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## THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

BY I. C. KELLER

State Teachers College, California, Pennsylvania

**I**N the Chester valley, located in the southeastern part of Pennsylvania, Thomas Buchanan Read was born on March 12, 1822. The house in which he was born was a small stone farm house, just outside a hamlet known on old maps as "Corner-Ketch," and situated about a mile from the village of Guthriesville. Read inherited patriotic blood. His great-grandfather, the Reverend Thomas Read, helped Washington during the British invasion of Maryland, just before the battle of Brandywine. The family name was a respected one; it had been signed to the Declaration of Independence. Read's ancestors included both Scotch and Irish immigrants. Although, in general, little is known about his youth, certain facts are well substantiated.<sup>1</sup> He grew up among people who were devout and industrious, and whose lives were largely domestic. His first knowledge of the Bible came from hearing it read in his home. Though the valley was a productive agricultural belt, the land of the home-farm was so worn out that it barely supported the family. Read was physically too weak to be of much help with the farming. Winters he went to school at Hopewell, a mile away. This school was taught by Daniel Myers, who was teacher, miller, and an unordained Methodist Episcopal preacher. All his life Read felt the lack of schooling, but he

<sup>1</sup> Henry C. Townsend, *A Memoir of T. Buchanan Read* (Privately printed, Philadelphia, 1889).

found education outside of school. As a boy, he was fond of fishing in the Brandywine. These early experiences partly explain why much of his poetry treats of nature and describes it so vividly.

The sudden death of the grandfather broke up the home and ended Read's schooling when he was fourteen. The home-farm was sold to a stranger. After his grandfather's death, Read was apprenticed to James Harner, a tailor in Whitford, Chester county. During this apprenticeship, he lived in a garret; its furniture seems mainly to have been a bed and a barrel of charcoal. When he wanted to write, he formed a table by putting a board on the barrel. It was soon evident to Harner and Read that he was not fitted to be a tailor. One morning he packed his small bundle and left, after scrawling with charcoal on the bare wall—*Thomas Buchanan Read*.

Very little is definitely known concerning the next period of his life. He walked to Philadelphia, getting an occasional lift in a Conestoga wagon. He clerked for a time in a cellar grocery, and was for six months an apprentice to a cigar-maker. In 1837 he left for Cincinnati, which he reached by crossing the mountains on foot and taking a boat down the Ohio River. A relative, married to Cyrus Garrett, lived there. Though in after years he spent much time in Philadelphia when he was not in Europe, Cincinnati was always home to him.

In 1839, while Read was painting boats on the Miami Canal, he attracted the attention of Shobal Vail Clevenger, a sculptor whose studio was in Cincinnati. Clevenger set Read to work carving letters and figures on monuments, but this opportunity ended when Clevenger moved to Boston to finish a bust of Webster. Read then opened a shop over a grocery store and painted signs, attending school at intervals. While working in this shop, he met William P. Brannan, a young man who was the grocer's assistant, and they formed a partnership for painting. But orders came in so slowly that Read left for Dayton, Ohio, where he opened a studio in 1840. Failing to get enough work to support himself, he became an actor, playing female parts, for which his slight figure fitted him. After a stay of about a year in Dayton, Read returned to Cincinnati, where he again opened a studio. Nicholas Longworth, the first millionaire in the city, after having seen some of Read's studies of the human face, gave him funds to maintain his studio

while waiting for sitters. He aided him further by having his own portrait painted. In 1840 some friends of General Harrison, who was then candidate for the Presidency, commissioned Read to paint a full-length portrait of him. Though the portrait was pronounced excellent for so young a painter, later in life Read frankly admitted it was "a rather sad daub." When sitters failed to appear, Read went to neighboring towns and cities to paint signs, make cigars, or give entertainments. One of the towns visited during this period was Madison, Indiana, but nothing more than the fact of the visit is known. During his idle moments he wrote occasional verses which were printed in Cincinnati papers, *The Times* and *The Chronicle*. As his interest in painting grew, Read felt the need of improving his technique. He thought of Italy, where his friends, Powers and Clevenger had gone, but he had no money to study there. However, he determined to go to Boston, where there were better opportunities than in Cincinnati.

Early in 1841 he started for Boston. Little is known about this trip except that he worked his way east by painting portraits in villages and hotels along the way and that he stopped a few months in New York City. He reached Boston in the fall. There he met two men who deeply influenced the remaining years of his life: Washington Allston and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Allston, who was distinguished as a painter and lecturer, helped Read until his death in 1843. Read's Boston studio was in the basement of Park Street Church. After getting established, he visited Andover with letters of introduction to some of the leading citizens, and there he painted the portraits of President Leonard Woods and Professor Moses Stuart of the Theological Seminary. Though busy with his painting, he found time to write. These first poems were printed in the *Boston Courier*. Longfellow frequently visited his studio and encouraged him in his writing. This friendship developed in Read a regard that bordered on veneration.

Read also contributed verses to *The Rover*, a New York weekly edited by Seba Smith,<sup>2</sup> who wrote satirical papers under the name of Major Jack Downing. Read wrote "The Fount of the Nile," for *The Symbol*, a Boston paper published in the interests of the

<sup>2</sup> *Bulletin of the Chester County Historical Society*, September 28, 1912, pp. 9-22.

Odd Fellows, but this poem is not included in his collected poems. During the years 1843 and 1844 some of his poems which were printed in the *Boston Courier* were copied by the papers in different parts of the country. But Read's first formal appearance as an author occurred in 1845 in a prose work entitled "Paul Redding, a Tale of the Brandywine." This was published in Boston, and was dedicated to his former benefactor, Nicholas Longworth. A second edition appeared the same year from the press of E. Ferrett and Company, New York.

In 1843 Read married Mary J. Pratt of Gamber, Ohio, immediately following her graduation from the Seminary at Bradford, Massachusetts. At the time of their marriage, Read planned to build a home in the valley in which he was born, but Mrs. Read died before this plan was carried out. In 1846 the Reads moved to Philadelphia, where he opened a studio for painting portraits, though he continued to give part of his time to writing. During these four years he spent in Philadelphia, he published poems in the *Saturday Courier* of that city under the pen name of "Hazel Dell." In 1847 W. D. Ticknor of Boston published Read's first volume of poems, including in it most of the poems that had appeared in the *Boston Courier*. The following year there appeared in Philadelphia a second volume, entitled *Lays and Ballads*, and containing the "Hazel Dell" poems that had been printed in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*. This early work met with extravagant praise and bitter censure. At this time several of the wealthy art buyers of the city, including James L. Claghorn and Ferdinand J. Dreer, became interested in Read's painting.

In 1850 Read and his family went to Europe to fill some orders for original paintings. They arrived in Liverpool on September 5, and spent several weeks there before proceeding to Manchester, where he painted a few pictures. Early in October he reached London and visited the National Gallery. He met many literary men and women of that time, among whom were Tennyson, William and Mary Howitt, and various members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, including Holman Hunt and Dante Rossetti. In January, 1851, he stopped in Aix-la-Chapelle on his way to Dusseldorf, then the most important art center in Germany. There he met Freiligrath, the German poet, and Leutze, the painter, who was then working on his painting, "Washington

Crossing the Delaware." Read was honored by having Freiligrath and Leutze sit for portraits. From Dusseldorf he went to Cologne, where he saw Whittredge, whom he had known in Cincinnati, and who at that time was engaged in painting his "The Seven Mountains." Read's further itinerary included Frankfort, Switzerland, and Northern Italy.

In July, 1851, Read returned to England. During his stay in England he visited the Howitt home, where the young Irish poet, William Allingham, was also a guest. A few days later Allingham introduced Read to Rossetti. When he told Rossetti that he had brought the poet of "Hazel Dell," Rossetti dropped his brush, and with a face glowing from excitement, cried, "You don't say so! How delighted Woolner would be, for he prizes your poems as I do!" Read painted in Rossetti's studio and spent much time with him, Woolner and Hunt.

Early in 1852 Read was back in Philadelphia, where he opened a studio at 215 Chestnut Street. The Read family lived at Borden-town in a house which had been occupied by Washington during the Revolution. It was not far from the grounds of the Bonaparte Mansion in which Mr. Waugh, the painter, had his studio. During this year there appeared an English edition of his poems, published by Delf and Trubner, London, and beautifully illustrated by Kenny Meadows. "The Closing Scene,"<sup>3</sup> which appeared the same year, called forth the extravagant praise of Leigh Hunt, Coventry Patmore and others, but was savagely criticized by a writer in *Sartain's Magazine*.<sup>4</sup> In this critique, Read was branded as a "New Laker"; he was called "the most innocent of the tribe, one of the feeble imitators of Wordsworth, all perfumed, gloved and ladylike." The unknown critic gave Read credit with having shown "evidence of indwelling poetry" at first, but declared that he had gone off in the pursuit "of mere wordy conceits with a mistaken notion that quaintness and verbal platitudes are wisdom and beauty."

In spite of the happiness of his surroundings, Read was anxious to revisit Italy. To him, Florence and Rome were the great art markets to which the wealthy amateurs went to buy what they

<sup>3</sup> Charles Leonard Moore, *The Dial*, (1914) LVI, 7-9.

<sup>4</sup> Ellis Paxton Oberholtzer, *Literary History of Philadelphia*, (Philadelphia, 1906), pp. 391-398.

thought the world approved of in painting and sculpture. In 1853, the year in which A. Hart of Philadelphia published another edition of his poems, Read and his family left for Florence with the intention of making their permanent home there. They settled down to housekeeping in the Via della Fornari, opposite Powers' studio. Read's studio was in an old convent at the corner of the street. Unfortunately, Read's lack of education and training made it impossible for him to understand and appreciate the richness of his artistic surroundings. He rarely visited the galleries, and refused to study the old paintings and the old painters, whose reputations, he felt, were largely achieved by their having been pioneers in the field of art. However, he found Florence socially agreeable and quiet enough to allow him to develop the impressions of American life and scenery in the verses he planned to write, and far enough away to give him the necessary contrast and perspective. In a letter to Henry C. Townsend on April 27, 1853, he stated that he had received more commissions than any two artists, except Powers. In the same letter he wrote that his orders amounted to \$3,300, during the first half year in Italy, and that he could have sold some of his pictures two or three times. It was during the latter part of this summer that he finished the poem on which he felt his future literary fame would rest, "The New Pastoral," but it was not published until the following year.

In the summer of 1855, a cholera epidemic grew worse. The Reads, alarmed by the sudden death of their servant, quickly moved into a hotel on the Arne. Read was doubly anxious because of the serious condition in which Mrs. Read was at that time. On June 24, Lily, the younger daughter, became ill and soon died. After her death, the mother, weakened by watching and grief, was seized by cholera and the pains of labor at the same time, and both mother and unborn child died. Then Powers hurried Read, who was half insane from sleeplessness and grief, to the baths of Lucca, where he was cared for at the villa of Mrs. R. M. Bill of New York. Later, Tait took him to the hotel at which he himself was stopping and watched over him as if he were a child. Together they rode, pitched quoits, and visited neighboring villages. Letters from various parts of Europe, particularly from England, poured in, offering him condolence and sympathy. Mr. Goodrich (Peter Parley) strongly urged him to come to his country seat near

Paris, but lack of time and money prevented his acceptance. During this time of mental depression, he tried to forget his sorrow by writing "The House by the Sea." With the abatement of the epidemic, he returned to Florence in September. While he was preparing to return to the United States, he divided his time between Bellosguarda, where Dr. Lockwood, U.S.N., had a villa, and Powers' home in the city.

In October Read and his daughter Alice went by train to Pisa, by postcarriage from there to Genoa, and on to Paris by way of Lyons, Turin, and Mont Cenis. They spent nearly a month in Paris as the guests of Don Piatt, acting chargé d'affaires, and met there the Peter Parley Goodrich family and some of their other friends who had been in Florence the previous winter. During this stay in Paris, Read's health continued to improve. In November they sailed from Southampton on the steamer *Ericson*. The passage was exceedingly stormy; the tempest, which stripped the decks and carried away the bulwarks and galleys, almost wrecked the vessel.

Soon after their arrival in New York, where they found friends to welcome them, Bayard Taylor gave a dinner at Delmonico's in Read's honor. Among those present were R. H. Stoddard, W. W. Fosdick, the western poet, and Tait. Read did not stop long in New York, but hastened to Philadelphia. On December 18 his new poem "The House by the Sea," was published, and was so well received that the first edition was exhausted within a few weeks. The interest it caused resulted in a demand for a new edition of "The New Pastoral," which had appeared during the same year.

It is difficult to trace the movements of Read during the early part of 1856. In January he opened a studio in Philadelphia and was busy with sitters. He visited Longfellow and Willis, but no details of these visits are available. A letter to Henry C. Townsend, dated June 4, reveals the fact that he was then in Washington, D. C., exhibiting his pictures in the room of the Committee on Indian Affairs. Although Congress was not in session, many visitors came to see his pictures, and his work was kindly received. President and Mrs. Pierce not only visited the exhibition, but invited Read to the White House on several occasions.

During the summer Read was married to Harriet Dennison Butler of Northampton, Massachusetts, and they went to Europe. In a letter to Townsend, Read describes the voyage as having been very stormy. The ship sprang a leak and was saved only through constant pumping. They went directly to England, where they landed at Liverpool on September 13. Read painted a number of portraits in Liverpool, Manchester, and London.

During this visit to England, Read kept informed concerning happenings in the United States. In a letter from Alderly, near Manchester, dated December 3, 1856, and addressed to Townsend, Read expressed his indignation that the Kansas atrocities should be sanctioned. During these months in England, he sent back to America proofs of a new volume of poems, among which were some fugitive poems and a longer eclogue, "Sylvia, or the Lost Shepherd." Two of his poems, "The Awakening Year" and "The Wayside Spring," appeared in an English compilation of nature poems in *Country Life*.

Late that winter Read reached Italy. Among the many ways he had profited by his stay in England was a physical gain of fifteen pounds. In Italy he went immediately to Rome. On Palm Sunday he saw the Pope at St. Peter's borne on the shoulders of six men in commemoration of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem on a donkey. He was impressed by the thousands of artists and forty thousand priests with about the same number of monks and beggars. During this residence in Rome, the Reads lived near Trajan's Forum.

While Mrs. Read spent the summer with the Rothermels from Philadelphia in the mountain town of Enazzano, thirty-three miles from Rome, Read went to England to finish some portraits. In addition to visiting the exhibition of "The Art Treasures," he sold three copies of historical painting, "The Apotheosis of the Innocents," and secured other commissions. Financially, it was a profitable trip. In a letter dated August 25, from Enazzano, Read tells of dining with Thackeray, who had as one of his guests at dinner the editor of the *London Times*. In introducing Read to the editor, Thackeray spoke of him as being "the author of some of the finest poetry of modern times," and especially named "Passing the Icebergs!" Read also spent an evening with Leigh Hunt. Though Read was severely criticized by Gerald Massey, who wrote



a semi-abusive article in the *Atheneum*, he was encouraged by a letter Landor wrote a friend. In the letter occurred this sentence:

In Read's "Midnight" America has stolen a march on us. I have opened his volume there and shall not close it till I have read it through.

By the fall he was back in Rome, working hard. In a letter to Townsend, he wrote: "When my factory gets going, it goes with a 'fiz.'" He was working on Claghorn's picture, which he felt was the best he had done and was bringing him credit among the artists. Though Rome feared a slow winter because of wars in Europe and hard times in America, Read had no fears. He had never been so successful in his paintings as he was this fall; he was now independent of floating patronage. The influence of Europe, particularly his visit to "The Art Treasures" in London, was improving his ability. Other artists honored him by doing pictures from some of his poems: Whittredge from "The Summer Shower," and Thompson from "The House by the Sea." Best of all, both Read and his wife were enjoying excellent health. In one of his letters to Townsend, he described his daily schedule. He rose at bare daylight, drank a cup of coffee and painted till midday; then he ate a light lunch and painted till dark. During this period he wrote no poetry, for he was too tired when evening came to do anything. He did not altogether escape the effects of the hard times, for he lost a thousand dollars by the failure of one of his friends in America.

That Read was still in Rome in April, 1858, is shown by a letter to Townsend. At that time his studio was stocked with the results of his winter's work—pictures which he felt were the best he ever painted and which were to be shipped to America for exhibition and sale. In spite of hard times, he had done very well. He could have sold several of the pictures in the studio if they had not been ordered.

Soon after his April letter, he returned to America. A long break in the correspondence available and the absence of other authoritative information make it difficult to follow him closely during this period. He must have traveled considerably, for he passed part of the summer in Cincinnati in the home of Cyrus

Garrett.<sup>5</sup> Following that visit, he opened a studio in Philadelphia at Parkinson's, next door to the old Academy of Art on Chestnut Street.<sup>6</sup> He was kept busy painting and writing. Among the many friends who aided him were James L. Claghorn, Joseph Harrison, George H. Boker, James W. Brown, Henry C. Townsend, David Bates, and Anna Brewster. Others who frequented his studio were Charles G. Leland, Henry C. Carey, and Hector Tyndale (later General Tyndale) who had, when they were boys, given Read a thrashing and knocked him into a cellar. Strangely enough, this was the beginning of a lifelong friendship. In December he was back in Cincinnati again. A letter addressed to Townsend and written in Cincinnati on December 7, 1858, shows that during this visit he wrote a poem for the Mercantile Library and read it before a crowded audience in one of the largest halls in the city. His letter states that the poem was received with great enthusiasm and that many invitations came to him to read poems, but he declined all.

Very soon after his December visit to Cincinnati, he opened a studio in New York City, but little is known of what happened there. From time to time he made visits to Boston, where he saw much of Longfellow, Holmes, and other friends. In a letter from Studio Building, New York, dated February 12, 1859, Read told Ferdinand J. Dreer, one of his intimate friends, that Longfellow and Holmes had agreed to sit for large historical portraits for the historical collection Dreer was making. He was planning to see Bryant next, but found all these men bored by the requests of many artists. In his letter Read wrote that he had a beautiful studio in New York and was busy. His usual charge for a portrait was one hundred dollars; but he often got two hundred dollars and upward. He reveals his attitude toward financial matters in his statement: "How I hate money matters, and especially asking for money." It was during this period, while he and his wife were visiting the home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. C. H. B. Laing, in Brooklyn, that Read wrote the poem which is generally regarded as his greatest lyric, "Drifting." In June of this year, Read made a five weeks' trip to Boston where he spent some time with the

<sup>5</sup> John R. Tait, "Reminiscences of a Poet-Painter," *Lippincott's Magazine*, (1877), XIX.

<sup>6</sup> Francis De Haes Janvier, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, May 14, 1872.

Longfellow family and painted portraits of the poet and his three daughters.<sup>7</sup> These personal contacts added to his admiration for the Cambridge poet. He also visited Holmes and painted his portrait.

A signal honor came to Read in March, 1860, when he received the commission, signed by sixteen of the leading citizens of Philadelphia, to paint the portrait of George M. Dallas, Minister to the Court of St. James. It was fitting that Read was chosen for this, because both he and Dallas were natives of Pennsylvania. A sentence from Read's letter accepting the commission shows something of his spirit,

Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to aid in transmitting to posterity the features of one who holds so high a place in the hearts of his countrymen.

In the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* in July, 1860, appeared an article from the pen of Anna Brewster, the Rome correspondent of that paper. The date indicates that Read went to Italy before going to England to paint the Dallas portrait. In September Read reached London, ready to paint the portrait. He found Dallas a very pleasant sitter, and greatly enjoyed the work, but this was somewhat offset by the trouble he had in painting Mr. Peabody, who, because of his gout, was an irregular sitter. However, the latter portrait was finally finished in a satisfactory manner.

January, 1861, found the Reads back in Rome, but it was a different Rome. The shadow of evil times was, indeed, at hand. Though he had worked "like a plantation nigger in sugar-time," and had done some sight-seeing and loafing with the Harrisons, he found it increasingly harder to look Europeans in the face when they talked of conditions in America. In January, when there was still hope of preserving the Union, he wrote a poem, "A Vision in the Forum," in which he contrasted the cry for Union in Italy with that against Union in America. He still hoped that his pride in his country might not be humbled by a rupture. At this time Read was working on "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," a story of the Revolutionary War. Finally, in Novem-

<sup>7</sup> *Bulletin of the Chester County Historical Society*, September 28, 1912, pp. 9-22.

ber, 1861, when he could no longer remain in Italy while his own people were at war, he returned to America and went directly to Cincinnati.

Although it is impossible to follow all his war activities, sufficient information is available to show his unselfish, patriotic spirit. He was carried away by the tremendous excitement of that time and volunteered for military service in the field, where he was given the rank of major on the staff of General Lew Wallace. In February, 1863, he was ordered by Major General Rosecranz to visit the headquarters of the army at Murfreesborough to make known to the officers and men what he and his associates were doing. In obedience to this order, Read went to Murfreesborough and on March 10, 1863, made an address which was reported in the *Cincinnati Gazette* and in the *Commercial* of the same city. During the same month he was authorized by Governor O. P. Morton of Indiana to visit the regiments from that state in the Army of the Cumberland to ascertain the condition and needs of the sick and wounded. Though Read volunteered for the defense of Cincinnati when the city was threatened by the Confederates, he probably took little, or no part, in the battle; his service was rendered largely through his voice and his pen.

Under the inspiration of the war in 1863, he finished "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," one of his most vigorous war poems. One day in Cincinnati he read the poem to James E. Murdoch, who soon began to read extracts to the public in his entertainments for the benefit of the soldiers. In the preface of the poem, Read expressed gratification for the fact it had been "instrumental in the hands of Mr. Murdoch of putting no inconsiderable sums of money into the treasuries of sanitary committees." Of the poems he wrote to inspire the cause of Union, "The Oath" shares distinction with "The Wagoner." Mrs. C. H. B. Laing in "In Memorium" in the Townsend *Memoir*, tells of the reception of "The Oath" in Washington. In 1863, when Murdoch was making the round of the Union, giving a series of readings to help keep alive the flame of patriotism, he appeared in the Senate Chamber, but this time he omitted "The Oath." At the close of the reading, President Lincoln sent up a request that he read this poem, which he called "The Swear." When Murdoch ex-

pressed his regret that he did not have it with him and did not trust his memory, Lincoln replied,

Oh, that is easily remedied, for I have "The Swear" in my pocket.

Then he sent it up with Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President. This incident gave Read wider fame in his efforts to promote the cause of Union and won him additional friends. The poem, "Sheridan's Ride," by which Read is best known, was written later in the war, November 1, 1864.

In 1867 the Reads returned to Italy. During their prolonged stay in Rome, they lived at the corner of the Via Babuino and the Piazza di Spagna, overlooking the noted Scala. At this time, although he was suffering from the results of his war activities, he continued the work he had been doing before the war. He resumed his old custom of working from early in the morning until late at night to fill his orders. Often while he worked at the easel, his wife read aloud to him from some favorite author. In the summer of 1868 he suffered a breakdown and was compelled to seek a cooler climate. Driven from Rome, he spent three months in Switzerland and Dusseldorf, but winter found him back in Rome working and entertaining.

The Reads had the good fortune to reside in Rome when the Italian nationality was completed and the armies of Victor Emanuel entered the Eternal City.<sup>8</sup> Read caught the spirit of the hour and wrote a poem to welcome the victor. This personal interest brought Read the close friendship of Prince Humbert and Princess Marguerite, and resulted in frequent visits between the studio and the Quirinal Palace. At one time the prince, accompanied by several members of the court, visited Read's studio, where he was received with Read's characteristic ease and simplicity of manner. As the prince passed from one painting to another, expressing his admiration of all, he went into a smaller room where he saw a bust of Sheridan, which he examined with great enthusiasm. Later Read was invited to dine at the Quirinal Palace, where the Princess Marguerite and two of her ladies of honor were present.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 9-22.

Early in 1869 Read finished painting his "Sheridan's Ride," which was praised by Lawrence Kip, who had served under Sheridan, and by others who had known him personally. But all this industry and ambition took a heavy toll from his physical strength. In the autumn of 1871 he received a severe shock from an accident, from which he never fully recovered. While riding with Governor Ward of New Jersey to visit the Colosseum by night, he was badly injured when the driver carelessly drove the carriage into an excavation by the roadside. Read was picked up insensible, but partially recovered from the accident and worked diligently through the long and sickly winter at Rome.

In the spring he felt an irresistible yearning to return to his native land, believing at times that it would be to die there. He sailed from Liverpool on April 20. While on board the steamer, he was stricken with pneumonia, but by the most careful nursing he reached New York alive. On May 4 he was carried to the Astor House, where he died May 11, in the presence of his wife and many friends. He was survived only by his second wife, the older daughter, Alice, having died in 1870, and, according to the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* of April 8, 1881, a son in 1853. During his brief illness, he frequently expressed the desire to live to reach Cincinnati, where he hoped he might spend the summer completing the poem he had started in Rome. Previous to his death, he said to his mother-in-law, of whom he was very fond,

There's a divinity which shapes our ends.

To one who was with him, he said,

Am I in the garden now?

And just before he breathed his last breath, as his loved ones were bestowing on him their last tokens of affection, he said,

Your kisses are very sweet to me.