain ascendancy. "But," he said, "I was never under the dominion of a habit and would not be. You do not trust

me, I see." He laughed in his inimitable way at my effort to convince him that I did trust him utterly, while struggling with the fear that he had "lied after all," to use his own words. At that time, I confess, I half expected to see his pipe lighted whenever I entered his room. He said I always came in "sniffing" for tobacco! But never once did he light pipe or cigar again, except on those rare occasions when Jacob, or good John Shedden the tailor and socialist, came down to see us. And I noted that after a year or so, he would lay down the cigar unconsumed, until finally he declared that it was not worth while to light one as the old enjoyment of it had utterly gone.

I dwell at some length upon Mr. Howland's method of dealing with the tobacco habit, because it is a direct, practical lesson to all who pretend they cannot give it up. The simple fact about their unsuccessful efforts to overcome such habit, is that they do not spiritually abandon it, but submit still, in some measure, to the fascination. Once the victory is gained in the spirit--when once the real ego says "it is finished," there is no more effort, no more struggle, no more regret or longing or suffering of any kind, and this victory is possible in the twinkling of an eye to all strong natures-- and all natures are strong spiritually. Indeed, is there any other strength, any other force; or, in other words, is there any such anomaly as a "physical force?"

I speak from experience. For fifteen years and over, I smoked cigarettes, rolling them myself of a very mild tobacco called Scarfalatti; "straw," Mr. Howland called it in derision. The habit commenced in cigarettes of stramonium prescribed for

bronchitis by my physician, Dr. Roger Griswold Perkins, an old friend of New York. Stramonium being very offensive to me, he recommended Turkish tobacco, rolled up with it. Tobacco was also offensive but less so than the other, and so, finally the cigarette habit was firmly established. I gave it up or tried to do so, several times in vain, until a friend said: "You do not decide to quit it. You do not let go, spiritually. When once you do you will place yourself beyond temptation."

O how great a lesson was that! I would engrave it in letters of blazing light upon all hearts. For weeks, months, perhaps, after I had made my last cigarette, whenever I sat down to my desk, my hand went out almost instinctively to the place where I kept my little box of Scarfalatti-- a little, solid silver box, a present from Edward, with sculptured Tartar figures engaged in a boar hunt-- I had never in all those years, sat down to write without first rolling my cigarette. It was such a confirmed habit. And yet, when I come to know wherein lay the power to free myself, the whole victory was won in a single moment, and from that moment I was free from a noxious and selfish fascination. No one who understands what I mean will dispute it, for the laws governing the control of mind or spirit, are absolute and universal. The Christian Scientists are perfectly right in this.

For many years Ada Clare, afterward Mrs. Frank Noyes, spent every summer with us. Once, before Casa Fonti days, we rented a cottage close to Lake Ronconcoma on Long Island, and had a delightful experience. The family consisted of Mrs. Noyes and

her little boy, Aubrey, of some seven years, my niece, Mabel, and myself. Mr. Rowland came down every Saturday evening and returned Monday morning. He often arrived in a white heat of indignation at the Long Island railroad and especially at the pusillanimity of the people who would allow themselves to be so imposed upon as to buy tickets for stations on that road, and, entering the crowded cars stand all the way. "In no country on earth," he said, "are the people such cringing slaves as in this boasted free country. The American people will stand anything and everything from capitalists. They hate the impositions heaped upon them, but their self-consciousness and vanity make them afraid to protest." He was a great admirer of the street, stage, and car system in Paris which requires the conductors to put up the transperancy "Complet" (full) whenever the last seat is taken. Seeing that word no one thinks of stopping the car or stage.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EDWARD HOWLAND

By Marie Howland.

Chapter VII.

The cottage we rented had belonged to a sea-captain who had committed suicide at sea, and the story ran that his ghost was uneasy and revisited his home, especially when there were high winds. Certainly there were heard there, quite often, and always when the wind blew, the most positive groans imaginable, and not any uncertain kind, either, but that long sustained, crescendo and diminuendo, blood-curdling groan of sensational romance. Our young friend of the milk-and-roses complexion, Sidney, visited us there and stayed several weeks. He was a great positivist (O, sweet sophomoric days of youth!) and set about systematically to find, what he felt firmly convinced would prove the ghost to be, an empty bottle somewhere concealed about the eaves or roof. Why else were the groans so certain to return with every wind? But though he spent days clambering over that roof, peering everywhere with his brilliant eyes, he could never discover any cause for the terrible sounds. Ada used to be terrified, but to me it was really enjoyable, being the nearest thing I had then ever encountered, to a real ghostly manifestation, and I used greatly to enjoy the shiver it sent through me, as I enjoy nearly all pain. In a strange, inexplicable way, this is certainly true, and others beside me have confessed the same thing.

Once I was sleeping down stairs with Ada who was too terrified, from the unusually awful groans of that particular night, to let me go up to my room. On that occasion we heard horses tramping

in the front garden where there were grass and flowers. In a few moments they would be in the kitchen garden among our precious lettuces and green peas. I suggested to Ada that we get up and drive them out. "Marie," she said, trembling nervously, "I would not do it for all the wealth of Long Island!" and indeed I had to get up in the dark and storm and lead those creatures out through the front gate, left open by carelessness. It required no little courage for I did not know how vicious strange horses might be. I remember that my heart beat violently as I approached them, and that-- "How superstitious!" many will say-- I repeated my talismanic words: "God will take care of his own." The horses were as gentle as kittens. But the words are a habit with me in moments of peril or of great sorrow, and I know that they are effective-- and none the less so if the effect be purely subjective.

Edward used regularly to enquire for "Capt. McCormick," treating our "ghost" as one of the family. During all that summer there were no storms on Saturday or Sunday night, with one exception and then he was kept in New York! It was very provoking, for he always made sport of our fears.

What a delightful summer that was! We were close to the margin of the lake, and swam and rode and fished-- one or all-- every day. Our children we dressed every morning in very rough, strong, play suits, and in those they could do whatever they pleased-- make all the mud pies they chose or even take mud baths, which they sometimes did. At 1 o'clock p.m., we all went to the lake and after this, and putting the children in dainty habits, we dressed and dined, sitting long over our dinner whether we had company or

not. The children understood that there must be no rough or "mussy" playing or climbing or mud modeling after dinner; the penalty for disobedience being the resumption of the play dress and, of course, exclusion from the drawing-room for that day. The system worked well. Aubrey and Mabel were bright and peaceable children when separated, but, together, they fought savagely-- scratching, biting and pulling each other's hair, until I threatened to take Mabel and go back home to New York.

"O let them squabble," Ada used to say in the most philosophical manner; and Edward, to my great disgust, seemed to agree with her. As for me I feared their dispositions would be ruined and told Ada so. She replied in her quiet, high-bred tone, much to Edward's amusement-- "I think it presages matrimony." I declared that they were better apart for they had not an idea, a feeling nor a taste in common.-- "O yes, they have one taste in
37 common," said Ada.-- "You mean a taste for claret," said Edward, whose taste for punning was great though he very seldom used a slang word.

Aubrey was a blonde like his mother; Mabel, a pronounced brunette with rosy cheeks and pretty, crimson lips. I used to wonder if their great dissimilarity of temperament caused their total lack of harmony. However, those two little natural enemies did actually get married before they were eighteen; and at the "last advices," and after some ten years or more of matrimony, all was well.

Mrs. Noyes-- my beautiful Ada Clare, whose strange heart-history will never be written, perhaps, was a brilliant, lovable

woman, rather imperious, as great beauties are apt to be, but noble, affectionate, tender, and very honorable and exact in all her dealings. She was the author of two novels:* Asphodel and Only a Woman's Heart, the first somewhat crude but showing latent talent, and the second, much superior, and, if I remember rightly, deserves republishing.

Ada always had a penchant for the stage, but never realized her high ideals. She made her debut as an ameteur in Ophelia, at the Academy of Music, New York. I thought she played well, but the performance was anything but a success. She also played Julia in the Hunchback, and subsequently The Wife, at the Old Metropolitan theatre, all amateur performances. William Ware played the first role in the same cast. I remember his rushing into the dressing-room after the last act, and, enthusiastically seizing her hands, saying: "Ada, you were the sweetest little Wife I ever saw." I had the honor on that occasion to play Lady Plato in the after-piece, The Rough Diamond. Stewart, the manager, was one of her friends, among whom she counted many distinguished persons. William Winter, connected with the New York Tribune for over a quarter of a century, I think, was a very sincere friend of hers.

*If any one possessing either of these novels or knowing where either is to be found, will communicate with me he or she will confer a signal and lasting favor.-- M.H.

Fairhope, July 1911 - These since found Only a Woman's Heart & have donated it, with the remnant of the Haviland Collection, to the Fairhope Pub. Library, - M.H.

as was also his wife, née Lizzie Campbell.* He was also a friend of Edward with whom he once had rooms in Bleeker Street.

Poor Ada! her death was sad indeed. She was bitten by a little dog in a friend's house and died of hydrophobia some weeks later. This was in 1874. In accordance with her expressed wish to her husband, J. Frank Noyes, she was buried in our grounds near Casa Tonti. Four evergreens, planted by her son, Aubrey, mark the spot where she lies beside her baby, Agnes, born at our home in 1869, and surviving only a few weeks.

In answer to a telegram: "Come at once. Ada is dying," I hurried on to New York by the midnight train from Philadelphia, but I arrived too late. Her husband was about as near distracted with grief as I ever knew any one to be. To be sure, he lived to marry again-- a little inside of twelve months, if I remember rightly-- but, to be just, we should not measure the poignancy of a passion by its duration. And, poor fellow! he did not live long himself, having been drowned by accident in Spuyten Devil Creek a few years later. He was an actor and stage manager, a native of New Hampshire, and a very good fellow, with the usual temperament and faults of the artist.

*She was very pretty and had a very slender and graceful neck of which we accused her of being vain-- probably we were envious, but George Arnold, to flatter us, perhaps, who could not boast of swan-like necks, drew a comical little caricature of Lizzie with a phenominally long neck and preposterously sloping shoulders. Edward thought it so comical that he preserved it in an album, and I have it still here at Topolobampo.-- And now in the Fairhope Lib.-- K.H.

Having to go back to Hammonton with the dead body of my friend, and her husband half insane with grief, I naturally telegraphed for Edward, who was in Hartford, Connecticut, engaged in writing his Great Industries of the United States. He replied begging me to excuse him, and saying he would write. At once I knew he was not coming and wished I had worded my telegram differently. I had assumed he would come and help to bury his friend. I should simply have demanded his presence for my sake. His letter ran thus: "My Dear Marie. Of course my first impulse was to leave on the next train, but then I reflected as I am always the fifth wheel of a coach at a funeral, being of no mortal use, I decided to sneak out of it. I never in my life went willingly to a funeral. If I could be allowed to do the mere mechanical work, I would do it, but to stand or sit around and look lugubrious, I can't and won't. Mind, I would be present on such an occasion if necessary, but it never is. There is never a poor audience on such occasions, all the neighborhood flocks to a funeral. They like to hear the preacher probe the unhealed wounds of the mourners, and perhaps darkly hint that the soul may not be saved. I always feel like kicking him out. It sounds so like an impertinence."

That he would not refuse to go to a funeral if he could be of any service, I recall at this moment an instance in proof. A neighbor in Hammonton whom Edward greatly admired, a negro woman once a slave, but a very superior character, became suddenly ill, and feeling that she was dying, told her husband to go to Mr. Howland for advice, after she was dead. We concluded at once that she, who, unaided and alone, unable to read even, had so naturally

and logically met the great questions of life and duty, knowing of Mr. Howland's admiration and sympathy, believed that he would remember her common sense upon religious matters and would give good advice, preventing any display, or any waste of the money which her little children would need.

Mr. Howland came out to see the husband and to my great surprise, he, who so hated funerals, assumed the whole direction! He asked and found that the body was disposed for burial. "Very well," said Edward. "We will bury her tomorrow at ten o'clock. I will be there." I never was more surprised. Going to Sarah's house next morning, we found the friends, black and white, assembled. Edward spoke to them very touchingly of the duties of the living, and paid a high tribute to Sarah. "To lay her gnotly in the earth," he said, was all that we could do "for the generous and great heart who had always done her work so nobly and well." There was no minister present at that funeral-- an unprecedented thing, I am sure, among those people, but none ever seemed to think anything was wrong, even though there were no prayers or other ceremony save Edward's simple words and the singing of some hymns.

When Mrs. Noyes was bitten by the pet dog in the house of her friend, she pressed her handkerchief to the wound and hurried to her physician whose office happened to be near. He cauterized the wound and reassured her. It is a singular fact that Ada had especial horror of death by hydrophobia. How often I have heard her express it, but no premonition of any such death ever occurred to her that I know of.

She went to Albany to fill a temporary engagement some weeks

after the wound had quite healed, and showing but a slight scar. Her husband was not with her but in New York when a distressing telegram reached him that she was under guard on her way home. He met her with a carriage;and as they drove into the court of their home, 166 Bleeker Street (one of the houses of the A. T. Stewart block), she was in a terrible state of excitation-- raving, but apparently from terror at the way she had been treated. Whether it was insanity or fact, I never could learn, but her persistent story was-- and she talked of little else during the two or three days she lived-- that there was a panic in the theatre and that she was helpless among a set of superexcited people who pretended fear of her attacking them; that she was taken to the station between two policemen with drawn pistols, and locked in a ladies' apartment; that there she remembered suffering the most awful agony of terror and the sense of abandonment, and that she cried aloud for help; that she heard them talking outside and a lady's voice imploring the guards to let her go in-- she had no fear, etc., etc. Ada kept imploring them to open the door for this kind woman which finally they did. Then Ada threw herself into her arms and was soon quieted. She never had seen the noble lady before, nor could Mr. Noyes ever find out who she was. It was his firm conviction and also Mr. Howland's when he heard the particulars of her death, that the cause was nervous excitement and terror. The dog died, to be sure, but he bit his trainer and one other person the next day after biting Ada, and neither suffered the slightest inconvenience. The most deadly poisons, Mr. Noyes always said, were found among the medicines prescribed for Ada, and he declared that she was

thus poisoned because of the panic and the inability of any of the doctors to cope with her strange case. She almost died with joy to find herself at home in the arms of her husband, but he could not, he said, save her from the doctors. She was quite happy during her last hours with her devoted Frank, and could not bear to have him go out of her sight. All her words to him were of the most loving and reassuring nature and she seemed to suffer no other pain when she learned that there was no hope of her surviving, than of tender compassion for his loneliness without her. She assured him again and again that she had not hydrophobia. "See!" she would exclaim when water was presented,-- "I can drink just as perfectly as ever," which indeed was the fact.

Many friends in Hammonton who had seen her at our house and on the little theatrical stage in Hammonton when she and her husband during their summer vacations used to assist our dramatic club, came to look at the beautiful, unfortunate woman as she lay in state among the flowers in the conservatory. A little orange tree at her feet filled the whole house with its fragrance. Very white and fair she looked as she lay there among the flowers! A tiny line like a crimson thread under the left eye and on the upper lips showed where the dog's teeth had lacerated the skin. Mr. Ransom, a Spiritualist speaker, conducted the simple ceremonies, for Ada, though not perhaps literally connected with any body of Spiritualists, was really of that faith. Miss Emma Pressey and the members of the choir, sang the Spiritualist songs for such occasions. The members of the Woman's Club of Hammonton, of whom Ada was a member, were all present.

Alluding to the horrible newspaper paragraphs about the event before Ada died-- that she was "disfigured for life," that she was the"Queen of a Bohemian Club," etc., no such society ever having existed, in fact, Edward wrote me: "It is strange that there will always arise a crowd of vampires whenever a person of character dies: creatures who in life-- as in this instance-- were never deemed worthy of notice by the object whom death has made it safe to attack. These vampires are always miserable scribblers who eagerly seize upon any event, however terrible and heart-rending, and by pretending a knowledge of the dead, which of course is difficult to disprove, assume a way of speaking as irreverent, and flippant as their motive is vile and contemptible-- namely, to gain a few miserable shillings at the expense of every decent sentiment of manhood."

Edward always admired Ada and they both had the greatest regard for each other. "She was," he said, "very intelligent, very charming and just escaped being a great woman."-- "Why," I asked, "is she not great?"-- "Because she is not free," he replied. "A woman or man to be great must stand above the fogs and miasmas of conventional life, in the broad sunlight and exhilarating air of the heights-- must live for Truth which alone can make us free."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF EDWARD HOWLAND.

By Marie Howland.

Chapter VIII.

Ada's admiration for Edward arose largely from her appreciation of his humor, which was always so quaint, and always without a sting. Once at Lakeland, one Sunday morning, he came into the kitchen while Ada and I were getting breakfast, and, offering to help us, we interchanged a merry glance, and, accepting his kind offer, told him he might clean the porcelain, hominy kettle. It had had oatmeal cooked in it the day before and the cleaning of it was not so very pleasant. Daintily, he commenced scraping the sides and bottom with a case knife, making very little headway, and soon began to see, no doubt, that his cuffs were in the way and, perhaps, to surmise that we were taking advantage of his magnanimous
39 offer to help. Finally, he said, looking up to me with that look and smile one never can forget:-- "See here Marie! I can clean this pot (he called every cooking utensil a "pot"), in time; in fact I can see a certain fascination in the perennial nature of the job; I could even develop a fond hope of returning to it in successive incarnations, like the Indian to his happy hunting grounds; but before I proceed further I want to know the precise dignity of my position in this kitchen. Am I the chef's assistant, or am I scullion?"

Many of his quaint sayings like the above, I wrote down in my journal at the time; but I cannot hope they will have the same effect upon those who never knew him as they do upon one remembering his carriage, air, tone and gesture-- all expressions of a rare and fine

character. Fineness of sentiment and consideration for others, was one of the salient characteristics of the man. This was shown in everything he did, even to his last hours. In illustration I will mention a simple incident of our idyllic life in Hammonton. Our neighbor's children, Maud and Daisy Warren, two dear and pretty girls of eight and ten, perhaps, at that time, were in the habit of borrowing our wheel-barrow, and nearly always forgetting to return it. He never forgot such a duty himself, and could ill brook it in others, because it showed a lack of that fine consideration for others which he deemed essential to all social life. Once he went after the wheel-barrow, and on taking it, very severely rebuked the little ones in these words: "It is extremely unkind in you, children, not to bring home what you borrow. Not because I am annoyed, as in this case, at not finding my wheel-barrow when I want it; not because I have to use up my time coming after it, but because you force me into being such a churl that I must refuse to lend you my things."

Since commencing this biographical sketch I have received many letters expressing pleasure in reading it. Among the last is one from M. H. Hare, a Credit Foncier stockholder in Gloversville, New York. "I see him," he says, "as I saw him in the winter of 1863-4. All that you claim for him in genteel loveliness and the graces of a noble demeanor, is thoroughly true; but your allusion to Henry Clapp, jr., the beautiful Ada Clare, William Winter and a few others of whom I lost sight years ago, is a slight renewal of the happiness they afforded me thirty-six years ago. Thank you for it. * * * I, who am Edward Rowland's senior by twelve years, am still in the

vivacious vigor of boyhood where the thought of dissolution never occurs." One from Miss Pressey is very characteristic, and I think an extract from it will be acceptable. "Thank heaven! Mr. Howland lived to see more than the beginning of the realization of his hopes. We all felt when he left Hammonton that his life on earth was narrowing to its close; but as you say, one cannot be prepared. How well I know that when I remember the loss of my mother and my sister!

" I looked toward Casa Tonti and thought of dear Edward Howland as he was before his illness. So charming, so tender and devoted to you; so proud of all you had achieved; so merry and so truly delightful. I thought of our trip to the Greenback meeting at Ellwood,* of his address to the people and of his earnestness and zeal that night; of his gentle and considerate manner toward that poor and ignorant man whose painful effort to express himself(1) caused amusement among those who could not appreciate his struggle for words.

"I also recall that still more charming drive to Landisville.

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*Miss Pressey kindly consented to attend and sing a solo on the occasion.

(1)After he sat down Mr. Howland instantly took the floor, although his speech had already been made, and although he was most careful never to monopolize the time of a meeting. I knew very well why he was so soon on his feet again. It was to reassure ----------, which he did most gracefully; placing in salient relief and proper dress the very ideas that had been so inadequately clothed. If I remember rightly the man's ideas were not so very brilliant or original, even had they been clearly expressed; but appreciated by Edward they appeared very noble, and thus was the mortification of an honest man turned into triumph.

How like a boy was Mr. Howland, distributing his 'documents' along the route to whomever we met. Over a long sandy stretch I remember we walked to give Lip (Lippincott the horse) less burden, Mr. Howland in the middle of the road with a hand for each. He was so profound, yet so unassuming; so scholarly and yet so modest. I often think of the feeling in his voice and manner when on our way to the depot (Mr. Howland and I), we passed Lip's grave for the first time. He stopped and putting up his hand said slowly and gravely; 'Lippincott, farewell!'"

We became acquainted with Mr. Owen about sixteen years ago when, after reading my Papa's Own Girl he came to Hammonton to visit us. It was a most memorable occasion that, when for the first time we heard the name of Topolobampo. In the prime of early manhood, in exuberant health and spirits, graphically describing the nature and the promise of this wonderful country, all were carried away by the force of his magnetic eloquence. We named a seeding rose Topolobampo, and walked over the ground talking of all the wonders that would be when the grand work here should commence. The road to Topolobampo Bay was soon to be commenced and we were to make the journey here together in a palace car! It was wonderful to listen to him. Edward was quite in love with him from the first and was always interested in everything he wrote or did. To him there was none like "Owen."

To be sure we had heard much about Mr. Owen before that time in connection with Mexican enterprise embracing plans for the building of railroads, draining lakes, etc. Some years before the Credit Foncier was established he projected a great scheme for

draining the City of Mexico by lowering the bed of the lake Tezcuco. The plan he proposed was to issue treasury money for the purpose, on the same principle by which the famous market was built on the island of Guernsey. The wreck of the Vera Cruz when Mr. Owen was on his way to Mexico City to commence the work, gave his enemies time to frustrate his plans. The Vera Cruz was struck by a cyclone in the Gulf of Mexico and only three passengers were saved. He was washed ashore, scratched and bruised, after being twenty-two hours in the sea. Most characteristic of the indefatigable perseverance and courage of the man so loved by Mr. Howland, was a line written to me at the time of the wreck-- "After some ten hours in the water my principal sensation was thankfulness that
41 I was alive and getting along so well."

From the moment of meeting, he and Edward were friends and they never but once had the slightest disagreement upon any subject. That came through Edward's nervous state-- far more serious, even then, than we knew-- wrought upon by the same element that from the first has retarded the progress of the Colony: lack of faith in humanity.

From the first, Mr. Howland took the most active interest in all of Mr. Owen's plans of colonization in Sinaloa, and promised that we would sell out and join him if we possibly could. It was some time before I could make up my mind to leave the home around which clustered so many reminiscences, and which had cost us many years of experiment and pleasant effort. Every week would come articles in pamphlet form or in newspapers, setting forth in glowing terms the advantages and the possible future of a great co-

operative colony planted here upon the broad principles of social science. It was a prospect which profoundly stirred the humanitarian heart of Edward, and from the time that he learned that his friend had real hopes of accomplishing the locating of a colony here, he devoted all his efforts to aiding the work.

Once, it was in May, 1865, while at our house in Hammonton I was more struck than usual by the letters he read us from many parts of the country showing enthusiasm for his plan of a colony and model city in Sinaloa. I urged the starting of a little paper to print some of the letters in, and keep the record of the movement. I was determined to start the paper. Edward never failed to support any good work, nor to believe in its success. Mr. Owen urged the lack of money. We found out that a young printer in Hammonton, named Whitmore, would print a little weekly of sixteen pages, for fifteen dollars for each number. Mr. Owen left fifteen dollars for the payment of the printer's first bill, but we had to make changes and printed a rather large edition, and so that issue cost twenty-two dollars. The date that issue bears is June 9, 1885. Subscriptions came in slowly but we received great encouragement. Some who timidly subscribed at first only twenty-five or fifty cents, became stockholders, are old colonists now, and are still taking the paper. In the third number Edward printed the following poem:

"Come, let us flee; not as the hermits fled
To desert places, for a purer life--
We'll seek it with the living, not the dead,
In sympathy and love instead of strife.
We'll go together, where a milder sun
Gives all the year successive troops of flowers.
And there we'll strive to make our interests one
Till selfish "mine" becomes transformed to "ours."

In the second number, in the editorial entitled "Our Business Rule," he said:--"'For there is nothing covered that shall not be unveiled; and hid that shall not be known.' This prophecy is given us by the Master who knew the right way of life. We may judge, therefore, of the value of the spirit generally shown by the "bosses," who feel that their business is so entirely their own, that any desire on the part of their 'hands' to learn any of the hidden truths concerning its management, is simply an impertinent intrusion.

"And yet it is certain that the progress of the people which has politically replaced the Star Chamber method of legislation by opening the doors of legislative bodies, must be continued by doing the same thing for all the operations of business which are now carried on in the secrecy of bank parlors and railroad offices.

"Let the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa in the transaction of its business, be guided by the fullest recognition of the importance of the Master's prophecy, and carefully free itself from anything requiring concealment or falsification."

Never was a nature more antagonistic to all secrecy and secret societies than his. Though he loved the Grange and was a good "Patron" and a faithful master of his Grange, the initiation of new members was a torture to him. He could not remember the"unwritten work" and had to have someone to prompt him in whispers if he failed, as he did, not infrequently, in the most impressive parts, or, more generally, he "detailed some subaltern," as outside the Grange he joccosely said, to exemplify that work.

A more thorough democrat in principle; a more instinctive

aristocrat in feeling, never existed, I think, than Edward Rowland. That is, the simplest, poorest person on earth, freeman or slave, could have him for his friend, and any person with "clean hands and a pure heart" could sit at his table, but nothing could cajole him into intimacy with low or trivial aims or coerce him into society for the sole purpose of seeing and being seen; or, as he said, "helping to keep up the travesty of social affection." In his youth he had seen much of the hollowness of social life, in cities especially, and though, in fashionable gatherings he was always popular by his humor, good breeding and thorough knowledge of the world, to accept any invitation was a weariness to him and finally his friends understood this and "counted him out."

The early history of the Credit Foncier organ as well as of the Company, has yet to be written and it will indeed read like a romance. Here, there remains only to give some account of Edward's strange malady which baffled all physicians and to touch lightly upon his life after starting for the Colony.

It was some three years before the starting of the Credit Foncier paper that I first noticed some nervous derangement in Edward. He used to "coal" the furnace heater in the cellar during our long northern winters, and it became a thing of almost daily occurrence for him to break the shade or the chimney of his lamp while in the cellar, though naturally, he was careful in his movements and rarely met with accidents. It was during this period that he cut his hand severely, in the fodder-cutter, and came near losing a part of it by the setting in of erysipelas.

A consultation of distinguished physicians was held over his

case in Philadelphia. The first question they asked him was if he had had a fall at any time and he answered them in the negative. When he told me his answer I said: "Why, Edward! Did you forget your fall through the culvert?" He said he had forgotten it-- it was so long ago. Well, indeed, did I remember that. It must have been sometime in the seventies, one Saturday night when he missed the through train from Philadelphia and set out to walk from a station twelve miles from Hammonton. It was a summer night; showers came on and great darkness followed. It must have been near midnight when hearing his voice call "Marie!" I rose quickly, lighted the lamp and went out into the dining room. What a vision greeted my eyes! My only thought was that he had been attacked by burglars and severely injured. His face, moustache, shirt-front and linen trousers were covered with blood! He told me he had fallen through one of the culverts or bridges over gullies of the road and he expressed great sorrow that he had lost his bundle of catalogues and pamphlets brought from the famous book sales he had gone to attend! That-- and the fright it caused me-- was his greatest concern!

I lost no time in giving him a cordial, getting him into a warm bath and then into bed, where he slept well and was not ill after the fall, as I had greatly feared he would be.

Gradually, the malady showed further development in his walking. He often stumbled, and at the time we left Hammonton it had become a task to walk with him because of his short steps. His appetite always remained good up to the last, but he was a very moderate eator and exceedingly fond of bread. During the last

five years of our Hammonton life he never ate meat at all, but greatly enjoyed his oatmeal mush with milk, eggs, coffee, fruit and cream, of which we had a great abundance. There was nothing the matter with the stomach, but he always exyressed the dread of the possible development of some kidney disease. Why, I know not.

We were the guests of Mr. Lovell, our Treasurer, while on our way through New York. There Edward's own family had to see him, for with the exception of a visit to his sister's house in the same street, Lexington Avenue, he made no calls. On the evening that we left, there was a reception in his honor and that of the departure, generally, for the Colony. Edmund C. Stedman and wife were among the few old friends who called. We left about eleven p.m. Both Mr. Owen and Mr. Lovell accompanied us to the station in Jersey City. Edward took the arm of one of these friends walking with short steps, but otherwise without much difficulty. It was a sad parting: the last parting for him and his beloved "Owen," as he always called him.

At Guaymas, where we were detained some three months by the delay of our freight and through ignorance of custom-house requirements, Edward had a severe attack, and I summoned the best physician of the place. It was before we had moved our tents to the beautiful beach at Punta Arena, and it was very hot. The hot weather, however, never affected Edward unpleasantly, for he was born in South Carolina, lived there until his college days and was thoroughly at ease in warm temperatures. It was for this reason that all his friends had hoped so much from the warmer and equable climate of Mexico. At Punta Arena he had baths in the surf

every day for a time, but they did not seem to have any effect. For hours he used to sit in his easy reclining chair between our tent and the surf, and read or talk of our prospects in Sinaloa. To watch the sunset was always keen delight to him, and it was his habit every fine evening to go out, as on the western veranda at Casa Tonti, and, taking an easy chair, prepare for a delightful treat. Sometimes, having other things on my mind, I would excuse myself. This sometimes made him a little impatient, and he would say: "Marie, here is a finer show than all the theatrical stages of the earth can give you, and even nature can never reproduce it exactly. Come and enjoy it." Thus appealed to I would not fail him, and on such occasions it was delightful to hear him talk.

At last we did get away from Guaymas on the Steamer Lucifer, and were nine days on the water, for the winds, whenever there were any, were contrary almost all the way. Somewhere on the coast of lower California, in a dead calm, we went ashore in the Captain's boat, gathered shells, had a bath in the surf, and spent about the only pleasant hours of the voyage. I remember that as one must remember an oasis in a long and terrible caravan journey across Sahara. But Edward! O how patient he was! If he ever complained at all, I think it was merely to be sympathetic with me.

There were few friends to welcome us at the pier of Topolobampo, for our telegram from Guaymas never reached Mr. Wilber, and almost all the comrades had moved to La Logia to take hold on the farm and orchard work. Those who did meet us were very cordial, and that first night we spread our cots and slept under the wide,

eastern veranda of Alberton Hall.

I wrote to Mr. Owen in the first number of the Credit Foncier printed here:--"Mr. Howland is no worse for the severe strain of the journey and the long siege in the hot tent at Guaymas; but on the whole a little better, we hope, than when we left Hammonton. He walks down over the hill to breakfast every morning at seven o'clock, and back again, often without assistance. Today he is in good spirits and is writing a poem for No. 138. He has resumed his old task of killing flies, for he will not suffer one about him.

"All the hills were covered with verdure as we approached the entrance to our bay, and for miles of our sailing there was wafted to us a perfume greatly resembling the oleander blossom. We could not learn what shrub or tree sent out to us such a sweet greeting. It must have covered great areas of the hills. I stood,glass in hand,and as we rounded Las Copas felt that we were approaching hallowed ground. The schooner, Sol, was lying near and answered our salute as we passed."

Long as the voyage had been, and trying to an invalid, Edward was full of good spirits as we approached the shore and saw the few comrades coming down to receive us; but he was never able to do much upon the paper after his arrival. His decline was so perfectly regular and gradual that up to the time of his attack in Guaymas, there were no markings or stations in the disease at all. After that time there were several, at long intervals. The last, from which he could not rally, was about the 20th of December, 1890, and on Christmas morning following he breathed his last in La Logia, in

the little grass house which Mr. Desmond, his faithful nurse and friend, had built, close to his own. Knowing he was ill though not how ill, I hurriedly started for La Logia. Out on the flats by the old railroad grade, I met Comrade Byrns. He was coming for me-- bearing the sad news that all was over!

All the rest-- all there was to tell-- is told in the current number of the paper. All sought to do him honor; all the friends were most kind to me.

I was very anxious to have a plaster cast made of Edward's head, and Comrade Shoop, who has had some experience with the operation in his medical college in Chicago, undertook the task, assisted by Mr. Desmond. The mask came off the face in several pieces, but I carefully preserved it, and hope sometime that our friend, Miss Gibson, or some other soulptor may be able to use it for a portrait in marble.

In my heart I never say farewell to Edward. Spiritually he lives, and his influence through the hearts that loved him, through the causes for which he wrought will continue, age after age, and throughout all time; for the soul that loveth its fellow men, lives for them, toils for them, identifies its conscious life with them, with them forever survives. Thus did he love and work, and thus did he accept the immortality of the soul.

He used to say that co-operation was to be the religion of the future. "The salvation of the soul," he once wrote me, "is eminently a co-operative work. We can't sneak into heaven through any side door of special favor. We must go openly in at the front, holding the hands of those we have helped on the way."

One last word I would say to the hundreds of friends who have felt regret that Edward did not live to see the fruition of his hopes. Harper's Weekly, in a very friendly notice of him said he was"consumed by the ardor of his love for humanity, and beneficent work might have been the result of his great insight into the troubles of economic life, but that these very troubles pursued him into his retirement and harassed him. Now and then a curious literary sketch found its way from his study to the Atlantic Monthly; but his heart was involved in the sociological problem, and many of his studies in this field were published in Harper's Magazine. It was in one of these he introduced to American readers M. Godin's great industrial experiment at Guise. What the world has lost in the waste of such beneficent power as was his, in a system where it is comparatively unavailing, only those can know who knew him. Mr. Albert Owen's Mexican colonial experiment for the practical illustration of the principles of "integral co-operation" especially appealed to Mr. Howland; but when in the spring of 1868, the latter went to Mexico, the hand of death was already upon him. This scheme was the last enthusiasm of a baffled human heart."

Those who regard him as disappointed, or his heart "as baffled" do not know the man. We who survive him may lose faith, and, fainting by the wayside, lose the chance of seeing a mighty work accomplished; but he could never know disappointment. From the moment of his arrival here, he saw more clearly than ever that the great work, inaugurated so long ago by Mr. Owen, was sure to be accomplished. He was eminently a happy man, always looked upon

the bright side, anyway, and as he lost conscious command of his environment, he lived more and more in the ideal world-- the world as it is to be when man has "worked out his salvation" through redeeming all the waste places of the earth. He constantly spoke to those about him of the grand Credit Foncier work as already accomplished. Every strawberry or other fruit that came from our gardens he enjoyed enthusiastically and accepted as proof of further progress.

Studying his case and wondering, as we all did, how he could talk and even write coherently upon sociology (when he constantly confounded the place where the Credit Foncier is being printed with Hammonton and with New York, and would often ask me when I visited him if I had "seen Owen lately"), I once said to him when he was exulting in our great success, that our railroad was not built nor our permanent houses, either, and he said, as if wondering how I could be so stupid,-- "Of course. Don't I know-- looking up to the canvas canopy under his grass roof-- "Don't I know that this is a sort of South Sea Island shanty? but the men and women are here and they are all working!"

I had merely asked this to test his mental grip upon things. I could not explain that. I was placed in a strange position. He, poor, stricken darling. ill unto death, cheering and encouraging me, in my health and strength! But I think that generally he did lose hold entirely of the fact of the little we had accomplished, and lived in the inspiring thought that the grandest success had crowned our efforts-- that spiritually, we were all united, all agreed upon the great principles of a harmonial, co-

operative commonwealth, and that it was merely a question of a very short time when the material would answer to the ideal.

Oh! Christ! that we all might be as sane as he in our faith, and as capable as he was of making the ideal the real.

(The end.)

NOTES These were hurriedly written for The Historian of his & Edward's Harvard Class of 1853. He had found my address and written me for aid in preparing a Biog. of E. H. M. N

(1) C. B. Hoffman of Enterprise, Kansas, who was president of the auxiliary company, the Kansas-Sinaloa-Investment Co., that came to our aid in constructing the irrigating canal from the Fuerte river 30 miles from my camp at the bay where the Mexican Custom House, the office of the Colony, Alberton Hall (see cut at head of editorial page-- the last house toward the top of the hill-- the only wooden house of Topolobampo at that date. The scenery was wonderfully grand) where the colony organ was printed and where I lived and edited the paper from 1888 to 1893. The hill was very steep but does not look so in the rude cut, nor in the photograph which I possess, because it was taken from an eminence. Of course all articles unsigned or uncredited are written by me.

(2) Alvin I. Wilber, Supt. of the Colony.

(3) Ada Hogeland was assistant editor later and had full charge when I left in the summer of 1893. She married the printer John Dawkins after I left, a fine, cultured young woman.

(4) The paper like almost everything had to be imported from the United States, and occasionally a number failed to be out in time.

(5) James M. Pryse, one of our printers in N.Y.

(6) The disease, I was told after his death, was locomotor-ataxia.

(7) Another man took the credit of originating the News Boys' Lodging House of New York City. Edward always told me that to his father the credit was due.

(8) I honor his memory always by keeping those mottoes on my walls.

(8^2,8^3) Very characteristic were his mottoes wherever he lived.

(9) Still in Mexico with her parents, and married to a Mexican.

(10) A Carl Spreckles man. He found the cane of Sinaloa exceptionally rich in sugar.

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(11) I have never but once explained what "Tonti" meant to E. and me. Literally, it is merely a common Italian family name, but a secret meaning to E. and me.

(12) In Sterling, Scotland, Saturday, August 12, 1865, on my arrival from New York.

(13) I have three volumes of the Philobiblion elegantly bound in yellow morocco in France or London.

(14) A translation, I should have said.

(15) A neighbor, a beautiful little girl whom Edward loved; one of my pupils. She married the younger brother of Joseph Burgher and died early.

(16) Our first printer, when we printed the Credit Foncier at our home in New Jersey.

(17) We opened the Ditch or irrigating canal to our Mochis farms-- about 17 miles. It was to have been completed to the city site-- the inner bay of Topolobampo.

(18) Lycon, a Carl Spreckles man.

(19) Gov. Castro was much interested in our Colony. His visit was a great event.

(20) The "Ditch" was the greatest single work we undertook.

(21) It is marvellous that I found time to translate so much Spanish.

(23) Nor as a teacher was he quite positive enough, I used to think-- certainly not as a presiding officer of a business meeting.

(24) That Grange experience was wonderful!

(25) This is a careful, conscientious description.

(26) Mrs. Bristol is still living in Vineland, N.J.-- my most intimate friend still. She is the author of several volumes of poetry.

(41) "Getting along so well." How that touched Edward! "There is a man," he said, "we can trust to lead a forlorn hope."
See E. C. Stedman's American Anthology, for a notice of his life and one of his poems: The Condemned.

(End of Notes. M.H.)

(27) He was a firm believer in a glorious destiny for the earth through no miracle, but through man's gradual mastery of the elements.

(28) The making of industry attractive was a basic idea of the teaching of Charles Fourier and always reverently accepted by Edward before I met him. People do not seek to avoid labor, but work for wages for an individual or company. In the era foretold by Fourier, productive and artistic work, through improved machinery and grand, co-operative organization, will become more delightful far than "pleasure games" ever could.

(29) La majorite amareuse-- meaning that on a certain age people would become "of age," or free in matters of the affections.

(30) Shows how profound were Edward's studies of sociology.

(31) Edward always maintained that conversation is the highest pleasure of life.

(32,33) As I review this I am strongly impressed that it should be published.

(34) How like E. H.

(35) That Torricelli is really a good study of our beginning of our home at Hammontonm N.J. It is a good study of E.H.

(36) Ah, how I hope you will care to read all this sketch!

(37) Meaning taste for blood-- fighting. The latter I have in this Lib.

(38) So characteristic of Edward's real democracy.

(39) Edward must have had a reputation in his Class for wit. No?

(40) It seems to me that Edward's nature was more beautiful, more perfect than any ever created! How could a mortal be so perfect in every way?