[Greeley, Horace]

HORACE GREELEY, JOURNALIST

Hon. Horace Greeley, late editor and founder of the New-York *Tribune*, died at the residence of Dr. Choate, near Tarrytown, in Westchester County, at ten minutes before 7 o'clock last evening.

For the past thirty-five years, during which Horace Greeley has been before the public as editor, lecturer and politician, he has been sometimes in the right, sometimes in the wrong; but whether right or wrong, he has been one of the foremost figures in the contest. This was by no means due entirely to his great intellect or to his intense energy, but proceeded from the originality of his character, and the utter scorn with which he regarded all those conventionalities which are accepted by society as irksome indeed, but still unavoidable, necessary evils, to be endured, and not to be slighted under any pretext whatever.

Mr. Greeley was born on the third day of February, 1811, in the farm-house of his parents, Zaccheus and Mary Greeley, who resided in the town of Amherst, Hillsboro County, N.H. His father was descended from Benjamin Greeley, a farmer of Nottinghamshire, England, who emigrated to New-England in the year 1650, and settled in Haverhill, a township of Massachusetts, bordering on the south-east corner of the State of New Hampshire. His son and heir was Ezekiel Greeley, who dwelt in Hudson, N.H., then called Nottingham West. In him the family intellect first developed itself in a singular capacity for making money, and adding field to field and garner to garner. Zaccheus Greeley, his son, had a large family, his second son, also named Zaccheus, being the father of Horace Greeley. In 1807, this gentleman was married to Mary Woodburn, who was descended from John Woodburn, a Scottish-Irishman of Londonderry, in Ireland, who emigrated to Londonderry, in New-Hampshire, in the year 1725. Tennyson says that it is the mother makes us most, and it was the fortune of Horace Greeley to have a mother who, to the virtues she inherited from the Woodburns, added many of her own. Mrs. Greeley was the favorite of the township, the natural protector of the weak, the born consoler of the afflicted, the inevitable friend and ally of every child in the neighborhood. She was a great reader, and remembered all she read. She loved agricultural pursuits, was fond of flowers and of bees, and had a passion for walking. After working in the fields and the garden, doing the labor of a man, and a woman too, during the day, she would tell the old Irish stories she had learned from her grandmother all the evening.

To these stories the boy Horace listened greedily as he sat on the floor at her feet, the glow of the wood fire lighting up his pale face and his white hair. She spun as she narrated, while the boy's attention was divided between the turning wheel, and the animated eyes of his mother. Doubtless these passages awoke in the boy's mind a thirst for knowledge and a lively interest in learning. How soon he learned to read is impossible to state with any degree of certainty... But it is a fact that before he was quite two years old, he would lie upon his back and holding the Bible in his tiny hands, would pore over the leaves with a peculiar solemnity of countenance, and would gravely examine a newspaper, just as other children play with the contents of mama's work-box. At three years of age he could read easily and correctly books prepared for children in words of one syllable, and at four he would unhesitatingly tackle any of the thirty or forty volumes which comprised his father's library. One of his peculiarities was the extraordinary variety of postures in which he would read, seldom sitting down comfortably like an ordinary mortal, but generally preferring to lie on his back, or to curl himself up into an uneasy ball, or to stretch himself out on his stomach. From this singularity it resulted that he could read a book right-side up, upside down, or sideways, to the great astonishment of the neighbors, who looked upon him as a little conjuror. About this time, though under age, he

attended the district school of Londonderry, where, indeed, he had no right to be, as his parents lived at Amherst; but his grandfather pressed the matter, and as everybody liked the youthful prodigy, there was no contest on a point on which district boards are sometimes apt to be strenuous.

….The grand criterion of the school's standing was in the spelling, and here Horace Greeley at once came to the front. Spelling became his passion. He spelt incessantly, in season and out of season. His grandfather Woodburn had presented him with a book called the *Columbian Orator*, which contained many morsels of eloquence, and some selected poetry. Some of the latter the little Horace learned by heart, and repeated to the infinite delight of his family and the amusement of his school-fellows, who looked upon him with mingled feelings of respect for is evident capacity, amusement at his eccentricities, and compassion for his small size. But the little man in the weekly spelling matches was *facile princeps*. Once a week the pupils assembled at the school-house, contended for each other for the palm of victory. Horace was always present on these occasions, which were purely voluntary, and was invariably "first choice." The length of the contest and the heat of the place would prove too much for him, and the small head would sink in uneasy slumber upon the tiny breast until his turn came. Then his neighbors would rouse him up, he would spell his word, and fall asleep again in an instant. In the Summer time the spelling matches were discontinued, and the fields and lanes echoed with the boisterous play of the schoolboys. But the young Horace was not among them. He did not like play at all, but he loved to steal into some solitude, and lying under a tree, read some book, unmindful of the dinner-hour, unmindful of the shifting of the sun in the heavens, and only awakened from his absorption by the dying of the daylight. This ecstasy of passion for books increased continually upon him. In his sixth year he would scour the country for books, borrowing them from everybody without the least bashfulness. If he was sent to the cellar for a jug of cider, he would go book in hand, and would go on reading until the splashing of the liquor warned him that his jug was full. He would go reading to the gardens, reading to the wood-pile, reading on errands to neighbors. He loved books not only for their contents, but for themselves, and this determined him to be a printer. One day he was watching a blacksmith shoeing a horse, and according to his invariable custom, he cross-examined the man strictly in what he was doing. The blacksmith, smiling at his eagerness, said: "Come along with me, Hod," which was the rural for Horace, "and learn my trade." "No," replied Horace, as decidedly as if the thing had been unalterably fixed, "I'm going to be a printer."

When [Horace was] eight years old his father met with reverses, and the farm at Amherst was seized by his creditors. [Zaccheus] gave it up temporarily and went to Bedford, where he assumed the management of a hop-yard, but this, too, was not successful, and after two years' effort, he returned to the farm at Amherst. The outlook now became still more gloomy, and in 1821 he became bankrupt, was sold out of house and home, goods and land, and had to fly from the State to avoid personal arrest. He had now to begin the world anew, and after some wandering settled down in the town of Westhaven, Rutland County, Vt., where he rented a small house, and took jobs of various kinds, contracting to get in a harvest, to tend a saw-mill, to prepare the ground for seeding; but his principal employment was the clearing of wild land. In this last everyone could assist: mother, little ones, and all. The father chopped the big trees. Horace drove the oxen, and his younger brother chopped the small trees. The excellent mother and her daughters gathered the light wood into heaps. While working Mrs. Greeley's voice would rise in musical carols, her high spirits never flagging either by misfortune or by hard labor. When the day's task was done, the family retired to their little house, and supped upon bean-porridge, the five children each armed with a spoon attacking a great porringer, placed upon the floor, while the parents, with more dignity, consumed the same food from another vessel placed upon the table. The picture must have been a pleasant one. All of them were clad in coarse

linen and linsey-woolsey, home spun and dyed with butternut bark, but all were redolent of health and good spirits, and the mother was singularly good looking.

At the time Horace's appearance was somewhat dilapidated and forlorn. His tow shirt was never buttoned, his tow pantaloons, by some strange freak, had always one leg shorter than the other, and his big head was surmounted by a specially ragged straw hat. His contempt of externals was little regarded by a family that despised them too, and at fourteen, when he emerged from West Haven he must have presented a very odd appearance.

The occasion of his leaving the paternal home was an advertisement which appeared in the *Northern Spectator*, a weekly paper published at East Poultney, for an apprentice in the office of that journal. He showed it to his father, and asked permission to try for it, to which his father reluctantly assented. Accordingly, in the Spring time of the year 1826, Horace, dressed as usual, but with the addition of well-worn shoes of the denomination "high-low," without stockings, and with a jacket, presented himself to Amos Bliss, on of the proprietors of the *Northern Spectator,* and inquired, "Are you the man that carries on the printing office?" Mr. Bliss looked at his questioner with undisguised amazement and replied in the affirmative. Horace continued, "Don't you want a boy to learn the trade?" "Well," said Mr. Bliss, "perhaps so. Do you want to learn to set type?" "Yes I do," drawled out the youthful aspirant for typographical honors, in such a queer, touching, earnest way that the heart of Mr. Bliss melted within him, and though the apprentice he had expected when he inserted the advertisement was not in the least like the present applicant, he questioned him kindly. He found him well read and most intelligent, and so introduced him to the foreman, who set him at once to work. Horace soon learned the rudiments, though he was the butt of his fellow-workmen for some time, but he never heeded their jibes. The tactics of passive resistance conquered, and from that moment on he was on the best terms with all the workers in the establishment. His omnivorous reading became the subject of astonishment and respect, and he was shortly afterward introduced into a debating society called the East Poulton Lyceum. The same winter he became a member, and was soon one of its leading debaters. All subjects seemed alike to him, and he was always interested in every question discussed. His religious and political opinions were already formed. In the former, he was an Universalist, and in the latter, he believed in Henry Clay. In all discussions he was listened to with great attention, although the poverty of his appearance, the awkwardness of the few gestures which he employed, and the peculiar high pitch of his voice, were against him. But he was a great reader, and had a wonderful memory. Dates, names, places, figures, statistics, all the driest minutiae of history and politics, were as fresh in his memory as the most interesting incidents. He boarded at the tavern in East Poultney; and a distinguished physician of New York had recorded the following interesting reminiscence of his first encounter with the afterward famous Horace Greeley:

> "I went to the tavern, put up my horses and went in to dinner. There were a good many people present, the sheriff of the county, and an ex-member of Congress included, and I was considerably abashed at first by so much good company, but I had scarcely begun to eat when my eyes rested upon so singular an object that the morsel remained suspended on my fork, and I could do nothing but stare. It was a tall, pale, white-haired gawky boy, seated at the furthest end of the table. He was in his shirt sleeves, and eating with a rapidity and awkwardness I have never seen equaled. He never looked up, or seemed to pay the least attention to the conversation, which was becoming quite animated. Some measure of an early Congress had been mentioned, and a question had arisen how certain members had voted on its final passage. The Sheriff, a very finely-dressed gentleman, and quite a personage in my estimation, to my boundless astonishment, referred the matter to the gawky boy, saying, 'Ain't that right, Greeley?' 'No,' he said, without ceasing to eat for an instant. 'Ha!' chimed in the Ex-Congressman.

'What did I tell you? I knew I was right.' 'No,' said the gawky boy, 'you're wrong too.' Then he laid down his knife and fork and gave the whole history of the measure from its inception to its passage, detailed the state of the parties at the time, stated the vote in dispute, and named the leading speakers for and against the measure. I listened open-mouthed; but what surprised me most was that the company received it as pure gospel, and as settling the matter beyond dispute. I never met him again until he was the famous editor of the *Tribune*."

In June, 1830, the *Northern Spectator* was discontinued, and the printing-office was broken up. The concern did not pay. Horace Greeley, who had been in the yearly receipt of forty dollars, had not saved a cent of it. Neither had he spent a cent. All he could possibly spare was sent to his father, who had left Westhaven, and was engaged in clearing wild land in Pennsylvania. When his connection with Mr. Bliss closed, his wardrobe consisted of two ragged shirts, and the pocket-handkerchief in which they were enveloped, with his last half-year's wages of twenty dollars. He had a sore leg, but, in spite of this, he determined to walk to Pennsylvania. Before he quitted East Poultney, the boarders of the tavern where he had so often held forth, and been the universal arbiter, determined to display their friendly feelings and good wishes in some way most useful to him, so they presented him with an over-coat, the first the young man had ever possessed; for the good son rigorously denied himself warm clothing through the fierce Winters of Vermont so that he might send the more to his parents, struggling with the difficulties of wild land in Erie, Penn.

Horace was twelve days on the journey, and arrived there at list, with his leg frightfully swollen. There was a doctor about twenty-five miles from his father's clearing, and to him he limped. "Ha," said the doctor, "you don't drink liquor, young man." "No, Doctor," was the response, "neither use strong drink nor tobacco, and I never will." "Thank your lucky stars for it. You've a bad leg, as it is; but if you had been a drinker, you'd have had *no leg.*" The doctor's treatment was skillful, and he cured the limb, though with great difficulty, succeeding finally by the use of electricity. As soon as he was comparatively all right he sought for work, and obtained it on the *Erie Gazette*, edited by a Mr. Sterrell, who received him with reluctance, because he looked so green. But in a few days he was in high favor in the composing-room, and was placed on the footing of a regular typographer, getting his twelve dollars a month and board. All he intervals of labor he spent in reading, especially politics, until his amount of information became a proverb. But he still dressed in the old homespun and presented the same forlorn appearance. Mr. Sterrell, who had taken an immense liking to him, said, "Now, Hod, don't dress so hideously. You're earning good wages. Let me write you an order on a store for a good suit." Horace stammered out his thanks, but refused. He said his father was on a new place, and he wanted to help him all he could. To so noble an answer nothing could be objected, so Mr. Sterrell desisted, and allowed him to dress as he pleased.

On Friday, August the 18th, 1831, Horace Greeley landed from an Albany tow-boat at Whitehall, close to the Battery. His available capital was ten dollars and seventy-five cents. Appreciating the narrowness of his means, he secured board at the rate of two dollars and a half a week. Then he looked round among all the printing-offices for employment, but all scouted him, taking him for a runaway apprentice, and refusing utterly to listen to his explanations of his personal history. At his boarding-house he learned from one of the inmates that West, of No. 85 Chatham-street, was in want of hands, and to West he determined to go. Early on Monday morning he was there. It was 5½ o'clock, and the office was not yet opened. It was on the second floor, the ground being occupied by a book-store, kept by McElrath & Bangs. Horace Greeley sat down on the stone steps to wait. Fortune, which always favors the brave of heart, favored him. The first journeyman was a Vermonter, who was moved by the artless tale of the singular young man, and determined to befriend him. A man was wanted for

the composition of a polyglot Testament, and he advised him to apply to the foreman (Col. Porter), afterward of the *Spirit of the Times*), for the job. When he came he stared at Horace, but listened, good-humoredly, to the pleading of the Vermonter, and agreed to give him a trial on the Testament. Horace Greeley worked throughout the day with his usual intensity and silence. When night came he struck off a proof of his day's toil and handed it to the foreman, who was astonished to find that it was much greater in quantity, and infinitely more accurate, than any day's work which had ever been performed on the Polyglot. He was at once engaged at $6 a week, and respected in the office as a prime hand. He had a way of talking while working, when he knew his company, that was very diverting. From the great treasure-house of his memory he drew forth endless stories of interest. He was great on politics, on religion, and on the then prevailing topic of Masonry. He was as ardent an anti-Mason as he was a worshiper of Henry Clay. The men delighted to say a word against his idol, or to praise his *bête noir*, just to set him going on his favorite topics.

Col. Porter, the foreman at West's in November, 1831, started for himself as editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, and Horace Greeley came with him as compositor. For this paper he composed a multitude of articles and paragraphs of no great value, but he threw them off with surprising facility, and was of great service to the editor, whose staff was somewhat scanty. He remained with the *Spirit* until October, 1832, when he went to visit his relatives in New Hampshire, returning to the City in November, and going to work for Mr. Redfield, a stereotyper in large business. In December, however, he got a lift. He entered into partnership with a Dr. Sheppard and a Mr. Story in the starting of a two-cent paper, Horace Greeley to be master printer. He obtained credit for the necessary type from George Bruce, the great type-founder, who was so impressed with the candor and honesty of young Greeley that he let him have the type, though neither of them saw very clearly how it was to be paid for. On the 1st of January 1833, the new paper, the *Morning Post*, made its appearance, and three weeks afterward it perished of inanition. But the printing firm of Greeley & Story did not die, being supported by the printing of *Sylvester's Bank Note Reporter*, which was sure pay. Little by little they got more and more work, until they were quite prosperous, and began to accumulate capital. Francis Story was unfortunately drowned on an excursion down the Bay, and his place was taken by his brother-in-law, Mr. Jonas Winchester. The change in the firm brought no change in the business, which went on increasingly steadily.

About this time he embraced the dietetic notions of Dr. Graham, and went to board at the Graham Hotel. In January, 1834, the firm which now consisted of Horace Greeley, Jonas Winchester and E. Sibbett, determined to start a weekly paper, and the result was the *New-Yorker*... The *New-Yorker* appeared in March, 1834, and had a first sale of 100 copies. In September the circulation was 2,500 and the second volume began with 4,500. Horace Greeley was the editor, and enjoyed himself thoroughly in his work...

In July, 1836, he married Miss Mary Yonge Cheney, whom he had first met at the Graham Hotel. The lady was a teacher, and had as ardent a thirst for knowledge as her [future] husband. They became engaged, and when the lady obtained a situation as teacher at the school in Warrenton, North Carolina, they corresponded until Mr. Greeley, believing his prospects to be good enough for matrimony, went down to Warrenton and was married to the lady in Immanuel Church by Rev. William Norwood, of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Greeley chose this church because he had conceived a great admiration of the matrimonial service, which he had heard on the occasion of his partner, Mr. Winchester. Three years afterward, the *New-Yorker* was partly relinquished. It had numerous subscribers, but it did not pay, through some defect in the management. During the last year, Mr. Greeley undertook, in addition, the entire editorial charge of the *Jeffersonian*, a campaign sheet started in Albany, which lived just one year. Thus from 1838 to 1839 he had two papers to provide for, papers diverse in

character, and published 150 miles apart. Nothing but intense energy and wonderful facility of literary composition could have enabled him to bear the strain.

In 1840 occurred the "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" campaign. No man contributed more to keep alive the popular enthusiasm than Horace Greeley in his weekly paper, the *Log Cabin*. It was a small paper, about half the size of the *Tribune*. Of the first number, no less than 48,000 copies were sold. Subscribers came pouring in at the rate of 700 a day, until the weekly issue was between 80,000 and 90,000. It was a zealous advocate of the agricultural interest, or, as the paper expressed it, of the cause of the Log Cabin against that of the Custom-house and Presidential palace. To this periodical, Mr. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, contributed many of his best witticisms. It abounded with good things, with pithy articles on the same subjects that had been treated so well in the *New-Yorker*, and with those campaign songs that had so great a share in deciding the victory. It had been designed only for the campaign, and was expected to expire with the twenty-seventh number. But the zealous editor, desirous of presenting complete returns of the victory, issued an extra number at his own expense, in which it was announced that the *Log Cabin* would be resumed in a few weeks as a family political paper. On the 5th of December it appeared, and reaped a moderate success.

On the 10th day of April, 1841, Greeley produced the New-York *Tribune*. He had not much cash capital. but he had great reputation and unbounded credit. Men believed both in his capacity and his honesty, and those who backed him once stood by him forever after. The gentleman who furnished the type was the same who had furnished the type for the *Morning Post* on credit, and who had unlimited confidence in the young editor. It was published at No. 30 Ann-street, and was one-third the size of the present *Tribune*. Horace Greeley was editor and proprietor… The motto of the paper was the dying word of Harrison, "I desire you to understand the true principles of government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." Its price was one cent... The public became interested in and supported the *Tribune* with such vigor, that, on the seventh week, it had an edition of 11,000, with more advertising than they could well receive. The price of advertising was raised from four to six cents a line. To crown the triumph, Thomas McElrath became the business manager, and entered into co-partnership with Horace Greeley in July. Shortly afterward the *Log Cabin* and the *New-Yorker*, which had been dragging on a precarious existence, were merged in the *Weekly Tribune*.

It was in October, 1841, that the first mention of Fourierism occurred in the *Tribune*, in a notice of a lecture by Albert Brisbane… In 1848 took place the affair of the great Shevegammon victory, which was considered an infamous hoax. Horace Greeley was fully and properly acquitted of any participation in it. In the Fall of the same year he was nominated and elected to a seat [for three months] in the House of Representatives, which the death of a member had made vacant. On the day after he took his seat he gave notice of his intention to bring in a bill to discourage speculation in the public lands, and establish homesteads upon the same, and on the seventh day afterward he introduced the Land Reform bill. Six days after that he made a plain and forcible speech upon the tariff, and animadverted roundly upon the President's Message, in which the manufacturers had been styled an aristocratic class. He also sent to the *Tribune* a full exposure of the mileage system, which he characterized as a swindle. This created a very angry feeling in the House, and resolutions were offered against the article and the writer, and there was much Congressional quarreling… It proved, however, an excellent advertisement for the *Tribune*, and greatly enhanced the popularity of that paper. When the three months were expired, Mr. Greeley returned to New-York with the reputation as the most combative and impracticable man that ever aspired to be a legislator… In 1851 he went to London, to the Crystal Palace, being a member of the jury on hardware, by the appointment of the American Commissioner… In the year 1855, that of the first French Exposition, he again went to Europe for a few weeks' holiday, and shortly after his arrival in

Paris had the misfortune to be arrested at the suit of Mons. LeCherne, a sculptor, who had sent a statue to the New-York exhibition which had been broken. Mr. Greeley was a director of the Association, and [Lecherne] demanded from him compensation for the amount of $2,500. He refused to pay it, and was lodged in Clichy for a few days, being released as soon as the case came before the authorities. This curtailed his visit to Paris, and he left almost immediately for London, returning to New-York after an absence of three months.

In the beginning of the next year he was assaulted by Albert Rust, a member of Congress for Arkansas, for opinions he had expressed on the slavery question. The affair created much excitement generally, and was the cause of the contrast between slavery and labor, which he published in the *Tribune* shortly afterward. In 1859 Mr. Greeley made his famous visit to California across the Plains… The next year was 1860, and the Republican Party met at Chicago for the purpose of nominating a President and Vice-President. Mr. Greeley attended as delegate from Oregon. It was the expectation that Mr. [William Henry] Seward would receive the nomination, but Mr. Greeley so strongly advocated the nomination of Abraham Lincoln that Seward was defeated. This excited much comment, and Mr. Raymond, of the Times, also a delegate to the Convention, criticised his course severely, referring to a private letter written by Mr. Greeley to Mr. Seward, as giving true reasons for his opposition. That letter was immediately published in the *Tribune*, and the course of Mr. Greeley was explained and defended by Thurlow Weed, who was cognizant of all the circumstances. The friends of Mr. Seward, however, were not to be appeased, and in February, 1861, they contrived to defeat the aspirations of Mr. Greeley for the United States Senatorship, vacant in the State of New-York, and to give the nomination to Judge Ira Harris. Mr. Greeley, despite this usage, most warmly indorsed [sic] President Lincoln's appointment of Mr. Seward to the responsible post of Secretary of State.

…When the rebellion broke out in the Spring of 1861, he was hardly prepared for the emergency. He had been so long accustomed to the menaces of secession from the South, that he regarded the threats that followed the election of Mr. Lincoln as only a part of the bluster inseparable from every Presidential struggle. When, however, he became convinced that the slaveholding States really mediated secession, he announced views that, however logical in themselves, have since been quoted to his disadvantage. The doctrine then announced, and afterward adhered to, was that the Union could not endure with one part pinned to the other by bayonets; his whole philosophy on this point was summed up in the words which he published on the 21st of January, 1861: "What I demand is proof that the Southern people really desire separation from the free States. Whenever assured that such is their settled wish, I shall joyfully co-operate with them to secure the end they seek." But the war came, and Mr. Greeley, abandoning for the time his philosophic views as to the abstraction of secession, became an earnest advocate of the most vigorous measures for the suppression of the reality of rebellion. The *Tribune* uttered day after day the cry of "Forward to Richmond," but no one was more appalled than Mr. Greeley by the results of the first premature movement into Virginia. After the disaster of Bull Run he assumed the responsibility of the watchword "Forward to Richmond," and soon afterward was prostrated by an attack of brain fever, by which he was disabled for six weeks. It is impossible in this brief sketch to follow Mr. Greeley through all the stormy years of the war, nor is it necessary, as most of his career during that period is fresh in the public mind. His comments upon the conduct of the war were usually more forcible than opportune, and the nation remembers his public criticism of President Lincoln, entitled the "Prayer of Twenty Millions," to which Mr. Lincoln made the well-known reply, in which he declared that he would save the Union in the shortest way under the Constitution. Shortly afterward the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, and Mr. Greeley, believing that the triumph of the national cause was, in any event, assured, became an advocate of peace if overtures should come from the rebel

authorities. As early as January, 1863, he declared that he was resolved to do his "utmost toward the achievement of a tolerable peace," and he wrote a letter on the subject to Colorado Jewett dated Jan. 2, 1863, which that restless agitator made public. In July, 1864, Mr. Greeley began his famous correspondence with President Lincoln upon the subject of peace negotiations, which was followed by the still more famous Niagara Conference, all facts of which have been recently published, and do not need to be repeated.

Absorbed as he was in his duties on the *Tribune*, and by the perilous condition of the country, he yet found time during the last two years of the war to write its history, the work being published almost simultaneously with the close of the rebellion, under the title of the *American Conflict.* On the day that news of Lee's surrender reached him, he wrote his noted editorial, "Magnanimity in Triumph," and then foreshadowed his policy of pacification, "Universal Amnesty," "Impartial Suffrage," to which he ever afterward faithfully adhered. He was among the first and most effective advocates of negro suffrage, and gave a practical proof of his sincerity in the cause of amnesty by going to Richmond in May, 1867, and signing the bail-bond of Jefferson Davis. For this act he was severely censured by many who had been among his warmest political friends, but Mr. Greeley met the storm with characteristic indifference. It was in this connection that he wrote his well-known letter to the members of the Union League Club, who proposed to arraign him for his conduct. It is due to Mr. Greeley to say that he was steadfast in this fight against all opposition. In the interest of this idea, which became the leading one of his political conduct, he engaged heartily upon the side of Congress in the struggle with President Johnson, and urged the impeachment of the President with all his well-known vigor and ability. He was one of the most strenuous advocates of the Constitutional Amendments, by which the legitimate results of the triumph of the Government over the rebellion were fully secured, and no one contributed more to the formation of the public sentiment which made possible such fundamental changes in the polity of the nation as were comprised in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

While thus engaged in the field of national politics, as well as absorbed in the conduct of the *Tribune* and his various literary occupations, Mr. Greeley was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of New-York, which met in Albany in 1867, and was a regular attendant upon its sessions for a time. His strong convictions upon all subjects, and his frankness in avowing them, interfered somewhat with his usefulness as a member of the body, and he vacated his seat some time before the final adjournment. He devoted himself chiefly, while he attended the sittings, in efforts to introduce a clause for the sale of the canals of the State, which, he was convinced, had become a source of unmitigated corruption, in which however, as is known, he entirely failed. This was the last public office which Mr. Greeley ever held, but he was subsequently put forward on several occasions for public place. In 1868 some of his friends made an effort to have him nominated for Governor by the Republicans, but no serious attempt was made… The next year Mr. Greeley was nominated for State Controller by the Republicans, but was defeated… In 1870 there was an organized attempt upon the part of some of the most active and earnest Republicans of the State of New-York to nominate Mr. Greeley for Governor, but he had been too outspoken in his opinions of men and measures, and it was found impossible to bring a majority of the Convention to his support… In the Fall of the same year, Mr. Greeley, although not a resident of the district, was nominated for Congress in the Sixth (now Eighth) District but was defeated… It is due to Mr. Greeley to say that notwithstanding al these disappointments, he remained true to his political allegiance, and rendered the Republican Party an earnest support.

For some months after the contest of 1870 Mr. Greeley apparently turned his attention from politics and was absorbed for a time in agricultural subjects. He had previously written and published a work on farming, with the singular title which has become so familiar to the public,

and has been so often paraphrased. As had been his custom of late years, he spent much time in traveling about the country delivering addresses before agricultural societies. In the Summer of 1871 he made his extended trip through the South, during which he made some political speeches which attracted universal attention, and upon his return it was found that his views had been modified to some extent. He did not, however, in any way abandon his advocacy of the cause of the enfranchised race, and supported the Kuklux policy of the Government with all his old-time fervor and force. He had become convinced, however, that a large portion of the Northern immigrants in the South, who had become prominent in public affairs, were unworthy men, and he made war upon them as "carpet-baggers…."

This sketch has now reached a period of time when it is unnecessary to deal with its subject in great detail. Mr. Greeley was so prompt and positive in his declarations of his views on all subjects that the public is entirely familiar with the events of the last few months of his life. On the 3d of May, 1872, he was nominated for President of the United States by the Cincinnati Convention, and on the 10th of June by the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, and, as is well known, was defeated on the 5th inst. A few days before the election he lost his wife by death, after a protracted illness, and although much prostrated by his attendance at her bedside, and depressed by the excitements and results of the political struggle through which he had passed, on the 7th of November he resumed the editorship of the *Tribune* in a card, as he had relinquished that position immediately after his nomination at Cincinnati. His strength had, however, been overtasked by the demands made upon it, and he never really resumed the management of the paper. Very few articles appeared after the announcement of the resumption that could be attributed to his pen.

Within a few days after the publication of Mr. Greeley's card resuming control of the *Tribune*, painful rumors regarding his mental condition became current, which were vague in the extreme, but were never authoritatively denied. On the 20th inst. the *Tribune* published a paragraph stating that Mr. Greeley was suffering from "mental prostration," but that he would soon be restored to his "usual vigorous health." Soon afterward it was positively ascertained that an application had been made for admission to the Bloomington Lunatic Asylum, which was refused on the ground that the *Tribune* having betrayed a very unfriendly feeling to the institution, it was feared that it could not obtain justice if anything should happen to Mr. Greeley while an inmate. The fact of this application was sedulously concealed by the indiscreet friends of the great journalist, and especial pains were taken to throw all possible mystery around his illness. It was not until Thursday last that there was any statement in the *Tribune* that his condition was alarming. The public naturally desired to know something of the illness of a man who had for so many years done so much to mold public sentiment on great public questions, but nothing could be learned. The place of his suffering, the nature of his malady, the details of his condition, were carefully concealed, and it was not until death closed the scene that any information could be obtained… [A] nation was anxious to weep at the death-bed of Horace Greeley, but his selfish friends, for some unaccountable reason, repelled this sympathy.

So far as it has been possible to obtain the facts concerning the close of this illustrious life, it appears that soon after resuming control of the *Tribune* Mr. Greeley's health began to break down, and he found it impossible to continue his journalistic labors. On Tuesday, the 19th inst., he left the City and went to the residence of Mr. J. Stewart, an old friend, at Tarrytown, on the Hudson. On the following day (Wednesday) Mr. Greeley was driven to the residence of Dr. Choate, a farm-house on the Pleasantville road, about five miles from Tarrytown, and less than half that distance from Chappaqua. During the afternoon of Wednesday, and on Thursday and Friday, he remained out of bed; but on the day following it became apparent that he was losing ground, and by directions from the physicians, he remained in his room. Since his arrival at Tarrytown, Mr. Greeley had evinced great mental disquietude on the subject of his worldly

affairs, and the impression grew upon him to such an extent that he became gloomy and despondent, and refused to take more than a small portion of nourishing food at long intervals. After being confined to his room, Mr. Greeley continued failing, and on Tuesday… his physicians plainly saw that the chances of recovery were few. It was then resolved to keep the locality in which he lay a secret from his friends, and only his daughter Ida, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, "Auntie" Lansom and two of the *Tribune* managers were admitted to his bedside. Dr. Lanson, of Tarrytown, joined Dr. Choate on Tuesday, and together they watched by his bedside to the last. On Tuesday night the patient became unconscious, and remained so up to the following afternoon, when he rallied sufficiently to recognize those around him. He slept at intervals during the next twenty-four hours, but on Thursday night he became restless, and when yesterday morning dawned, it was plain that he could live but a few hours longer. At three o'clock yesterday afternoon he regained consciousness and answered in monosyllables all questions addressed to him, and during the afternoon recognized his attendants, shaking hands with his daughter, who stood at his side. At this time he had become pulseless, and his hands and feet were cold. At half-past six o'clock Dr. Choate summoned the attendants to the side of the bed, and they gathered on the left side, Miss Ida Greeley holding her father's hand, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart standing by his head, while Mr. Edward Carpenter, his physician and others stood near the foot of the bed. Mr. Greeley's eyes brightened, and he murmured, "I know that my Redeemer liveth. It is done." Then his eyes closed slowly, and at 6¾ o'clock he breathed his last.

Very little is as yet known concerning the arrangements for Mr. Greeley's funeral, but it is probable that the body will be removed to New-York on Monday to the house of Mr. Sinclair, No. 69 West Forty-fifth street. The funeral services will be held at Dr. Chapin's church [Fourth Universalist], and the casket will be thence removed to Green-Wood Cemetery. No day has been fixed for the funeral, but it seems probable that it will take place either on Wednesday or Thursday of next week.

New York Times, New York, Wed. 30 Nov 1872

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