



REMINISCENCES T. DE WITT TALMAGE

WILL CARLETON, AUTHOR OF "FARM BALLADS,"
WRITES INTERESTINGLY OF HIS OLD NEIGHBOR

WHEN I first came to New York, some years ago, I utilized the first Sunday by taking a Fulton ferry-boat, landing in Brooklyn, and climbing the sloping, densely populated hill, to Beecher's church.

But he was out of town lecturing, and somebody else was in the pulpit; and I walked away with a discontent which I did not take any particular care to conceal from a good-natured looking burgher who stood at the doorway of his house, sunning himself.

"Why don't you go and hear this 'new light' upon Schermerhorn street?" he asked. "He's almost as good."

So to Schermerhorn street I went, and found the "new light"—a tall, bony, angular man over six feet high, and as wide as a spacious pulpit platform would allow him to be—wide in the sense that he could occupy every inch of that rostrum within 60 seconds of any given time. His face was this: sandy, bushy whiskers ornamented it. His voice was harsh, almost though strong. His gestures were such as the average elocutionist would promptly condemn. "Where is his drawing power?" I mused; for I was standing up for lack of a seat, in that massive audience.

The answer came in the very next sentence; it contained a clean-cut, startling, oratorical figure, that caught you by the collar, and held you, whether you would or not. It was a good-natured, 20 words. "I wonder if he can do that again, or if it's his pet epigram of the day," was the next thought.

He did it again and again. He seemed to be so full of that sort of thing, that he had hardly time to give them all out. Independently of its religious character, his sermon was a literary feast—or rather, a series of literary electric shocks. Candor compels me to admit that I had, during the preceding week, attended the theater six evenings in succession, for a student just out of college restrictions is prone to indulge himself somewhat when he gets into a city. But during all the six nights I had seen no acting like this—had found no stage—however large the company—lighted up with attractions like this; no scenery equal to that which he drew with his own unaided tongue.

So far as the way-down subject-matter of the discourse was concerned, there was nothing particularly new; you could go into the church of any old Presbyterian divine and hear exactly the same doctrine. But when it came to the manner of stating those doctrines, then it was that the excitement commenced.

His ideas the fallibility of earthly grandeur had been preached again and again; but probably no one had counseled the people to ask the French guillotine in Mme. Tussaud's museum, concerning the queenly necks it had discovered. His views of eternal punishment were as orthodox as if they had been brewed a hundred years before; but he alone asserted, in those same words, that "Hell is a great metropolis of suffering." I had heard infidels denounce, but had never before imagined that they gathered all the divine teachings, and under them lighted the fires of their own wit, and scorn, and sarcasm, and then danced in the light of that blaze, and then scratched amid the rubbish for something with which to help them in the days of trouble.

And when he was through he referred to a great shipwreck that had recently taken place, and said, solemnly and impressively:

"Toll, toll the bell for the spirits of those who were lost beneath those murderous waves!"

And immediately, from the regions of the belfry, came the half-muffled sounds of the tubular bell—toll by the hand of the sexton, who, as it seems, a coadjutor in this impressive speech. Talmage, looking at me, said, "John Knox, a George Whitefield and a Lorenzo Dow, all rolled into one."

Preaching to Imaginary Audiences.

I was a few years later to become a near neighbor of this unique man—and to see and hear him under all sorts of conditions, and in almost every mood. He had been a farmer's boy in New Jersey, he told me, and had preached many a sermon to the night winds and winds—imagined that large audiences sat before him. His father was a stonemason rather than a man, who was stern and sturdy enough to be elected Sheriff of the county. His mother was a poet in prose—never telling a fact in plain words if there was a figure with which to illustrate it. "DeWitt, bounce up like a lamplighter!" she would call from the bottom of the stairway, on a cold winter morning, while he yet lingered in his warm bed. "The dear sweet woman looks like a picked canary," she would say, upon returning from some ministrations of love and charity. "He pours the oil of gladness into leather bottles, and then seals them up too tightly," she remarked of a dull preacher.

But wherever he procured his genius—whether from father or mother, or both—he was one of the mental and heart phenomena of the 19th century. In two-thirds of which he lived, and half of which he kept aglow with his oratory. Although one might not be a regular attendant at his church, it was an unmeasured luxury to have him so near by. If you asked an out-of-town visitor what he or she wanted most to see in New York, the answer would be generally, "Oh, Beecher and Talmage; of course!"—and Beecher's name was not always mentioned first.

Look Advantage of Circumstances.

If there was any particular event that occupied the public mind, his quick perception always enabled him to take advantage of it. One morning I happened into his church during a severe storm. It was such a sturdy mixing-up of the elements that many of his flock had stayed in their home folds, and the great shoals of transient curiosity-seekers were constrained to keep away, but the service went on with, if possible, more elaborate care than ever. I stayed that morning only during the public perusal of Bible verses, being really on my way to another church; but what I heard was characteristic. He had gone through the sacred book, found about everything that related to storms, and drawn from it every lesson he could; and gave the result to his audience. It was a novelty to see a clergyman thus take advantage of even an adverse circumstance and talk of the weather through the Bible.

On one Thanksgiving day he had his

great church trimmed with agricultural produce, from all over the country, till it looked almost like a palatial barn. His pulpit was made into a miniature wheat stack, and a fine basketful of potatoes, enough of them just now to command a goodly sum, lay near his feet. It was a productive year, and among its products was a great sermon. He always drew some of his best illustrations from flowers and fruits, and on this day he had them in evidence all about him.

I do not recall very much humor, either of matter or manner, in connection with the many-rose times I have heard him. "Talmage" was the name, and "Talmage" and "Talmage" entirely separate. At public dinners, however, he was the pattern of humor; and many others as well as myself will remember the ludicrous stories he could tell on such occasions, such as that of the man who was so stinging that he used a wart on the back of his neck as a collar-button.

Talmage as a Neighbor.
As a neighbor, he was cozy and companionable as so busy a man could be. Unlike most brilliant men, he was a fine listener—even to the most commonplace people; and seemed always more anxious to acquire than to give out information.

Much of his advice to newer men in the world was worth an every-day remembering. "Don't be in too much haste to fight enemies, my boy," he would say. "You are doing your good, and you might afford to pay them a salary for the help they give you. Some of my best advertisements have been written by my foes. Even from the standpoint of policy, it is best to turn the other cheek also; especially if the attacking force is nothing but the wind of an enemy's words. Not only on account of the right, but from policy also, I am never in haste to defeat my enemies. They are doing me good, in a variety of ways."

There are reasons, however, to believe that he was not a complete adept in the matter of forgiveness. "You must forgive your enemies, my good friend," he said to a lady who was consulting him, "but," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I think it's entirely right that you should take your time for it."

In his own house, or in the home of a friend, he was as gay and gossipy as if he were an ordinary man. Instead of the most popular preacher in the world, his good nature and liberality were proverbial among those who lived near him. He used to relate with great glee the story of an inebriated son of a Virginia family, who called one evening, and insisted upon financial help on the grounds that he "needed it," and second, that he lived in the same city as did a married daughter of Dr. Talmage. As his breath and manner did not give him the air of a saint, he was dismissed with good advice; and spent a half hour parading up and down in front of the house, quoting such passages of Scripture as "We unto you, Scribes and Pharisees!" "It is easier for a camel," etc., etc., and various other selections to indicate that he was bearing the martyrdom of a wealthy man's snubbing. A policeman finally came up to take him away, but Dr. Talmage, who had been much amused at the cleverness of the renegade, begged him off, gave him some money, and told him to go his way and sin no more. "But I'm afraid he left the 'no' out," the preacher used to add, with a smile.

Twice I saw in the Talmage church that solemn ceremony—the marrying of a pastor's daughter to the man of her choice, by the pastor himself. The spacious auditorium being in amphitheatrical form, it seemed as if the event were taking place in the midst of some gigantic family circle. The words spoken by the father were the most original of any I ever heard pronounced at a marriage ceremony, and were fraught with the deepest of feeling. As I remember these two brilliant functions, the sad contrast rises in my mind. Of Miss Maude's sad wedding the other day in Washington, when that same father lay in an upper room, unable to participate in, or even know of, what he would have so heartily furthered could he have done so.

Reference to Wife.

The second wife, Mrs. Talmage, the last one (and, I believe, the first one, although I never knew her), was a most efficient aid to her husband, in many ways. She garnered the large sums that came from various sources; she attended to his wife and varied correspondence; she was not only his wife, but in a manner, his secretary.

More than that her observation was so varied and acute, and her imagination so vivid, that there is no doubt she helped him very much in gathering material to enrich his many sermons and literary works. She was always on the qui vive for subject-matter of this kind. Dr. Talmage's reference to his wife's opinions was sometimes amusing. "I had always wanted a tall white hat," he said, one time, laughingly, "but she told me it would not become me, and resolutely resisted my purchasing one. But while traveling in Scotland, it was arranged that she should take the trip to Inverness by rail, and that I should go by boat, up the long and picturesque Caledonian Canal. While waiting for the boat, I saw a tall white hat that exactly pleased me, and so I bought the forbidden article, and started off in the rain, and been said if it were a piece of feminine headgear in fine feather."

"But I had not gone far, when, alas! a gust of wind lifted my new hat gracefully from my head, made a balloon of it, then transformed it into an airship (which all my fellow-passengers greatly admired), and afterwards turned it into a parachute, which gradually sailed into the canal, some distance away, and floated gracefully away forever—leaving me hatless. This incident taught me always to obey my wife, concerning articles of dress."

Hygienic Ideas.

Dr. Talmage had a great many very sensible hygienic rules and expedients, and I was greatly surprised to know that he had yielded, even at his age, to anything less than an accident. He seldom failed to take a nap, soon after luncheon. "I awake from it invigorated," he said. "It gives me two mornings every day." When he went rambling in the park near his house in Brooklyn, he acted upon the principle that walking was not really exercise, and so waited till he was in a light, or rather till he was in a light of no one, and ran. He was to some extent a hygienist, although exactly how thorough a one, I do not know.

Most of his life in Brooklyn was full of stress and struggle; the building of three tabernacles, one after another, with all the wear and tear of raising money for the same, was enough to wear upon even his sturdy constitution. At last, everything seemed like plain sailing; and thousands of his fellow-Brooklynites gathered in the Tabernacle to bid him good-bye

before he took a trip for rest and recuperation across the ocean. He seemed upon these two evenings as if he stood at the topmost round of fame; some of the best minds in the country were there, praising him in a gigantic and brightly decorated tabernacle, and the audience cheered him to the echo. He sat calmly amid it all. "Sometimes I had to walk a little to keep my balance, amid so much adulation," he said to me, afterwards, "but it can be done on all occasions, if one goes at it resolutely."

In a day or two he preached his last sermon before starting off on the much-needed vacation; and almost before the great congregation fled out of the building, the edifice was on fire, and consumed before his very eyes. But with magnificent nerve and temper, he proceeded upon his trip, leaving the ashes of his buried hopes behind him, but still hoping for a brighter future.

Railroad Strategy.

The last day I ever spent with him was in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. I was just coming out of a dining-room car on a train that was crashing through the coldest of western drifts, and making its way toward Chicago as well as it could. The present Mr. Talmage, a charming and tactful woman, was with him, and we were not long in organizing ourselves into a triangular party, in which we were to travel together.

We found that on arriving at Chicago, we both had engagements that evening, not far from each other, on the Balti-

more & Ohio Railroad; but as we were an hour late, our train would naturally be gone before we arrived there. "We'll have to give it up, and go to a hotel and spend the day," he remarked.

But I was anxious to get through, and had an idea that, with Dr. Talmage's assistance and influence, the Baltimore & Ohio train could be held. I represented to him that hundreds of people were expecting to hear him that evening; that it would be one of the great occasions of their lives; and that he ought to make some exertion to get there.

Looking at it from this standpoint, his feelings seemed touched, as were those of his excellent wife; and a campaign of telegraphing was commenced, to get them to hold the train.

When we rushed into Chicago, however, it had left three minutes before our telegrams arrived. But the dining-car was still in South Chicago, waiting to run up and join the main train at the junction. If we could drive at break-neck speed to an Illinois Central sub-station, and catch a suburban train there, we might get to South Chicago in time.

It was very much like a Ben Hur chariot-race; the driver was bribed, and pedestrians had to get out of the way as they best could. I would not have been surprised if we had been arrested; although I believed Dr. Talmage's magic name would even then let us loose again. But we made every point, by the fraction of a minute; and both reached our engagements safely.

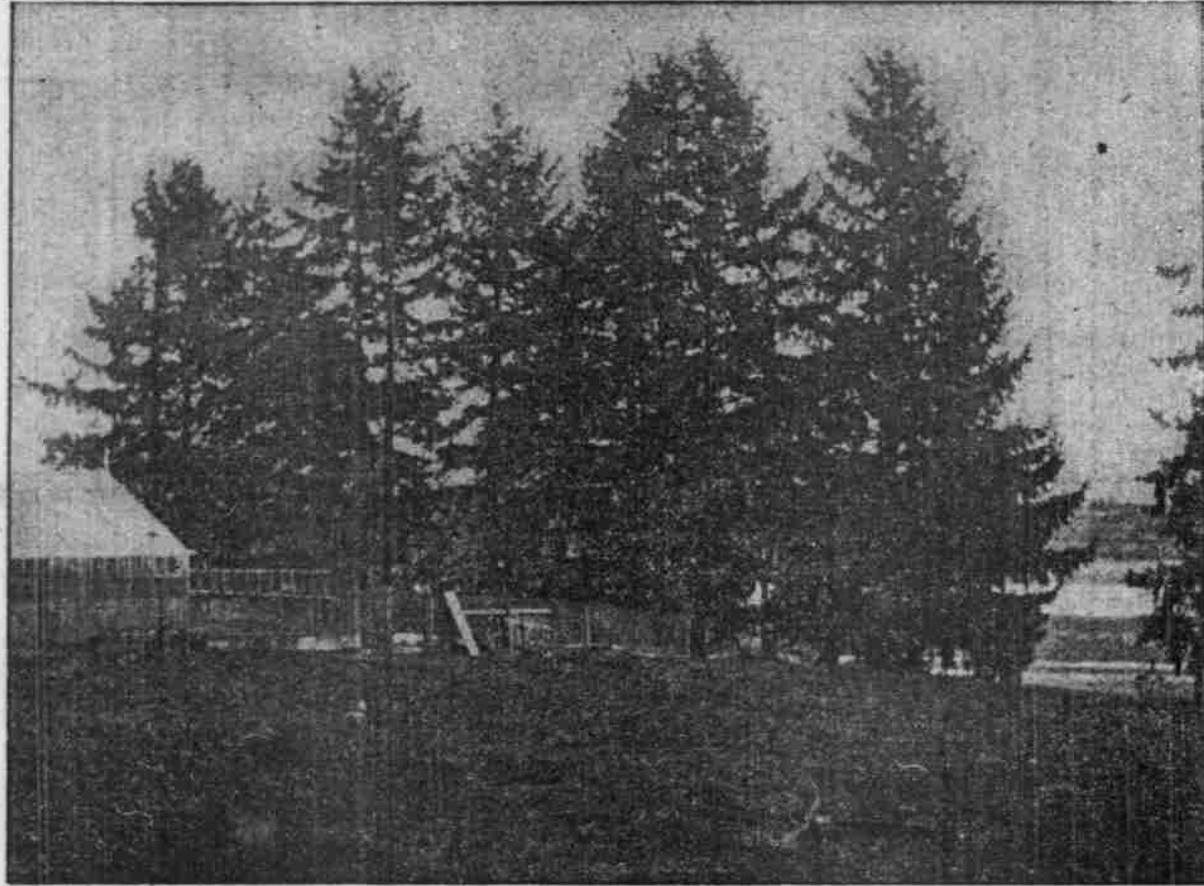
Throughout the whole of it, he was calmly happy, seeming to enjoy the excitement as if he were a looker-on instead of an actor in it.

During the day's railroad ride, the coach was continually lighted up with his genial sallies of wit and cheery anecdotes of former days; and night came all too soon.

Many incidents could I give of personal contact with this great majestic figure of the century; but must content myself with treasuring them in memory. Some day I hope to see him again, and talk them over.

First House Erected in Portland

IT WAS A LOG CABIN PUT UP BY WILLIAM JOHNSON, A TYPICAL TRAPPER AND FRONTIERSMAN, IN 1841.



SITE OF FIRST HOUSE IN PORTLAND, AS IT LOOKS NOW.

THE first house built by a white man on the ground now occupied by Portland was erected by William Johnson in 1841. It is generally believed that the first house was erected at the foot of Morrison, but this was several years later. Johnson's structure stood close to the river on what is the block east of the present residence site of Milton W. Smith, in South Portland. Not a vestige of the first building now remains, but its form and figure, its location, and the dense fir forest by which it was surrounded are plainly stamped upon the memory of William L. Higgins, who now resides at 65 Everett street.

Mr. Higgins is probably the oldest pioneer of Portland, as well as the oldest continuous voter. He came here from Newburyport, Mass., as a youngster on the brig Chenamus, under Captain John H. Couch. It was his first voyage as an able seaman, and the trip around Cape Horn took six months.

No difficulty was experienced in entering the Columbia by way of the north channel, but it took two weeks to come up the river. Every ship was its own tugboat in those days, and the boat had to go ahead and sound out the channel.

In June, 1841, the brig dropped anchor north of the foot of what is now called Ross Island, and lay there on the bosom of the beautiful Willamette for four months. Its longboats, manned by kanaka oarsmen, transferred the cargo of goods, three tons at a trip, to Skamokawa and Oregon City, and took to the latter place a portable house that was set up near where the woolen mills now stand. This building was carried away by the high water of '62.

The brig brought as passengers Messrs. Baker, Wilson, McClurg and Mr. Burton and his wife. The latter couple boarded the vessel at Honolulu and afterwards settled in Yamhill County.

Mr. Higgins returned to the East on the brig, and in 1850 came back, and has ever since made Portland his home. His recollection of the picture presented in 1841 by the present site of Portland is quite clear. The log cabin was the only human habitation seen after passing the fort at Astoria, and from its front door could be had a magnificent view of Mount St. Helens.

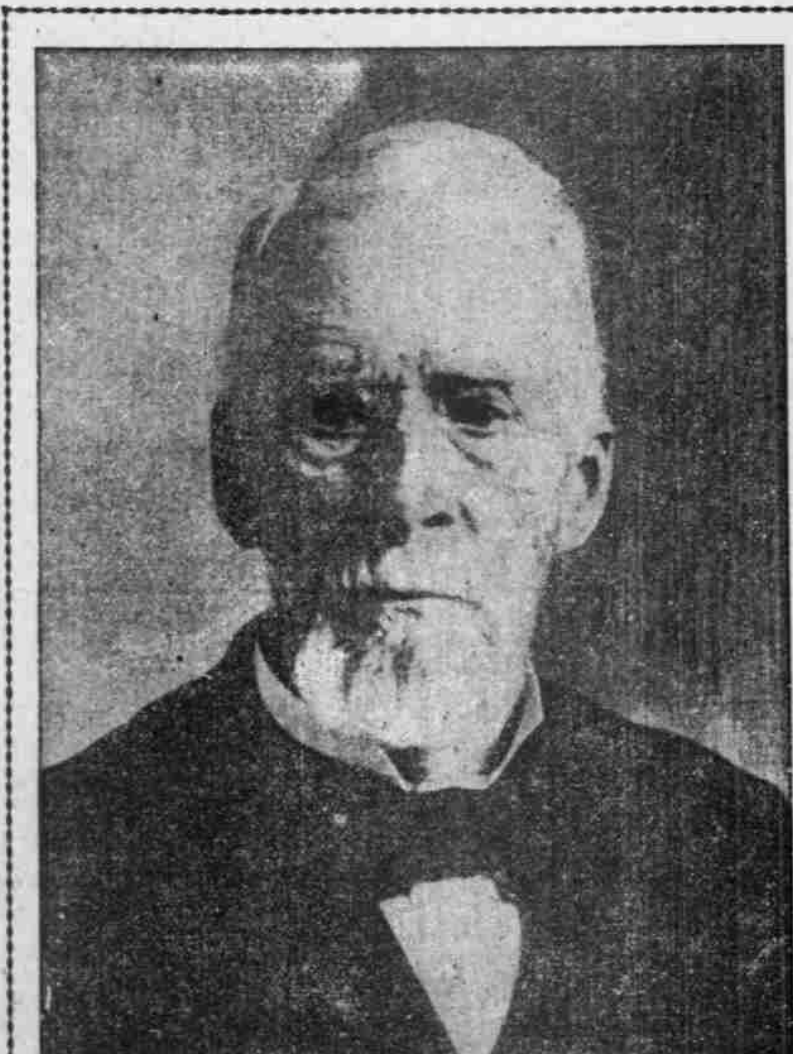
This William Johnson, who was the first white man residing in Portland, was a typical trapper and frontiersman. He had little to say, and let his visitors say it.

In conversation with Mr. Higgins Johnson said that he had deserted an English man-of-war at Halifax in 1822.

He later shipped on the famous United States frigate Constitution, and was in the fight with the Guerriere. Again tiring of the strict service of the seaman he had slipped his cables and taken to the woods and embraced the liberty that his soul had been yearning for. One of the Indian women of Concomly's tribe had consented to become his wife, and together they had paddled inland and trapped and fished and swapped a few furs to the Hudson's Bay company for necessary goods. In 1841 they concluded to settle down for awhile on the banks of the winding Willamette, and they

built their log cabin about 15 by 25 feet, with a lean-to.

At the time that the brig Chenamus arrived here and dropped anchor in front of the first log house, Johnson had acquired the appearance of a rawboned mountaineer, about the average height, with long hair and whiskers. He had then two boys, who only a few years ago were contending in the courts for an interest in the part of Caruthers' Addition whereon their father was the first settler. But it was decided that they had no rights in the matter, and that there was nothing coming to them.



WILLIAM L. HIGGINS, PORTLAND'S OLDEST PIONEER.

ROSES FOR GENERAL CULTIVATION

LIST SUITABLE FOR PORTLAND SELECTED BY
FREDERICK V. HOLMAN FOR THE ROSE CLUB

IN the 18th edition of his book, issued in 1901, Dean Hole gives a list of exhibition and garden roses, compiled by a select committee of the English National Rose Society, in 1880, and 1890, with the additions to April, 1901, by Messrs. Benjamin R. Cant & Sons, noted English rose-growers. In this list of hybrid perpetual, hybrid tea and tea roses, there are named over 200 varieties, not counting synonyms. Many other varieties are also named, including climbers, moss roses and other classes or varieties.

In the latest edition of Ellwanger's book, "The Rose," are given the names of many hundreds of roses. A brief description of each rose is also given, enumerating its excellences and defects. Any one interested in growing a great number of varieties should carefully study this book, as well as the list in Dean Hole's book.

I have made a list composed of roses cultivated by me, which I have found to be satisfactory. I have added some grown by friends of mine in Portland and its vicinity, and proved to be excellent. I have also included in this list a few roses which have long or well-established good reputations, both in the United States and in England. I have omitted some varieties which make fine specimen roses if properly grown, but require the services of an experienced rosegrower.

In my list I have given the synonyms

of some of the roses. In other instances I have given the names and also the name given it by florists, sometimes merely to help the sale of the variety. The word "or" indicates a variety with two or more names; the first one given being the true name. Where synonyms are given, the variety first named is the best.

Synonyms, as applied to roses, is where two or more varieties of roses bear a strong resemblance to each other, or the difference between them can only be told by an expert. But in nearly every instance of synonyms, one variety is really better than the other. It is better to cultivate the synonym, which is superior, and not to grow the other. I have given the synonyms so that the duplication of varieties may be avoided.

After the varieties I consider the best, or most satisfactory, to grow in Portland for all purposes. Tastes differ, some people prefer one color or shade to others. Few persons will care to grow all the varieties I name. It is better to have several bushes of one variety than to have several varieties with only one bush of each. I have about 600 rose bushes, but I have less than 50 varieties.

The manner of growth and color. The manner of growth is used for comparison in each class, and is not to be taken as between classes. For instance, a vigorous growth in a tea rose or hybrid tea would be only moderate or free growth in a hybrid perpetual. Vigorous in a hybrid perpetual would be moderate growth in a climbing rose.

In the succeeding list the following terms and abbreviations are used: "Vig." for vigorous growth; "free" growth which ranks next to vigorous; "mod." growth which ranks next to free; "dw." delicate or slow-growing varieties.

White.

HYBRID PERPETUALS.

Marchioness of Londonderry, vig., ivory white.
Merville de Lyon, mod., pinkish white.
Gloire Lyonnaise, vig., yellowish white.
Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, free, yellowish white.
White Lady, free, creamy white.

TEAS.

Mme. Hoste, free or mod., yellowish white.
Niphetos, free or mod., white.
Souv. de S. A. Prince or The Queen, free, white.

White Maman Cochet, vig., yellowish white.

All of these white roses are beautiful. In my address before the Pacific States Floral Congress last May I said that the reputation of the white roses had been very unsatisfactory, but last year, in June, all the conditions seemed to be right, and it was the most beautiful rose I had in my garden. But it is not a free bloomer. The roses are magnificent when perfect. There are a great many varieties of new hybrid tea and tea roses which are set forth in the catalogues, but have not yet been fully tested.

Delicate Shades.

HYBRID PERPETUALS.

Clio, vig., pinkish white.
Margaret Dickson, vig., white, pale-rose center.

HYBRID TEAS.

Augustin Goubaud, or White La France, vig. or free, white and blush.
Souv. de President Carnot, free, white and flesh.
Viscountess Folkestone, free, creamy white and flesh.

TEAS.

Anna Oliver, mod., pale buff and carmine.
Devonshire, free, creamy white, blush center.

Golden Gate, vig., creamy white and rose.

Mme. Bravy-Syn, Alba Rosea, Josephine Malton, Mme. de Serfont, free, creamy white, center flushed with pink.

Mme. de Watteville, vig., creamy white, petals edged with carmine.

Marchal Robert, free, white with flesh center.

Marie Van Houtte, free, lemon yellow, petals edged with rose.

Rubens, free, white, shaded with creamy rose.

Of these roses of delicate shade, each of the hybrid perpetuals and hybrid teas which I have named, is especially good, but the Souvenir de President Carnot, while similar to the Augustine Goubaud, is much superior to it in every quality. The Viscountess Folkestone is by far the most rose of its color. Of these teas the Anna Oliver, Golden Gate and Marie Van Houtte are the most satisfactory for general cultivation.

Yellow, Apricot, and Buff.

TEAS.

Comtesse de Frigues, vig., delicate canary yellow.

Comtesse de Nadailac, mod., copper yellow and rose.

Francisca Kruger, vig., copper yellow.

Madame Falcot, free, deep apricot yellow.

Perle de Jardine, free, light golden yellow.

Safrano, vig., apricot yellow.

Sunet, free, golden yellow and crimson.

POLYANTHA.

Perle d'Or, vig., salmon yellow.

AUSTRIAN BRIERS.

Harriette's Yellow, free, golden yellow.

Parson's Yellow, free, deep golden yellow.

All yellow roses, except the Austrian Briars, are extremely delicate and need some protection in winter. Even then they are easily killed. Of these I have named the Perle de Jardine and the Sunet are the best for climbing. The latter as full-blown roses, Comtesse de Frigues, Mme. Falcot and Safrano are good only in bud, but they are exquisitely beautiful in bud form. Mme. Falcot and Safrano are very much alike. Safrano is the more profuse bloomer, and the Mme. Falcot is the more beautiful. Perle d'Or is exquisite and grows in wide-spreading clusters, although the thorns are small. It is one of the most beautiful colored yellowish roses in existence. The Austrian briars are extremely beautiful, but bloom once in a season, and will not bloom the year after they are fully pruned. Some people have at least two bushes of a variety, and prune one every other year.

Pink, Cherry and Rose-Carmine.

HYBRID PERPETUALS.

Anna de Dussack, vig., delicate carmine.

Baroness Rothschild, mod. or dw., light pink.

Francisca Michelson, free, deep rose.

Helga Kallreuth, vig., cherry red.

Her Majesty, vig. or free, pale rose.

Mme. Gabriel Luize, vig., light silvery pink.

Mlle. Eugenie Verdier-Syn, Marie Finger, Mme. Louis Donadine, dw., silvery rose.

Marguerite de St. Amande, free, bright rose.

Marquise de Castellane, mod., carmine rose.

Mrs. John Laing, vig., rose pink.

Queen of Queens, vig., silvery rose, blue edges.

Ulrich Brunner, vig., cherry red.

HYBRID TEAS.

Belle Siebrecht, or Mrs. W. J. Grant; vig. or free, bright pink.

Captain Christy, mod. or dw., delicate pink.

Duchess of Albany, or Red La France, vig., deep pink.

Improved Rainbow, vig., rosy flesh, splashed with crimson.

La France, vig., silvery pink.

Mme. Caroline Testout, vig. or mod., satiny rose.

Papa Gontier, vig., rosy crimson.

TEAS.

Catherine Mermot, free or mod., light rosy flesh.

Duchesse de Brabant-Syn, Comtesse de La-barthe; free or mod., silvery pink.

Maman Cochet, vig., pink shaded salmon yellow.

Souvenir d'un Ami, free, pale rose.

POLYANTHA.

Mlle. Cecile Brunner, free or mod., salmon pink.

The following-named hybrid perpetual pinkish roses are the most satisfactory for general cultivation. Baroness Rothschild, Helen Keller, Mme. Gabriel Luize, Mlle. Eugenie Verdier, Mrs. John Laing, and Ulrich Brunner, Mrs. John Laing is a seedling of Francois Michelson and is superior to the latter variety in beauty of color. All the pink hybrid teas named are beautiful. The Duchesse of Albany, however, while a very shapely bud, has a little purple in it which some people dislike. All of these pink teas are good. Catherine Mermot, however, is a shy bloomer and therefore is not as good for general culture as the others.

Scarlet-Crimson and Carmine-Red.

HYBRID PERPETUALS.

A. K. Williams-Free or mod., bright carmine red.

Alfred Colomb-Syn, Marshall P. Wilder, Wilhelm Knebel, free or mod., carmine red.

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