

## POE FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

IN the history of American authors there has probably not been a life of more pathetic interest than that of Edgar Allan Poe. Indeed, misfortune seems to have pursued him to his grave; and even after his death his memory was unmercifully traduced. Griswold's spiteful and vicious attack in the memoir prefixed to his edition of Poe's works set the fashion, which, except in rare instances, has been followed somewhat blindly. But here and there a few brave writers have dared to offer a word in defence, and to state the facts, even at the risk of being voted biassed and narrow of view. Some essayists, however, emboldened by these sporadic efforts, have recoiled to the other extreme, and by their unbounded admiration of everything that came from Poe's pen have done his cause quite as much harm as those who shamefully defame him. Needless to say, somewhere between these two extremes lies the region of truth. Wholesome advice is contained in the maxim *Ne quid nimis*; and this motto will furnish us a safe guide in literary as well as in political controversies.

It is wellnigh impossible to give a just and correct estimate of an author either during his life or immediately after his death. Proximity to a beautiful landscape distorts our view, and prevents our receiving a correct and adequate impression of its beauty. We must get the proper perspective and view the landscape from a point not too near, on the one hand, or too remote, on the other. Surely, then, after the lapse of half a century we may turn our glass upon Poe, in the hope of obtaining a fairer and more adequate view of the author's genius than was possible on the part of his contemporaries.

Poe's detractors have indicted him on the charge of gross immorality. To be more specific, they have said that he was an habitual drunkard, an ingrate, a scoffer, and a libertine. Now, it is not the purpose of this paper to defend Poe against the charge of occasional drunkenness. Not even his most ardent admirers, unless so utterly biassed as to be incapable of appreciating an established fact, would, I fancy, attempt to exonerate him from this accusation. But, while it is true that Poe indulged

all too freely his convivial passion, it is equally true that he endeavored to abstain, and that he actually did abstain, from such indulgence sometimes for several months in succession. Like many others, however, he had been reared in a household where liberal potations seem to have been encouraged, or, at all events, not forbidden. Poe, unfortunately, inherited from his parents, who were stage people, a lack of self-control; and it was against this inherited weakness and deficiency in will-power that he fought with varying success and failure all his mature years, until at last he yielded and sank down in utter despair.

Little need be said in reply to the other specific charges. The conviction has grown upon me, after a careful study of his life and works, that, although at times he seemed to show but scant appreciation of the kindnesses bestowed upon him by some of his friends, Poe nevertheless was not an ingrate. He had many friends, who, when after his death an attempt was made by his enemies to plant thorns upon his grave, interposed and themselves planted roses there. I do not believe Poe was a scoffer. Nor, on the other hand, do I think that he had any deep and abiding religious convictions, or that he ever drew much comfort from his religion. In reference to the last count in the indictment, I feel, after reading Professor Woodberry's biography, that few men have ever proved more devoted and faithful husbands than did Poe to his beautiful but frail Virginia. Upon the evidence of Mrs. Clemm, Poe's mother-in-law, his conjugal relations were entirely free from every discordant element; and his untiring devotion to his wife in her last lingering illness was as beautiful as it was pathetic. Moreover, there is not the slightest suggestion of immorality in any poem or story which Poe wrote. His works are as chaste as an icicle. This is far more than can be said of much of our present-day fiction.

Poe's genius may be considered in a threefold aspect. He may be regarded as a critic, as a poet, and as a romancer. In each of these realms Poe attained to eminence; but it is only in the last two aspects that I wish especially to consider him now. I need hardly say that I do not intend by this to imply any disparagement of his critical genius. On the contrary, Poe, in my judgment, is rightly entitled to the distinction of being the first American man of letters to write criticism deserving the name. Before his advent into journalism criticism had been but little better than fulsome flattery. After his appearance journalistic criticism entered upon a new era. His reviews, though frequently drastic, and sometimes, it must be admitted, inspired by personal prejudice, had, nevertheless, a wholesome and stimulating effect upon American author-

ship. His "Marginalia" awakened a sense of injustice and resentment in the breasts of the more virile, and struck sheer terror to the hearts of the weaklings. Mr. Stedman justly calls his sketches "a prose Dunciad, waspish and unfair, yet not without touches of magnanimity." It has been truly observed that whenever Poe, unbiassed by personal motives, pronounced favorably upon the talents of an author, such as Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Browning, or Tennyson, his judgments have been sustained by the verdict of the present generation. But his prejudice made him merciless and unrelenting to the New England poets, as a class. According to his view nothing good or beautiful could come out of the Nazareth of Boston. It need hardly be remarked that the present generation has, in many instances, reversed Poe's critical dicta.

But enough of Poe as a critic. Let us now take up his poetry. In his masterly essay on Thomas Gray, Matthew Arnold says of that writer that his whole history as a poet is contained in a remark, made by an appreciative friend, to the effect that "he never spoke out in poetry." The same remark is equally applicable to Poe; for it is a common feeling, shared alike by the present generation and by his contemporaries, that he never really gave complete utterance to the poetry which kindled his imagination and stirred his soul.

Poe was not a prolific writer. All the poetry that he ever published could be pressed between the covers of a very slender book. But volume is not the only, or even the main, criterion in determining the standing of a poet. Indeed, it is rather an insignificant factor. In the determination of a poet's standing, spontaneity and passion, not volume, are the criteria. "Poetry," says Poe, in the preface to his juvenile productions, "has been with me a passion, not a purpose." Still, we heartily wish that he had written more of purpose, though no less of passion.

It must be conceded that Poe's range of subject—his register, to borrow a musical term—was quite narrow. In his youth, as a critic has observed, he struck the key-notes of a few themes; and the output of his mature years was but a variation on these. The death, in his youth, of a lady to whom he was devoted made a profound impression upon his susceptible heart, and filled his soul with a poignant feeling of sadness and of longing for one far removed from human companionship and beyond recall. This henceforth was to be the inspiration of his genius and the burden of his song. Says Mr. Edmund Gosse, the eminent English critic, himself no mean poet: "If Poe had not harped so persistently on his one theme of remorseful passion for the irrevocable dead, if he had employed his extraordinary, his unparalleled gifts of

melodious invention, with equal skill, in illustrating a variety of themes, he must have been with the greatest poets."

Poe's best-known poems, those upon which his fame as a poet rests, are "The Raven," first of all, "The Bells," "For Annie," "Ulalume," "The City in the Sea," "The Haunted Palace," and "The Conqueror Worm." Of these "The Raven," written in 1845, is by far the most widely known, and deservedly the most popular. With its publication Poe, like Byron with the publication of "Childe Harold," leaped immediately into fame. His manuscript articles which, up to this time, editors had kept in dark pigeon-holes were now brought to the light of day, and were greatly in request; and enterprising magazines were eager to announce, as a special attraction, a new poem by the author of "The Raven." The instant success of this production provoked a new edition of Poe's writings, which appeared toward the end of the year 1845, under the title, "The Raven and Other Poems." This volume contained wellnigh all the verse Poe had ever written. The early poems had undergone alterations more or less slight, in accordance with the author's fashion of recasting and republishing his early work as if it were appearing for the first time.

In view of the popularity of "The Raven" and of its importance as being Poe's greatest poem, it will not be out of place to linger over it for a while and notice it somewhat in detail. In his "Philosophy of Composition," Poe gives a detailed account of his method of composing "The Raven" and of its *motif*; and the story has such a *vraisemblance* and such a positiveness about it as almost to compel belief. Moreover, the author's peculiar views, which he set forth elsewhere, in respect of the poetic principle are involved in the account; and he uses "The Raven" to illustrate his theory as to the aim and scope of poetry.

Poe believed, with Coleridge, that the pleasure arising from the contemplation of beauty is keener, more chaste, and more elevating to the soul than that which springs from the contemplation of truth by the mere intellect, or even than that which springs from any passion of the heart. He maintained, further, that it is through this sentiment of beauty that man acquires his clearest conceptions of eternal nature, and is consequently brought into closest touch with the divine. This subtle power exists in the beauty of nature, which inspires man with a belief in something beyond nature, fairer and more beautiful still, to be discerned only by the imagination. It is the province of art to fashion this ideal beauty for the gratification of man's spiritual emotion. This is the end and aim of all the fine arts, but more especially of the crown-

ing arts of music and poetry. The incitements of passion, the precepts of duty, and even the lessons of truth are included; but they must be subordinated to the main point of the contemplation of beauty. It follows, therefore, that beauty is the sole legitimate theme of poetry; and so Poe defined poetry as "the rhythmical creation of beauty."

However, Poe in his definition did not take the term beauty in its widest and broadest sense, which would include all truth, emotion, and ethics. On the contrary, he restricted the term to what he was pleased to call supernal beauty, that is, the domain of sadness and regret. He regarded a beautiful woman as the very quintessence of beauty, and the death of such a woman as the most poetical theme in the world. This is the *motif* and inspiration of "The Raven." On the general principle that vice can never be beautiful, of course nothing base or degrading could legitimately fall within the province of poetry.

As a minor consideration Poe insisted that, from the very nature of our mental constitution, it is necessary that a poem be brief and aim at a single artistic effect, since the undivided attention cannot be held for several consecutive hours by one subject. This canon, however, was inspired by Schlegel's dictum of the unity or totality of interest. Such a long poem as the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," or "Paradise Lost," according to Poe's theory, depends for its interest and effect upon the various briefer incidents or poems which go to make it up. When we read a poem of great length the attention naturally relaxes at intervals; and, since the interest is not sustained throughout, the poem fails to produce a single artistic effect. Furthermore, Poe maintained that, in order for a poem to produce a characteristic effect, it should possess a distinct rhythm or metre, together with a certain grotesqueness of conception and quaintness of language. Now, all these conditions, Poe claimed, were met in "The Raven" in particular, and in his other poems in general. For in the former we find as the *motif* of the poem the death of a beautiful woman, Lenore; the unique refrain "Nevermore;" a certain grotesqueness of conception in the setting; and an air of quaintness about the language.

Like Lanier, another Southern singer whose career offers almost as many pathetic incidents, Poe was endowed by nature with a keen appreciation of rhythm and music. He was preëminently a melodist; and, what is more, the melody of his verse has not been equalled in the history of American literature, and is not surpassed by any British poet. But, as has been already stated, his register was not wide. Within a limited range he could and did achieve remarkable results, as in the re-

frain of "The Bells" or "The Raven." The musical effect of the ballad of either of these poems was, up to the time of their publication, unequalled, and it has not been surpassed since. Poe, with a few choice words, like Paganini with his simple violin, produced a spell which was truly marvellous. It is said of the great musician that such was his control of his instrument, and such his perfection of technique, that in every part of musical Europe even with his very first notes he held vast audiences spell-bound. It may be said of Poe that such was his intuitive sense of beauty, and such the melody of his verse, that he arrested the reluctant attention of the reading public of the two English-speaking nations, and by his haunting music cast a glamour over their poets which none of them, after repeated efforts, has ever since succeeded in reproducing. Mr. Gosse tells us that Poe has proved himself to be the Piper of Hamelin to all later English poets, of whom there is hardly one whose verse music does not show traces of his influence. Surely, it is no small distinction thus to have stamped the impress of one's own genius for melodious verse upon the succeeding generation of English poets, and that, too, of the Victorian era.

Poe is sometimes called a poet of one poem; and the criticism is not altogether unjust. For to the world at large he is generally known as the author of "The Raven." I think Mr. Stedman comes nearer the truth, however, when in an epigrammatic sentence he says: "Poe was not a single-poem poet, but a poet of a single mood." The theme is the same in almost all his poems, namely, ruin. This is the burden of his song; this is the one poetic subject that always kindled his imagination. To be sure, the treatment varies, as might be expected; but the inspiration of his poetry is almost invariably drawn from this one source. "Israfel" furnishes an exception, but it is an exception which proves the rule.

This is Poe's greatest limitation; and a serious limitation it certainly is. It undermines the foundation of his claim to being regarded a great poet, in the sense that English poets like Milton, Dryden, Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and many others that might be named are entitled to rank as great poets. Poe, in my judgment, is an artist in verse; a great artist, indeed, but hardly a great poet. It is true that he possesses "originality in the treatment of themes, perennial charm, exquisite finish in execution, and distinction of individual manner"—elements of poetical greatness as set forth by an eminent English essayist and critic—but he lacks, it seems to me, one of the qualifications needed to entitle him to rank with the great poets. His fatal defect is



his narrowness of range. "The Raven" may wing its ceaseless flight through anthologies, and be admired by generations yet unborn; but this alone does not make its author a great poet any more than the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" entitles Gray to rank with the world's great poets. However, although this Southern poet may fail of the distinction of being entitled to rest in the Valhalla of the world's great poets, yet, in my opinion, he justly deserves to rank with the greatest American poets, if, indeed, he is not the very greatest among them.

But it is time for us to consider our author in the aspect of romance. Dearly as he loved it, poetry was never a serious purpose with Poe, as he himself informed the reading public in his youthful preface. It was upon his prose romance and his critical work that he relied to establish his fame. Upon these he was willing to stake his claim to immortality. It ought to be remarked here, however, that it was more especially in the province of romance that he exhibited, in the highest degree, his intellectual force — his vigorous imagination and his acute analytical powers. He has handed down his name to the present generation as the founder of the school of writers, now so popular, who practise the short story. He also deserves the distinction of being the founder of the modern detective story and the modern sea story. Dr. A. Conan Doyle, whether he acknowledges it or not, must be classed as a disciple of Poe; for his "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" is but the method of Poe carried to its logical conclusion.

Poe's power developed early. Indeed, his genius may be called precocious. Some of his early stories were among his best, and were hardly surpassed in his mature years. His earliest effort, "A MS. Found in a Bottle," exhibits practically the same distinctive qualities as appear in the flower of his work. The difference is one of degree, not of kind. That was a suggestive comment made by Kennedy, to whom young Poe submitted his maiden manuscript: "The young fellow is highly imaginative, and a little given to the terrific." And the criticism is just; for there is no story written by Poe which is not more or less grotesque, and which does not give unmistakable evidence of the author's rare gift of imagination.

His stories naturally divide themselves into two classes: first, the analytical tales, dealing with the grotesque and the terrible; and, secondly, the speculative tales, dealing with the weird and the supernatural. Examples of the former class are "The Black Cat," "The Gold-Bug," "The Tell-tale Heart," and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue;" examples of

the latter are "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Ligeia," "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains," and "William Wilson." The latter class constitutes the author's earlier work in fiction. In the tales of this class Poe gradually worked up to a *dénouement* through a complicated series of facts and incidents. In the tales of the former group, starting with the *dénouement*, he gradually unravelled the plot by his ratiocinative method until he worked his way, incident by incident, back to the very beginning. The end aimed at is different, as well as the starting-point. In the imaginative group it is the emotional element which is emphasized; whereas in the ratiocinative group the solution of the mystery is all important, and the attention is accordingly focussed upon the incidents leading up to this mystery. In both classes of tales Poe showed his inventive genius, his rare imagination, and his subtle artistic power in the selection and in the grouping of the facts — this last especially in the ratiocinative tales.

The following paragraph is interesting as setting forth in the author's own words the aim which he sought and the method which he followed in the construction of his tales:

"A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this pre-conceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the out-bringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it, with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel."

In all Poe's stories, subtly conceived and cleverly and exquisitely executed as some of them incontestably are, there is no one character that has taken hold of the affections or that really lives. Poe never painted a single live character. Though a consummate artist, he yet lacked that subtle power of characterization which Thackeray exhibited, in so eminent a degree, in the creation of his immortal Becky Sharp, and Dickens in the creation of his equally famous Sam Weller. These characters are as well known as if they had been real flesh and blood, and will doubtless continue to live in the affections of the people as long as English literature lives. But we search in vain in Poe's fiction for any counterpart to the tactful, impudent Becky Sharp or the resourceful Sam Weller. We find nothing in Poe that even remotely approaches either



of these famous characters. His men and women are as cold as marble, and about as destitute of feeling. They do not appeal to the sympathies; they do not touch the heart. They are clever sketches, faultlessly drawn; but they are, after all, simply "ingenious studies in black and white." Pygmalion so loved Galatea, the beautiful creation of his chisel, that the gods inspired the cold marble with life, to satisfy the prayerful yearning of the artist's heart. But Poe never had any deep reverence or tender feeling for any of the cold, soulless creations of his genius. It is said that some novelists have wept when they have killed the heroes of their own invention. Poe was not of these. He did not hesitate to alter and make over again any of his uninspired, lifeless characters, or even to reduce Deity itself — as in "Eureka" — to a mere mathematical formula. Poe's men and women were conceived in the head, not in the heart, and born of the intellect; consequently they had no warmth of feeling, no soul. This fatal defect in characterization is due, in large measure, to Poe's woe-ful lack of human sympathy and his utter lack of humor. In no other part of his writings did he make such a signal, glaring failure as in his humorous tales.

Moreover, Poe did not know how to combine people and situations in ordinary life. He could paint one character only at a time. He never learned the art of painting from life, and never succeeded in portraying characters in their interplay upon one another. Indeed, when he painted he took his models not from real life, but from his own imagination. He was the victim of his own over-developed fancy. Here is the weak spot in Poe's artistic equipment. His imagination was abnormally developed, and he lacked the will-power to control and direct it. It was this abnormal imagination that gave color and direction to all he ever achieved, not only in fiction, but also in actual life. It was the promptings of his imagination that he followed when, in his effort to throw men and women upon the canvas, he projected morbid persons like himself, not robust, healthy characters. He could, it is true, invent single situations that resembled those of actual life; but he could not follow these up in a natural sequence. In short, he was a romancer, not a novelist. I believe, with Mr. Stedman, that Poe could never have written a novel.

Yet, despite the limitations of his tales Poe was an entertaining, a charming romancer withal. Of his sixty tales or prose narratives it will be found, when they are sifted, that only about a third deserve to live. But these will live; and they have already won for their author, abroad as well as at home, a fame which, perhaps, no other American

has excelled. By his intellectual characteristics he seems to have appealed to the French reading public with special force. Indeed, the French were the first foreigners to discover his star, which they hailed with characteristic delight — a star whose light, after more than half a century, shows no sign of waning brilliance. It appears from the biography appended to the definitive edition of Poe by Messrs. Stedman and Woodberry that between 1890 and 1895 there were made at least ten translations of his works into various foreign languages. What can have brought about such a remarkable result? In a word, it must be Poe's unique genius — his intense originality, which has hardly been paralleled in literary history, and his indefinable, inimitable charm of manner, which appeals not simply to men of one particular clime or country, but to all men everywhere.

EDWIN W. BOWEN.

## WRITERS IN THE JUNE FORUM.

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MR. KARL BLIND, born at Mannheim, Germany, Sept. 4, 1826, was educated at Heidelberg and Bonn universities. Active for German union and freedom, was imprisoned in Bavaria and Baden before the Revolution of 1848, in which he took a leading part, at Karlsruhe. After participating in the Republican rising led by Hecker, was arrested at Strasburg on a false charge of being implicated in the Paris insurrection in June, and was transported to Switzerland. Was leader of the second Republican rising in the Black Forest, and fought at Staufen. A prisoner of war, and court-martialled, his life was saved by the secret sympathy of two members of the Court. After eight months' captivity was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, but was liberated by the people and the army who overthrew the Grand-ducal government in 1849. Was member of the Embassy at Paris of the Democratic Governments of Baden and Rhenish Palatinate. Was arrested, under Louis Napoleon, in violation of the law of nations, after the overthrow of Ledru-Rollin's rising for the protection of the Roman Republic, and proscribed from France. Carried on a Democratic and National propaganda from England. Coöperated with Garibaldi, Mazzini, and other European leaders. Has published numerous essays on politics, archæology, history, mythology, philosophy, and ancient German and Norse literature.

PROF. EDWIN W. BOWEN was born in southern Maryland in 1866. In 1889 was graduated with the degree of A.M. from Randolph-Macon College, Virginia. Immediately entered the Johns Hopkins University to take advanced courses in English, Latin, and German, and from this institution received his Ph.D. degree in 1892. Upon his graduation was elected Assistant-Professor of English in the University of Missouri, which position he resigned after a tenure of one year in order to prosecute further his studies in Europe. Spent the following year at the University of Leipzig, pursuing advanced courses in Teutonic philology and literature. In 1894 was elected to the chair of Latin in Randolph-Macon College, his present position. Has published several monographs on English philology, both in European and American journals, and from time to time has contributed essays of a literary character to the magazines.

MR. ABRAHAM CAHAN was born in 1860 near Wilna, Russia. Graduated from the Teachers' Institute of Wilna and taught in a public school. Became implicated in the Nihilist propaganda, and fled for his liberty to Austria; subsequently came to America. In 1896 attracted attention by his "Yekl, a Tale of the New York Ghetto," which work was followed by "The Imported Bridegroom and other stories of the Ghetto." Has contributed stories and sketches to leading American magazines, and is at present connected with the New York "Commercial Advertiser."

MR. HAROLD MARTIN was born in New York in 1870. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war entered the service of the Associated Press, which he represented in Porto Rico and Cuba. Was also correspondent for "Harper's Weekly" and "Collier's Weekly." Represented the Associated Press in the Philippines from July, 1899, to December, 1900.

MR. GUSTAVUS MYERS was born in 1874 at Trenton, N. J. Was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia. Later served as reporter and editor on various newspapers in Philadelphia and New York. Is author of "The History of Public Franchises in New York City," published in May, 1900, and "The History of Tammany Hall," issued in January, 1901.

PROF. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, born in Boston, 1847, graduated from Harvard in 1869 and from Harvard Divinity School in 1872. Is D.D. of Yale. Held the pastorate of the First Parish Church, Cambridge, from 1874 to 1880, when he was appointed Parkman Professor of Theology in Harvard Divinity School. Since 1886 has been Plummer Professor of Christian Morals. Is author of "Mornings in the College Chapel," "Short Addresses to Young Men on Personal Religion," and other works.

THE REV. ALDEN WALKER QUIMBY was born near Womelsdorf, Pennsylvania, in 1854, and received his early education in the schools of his mother, father, and maternal grandfather, Walker Stephen, a nonagenarian who taught for half a century. In 1878 the Methodist Episcopal Church called him into its ministry. Holds a pastorate at Berwyn, Pa. Has lectured extensively, and contributed to various magazines.

PROF. PAUL S. REINSCH was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1869. Was educated at the University of Wisconsin, and studied contemporary politics in England, Germany, France, and Italy. Is Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin. Has published monographs on the common law in the American colonies and on "French Experience with Representative Government in the West Indies," and a book on "World Politics at the End of the Nineteenth Century."

MR. ALBERT GARDNER ROBINSON was born in Winchester, Mass., in 1855. On leaving school, entered commercial life. In this he remained for some twenty-five years, until the beginning of the Spanish-American war, in the spring of 1898, when he accepted a position as correspondent for the New York "Evening Post." In that capacity has served in Porto Rico, going out with the earliest detachment of troops, and remaining until after the taking of formal possession, at San Juan; in Cuba, where he watched the initial steps of the government of intervention; in the Philippine Islands; and in South Africa. Has recently returned from a second visit to Cuba, made for the purpose of studying the work of the Cuban convention from the Cuban standpoint.

MR. HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST, a native of New York, is one of the best-known and ablest writers on political subjects at the National capital. For a number of years has occupied an editorial position on the Washington "Post," in charge of the Congressional and political work.

MR. JOHN P. YOUNG is managing editor of the San Francisco "Chronicle," a position he has filled since 1878. On the subject of Protection, has written quite prolifically for the "Chronicle" and other publications. Is the author of an extended paper on the subject of Oriental competition, which was printed as a United States Senate document. Also wrote a monograph on "Bimetallism or Monometallism," which has been widely quoted in and out of Congress. Mr. Young is a native of Pennsylvania, and in his youth attended the public schools in the city of Philadelphia. Embarked on his career of journalism in 1869, at the age of twenty, and has filled every position in the profession from office boy to editor.