

**HUMAN DOCUMENTS:
PORTRAITS
AND BIOGRAPHIES
OF EMINENT MEN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649609147

Human Documents: Portraits and Biographies of Eminent Men by Various

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

VARIOUS

**HUMAN DOCUMENTS:
PORTRAITS
AND BIOGRAPHIES
OF EMINENT MEN**



BISMARCK IN 1874.

From a photograph by Karl Hahn, Munich.

(See page 25.)

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF EMINENT MEN

ARTICLES BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, HERBERT
SPENCER, PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, EDWARD EVER-
ETT HALE, H. H. BOYESEN, GEN. HORACE PORTER,
HAMLIN GARLAND, ROBERT BARR AND OTHERS

WITH 275 ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
S. S. McCLURE, LIMITED
30 LAFAYETTE PLACE
1895

~~Y17,3358~~

H 1158.95.3



W. H. ...

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY
S. S. McCLURE, LIMITED

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY
S. S. McCLURE, LIMITED

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY
S. S. McCLURE, LIMITED

INTRODUCTION.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

TO give to the world a collection of the successive portraits of a man is to tell his affairs openly, and so betray intimate personalities. We are often found quarrelling with the tone of the public press, because it yields to what is called the public demand to be told both the private affairs of noteworthy persons and the trivial details and circumstances of those who are insignificant. Some one has said that a sincere man willingly answers any questions, however personal, that are asked out of interest, but instantly resents those that have their impulse in curiosity; and that one's instinct always detects the difference. This I take to be a wise rule of conduct; but beyond lies the wider subject of our right to possess ourselves of personal information, although we have a vague remembrance, even in these days, of the belief of old-fashioned and decorous people, that subjects, not persons, are fitting material for conversation.

But there is an honest interest, which is as noble a thing as curiosity is contemptible; and it is in recognition of this, that Lowell writes in the largest way in his "Essay on Rousseau and the Sentimentalists."

"Yet our love of minute biographical details," he says, "our desire to make ourselves spies upon the men of the past, seems so much of an instinct in us, that we must look for the spring of it in human nature, and that somewhat deeper than mere curiosity or love of gossip." And more emphatically in another paragraph: "The moment he undertakes to establish . . . a rule of conduct, we ask at once how far are his own life and deed in accordance with what he preaches?"

This I believe to be at the bottom of even our insatiate modern eagerness to know the best and the worst of our contemporaries; it is simply to find out how far their behavior squares with their words and position. We seldom stop to get the best point of view, either in friendly talk or in a sober effort, to notice the growth of character, or, in the widest way, to comprehend the traits and influence of a man whose life in any way affects our own.

Now and then, in an old picture gallery, one comes upon the grouped portraits of a great soldier, or man of letters, or some fine lady whose character still lifts itself into view above the dead level of feminine conformity which prevailed in her time. The blurred pastel, the cracked and dingy canvas, the delicate brightness of a miniature which bears touching signs of wear—from these we piece together a whole life's history. Here are the impersonal baby face; the domineering glance of the schoolboy, lord of his dog and gun; the wan-visaged student who was just beginning to confront the serried ranks of those successes which conspired to hinder him from his duty and the fulfilment of his dreams; here is the mature man, with grave reticence of look and a proud sense of achievement; and at last the older and vaguer face, blurred and pitifully conscious of fast waning powers. As they hang in a row they seem to bear mute witness to all the successes and failures of a life.

This very day, perhaps, you chanced to open a drawer and take in your hand, for amusement's sake, some old family daguerreotypes. It is easy enough to laugh at the stiff positions and droll costumes; but suddenly you find an old likeness of yourself, and walk away with it, self-consciously, to the window, with a pretence of seeking a better light on the quick-reflecting, faintly impressed plate. Your earlier, half-forgotten self confronts you seriously; the youth whose hopes you have disappointed, or whose dreams you have turned into realities. You search the young face; perhaps you even look deep into the eyes of your own babyhood to discover your dawning consciousness; to answer back to yourself, as it were, from the known and discovered countries of that baby's future. There is a fascination in reading character backwards. You may or may not be able easily to revive early thoughts and impressions, but with an early portrait in your hand they do revive again in spite of you; they seem to be living in the pictured face to applaud or condemn you. In these old pictures exist our former selves. They

wear a mystical expression. They are still ourselves, but with unfathomable eyes staring back to us out of the strange remoteness of our outgrown youth.

"Surely I have known before
Phantoms of the shapes ye be—
Haunters of another shore
Leaguered by another sea."

It is somehow far simpler and less startling to examine a series of portraits of some other face and figure than one's own. Perhaps it is most interesting to take those of some person whom the whole world knows, and whose traits and experiences are somewhat comprehended. You say to yourself, "This was Nelson before ever he fought one of his great sea battles; this was Washington, with only the faintest trace of his soldiering and the leisurely undemanding aspect of a country gentleman!" *Human Documents*—the phrase is Daudet's, and tells its own story, with no need of additional attempts of suggestiveness.

It would seem to be such an inevitable subject for sermon writing, that no one need be unfamiliar with warnings, lest our weakness and wickedness leave traces upon the countenance—awful, ineffaceable hieroglyphics, that belong to the one universal primitive language of mankind. Who cannot read faces? The merest savage, who comprehends no written language, glances at you to know if he may expect friendliness or enmity, with a quicker intelligence than your own.

The lines that are written slowly and certainly by the pen of character, the deep mark that sorrow once left, or the light sign-manual of an unfading joy, there they are and will remain; it is at length the aspect of the spiritual body itself, and belongs to the unfolding and existence of life. We have never formulated a science like palmistry on the larger scale that this character-reading from the face would need; but to say that we make our own faces, and having made them, have made pieces of immortality, is to say what seems trite enough. A child turns with quick impatience and incredulity from the dull admonitions of his teachers, about goodness and good looks. To say, "Be good and you will be beautiful," is like giving him a stone for a lantern. Beauty seems an accident rather than an achievement, and a cause

instead of an effect; but when childhood has passed, one of the things we are sure to have learned, is to read the sign-language of faces, and to take the messages they bring. Recognition of these things is sure to come to us more and more by living; there is no such thing as turning our faces into unbetraying masks. A series of portraits is a veritable Human Document, and the merest glance may discover the progress of the man, the dwindled or developed personality, the history of a character.

These sentences are written merely as suggestions, and from the point of view of morals; there is also the point of view of heredity, and the curious resemblance between those who belong to certain professions. Just what it is that makes us almost certain to recognize a doctor or a priest at first glance is too subtle a question for discussion here. Some one has said that we usually arrive, in time, at the opposite extreme to those preferences and opinions which we hold in early life. The man who breaks away from conventionalities, ends by returning to them, or out of narrow prejudices and restrictions grows towards a late and serene liberty. These changes show themselves in the face with amazing clearness, and it would seem also, that even individuality sways us only for a time; that if we live far into the autumnal period of life we lose much of our individuality of looks, and become more emphatically members of the family from which we spring. A man like Charles the First was already less himself than he was a Stuart; we should not fail in instances of this sort, nor seek far afield. The return to the type compels us steadily; at last it has its way. Very old persons, and those who are dangerously ill, are often noticed to be curiously like their nearest of kin, and to have almost visibly ceased to be themselves.

All time has been getting our lives ready to be lived, to be shaped as far as may be by our own wills, and furthered by that conscious freedom that gives us to be ourselves. You may read all these in any Human Document—the look of race, the look of family, the look that is set like a seal by a man's occupation, the look of the spirit's free or hindered life, and success or failure in the pursuit of goodness—they are all plain to see. If we could read one human face aright, the history not only of the man, but of humanity itself, is written there.

NOTE.—The above paper originally introduced series of portraits published in McCLECK'S MAGAZINE. As these portraits form a large part of the contents of the present volume, the paper may very aptly introduce it too, although the author, in writing, did not have in contemplation the biographical studies with which the portraits are here combined.—
ERROR.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A DAY WITH GLADSTONE. H. W. Massingham	3
PORTRAITS OF GLADSTONE	12
PORTRAITS OF BISMARCK	25
PERSONAL TRAITS OF GENERAL GRANT. General Horace Porter	37
PORTRAITS OF GENERAL GRANT	45
SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL SHERMAN. S. H. M. Byers	61
PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL. Herbert Spencer	73
MR. DANA OF "THE SUN." Edward P. Mitchell	81
PORTRAITS OF CHARLES A. DANA	105
MY FIRST BOOK—"TREASURE ISLAND." Robert Louis Stevenson	111
PORTRAITS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	122
AN AFTERNOON WITH OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Edward Everett Hale	127
PORTRAITS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES	136
HOWELLS AND BOYSEN. A Conversation. Recorded by Professor Boyesen	140
PORTRAITS OF W. D. HOWELLS	148
PORTRAITS OF PROFESSOR H. H. BOYSEN	150
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. A Conversation with Hamlin Garland. Recorded by Mr. Garland	152
A MORNING WITH BRET HARTE. Henry J. W. Dam.	165

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE AUTHOR OF "TRILBY." Robert H. Sherard	178
A. CONAN DOYLE AND ROBERT BARR. A Conversation. Recorded by Mr. Barr	189
EUGENE FIELD AND HAMLIN GARLAND. A Conversation. Recorded by Mr. Garland	201
PORTRAITS OF EUGENE FIELD	210
PORTRAITS OF DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY	212
MR. MOODY: SOME IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS. Professor Henry Drummond . .	213
PORTRAITS OF PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND	232
PORTRAITS OF GEORGE W. CABLE	235
PORTRAITS OF ALPHONSE DAUDET	237
ALPHONSE DAUDET AT HOME. Robert H. Sherard	239

The articles and pictures in this volume are reproduced, for the most part, from numbers of McClure's Magazine between June, 1893, and May, 1895.