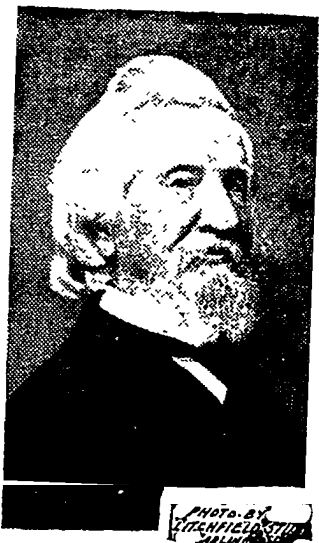


AGED POET AND AUTHOR DEAD

John T. Trowbridge
Was 88 Years Old.

Last of Famous Group of
New England Writers.

Many of His Works Gained
Great Popularity.



JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.

ARLINGTON, Feb 12—John Townsend Trowbridge, poet and author, died at 5:50 this evening at his home, 152 Pleasant st, in his 88th year. With him at his death were his wife, his son, Arthur T., and his two daughters, Mrs C. H. van Baur of Long Island and Mrs Herbert Yeamans of Geneva, N Y, and Mrs von Baur's two children.

Mr Trowbridge had been ill for three weeks with the grip and bronchitis. He frequently rallied, but for the past three days had been unconscious. The funeral will be held from his late residence on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mr Trowbridge was the last of that famous group of New England authors, which included Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson and Lowell, and upon the death of Charles Eliot Norton he became the sole survivor of the men and women who wrote for the Atlantic Monthly in its very early days.

Mr Trowbridge wrote over 50 books, every one of which survive him, several having been issued in repeated editions while some outlived their copyright, which expired many years ago.

"Neighbor Jackwood" His Favorite.

Of them all "Neighbor Jackwood" was his favorite, and it is said that it had a larger sale than any other American novel, with the single exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written by Harriet Beacher Stowe, and given to the public about a year earlier. Like that, the story was an attack upon human slavery, portraying with equal vividness

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the horrors of the institution in America, but containing far more of wit and humor. It was also dramatized, and on its first production on the Boston Museum stage, with William Warren, Mrs Vincent and Rose Skerritt in the cast, it had an unprecedented success.

Mr Trowbridge's father, Windsor Stone Trowbridge, was a farmer, who in 1811 emigrated from the East to the wilderness of New York, making the journey in Winter with a young wife, Rebecca (Willey) Trowbridge, a little load of household goods and an ox-team. There was but one house where the city of Rochester now stands, and, crossing the Genessee River on the ice, the pioneer settled eight miles beyond, cut-down the trees, built a log cabin and made a little farm in the woods.

Born in Log Cabin.

In this house a boy was born on Sept 18, 1827, and given the name of John Townsend Trowbridge. He was the eighth of nine children. As soon as he was large enough he was put to work on the farm, for his father was not robust in health and he died before John was 17 years old. In the meantime the boy's duties were such that he was able to attend the common school at the Winter term only.

There were no luxuries in the home, but the mother was a woman of refined and devotional nature, and, despite his load of care, the father was cheerful, a good musician and a capital story teller. There were books, and in reading John escaped the poverty of his surroundings and was borne in imagination into the world of poetry and romance. He never enjoyed farm work as a boy. His aspirations were for a literary life.

The experiences of his own youth are reflected in those of the characters in his writings, one of whom he makes say: "My hands were filled with common tasks,

My head with rare romances."

He began to write verses at the age of 13, and to print them in a Rochester paper at 16. At 14 he took up by himself the study of French, Latin and German, and became an eager reader of Byron, Moore, Scott, Shakspeare and the poets and romances whose works he obtained from a circulating library.

At the age of 17 he went to live for a while with a married sister in Lockport, where he had opportunity to attend a classical school, and where he also found a man to teach him French. Here also he won a literary prize offered by the Niagara Courier.

At the close of the school term he was offered a place as canvasser for an anti-slavery paper, but balked at the first door because he "could not ask a favor from any one."

Then he went to the home of a married sister in Illinois, helped his brother-in-law on the farm, hunted, explored the surrounding country, still continuing his studies, and was soon earning a livelihood by teaching the district school.

A Start in Literature.

The next season he taught school in Lockport, but on May 10, 1847, he started for New York. There, with poems and sketches in his pocket—and little else—he learned from contact with publishers and editors that the way of the youthful literary aspirant is hard.

But after a while he was taken under the wing of Major Noah, proprietor of the Sunday Times, who aided him in various ways and advised him to "leave poetry alone if he desired to make a living."

Writing under the nom de plume of "Paul Creyton," he sold several prose contributions to Holden's Dollar Magazine, and more encouragement came in the acceptance of work by other publications.

After a stay of 15 months in New York he came to Boston at the age of 21, to look about for material for his work, but found that the Boston weeklies were already eager for his contributions. So he sat down to supply the demand, and thus became a fixture here, with a rapidly increasing welcome to the best literary circles.

He was soon invited to the editorship of the Yankee Nation, just started by two others, who furnished the money. This the young editor made prosperous for two years and until, by a change in management, an impecunious relative of one of the new owners supplanted him, and the paper soon went to the wall.

Refuses Editorship.

He edited the American Sentinel for awhile, and then received a proposal to become editor-in-chief of an important Boston daily, with twice the salary he could then earn with his pen. But all his aspirations were in the direction of a distinctly literary occupation, and he declined the offer, and did not engage in any editorial work again until he became editor of Our Young Folks, near the close of the Civil War.

In May, 1853, appeared Mr Trowbridge's first book, "Father Bright-hopes," under the imprint of Phillips, Sampson & Co. This was very favorably received and the publishers urged the writer to bring out another as soon as possible. He then began "Martin Merivale, His X Mark"; while at work on this book he took a trip to Europe, and it was during this sojourn that he wrote "Neighbor Jackwood."

The publication of his poem, "The Vagabonds," brought Mr Trowbridge added laurels; this immediately became an elocutionary favorite, as did his humorous poem, "Darius Green and His Flying Machine."

His story, "Coupon Bonds," which appeared in the Atlantic during war times, had an extraordinary effect in extending the circulation of Government bonds, in which it was at that time very difficult to enlist public interest.

After the close of the war Mr Trowbridge, at the urgent request of a publisher, left his pleasant home in Arlington, where he had just settled, and took a trip through the Southern States, visiting all the great battlefields and making a careful investigation of the condition of the South. The result was published under the title "The South: Its Battlefields, Desolated States and Ruined Cities, Its People and Prospects."

Manager of "Our Young Folks."

In January, 1865, the publishers of the Atlantic decided to bring out an illustrated magazine for girls and boys. This was christened "Our Young Folks;" and among its contributors were Mrs Stowe, Miss Alcott, Whittier, Higginson, Aldrich, Miss Phelps and many others, including Charles Dickens. Mr Trowbridge, who at first assisted Mr Howard M. Ticknor upon the staff of the magazine with Lucy Larcom and Gail Hamilton, became its manager in 1870, contributing meanwhile largely to its pages.

Not least interesting among the popular tales in "Our Young Folks" were those of Mr Trowbridge, who in 1870 put forth the first of the successful "Jack Hazard" series, on a suggestion from the publishers. He consulted them one day in regard to whom should be invited to supply the next continued story, when one of them exclaimed, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" and he sat down at once to produce the first of these fascinating tales.

For many years "Our Young Folks"

became merged in the St Nicholas, and Mr Trowbridge lost an editorship, but at the same time acquired more time for his favorite literary work, and his "Jack Hazard" series was concluded in the St Nicholas.

In that very charming autobiography entitled "My Own Story," he exercised a delicate reserve regarding the things which came closest to him, although he set forth in graceful style the details of his varied and useful career. In the closing pages he said:

"That something of the freshness of dawn is preserved for me in the evening of my days, I believe that I owe primarily to a sound constitution; to an instinctive, never ascetic, obedience to the laws of health, and, above all, to a mind open to the 'beauty and wonder' of the existence in which we are 'embosomed.' Add to this a philosophy of fortitude and renunciation which has enabled me to receive the rebuffs of fortune 'with a heart for any fate.'"

The birthdays of Mr Trowbridge were celebrated by the best men and women of literary, educational and other professional life in the country. When, his 80th came he essayed to have it pass unnoticed, but his beautiful home in Arlington was filled with welcome, but unbidden guests, who brought flowers, kind greetings and good cheer, while others sent letters of congratulation, among them a beautiful poem from George Alfred Townsend.