

JOHN D. LONG WAS AN IDEAL BOY

A Reader of Fenimore Cooper's Novels and a Great Wrestler—Graduated From Harvard at Nineteen in One of Its Most Distinguished Classes—By Frederick Upham Adams.

As a boy John Davis Long—congressman, governor and present secretary of the navy—approached that high ideal so familiar to readers of the story books written for the youth of our country. Perhaps he was a trifle too sturdy

and aggressive as a youngster to exactly meet all of the requirements of a Sunday school book hero, but in a competitive examination he would easily have stood at the head of a class composed of such boys as J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Chauncey M. Depew, Thomas B. Reed, Andrew Carnegie, Marshall Field and George Dewey.

None of these, with the possible exception of Depew, showed any early aptitude as pupils in the schools which they attended. Most of them spent

their early years in the northwest Mount Washington lifts its frowning head from the assembled peaks of the White mountains. In every direction from Buckfield the horizon rim is dotted with hills and mountains; a vast land sea, the crests of whose waves for seven months in the year shine dazzling white in snow.

OF OLD NEW ENGLAND STOCK.

Like most of the men whose early careers have been sketched in this series, John D. Long is directly descended from a long line of New England ancestors. His great grandfather, Miles Long, came from North Carolina to Plymouth, and in 1770 married Thankful, daughter of Israel Clark, the great-great-grandson of Thomas Clark, who came to America on the Auri in 1632. Miles Long had a son named Thomas, who married Bathsheba, daughter of Zadoc Churchhill.

Thomas Long moved to Buckfield, and had a son, whom he named Zadoc, born in 1801. In 1824, Zadoc Long mar-

ried Julia Temple Davis, and to them was born John Davis Long.

Secretary Long's grandfather was a fisherman, farmer and shoemaker. He came by packet from Plymouth to Salem, in which town he lived for some time, following the life of a fisherman, and when fishing was out of season made shoes and boots of most substantial build. Firing of this, he made a stout one horse cart, in which he put his wife, children and their scanty stock of household furniture. After a long and at times dangerous journey he halted in Buckfield, Me.

His son, Zadoc Long, had a great thirst for learning. By nature he was a poet, and he must have rebelled at the fate which withheld from him the means to gratify his natural bent. He borrowed a Latin grammar from some Buckfield saint, and soon mastered it.

By great effort and sacrifice he took a term in the local academy, after which he became a school teacher in the Chase district, then at South Hill—the old school building where Mrs. Holman has laid the scene of several of her poems. But he found that teaching school was not a profession which would enable him to attain a competency sufficient to permit him to lead a life among books. He became a clerk in one of the village stores, and later went into business with a capital of fifty dollars. He married and built the house in which John D. Long was born.

At the age of thirty-eight he retired from business with a competency which permitted him to lead a literary life. He took an active interest in public affairs, and was defeated only by a small plurality for a seat in Congress on the Whig ticket.

Zadoc Long sustained this political defeat in 1833, the year in which the subject of this sketch was born. Successful in business, but a poet and somewhat of a dreamer, Zadoc Long had already decided to retire from mercantile affairs.

He purchased a fine tract of land on the summit of a hill about three miles from Buckfield and erected the old homestead where John Davis Long spent his boyhood days, and where he now retires in summer months to escape from the cares of public affairs. He was born in the old Long Hotel a few months before the new house was completed. In this building he opened his first law office, and from one corner of it yet swings a faded sign, "John D. Long, Counsellor-at-Law."

When recently asked to describe his idea of a place to spend a summer vacation, Secretary Long replied: "My ideal is a farm on top of a Maine hill, with a view for miles around of fields, farms, hills, slopes, orchards and meadows and winding rivers, all encircled

by a belt of forest. It should be a place where I could get away from the cares of the world, and where I could find a quiet refuge from the noise and bustle of the city.

It need not be assumed from this sketch that young Long was of that type depicted by caricaturists as the traditional Boston youth, with bulging forehead, eyeglasses and an enormous book in his delicate hand. On the contrary, he was a lad full of life and vim, fond of books, it is true, but equally fond of sports. He was small for his age, but well built and wiry. By no means a quarrelsome boy, he did not entirely escape those fights which seem inevitable to the normal boy, but he was a country or city bred.

On one occasion he emerged from a contest with a slightly bruised face and torn coat. He could conceal neither from the eyes of his mother, who delivered the familiar but useless lecture on the wickedness of fighting. She said nothing about the torn coat. A front pocket had been ripped so that the lining showed plain against the blue of the garment. John made the usual promise to be good in the future and was permitted to resume his play. That evening he called his mother's attention to the rent pocket and asked her to repair it.

"This is Monday," said Mrs. Long, calmly and judiciously. "On Wednesday evening I will mend your coat. In the meantime you will wear it to school just as it is, and if your teacher asks about it you can tell him and your schoolmates that you tore it while fighting, and that your mother requires you to wear it as it is for two days as a punishment. In addition to that you will go to bed tonight and tomorrow night at eight o'clock."

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The teacher found in his case an excellent chance to deliver a long talk on the folly of fighting and to express the hope that his example would serve as a warning to all boys who settled their grievances by fighting. Secretary Long does not recall that this incident did much to place the boys' department on a peace footing. There is a suspicion that some of the boys who called him "Ragamuffin Jack" had cause to regret it after that coat was mended.

In boyish sports, John D. Long excelled as a wrestler. He was superior to any boy of his weight in collar and elbow and what was then known as "side hug." He was also a good runner. But his favorite amusement as a boy was fishing. The brooks and streams near the Long farm abounded in trout and larger fish, and the boy soon became an expert. His father, like many men of literary tastes and a poetic temperament, was a devotee of the fly.

Which is a very good description of the Long homestead at Buckfield, Me. The Longs were the most important people in the farming country adjacent to Buckfield. They were regarded as rich by the plain farmer folk who occupied the adjacent lands. Zadoc Long owned the big farm, the hotel in Buckfield and several other pieces of property. More than that, he owned a library. It is possible that Zadoc Long might have scheduled \$25,000 worth of lands and property, and this was wealth beyond the dreams of avarice in those days and in that locality.

John D. Long grew up a strong, healthy boy under the watchful care of a loving mother and the intellectual guidance of a gifted father. He lived the life of a farmer's boy in all but the work which ordinarily falls to the lot of a lad born on a farm. He did some work to be sure, but "not enough to hurt him," so the neighbors declared. He was the son of a gentleman farmer, who was ambitious that his son should make his mark in fields other than manual or agricultural.

Early in life the boy gave promise of traits which delighted his parents. He was an apt student and a lover of books. The library, which consisted of two shelves well filled with carefully selected books, was a source of delight to young Long. It was not necessary to urge him to read. On the contrary, they had to guard against his reading too much, and many a night did his mother take books from his hands and remind him that it was long since the hour when small boys should be in bed and asleep.

When six years old he was sent to the district school and made rapid progress. He soon mastered all the

studies at this school and was transferred to the more pretentious schools in Buckfield. Under the tuition of his father he soon became proficient in Greek and Latin, and at the age of thirteen was admitted to the Academy of Hebron, Me., a high grade preparatory school. At this institute his principal was Mark H. Dunnell, subsequently a member of Congress from Minnesota district. Mr. Dunnell did not find it necessary to chastise or discipline the young student. The records at Hebron Academy show that John D. Long was one of the best pupils ever admitted to its halls. He fitted himself in such studies as were necessary for his admission to Harvard university.

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vanished in the turn of the road. His father went with him as far as Portland, and saw him safely on the boat for Boston. This was in 1853, and John D. Long was fourteen years of age.

Arriving in Boston at an early hour



A KING OF HIS KIND.

in the morning he set out on foot for Cambridge. It was too early for the hourly coaches, and with gripack in hand John trudged bravely on. He kept on the right side of Main street, every foot of which is blistered into his memory to this day. Arriving at the university grounds he gazed with awe at the majestic buildings, half shaded by the giant elms. In this wilderness of learning there was not a soul he knew. His feet were blistered and his arms ached from carrying the satchel. He sat on the western steps of Gore's Hall and went into utter homesickness. In that hour he would have abandoned all hope for learning for the pleasure of being again back to the old farm house on the Maine hills.

Homesickness is seldom fatal, and the boy soon recovered his nerve. He rented a room in a boarding house kept by Mrs. M. Doherty, and to it he moved his trunks. For two weeks he worked day and night on his studies, and then triumphantly passed the examination which made him a freshman. At last he was a college boy. For four years his time was spent in study, relieved only by those golden weeks and months when he returned to Buckfield during vacations. He made comparatively few acquaintances in Cambridge, though he was popular with his classmates and a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon and a Phi Beta Kappa man.

The class to which he belonged—the class of 1857—was the most notable Harvard has graduated with the exception of that of 1812. It was a comparatively small class, numbering about sixty. The course of study was exacting and many broke down under it. There were no athletic exercises in those days and young Long and others took extensive walks for their health.

Among his classmates were Grenville Bacon, Livingston Stone, Samuel Wells, John C. Ropes, George Middleton Barnard, Francis Bartlett, Stanton Blake, Shepard Brooks, Dr. Francis Henry Brown, Joseph Horace Clark, Dr. Ezra Dyer, Aaron Estey Fisher, Charles F. Gorley, James Jackson Higginson, a New York banker; Dr. Jacob Farnum Hall, of Philadelphia; Arthur John Clark Lowden and many others who are distinguished in various pursuits and professions.

In such distinguished company the young student made a great record. He stood fourth for the full course and was second in rank at the end of his senior year. On commencement day he had the honor of reading the class ode, in the presence of his father and mother, who had journeyed from Maine to witness the triumph of their son. He excelled in the classics and in the languages, but was remarkably proficient in all of the branches prescribed in the curriculum.

In the two last years at Harvard John D. Long had a room in the famous old Massachusetts Hall, which was then used as a dormitory. His room

was on the upper floor and commanded a fine view of the grounds. This old building was built in 1715 from a grant of £2,500 made by the Province of Massachusetts. After the battle of Lexington it was used for a while as barracks by the Continental soldiers, and the walls of the room occupied by Mr. Long bore testimony to the rough usage sustained at that time.

HE BECAME A LAWYER AT TWENTY-TWO.

Graduating at 19, John D. Long determined to make his own way in the world. He was ambitious to be a lawyer, and planned to take a course in the Harvard Law School. His father urged him to continue at college and offered to pay his expenses, but the young man refused and secured a position as principal of the academy at Westford, Mass. Here he remained for two years and attained marked success as an instructor.

In spite of all efforts and inducements for him to remain he resigned

and again entered Harvard as a law student. He did not graduate in this course, but completed such studies as he had in mind in 1860. From Harvard he entered the offices of Sidney Bartlett and Fuley W. Chandler, in Boston, and

More than any other man of this generation he is the scholar in politics. His translations and verse and prose writings would have won him renown even if he had not aspired and attained to the honors of statesmanship.

AGRICULTURAL EXPANSION.

The turnstiles which for years proved amply wide for the admission of all comers at the Agricultural society's show building at Cardiff have suddenly this year become inadequate. No fewer than twenty-three agriculturists were too stout to squeeze themselves through the turnstiles.—Rural World.

SURGERY FOR ANIMALS.

The animal world has today a surgical science quite its own. There are dogs with artificial teeth, pigeons, and cows, with wooden eyes, and other animals with false hair, false tails, and false limbs of all kinds. There is, indeed, hardly a limit to the possibilities of animal surgery.—St. James Gazette.

CHARLES FORD.

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MISS MABELLE SNOW,

Queen of the Elks' Street Fair and Carnival.

their early years in being boys, displaying no sign of coming greatness until conditions or events gave play to latent and dormant qualities of genius. Morgan was slow and rather dull; Rockefeller was plodding and matter of fact; Depew was brilliant, but not serious; Reed was positively lazy; Carnegie was self-reliant, but reckless; Field was at first a failure in his chosen avocation, while George Dwyer was indolent, self-indulgent and almost unruly. Of those thus far sketched Russell Sage is the only one who showed in early life the unmistakable signs of an eminent career. He was a man at the age of fourteen and a resistless factor in his community before he had attained his majority.

HARVARD GRADUATE AT NINETEEN.

John D. Long was of that rare type of American boyhood willing to sacrifice the keen pleasures of youth on the altar of studious, sustained and conscientious endeavor. He entered Harvard at the age of fourteen and was graduated from that famous university at the almost unprecedented age of nineteen. Small room for play in such a feat as this! The average American boy is not fitted to enter a great university at the age when John D. Long was graduated with high honors.

John D. Long had an ambition as a boy. He wished to become a lawyer—a scholarly lawyer—and then a statesman. He conceived this ambition when a school lad in the old fashioned country town of Buckfield, Me. From the age of twelve to the present hour he has devoted every energy to the attainment of that boyhood ideal and has achieved a measure of success which must be gratifying to himself, as well as to those who claim that success is in the reach of all who contend for and deserve it. Never but once has defeat shadowed endeavor, and that repulse was inconsequential and probably fortunate. He aspired to the United States Senate. Defeat made him a leading member of the cabinet.

Secretary Long was born in Buckfield, Me., October 27, 1833. Buckfield is in Oxford county and is situated about forty-five miles due north of Portland. The Androscoggin river swings a wide curve to the north and east of Buckfield, and can be seen from the mountains near the village, as it winds a serpentine way through the hills which buttress that section of Maine. Twenty miles to the southeast of Lew-

iston, while to the northwest Mount Washington lifts its frowning head from the assembled peaks of the White mountains. In every direction from Buckfield the horizon rim is dotted with hills and mountains; a vast land sea, the crests of whose waves for seven months in the year shine dazzling white in snow.

OF OLD NEW ENGLAND STOCK.

Like most of the men whose early careers have been sketched in this series, John D. Long is directly descended from a long line of New England ancestors. His great grandfather, Miles Long, came from North Carolina to Plymouth, and in 1770 married Thankful, daughter of Israel Clark, the great-great-grandson of Thomas Clark, who came to America on the Auri in 1632. Miles Long had a son named Thomas, who married Bathsheba, daughter of Zadoc Churchhill.

Thomas Long moved to Buckfield, and had a son, whom he named Zadoc, born in 1801. In 1824, Zadoc Long mar-

ried Julia Temple Davis, and to them was born John Davis Long.

Secretary Long's grandfather was a fisherman, farmer and shoemaker. He came by packet from Plymouth to Salem, in which town he lived for some time, following the life of a fisherman, and when fishing was out of season made shoes and boots of most substantial build. Firing of this, he made a stout one horse cart, in which he put his wife, children and their scanty stock of household furniture. After a long and at times dangerous journey he halted in Buckfield, Me.

His son, Zadoc Long, had a great thirst for learning. By nature he was a poet, and he must have rebelled at the fate which withheld from him the means to gratify his natural bent. He borrowed a Latin grammar from some Buckfield saint, and soon mastered it.

By great effort and sacrifice he took a term in the local academy, after which he became a school teacher in the Chase district, then at South Hill—the old school building where Mrs. Holman has laid the scene of several of her poems. But he found that teaching school was not a profession which would enable him to attain a competency sufficient to permit him to lead a life among books. He became a clerk in one of the village stores, and later went into business with a capital of fifty dollars. He married and built the house in which John D. Long was born.

At the age of thirty-eight he retired from business with a competency which permitted him to lead a literary life. He took an active interest in public affairs, and was defeated only by a small plurality for a seat in Congress on the Whig ticket.