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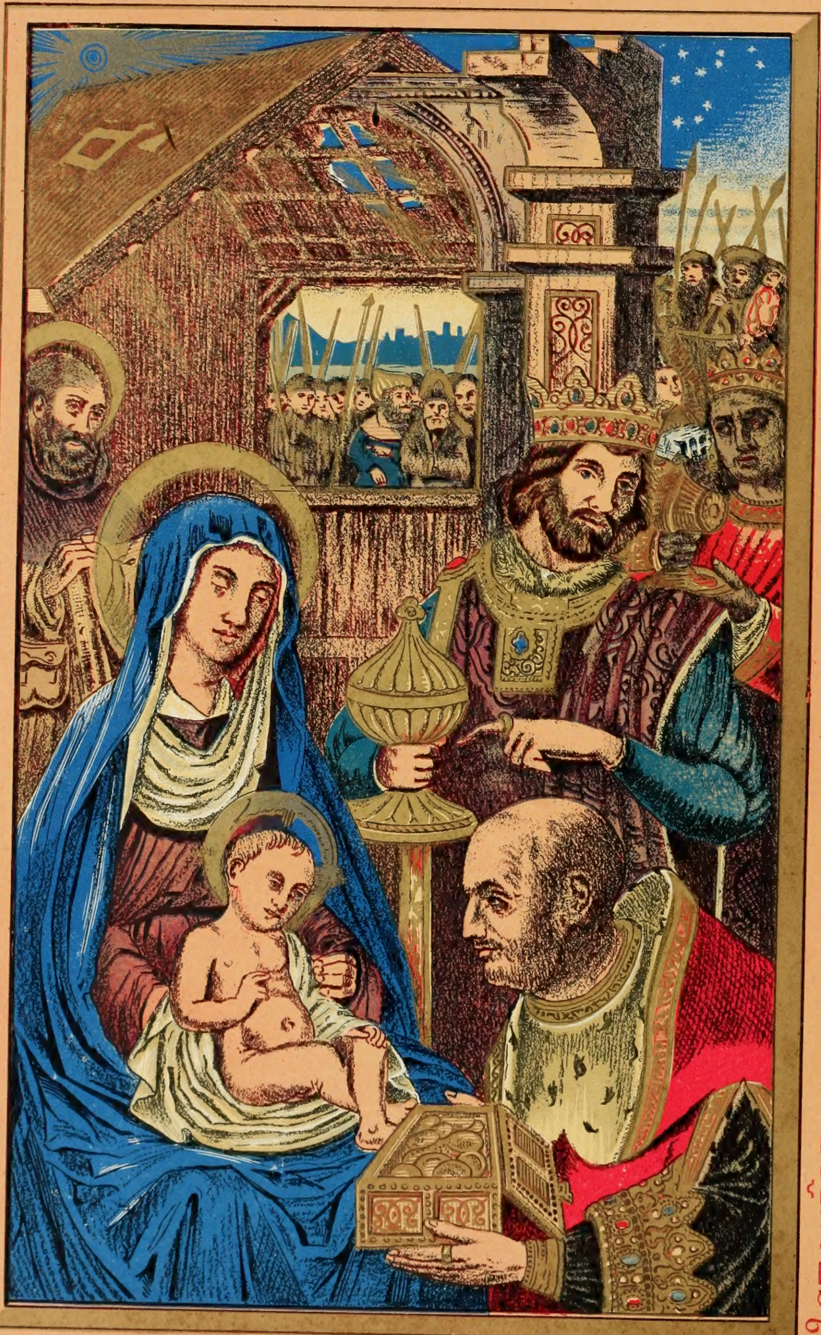

ET·APTIS·THESAVRIS SVIS·OBTVLERT·EI·MVERA·AVR THꝰ·ET·MIRRA·

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

From the "Hours" of Anne of Brittany.

The magnificent missal from which this specimen is taken was executed for Anne of Brittany; most probably at the time of her marriage with Charles VIII., as her initials are interlaced with those of the king at the commencement of the volume. If this is a fact, it places the date of its production as the end of the fifteenth century. The volume has received extravagant praise, but even a severe estimate must assign it a place among the very finest examples of its class. The volume begins with a calendar which is written on tablets placed in the centre of the minatures, the figures so arranged as not to be cut by the tablets. Then follows the usual prayers, each surrounded by a gold band, on which are painted natural flowers and fruits. Some of these borderings are of most exquisite finish, such as no mechanical process can imitate, and completely jewelled over with glittering insects wrought out with most sparkling brilliancy. In addition to these borderings, there is a large miniature occupying an entire page opposite to the prayer for each saint's day, some of them as delicately executed as any work of the Italian artists, although the producer of this manuscript was a native Frenchman.

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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

EDITOR

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE
GEORGE HENRY WARNER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Special Edition

THIRTY-ONE VOLUMES

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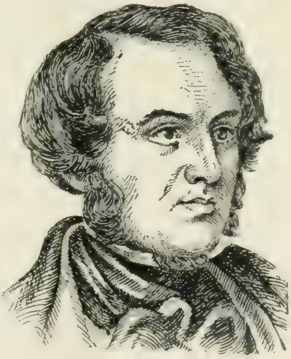
CHARLES LEVER

(1806-1872)

The wonderful flow of animal spirits in Lever's novels is an expression of the warm vital force of the man, who was joyous in his childhood and dowered with good things in his youth. An Irishman,—born August 21st, 1806, in Dublin,—his folk were of English descent. Charles—or Charles James, as his full name ran—was a handsome, merry, and clever lad, who rode his pony to school and gave his schoolmasters some bad quarters of an hour by his escapades. Fencing and love-making too he liked, when the time came. With this temperament and with his personal attraction, it is easy to understand that at Trinity College in his native city, where he took his degree, his life was a gay one. But along with social aptitudes, he early developed diligence in literary work, writing tales and ballads many during undergraduate days. His particular literary idols were the Waverley novels. "I can remember the time," he wrote to a friend, "when as freshmen we went about talking to each other of 'Ivanhoe' and 'Kenilworth,' and when the glorious spirit of these novels had so possessed us, that our romance elevated and warmed us to unconscious imitation of the noble thoughts and deeds we had been reading."



Charles Lever

From Trinity College Lever went to Göttingen for further study, took a degree there, and saw society so broadly that, writing as "Cornelius O'Dowd"—his pen-name in Blackwood's—he could say of himself, with some truth behind the whimsical exaggeration:—

"I know everybody worth knowing in Europe. I have been everywhere, eaten everything, and seen everything. There's not a railway guard doesn't give a recognition to me; not a waiter, from the Trois Frères to the Wilde Mann, doesn't trail his napkin to earth as he sees me. Ministers speak up when I stroll into the Chamber, and prima donnas soar above the orchestra as I enter the pit."

Returning to Dublin, Lever took a medical degree, and practiced with success in the North of Ireland,—his courage during the cholera epidemic of 1832 being widely blazoned. His rating in that profession is indicated by his nomination to the post of physician to the British Embassy at Brussels, where he remained three years, coming back in 1842 to be editor of the Dublin University Magazine, which he brought into prominence. In 1845 he went to live in Florence; leaving that city in 1858 to accept the consulship at Spezia, and going to Triest in 1867 to fill the same position there.

Lever's best-known and best-loved novels are those of his younger manhood,—'Harry Lorrequer' (1837), 'Charles O'Malley' (1840), and 'Tom Burke of Ours' (1844): they are dashing tales of dare-devil Irish soldier life of the early century. Martial courage, gallantry, song, drink, the salt of fun and the zest of life are in them; and they are told in a straight-away breezy fashion and with an honesty of character that is winning. Lever's spirit was very sweet and human. He was a natural story-teller, too; neither of the highest nor deepest, but sure to be read and kindly remembered. He was a voluminous and industrious writer; his novels numbering over thirty, and his last, 'Lord Kilgobbin,' appearing the year he died. A few of them, the outflow of his prime of vigor, certainly have the marks of a vital product. Lever died at Triest in 1872; like his contemporary and friend Thackeray, he passed away in his sleep.

THE BATTLE ON THE DOURO

From 'Charles O'Malley'

Never did the morning break more beautifully than on the 12th of May, 1809. Huge masses of fog-like vapor had succeeded to the starry, cloudless night; but one by one they moved onward toward the sea, disclosing as they passed long tracts of lovely country, bathed in a rich golden glow. The broad Douro, with its transparent current, shone out like a bright-colored ribbon meandering through the deep garment of fairest green; the darkly shadowed mountains which closed the background loomed even larger than they were, while their summits were tipped with the yellow glory of the morning. The air was calm and still, and the very smoke that arose from the peasant's cot labored as it ascended through the perfumed air; and save the ripple of the stream, all was silent as the grave.

The squadron of the 14th, with which I was, had diverged from the road beside the river, and to obtain a shorter path, had entered the skirts of a dark pine wood: our pace was a sharp one; an orderly had been already dispatched to hasten our arrival, and we pressed on at a brisk trot. In less than an hour we reached the verge of the wood; and as we rode out upon the plain, what a spectacle met our eyes! Before us, in a narrow valley, separated from the river by a low ridge, were picketed three cavalry regiments; their noiseless gestures and perfect stillness bespeaking at once that they were intended for a surprise party. Farther down the stream and upon the opposite side rose the massive towers and tall spires of Oporto, displaying from their summits the broad ensign of France: while far as the eye could reach, the broad dark masses of troops might be seen; the intervals between their columns glittering with the bright equipments of their cavalry, whose steel caps and lances were sparkling in the sunbeams. The bivouac fires were still smoldering, and marking where some part of the army had passed the night: for early as it was, it was evident that their position had been changed; and even now, the heavy masses of dark infantry might be seen moving from place to place, while the long line of the road to Vallonga was marked with a vast cloud of dust. The French drum and the light infantry bugle told, from time to time, that orders were passing among the troops; while the glittering uniform of a staff officer, as he galloped from the town, bespoke the note of preparation.

« Dismount. Steady: quietly, my lads,» said the colonel as he alighted upon the grass. « Let the men have their breakfast.»

The little amphitheatre we occupied hid us entirely from all observation on the part of the enemy, but equally so excluded us from perceiving their movements. It may readily be supposed, then, with what impatience we waited here; while the din and clangor of the French force, as they marched and countermarched so near us, were clearly audible. The orders were, however, strict that none should approach the bank of the river; and we lay anxiously awaiting the moment when this inactivity should cease. More than one orderly had arrived among us, bearing dispatches from headquarters; but where our main body was, or what the nature of the orders, no one could guess. As for me, my excitement was at its height; and I could not speak for the very tension of my nerves. The officers stood in little groups of two and three, whispering anxiously together; but all I could collect was, that Soult had already begun his retreat upon

Amarante, and that with the broad stream of the Douro between us he defied our pursuit.

"Well, Charley," said Power, laying his arm upon my shoulder, "the French have given us the slip this time: they are already in march, and even if we dared force a passage in the face of such an enemy, it seems there is not a boat to be found. I have just seen Hammersley."

"Indeed! where is he?" said I.

"He's gone back to Villa de Condé; he asked after you most particularly. Don't blush, man: I'd rather back your chance than his, notwithstanding the long letter that Lucy sends him. Poor fellow! he has been badly wounded, but it seems, declines going back to England."

"Captain Power," said an orderly, touching his cap, "General Murray desires to see you."

Power hastened away, but returned in a few moments.

"I say, Charley, there's something in the wind here. I have just been ordered to try where the stream is fordable. I've mentioned your name to the General, and I think you'll be sent for soon. Good-by."

I buckled on my sword, and looking to my girths, stood watching the groups around me; when suddenly a dragoon pulled his horse short up, and asked a man near me if Mr. O'Malley was there?

"Yes, I am he."

"Orders from General Murray, sir," said the man, and rode off at a canter.

I opened, and saw that the dispatch was addressed to Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the mere words, "With haste!" on the envelope.

Now which way to turn I knew not; so springing into the saddle, I galloped to where Colonel Merivale was standing talking to the colonel of a heavy dragoon regiment.

"May I ask, sir, by which road I am to proceed with this dispatch?"

"Along the river, sir," said the heavy,—a large dark-browed man, with a most forbidding look. "You'll soon see the troops; you'd better stir yourself, sir, or Sir Arthur is not very likely to be pleased with you."

Without venturing a reply to what I felt a somewhat unnecessary taunt, I dashed spurs into my horse, and turned towards the river. I had not gained the bank above a minute when the loud ringing of a rifle struck upon my ear; bang went another and another. I hurried on, however, at the top of my speed, thinking only of my mission and its pressing haste. As I turned an angle of the stream, the vast column of the British came in sight; and scarcely had my eye rested upon them when my horse staggered forwards, plunged twice with his head nearly to the earth, and then, rearing madly up, fell backward upon the ground. Crushed and bruised as I felt by my fall, I was soon aroused to the necessity of exertion: for as I disengaged myself from the poor beast, I discovered he had been killed by a bullet in the counter; and scarcely had I recovered my legs when a shot struck my chago and grazed my temples. I quickly threw myself to the ground, and creeping on for some yards, reached at last some rising ground, from which I rolled gently downwards into a little declivity, sheltered by the bank from the French fire.

When I arrived at headquarters I was dreadfully fatigued and heated; but resolving not to rest till I had delivered my dispatches, I hastened towards the convent of La Sierra, where I was told the commander-in-chief was.

As I came into the court of the convent, filled with general officers and people of the staff, I was turning to ask how I could proceed, when Hixley caught my eye.

"Well, O'Malley, what brings you here?"

"Dispatches from General Murray."

"Indeed! Oh, follow me."

He hurried me rapidly through the buzzing crowd, and ascending a large gloomy stair, introduced me into a room where about a dozen persons in uniform were writing at a long deal table.

"Captain Gordon," said he, addressing one of them, "dispatches requiring immediate attention have just been brought by this officer."

Before the sentence was finished the door opened, and a short slight man in a gray undress coat, with a white cravat and a cocked hat, entered. The dead silence that ensued was not necessary to assure me that he was one in authority: the look of command his bold stern features presented, the sharp piercing eye, the compressed lip, the impressive expression of the whole face, told plainly that he was one who held equally himself and others in mastery.

« Send General Sherbroke here,» said he to an aide-de-camp. «Let the light brigade march into position;» and then turning suddenly to me:—

« Whose dispatches are these?»

« General Murray's, sir.»

I needed no more than that look to assure me that this was he of whom I had heard so much, and of whom the world was still to hear so much more.

He opened them quickly, and glancing his eye across the contents, crushed the paper in his hand. Just as he did so, a spot of blood upon the envelope attracted his attention.

« How's this—are you wounded?»

« No, sir: my horse was killed—»

« Very well, sir; join your brigade. But stay, I shall have orders for you. Well, Waters, what news?»

This question was addressed to an officer in a staff uniform who entered at the moment, followed by the short and bulky figure of a monk, his shaven crown and large cassock strongly contrasting with the gorgeous glitter of the costumes around him.

« I say, whom have we here?»

« The Prior of Amarante, sir,» replied Waters, « who has just come over. We have already by his aid secured three large barges—»

« Let the artillery take up position in the convent at once,» said Sir Arthur, interrupting. « The boats will be brought round to the small creek beneath the orchard. You, sir,» turning to me, « will convey to General Murray—but you appear weak—you, Gordon, will desire Murray to effect a crossing at Avintas with the Germans and the Fourteenth. Sherbroke's division will occupy the Villa Nuova. What number of men can that seminary take?»

« From three to four hundred, sir. The padre mentions that all the vigilance of the enemy is limited to the river below the town.»

« I perceive it,» was the short reply of Sir Arthur, as placing his hands carelessly behind his back, he walked towards the window, and looked out upon the river.

All was still as death in the chamber; not a lip murmured. The feeling of respect for him in whose presence we were standing checked every thought of utterance, while the stupendous gravity of the events before us engrossed every mind and occupied every heart. I was standing near the window; the effect of my fall had stunned me for a time, but I was gradually recovering, and watched with a thrilling heart the scene before me. Great and absorbing as was my interest in what was passing without, it was nothing compared with what I felt as I looked at him upon whom our destiny was then hanging. I had ample time to scan his features and canvass their every lineament. Never before did I look upon such perfect impassibility; the cold determined expression was crossed by no show of passion or impatience. All was rigid and motionless; and whatever might have been the workings of the spirit within, certainly no external sign betrayed them: and yet what a moment for him must that have been! Before him, separated by a deep and rapid river, lay the conquering legions of France, led on by one second alone to him whose very name had been the prestige of victory. Unprovided with every regular means of transport, in the broad glare of day, in open defiance of their serried ranks and thundering artillery, he dared the deed. What must have been his confidence in the soldiers he commanded! what must have been his reliance upon his own genius!

As such thoughts rushed through my mind, the door opened, and an officer entered hastily, and whispering a few words to Colonel Waters, left the room.

"One boat is already brought up to the crossing-place, and entirely concealed by the wall of the orchard."

"Let the men cross," was the brief reply.

No other word was spoken, as turning from the window he closed his telescope, and followed by all the others, descended to the court-yard.

This simple order was enough; an officer with a company of the Buffs embarked, and thus began the passage of the Douro.

So engrossed was I in my vigilant observation of our leader that I would gladly have remained at the convent, when I received an order to join my brigade, to which a detachment of artillery was already proceeding.

As I reached Avintas all was in motion. The cavalry was in readiness beside the river, but as yet no boats had been discovered; and such was the impatience of the men to cross, it was with difficulty they were prevented trying the passage by swimming, when suddenly Power appeared, followed by several fishermen. Three or four small skiffs had been found, half sunk in mud among the rushes; and with such frail assistance we commenced to cross.

"There will be something to write home to Galway soon, Charley, or I'm terribly mistaken," said Fred, as he sprang into the boat beside me. "Was I not a true prophet when I told you we'd meet the French in the morning?"

"They're at it already," said Hixley, as a wreath of blue smoke floated across the stream below us, and the loud boom of a large gun resounded through the air.

Then came a deafening shout, followed by a rattling volley of small-arms, gradually swelling into a hot sustained fire, through which the cannon pealed at intervals. Several large meadows lay along the river-side, where our brigade was drawn up as the detachments landed from the boats; and here, although nearly a league distant from the town, we now heard the din and crash of battle, which increased every moment. The cannonade from the Sierra convent, which at first was merely the fire of single guns, now thundered away in one long roll, amid which the sounds of falling walls and crashing roofs were mingled. It was evident to us, from the continual fire kept up, that the landing had been effected; while the swelling tide of musketry told that fresh troops were momentarily coming up.

In less than twenty minutes our brigade was formed; and we now only waited for two light four-pounders to be landed, when an officer galloped up in haste, and called out, "The French are in retreat!" and pointing at the same moment to the Vallonga road, we saw a long line of smoke and dust leading from the town, through which as we gazed the colors of the enemy might be seen as they defiled; while the unbroken lines of the wagons and heavy baggage proved that it was no partial movement, but the army itself retreating.

"Fourteenth, threes about — close up — trot!" called out the loud and manly voice of our leader; and the heavy tramp of our squadrons shook the very ground as we advanced towards the road to Vallonga.

As we came on, the scene became one of overwhelming excitement; the masses of the enemy that poured unceasingly from the town could now be distinguished more clearly; and amid all the crash of gun-carriages and caissons, the voices of the staff officers rose high as they hurried along the retreating battalions. A troop of flying artillery galloped forth at top speed, and wheeling their guns into position with the speed of lightning prepared by a flanking fire to cover over the retiring column. The gunners sprang from their seats, the guns were already unlimbered, when Sir George Murray, riding up at our left, called out:—

"Forward—close up—charge!"

The word was scarcely spoken when the loud cheer answered the welcome sound; and at the same instant the long line of shining helmets passed with the speed of a whirlwind. The pace increased at every stride, the ranks grew closer, and like the dread force of some mighty engine we fell upon the foe. I have felt all the glorious enthusiasm of a fox-hunt, when the loud cry of the hounds, answered by the cheer of the joyous huntsman, stirred the very heart within; but never till now did I know how far higher the excitement reaches, when, man to man, sabre to sabre, arm to arm, we ride forward to the battle-field. On we went, the loud shout of "Forward!" still ringing in our ears. One broken, irregular discharge from the French guns shook the head of our advancing column, but stayed us not as we galloped madly on.

I remember no more. The din, the smoke, the crash—the cry for quarter mingled with the shout of victory—the flying enemy—the agonizing shrieks of the wounded—all are commingled in my mind, but leave no trace of clearness or connection between them; and it was only when the column wheeled to re-form behind the advancing squadrons, that I awoke from my trance of maddening excitement, and perceived that we had carried the position and cut off the guns of the enemy.

"Well done, Fourteenth!" said an old gray-headed colonel as he rode along our line,—"gallantly done, lads!" The blood trickled from a sabre cut on his temple, along his cheek, as he spoke; but he either knew it not or heeded it not.

"There go the Germans!" said Power, pointing to the remainder of our brigade, as they charged furiously upon the French infantry and rode them down in masses.

Our guns came up at this time, and a plunging fire was opened upon the thick and retreating ranks of the enemy. The carnage must have been terrific; for the long breaches in their lines showed where the squadrons of the cavalry had passed, or the most destructive tide of the artillery had swept through them. The speed of the flying columns grew momentarily more; the road became blocked up too by broken carriages and wounded; and to add to their discomfiture, a damaging fire was opened from the town upon the retreating column, while the brigade of Guards and the Twenty-ninth pressed hotly on their rear.

The scene was now beyond anything maddening in its interest. From the walls of Oporto the English infantry poured forth in pursuit; while the whole river was covered with boats, as they still continued to cross over. The artillery thundered from the Sierra, to protect the landing — for it was even still contested in places; and the cavalry, charging in flank, swept the broken ranks and bore down upon the squares.

It was now, when the full tide of victory ran highest in our favor, that we were ordered to retire from the road. Column after column passed before us, unmolested and unassailed; and not even a cannon-shot arrested their steps.

Some unaccountable timidity of our leader directed this movement; and while before our very eyes the gallant infantry were charging the retiring columns, we remained still and inactive.

How little did the sense of praise we had already won repay us for the shame and indignation we experienced at this moment, as with burning cheek and compressed lip we watched the retreating files. « What can he mean ? » « Is there not some mistake ? » «Are we never to charge ? » were the muttered questions around, as a staff officer galloped up with the order to take ground still further back and nearer to the river.

The word was scarcely spoken, when a young officer in the uniform of a general dashed impetuously up: he held his plumed cap high above his head as he called out, « Fourteenth, follow me! Left face — wheel — charge ! »

So, with the word, we were upon them. The French rear-guard was at this moment at the narrowest part of the road which opened by a bridge upon a large open space; so that forming with a narrow front, and favored by a declivity in the ground, we actually rode them down. Twice the French formed, and twice were they broken. Meanwhile the carnage was dreadful on both sides; our fellows dashing madly forward where the ranks were thickest, the enemy resisting with the stubborn courage of men fighting for their last spot of ground. So impetuous was the charge of our squadrons that we stopped not till, piercing the dense column of their retreating mass, we reached the open ground beyond. Here we wheeled, and prepared once more to meet them; when suddenly some squadrons of cuirassiers debouched from the road, and supported by a field-piece, showed front against us. This was the moment that the remainder of our brigade should have come to our aid; but not a man appeared. However, there was not an instant to be lost: already the plunging fire of the four-pounder had swept through our files, and every moment increased our danger.

"Once more, my lads, forward!" cried our gallant leader, Sir Charles Stewart, as waving his sabre, he dashed into the thickest of the fray.

So sudden was our charge, that we were upon them before they were prepared. And here ensued a terrific struggle; for as the cavalry of the enemy gave way before us, we came upon the close ranks of the infantry, at half-pistol distance, who poured a withering volley into us as we approached. But what could arrest the sweeping torrent of our brave fellows, though every moment falling in numbers?

Harvey, our major, lost his arm near the shoulder. Scarcely an officer was not wounded. Power received a deep sabre cut in the cheek, from an aide-de-camp of General Foy, in return for a wound he gave the General; while I, in my endeavor to save General Laborde, when unhorsed, was cut down through the helmet, and so stunned that I remembered no more around me. I kept my saddle, it is true, but I lost every sense of consciousness; my first glimmering of reason coming to my aid as I lay upon the river bank, and felt my faithful follower Mike bathing my temples with water, as he kept up a running fire of lamentations for my being *murthered* so young.

"Are you better, Mister Charles? Spake to me, alanah: say that you're not kilt, darling; do now. Oh, wirra! what'll I ever say to the master? and you doing so beautiful! Wouldn't he give the best baste in his stable to be looking at you to-day? There, take a sup: it's only water. Bad luck to them, but it's hard work beatin' them. They're only gone now. That's right; now you're coming to."

"Where am I, Mike?"

"It's here you are, darling, resting yourself."

"Well, Charley, my poor fellow, you've got sore bones too," cried Power, as, his face swathed in bandages and covered with blood, he lay down on the grass beside me. "It was a gallant thing while it lasted, but has cost us dearly. Poor Hixley—"

"What of him?" said I, anxiously.

"Poor fellow! he has seen his last battle-field. He fell across me as we came out upon the road. I lifted him up in my arms and bore him along above fifty yards; but he was stone dead. Not a sigh, not a word escaped him; shot through the forehead." As he spoke, his lips trembled, and his voice sank to a mere whisper at the last words: "You remember what he said last night. Poor fellow! he was every inch a soldier."

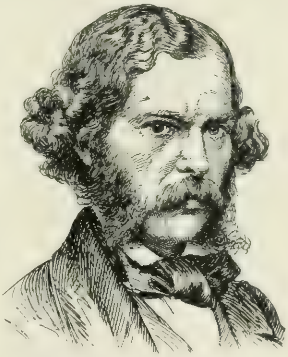
Such was his epitaph.

I turned my head toward the scene of our late encounter. Some dismounted guns and broken wagons alone marked the spot; while far in the distance, the dust of the retreating columns showed the beaten enemy, as they hurried towards the frontiers of Spain.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES

(1817-1878)

The work of Mr. Lewes admirably illustrates the intellectual change which characterizes the nineteenth century. He was born in London April 18th, 1817, and died at the Priory, St. John's Wood, November 28th, 1878; so that the active period of his life covered those years when, consciously or unconsciously, many thinkers were being strongly affected by the influence of Auguste Comte, and when the investigations and teachings of Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and others were revolutionizing science and philosophy, and in a large degree theology also. Lewes reflected the spirit of the time in the most positive fashion. He was a careful student of philosophy, but rejected the metaphysical method. He was as ardent a seeker as any Gradgrind for «facts, sir! facts!» but the facts which he sought were those which seemed capable of use in a larger and more stable philosophy. He would perhaps have claimed that the house which is to endure must be built from the foundation up, and not from the chimney down. English in birth and fibre, much of his youth was spent in France and Germany, so that insular prejudices did not control him. Devoted to investigation and to philosophical speculation, he nevertheless inherited from his grandfather, who had been a prominent actor, a love of the drama and predilection for the stage which tempered the influence of his more abstruse studies and broadened his outlook upon life. He studied medicine, but did not pursue the profession, because he could not endure the sight of so much pain as he was called upon to witness. For a time he was an inmate of a notary's office, and again for a short period he tried commerce and trade in the employ of a Russian merchant. The attractions of literature were too great to be exceeded by any other, even by those of the stage, to which he was greatly drawn. He indeed appeared behind the footlights at various times, even so late as in 1850, when he sustained a part in a play of his own called 'The Noble Heart'; and he appears to have



George Henry Lewes

been an actor of some ability. His Shylock was considered especially good.

As early as in his sixteenth year, Lewes had written a play for private performance. At nineteen he was discussing Spinoza as a member of a philosophical debating club. At about this time he planned a work in which philosophy should be treated from the physiological point of view; and thus began the undertaking which claimed his most earnest thought for the remainder of his life. His career in this respect may be divided into three periods. In the first, through his 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' published in 1845-6, he undertook to show the futility of metaphysics. In it he combined a history of philosophical theories with entertaining biographical sketches of those who propounded them; and thus clothed the dry bones, and gave living interest to what might otherwise have offered little to attract the ordinary reader. The work was afterward much modified and extended, and reissued as a 'History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte.' In his second period he became a careful investigator of biological phenomena, and subsequently published the results of his investigations in a number of interesting and popular works: 'Seaside Studies' (1858), 'Physiology of Common Life' (1859-60), 'Studies in Animal Life' (1862). In the third he combined, as it were, the results of the work of the two preceding periods, in the 'Problems of Life and Mind,' in four volumes (1874-1879); in which he sought to establish the principles of a rational psychology, and to lay the foundations for a creed. In this series may also be included his work on 'Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences' (1853); 'Aristotle: A Chapter from the History of the Sciences' (1864); and 'The Study of Psychology: Its Object, Scope, and Method' (1879). He was always deeply interested in the philosophy of Auguste Comte; but criticized Comte freely, and thereby, he says, lost his friendship.

In 1854, upon uniting his fortunes with those of George Eliot, he made a visit to Germany; and at Weimar he completed his 'Life of Goethe,'—next to the 'History of Philosophy,' probably the best known of his works. He had previously (1849) published a 'Life of Maximilian Robespierre.' His early love for the drama, in addition to the work previously cited, recorded itself in 'The Spanish Drama: Lope de Vega and Calderon' (1847), and in 'On Actors and the Art of Acting' (1875). He was also the author of two novels,—'Ranthorpe' (written in 1842 but not published until 1847), and 'Rose, Blanche, and Violet' (1848). He was not at his best, however, in fiction.

Mr. Lewes wrote extensively for the reviews, and upon a great variety of topics. His style is, as Leslie Stephen well says, "bright, clear, and independent." His views were positive, and he did not mince his words. Though the biographer of Goethe, whom he esteemed very highly, he was not fond of the German literary style; and he admired Lessing in part, it is said, because he was "the least German of all Germans." Von Schlegel he called a philosophical impostor, and Cousin he thought a charlatan. He was the first editor of the Leader, and subsequently of the Fortnightly; and as an editor he was successful, but he disliked the drudgery. In the Fortnightly he introduced the custom of signed reviews. He was an important member of a literary circle which included, among others, Carlyle, Thackeray, and J. S. Mill.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER

There are few nobler spectacles than the friendship of two great men; and the history of literature presents nothing comparable to the friendship of Goethe and Schiller. The friendship of Montaigne and Étienne de la Boétie was perhaps more passionate and entire: but it was the union of two kindred natures, which from the first moment discovered their affinity; not the union of two rivals, incessantly contrasted by partisans, and originally disposed to hold aloof from each other. Rivals Goethe and Schiller were and are; natures in many respects directly antagonistic; chiefs of opposing camps, and brought into brotherly union only by what was highest in their natures and their aims.

To look on these great rivals was to see at once their profound dissimilarity. Goethe's beautiful head had the calm victorious grandeur of the Greek ideal; Schiller's the earnest beauty of a Christian looking towards the future. The massive brow and large-pupiled eyes,— like those given by Raphael to the infant Christ, in the matchless Madonna di San Sisto; the strong and well-proportioned features, lined indeed by thought and suffering, which have troubled but not vanquished the strong man; a certain healthy vigor in the brown skin,— make Goethe a striking contrast to Schiller, with his eager eyes, narrow brow, tense and intense; his irregular features, worn by thought and suffering and weakened by sickness. The one *looks*, the other *looks out*. Both are majestic; but one has the majesty of repose, the other of conflict. Goethe's frame is massive, imposing: he seems much taller than he is. Schiller's frame is disproportioned; he seems less than he is. Goethe holds himself stiffly erect; the long-necked Schiller "walks like a camel." Goethe's chest is like the torso of the Theseus; Schiller's is bent, and has lost a lung.

A similar difference is traceable in details. "An air that was beneficial to Schiller acted on me like poison," Goethe said to Eckermann. "I called on him one day; and as I did not find him at home, I seated myself at his writing-table to note down various matters. I had not been seated long before I felt a strange indisposition steal over me, which gradually increased, until at last I nearly fainted. At first I did not know to what cause I should ascribe this wretched and to me unusual state, until I discovered that a dreadful odor issued from a drawer near me. When I opened it, I found to my astonishment that it was full of rotten apples. I immediately went to the window and inhaled the fresh air, by which I was instantly restored. Meanwhile his wife came in, and told me that the drawer was always filled with rotten apples, because the scent was beneficial to Schiller, and he could not live or work without it."

As another and not unimportant detail, characterizing the healthy and unhealthy practice of literature, it may be added that Goethe wrote in the freshness of morning, entirely free from stimulus; Schiller worked in the feverish hours of night, stimulating his languid brain with coffee and champagne.

In comparing one to a Greek ideal, the other to a Christian ideal, it has already been implied that one was the representative of realism, the other of idealism. Goethe has himself indicated the capital distinction between them: Schiller was animated with the idea of freedom; Goethe, on the contrary, was animated with the idea of nature. This distinction runs through their works: Schiller always pining for something greater than nature, wishing to make men demigods; Goethe always striving to let nature have free development, and produce the highest forms of humanity. The fall of man was to Schiller the happiest of all events, because thereby men fell away from pure instinct into conscious freedom; with this sense of freedom came the possibility of morality. To Goethe this seemed paying a price for morality which was higher than morality was worth; he preferred the ideal of a condition wherein morality was unnecessary. Much as he might prize a good police, he prized still more a society in which a police would never be needed.

Goethe and Schiller were certainly different natures; but had they been so fundamentally opposed as it is the fashion to consider them, they could never have become so intimately united. They were opposite and allied, with somewhat of the same differences and resemblances as are traceable in the Greek and Roman Mars. In the Greek mythology, the god of war had not the prominent place he attained in Rome; and the Greek sculptors, when they represented him, represented him as the victor returning after conflict to repose, holding in his hand the olive branch, while at his feet sat Eros. The Roman sculptors, or those who worked for Rome, represented Mars as the god of war in all his terrors, in the very act of leading on to victory. But different as these two conceptions were, they were both conceptions of the god of war. Goethe may be likened to the one, and Schiller to the other: both were kindred spirits united by a common purpose.

Having touched upon the points of contrast, it will now be needful to say a word on those points of resemblance which served as the basis of their union. It will be unnecessary to instance the obvious points which two such poets must have had in common; the mention of some less obvious will suffice for our present purpose. They were both profoundly convinced that art was no luxury of leisure,—no mere amusement to charm the idle or relax the careworn,—but a mighty influence, serious in its aims although pleasurable in its means; a sister of religion, by whose aid the great world-scheme was wrought into reality. This was with them no mere sonorous phrase. They were thoroughly in earnest. They believed that culture would raise humanity to its full powers; and they, as artists, knew no culture equal to that of art. It was probably a perception of this belief that made Karl Grün say, "Goethe was the most ideal idealist the earth has ever borne; an *æsthetic* idealist." And hence the origin of the wide-spread error that Goethe "only looked at life as an artist,"—*i. e.*, cared only for human nature inasmuch as it afforded him materials for art; a point which will be more fully examined hereafter. The phases of their development had been very similar, and had brought them to a similar standing-point. They both began rebelliously; they both emerged from titanic lawlessness in emerging from youth to manhood. In Italy the sight of ancient masterpieces completed Goethe's metamorphosis. Schiller had to work through his in the gloomy North, and under the constant pressure of anxieties. He too pined for Italy, and thought the climate of Greece would make him a poet. But his intense and historical mind found neither stimulus nor enjoyment in plastic art. Noble men and noble deeds were the food which nourished his great soul. "His poetic purification came from moral ideas; whereas in Goethe the moral ideal came from the artistic." Plutarch was Schiller's Bible. The ancient masterpieces of poetry came to him in this period of his development, to lead him gently by the hand onwards to the very point where Goethe stood. He read the Greek tragedians in wretched French translations, and with such aid laboriously translated the 'Iphigenia' of Euripides. Homer in Voss's faithful version became to him what Homer long was to Goethe. And how thoroughly he threw himself into the ancient world may be seen in his poem, 'The Gods of Greece.' Like Goethe, he had found his religious opinions gradually separating him more and more from the orthodox Christians; and like Goethe, he had woven for himself a system out of Spinoza, Kant, and the Grecian sages.

At the time, then, that these two men seemed most opposed to each other, and *were* opposed in feeling, they were gradually drawing closer and closer in the very lines of their development, and a firm basis was prepared for solid and enduring union. Goethe was five-and-forty, Schiller five-and-thirty. Goethe had much to give which Schiller gratefully accepted; and if he could not in return influence the developed mind of his great friend, nor add to the vast stores of its knowledge and experience, he could give him that which was even more valuable, *sympathy* and *impulse*. He excited Goethe to work. He withdrew him from the engrossing pursuit of science, and restored him once more to poetry. He urged him to finish what was already commenced, and not to leave his works all fragments. They worked together with the same purpose and with the same earnestness; and their union is the most glorious episode in the lives of both, and remains as an eternal exemplar of a noble friendship.

Of all the tributes to Schiller's greatness which an enthusiastic people has pronounced, there is perhaps nothing which carries a greater weight of tenderness and authority than Goethe's noble praise. It is a very curious fact in the history of Shakespeare, that he is not known to have written a single line in praise of any contemporary poet. The fashion of those days was for each poet to write verses in eulogy of his friends, and the eulogies written by Shakespeare's friends are such as to satisfy even the idolatry of admirers in our day; but there exists no eulogy, no single verse, from him whose eulogy was more worth having than that of all the rest put together. Had literary gossip, pregnant with literary malice, produced the absurd impression that Shakespeare was cold, selfish, and self-idolatrous, this curious fact would have been made a damning proof. I have so often in these pages used Shakespeare as a contrast to Goethe, that it would be wrong not to contrast him also on this point. Of all the failings usually attributed to literary men, Goethe had the least of what could be called jealousy; of all the qualities which sit gracefully on greatness, he had the most of magnanimity. The stream of time will carry down to after ages the memory of several whose names will live only in his praise, and the future students of literary history will have no fact to note of Goethe similar to that noted of Shakespeare: they will see how enthusiastic was his admiration of his rivals Schiller, Voss, and Herder, and how quick he was to perceive the genius of Scott, Byron, Béranger, and Manzoni.

ROBESPIERRE IN PARIS, 1770

He led a life of honorable poverty, seclusion, and study,—the life that is led by thousands of young men both in England and in France. He occupied a small apartment *àu cinquième* in the Rue St. Jacques. His slender means admitted of but very little of that dissipation with which young law students seek relief from their wearisome studies.

Jurisprudence did not, however, wholly occupy him. He was in Paris, in the midst of its pleasures, its frivolities, its debates. Too poor to enjoy many of these delights, of a disposition naturally reserved and unsocial, he had little to interrupt his studies; so that when not attending lectures or bending over digests, he was walking along the quays or down the shady, dusty avenues of the Tuileries, meditating on the destinies of mankind, and striving, with the help of Rousseau and others, to solve the vexed problems which then agitated Europe.

He was in Paris; yet not in its giddy vortex, not among its brilliant courtiers, not moving amid the rustling hoops of its court nor adding to the elegant frivolity of its salons. He was in its dark and narrow streets, amidst its misery and squalid rage. He fought no duels, sparkled at no suppers, was the hero of no *bonnes fortunes*. He was near enough to the court and the salons to know what passed there; far enough removed from them to feel some hatred at the distinction. He could see that the Great were only the Privileged, and had no real title to be an aristocracy. Any common observer might have seen that; but the serious, unfriended Robespierre saw it with terrible distinctness.

Aristocracy had indeed fallen more completely than even kingship. If the nobles ever were the foremost, topmost men, they long had ceased to be so. A more finished grace of deportment, a more thorough comprehension of the futilities and elegances of luxurious idleness, and perhaps a more perfect code of dueling, might be conceded to them. If life were as gay and frivolous a thing as Paris seemed to believe, if its interests were none other than the ingenious caprices of otiose magnificence,—then indeed these were the topmost men, and formed a veritable aristocracy.

But the brilliant fête was drawing to a close; and while the beams of morning made the rouged and fatigued cheeks of the giddy dancers look somewhat ghastly, there was heard the distant tramp of an advancing army, which told them that a conflict was at hand. Some heard it, and with reckless indifference danced on, exclaiming like Madame de Pompadour, "Après nous le Déluge!" Others resolutely shut their ears, and would *not* hear it.

Since the last days of the Roman Empire, no such spectacle had been exhibited by society as that exhibited by France during the eighteenth century. To look at it from afar, as seen in books, how gay and brilliant it appears! What wit, what eloquence! What charming futilities, what amiable society! What laughter, what amusement! If man's life were but a genteel comedy, acted before well-fed, well-bred, well-dressed audiences, this was a scene to draw forth all our plaudits. A Secretary of State at eighteen (M. de Maurepas) decides State questions with a *bon-mot*. A miserable negro page, Du Barri's favorite, is thought fitted to become the governor of a royal château. Storms lower on the horizon: they are met with epigrams! Dandy abbés make their lacqueys repeat the breviary for them; and having *thus* discharged the duties of their office, set themselves with all seriousness to turning couplets, and to gaining the reputation of gallantry. Women of the highest rank go to hear mass; but take with them under guise of prayer-book some of those witty and licentious novels which are to be compared only to the 'Satyricon' of Petronius.

These charming women "violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers." They had effaced the negative from the seventh Commandment, and made marriage, as the witty Sophie Arnould felicitously defined it, "the sacrament of adultery."

The treasury was drained to enrich favorites, and to supply splendid fêtes. "Sometimes," says Louis Blanc, "there were cavaliers emulous of the *preux de Charlemagne*, who in sumptuous gardens, under trees upon which were suspended shields and lances, feigned a magic sleep, till the Queen appearing deigned to break the spell. Sometimes after reading of the loves of deer, these cavaliers took it into their heads to transform themselves into stags, and to hide themselves clothed in skins in the thickest part of the shady park. In the days when the nobility had manly passions, they amused themselves with tournaments which counterfeited war; now it was dancers who, mingling with the nobles, wore the colors of their ladies in fêtes counterfeiting tournaments!"

What could France think of her aristocracy, while the highest people in the realm were objects of contempt? Her Queen, the lovely Marie Antoinette, whom France had welcomed with such rapture and such pride, what figure did she make in this dissolute court? Did she set an august example of virtue and of regal grandeur? Could hopes be formed of her? Alas, no! Young, ardent, quick-blooded, fond of pleasure, reckless as to means, careless of appearances, she was no longer the queen to whom a gallant Brissac, pointing to a jubilant crowd, could say, "Behold! they are so many lovers!" She had become the object of hatred. She had been imprudent, perhaps worse; and princely libelers had circulated atrocious charges against her. She had forgotten herself so far as to appear at the Bal de l'Opéra. She had worn a heron's plume which Lauzun had taken from his hat to give her. It was said that dancing with Dillon, and thinking herself out of hearing, she had told him to feel how her heart beat; to which the King sternly replied, "Monsieur Dillon will take your word for it, madame!" This and more was said of her; and an irritated nation eagerly credited the odious reports which transformed their young Queen into a Messalina. That she was libeled, no one pretends to doubt; but *then* those libels were almost universally accredited.

And the King? His great occupation was lock-making! His brothers were less innocently employed: the one devoting himself to intrigue, a shameless libeler and daring conspirator; and the other to flaunting at *bals masqués*.

Thus were the great names of France illustrious only in the annals of debauchery or folly; and the people asked themselves, "Are these our rulers?" The few exceptions to the general degradation only make the degradation more patent. Nobles, heretofore so proud, were now ambitious of repairing their ruined fortunes by marrying the daughters of opulent financiers. The courts of justice were scandalized by trials for robbery, in which noblemen figured as criminals. Not only had they lost their self-respect, but they had also lost the respect of the nation.

Seriousness and serious topics were by no means banished: they were only transformed into *agréments*. Philosophy was rouged and wore a hoop. It found ready admission into all salons. Ruddy lips propounded momentous problems; delicate fingers turned over dusty folios. The "high argument" of God's existence and man's destiny, the phenomena of nature, the deepest and most inscrutable of questions, were discussed over the supper table, where *bons-mots* and champagne sparkled as brightly as the eyes of the questioners. No subject was too arid for these *savant-asses* (to use Mademoiselle de Launay's admirable expression): mathematics did not rebut them; political economy was charming; and even financial reports were read as eagerly as romances. And amidst this chaos of witticisms, paradoxes, and discussions, colonels were seated, occupied with embroidery or with *parfilage;* noblemen made love to other noblemen's wives; while a scented abbé—

"Fait le procès au Dieu qui le nourrit."

Society never exhibited greater contrasts nor greater anarchy; old creeds and ancient traditions were crumbling away; and amidst the intellectual orgies of the epoch the most antagonistic elements had full play. D'Alembert, Lalande, Lagrange, Buffon, and Lavoisier, were jostled by Cagliostro, Mesmer, Saint-Martin, and Weishaupt: the exact sciences had rivals in the wildest chimeras and quackeries. Atheists proclaimed with all the fervor of conviction their faith in the eternal progress of humanity; skeptics who assailed Christianity with all the powers of mockery and logic were declared the apostles of the three fundamental principles of Christianity,—the principles of charity, fraternity, and equality. Voltaire attacked all sacred institutions, devoting himself to *écraser l'infâme.* Montesquieu examined with no reverent spirit the laws of every species of established government. Rousseau went deeper still, and struck at the root of all society by a production as daring as it was well-timed,—the 'Discours sur l'Inégalité.'

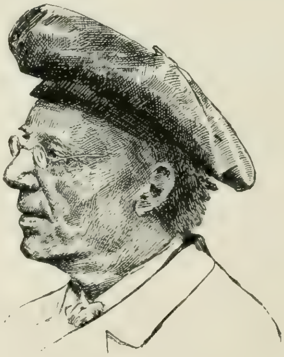
The gayety, frivolity, wit, and elegance of France, so charming to those who lived in the salons, formed as it were but the graceful vine which clustered over a volcano about to burst; or rather let me say it was the rouge which on a sallow, sunken cheek simulated the ruddy glow of health. Lying deep down in the heart of society there was profound seriousness: the sadness of misery, of want, of slavery clanking its chains, of free thought struggling for empire. This seriousness was about to find utterance. The most careless observer could not fail to perceive the heavy thunder-clouds which darkened the horizon of this sunny sky. The court and the salons were not France: they occupied the foremost place upon the stage, but another actor was about to appear, before whom they would shrink into insignificance; the actor was the People.

JONAS LIE

(1833–)

Jonas Lie is one of three men who make up the literary triumvirate of Norway. Björnson, Ibsen, and Lie are the veteran writers of the present day who have given international importance to Norwegian *belles-lettres.* Lie lacks the heroic proportions of the other two; but his position in his own land is as secure as theirs, and his work deserves and receives critical foreign attention.

Jonas Lauritz Idemil Lie (the family name is pronounced Lee) was born June 11th, 1833, at Eker, a small town in southern Norway. His father was a lawyer, who when Jonas was a lad moved in some official capacity to the wild northern seaport of Tromsö. This early presence of the sea may have given color and direction to Lie's subsequent literary work, in which coast life is so prominent a theme. This residence also gave him opportunity for an acquaintance with the primitive fishing districts. He entered the naval academy at Frederiksvœrn, but near-sightedness compelled him to stop. He was then sent to school at Christiania to fit for the university at Heftberg's Gymnasium, where he fell in with Björnson and Ibsen, forming friendships kept up in the case of the former through later years. At the university, Lie studied jurisprudence, and began to practice law at Kongsvinger; he prospered in his profession, and soon was socially prominent. But in the Norwegian financial crisis of the sixties he was ruined; and in 1868—having hitherto done journalistic and literary work enough to test his talent—he went to Christiania, there to devote himself single-eyed to letters.


Jonas Lie

He had the usual young literary man's struggle at first; did a little teaching; and got on his feet by his first novel, 'The Visionary' (1870), which had immediate recognition. After the enlightened custom of the country, the Norwegian government sent him to the far north to study life, and later allowed him a stipend to travel abroad for the purpose of cultivating himself as a poet. His 'Tales and Sketches from Norway' (1872) was written mostly in Rome. The two novels ‹The Bark «Failure»› and ‹The Pilot and his Wife› (1874) are typical sea stories, in which Lie excels. This year he was granted the «poet's pension,» the same official recognition received by Björnson and Ibsen. ‹The Pilot and his Wife› is perhaps the best known of his novels; and from this time Lie has worked steadily to produce the score of volumes constituting his literary baggage and adding solidly to his reputation. In the main he has lived abroad, in different German cities and in Paris,—like Ibsen in this respect; but he spent the summer of 1893 in Norway, after an absence of twelve years, and this visit was signalized by festivities in Christiania and other cities.

Lie's Italian experience brought forth ‹Frankfulla,› ‹Antonio Banniera,› and ‹Faustina Strozzi› (1875), minor works not calling out his native gift. ‹Thomas Ross› (1878) and ‹Adam Schrader› (1879) depict city life. In ‹Rutland› (1881) and ‹Press On› (1882) he returns to the sea for inspiration. ‹The Slave For Life› (1883) is a strong story, ranking among the best of his maturest productions. ‹The Family at Gilje› appeared the same year. ‹A Malstrom› (1884), ‹Eight Stories› (1885), ‹The Daughters of the Commodore,› a finely representative work (1886), ‹Married Life› (1887), ‹Evil Powers› (1890), ‹Troll I. and II.› (1891–2: a group of marine horror tales), and ‹Niobe› (1893), complete the list of fiction. A three-act comedy, ‹Grabow's Cat› (1880), after rejection at Copenhagen, was successful at Christiania and Stockholm; and another comedy, ‹Merry Women,› is of so recent date as 1894.

Lie's earlier works are marked by keen characterization, sympathy for the life described, truthful observation of traits external and internal, and a certain pathos and poetry of treatment which give his fiction charm. Of late years Lie, like his literary compeers Björnson and Ibsen, like so many distinguished writers in other lands, has moved pretty steadily towards realism and the unflinching presentment of unpalatable fact,—retaining, however, his sympathetic touch. A powerful but unpleasant story like ‹The Slave For Life,› written more than a dozen years ago, is a significant work in denoting this change in Lie; the same is true of the following novel, ‹The Family at Gilje,› although this study is relieved by humor. When the novelist writes of the sea which he knows so marvelously well, when he limns the simple provincial folk who live by the water or go forth upon it for their daily bread,—he is admirably true, and a master at home with his subject. Björnson said of Lie in a public address: «His friends know that he only needs to dip the net down into himself to bring up a full catch.» To carry out the figure, the fattest catch with Lie is a sea catch. When writing in scenes the most remote from the marine atmosphere, he has caught the very spirit of the ocean and its wayfarers. This is true of ‹The Pilot and his Wife› (the English translation of which is entitled ‹A Norse Love Story›), from which a chapter is given. Penned in a small Italian mountain town, it is, as Edmund Gosse puts it, «one of the saltest stories ever published.»

Lie has been much translated, and a number of his novels and short stories have appeared in English.

ELIZABETH'S CHOICE

From ‹A Norse Love Story.› Copyright 1876, by S. C. Griggs & Co.

IN THE evening, when the gentlemen were sitting in the grove alone, and Elizabeth came out with a fresh supply of hot water for their toddy, the chairman permitted himself to offer a joke which drove the blood up to her cheeks. She made no reply, but the mug trembled in her hands as she put it down, and at the same time she gave to the one concerned a glance so decidedly bitter and scornful that he for an instant felt himself corrected.

« By heavens, Beck! » he exclaimed, « did you see what eyes she fixed on me? they fairly lightened. »

«Yes, she is a noble girl,» replied Beck; who was enraged, but had his reason for being circumspect before his superior.

«Ah, a noble girl!» added the latter in an irritated tone, which made Carl feel that he meant she ought rather to be called an impudent servant.

« Yes, I mean a handsome girl,» added Carl, evasively correcting himself with a forced laugh.

Elizabeth had heard it. She was wounded, and commenced in her own mind, for the first time, a comparison between the lieutenant and Salve. Salve would not have prevaricated thus if he had been in this one's stead.

When later in the evening he chanced upon her alone, as she was putting things in order on the steps after their departure, he said half anxiously: —

« You did not really take that to heart, Elizabeth, from the old, coarse, blustering brute? He is really a brave and honest fellow, who does not mean anything by his talk.»

Elizabeth was silent, and sought to leave him and go inside with what she had in her hands.

«Yes, but I cannot endure that you should be insulted, Elizabeth!» he broke out suddenly in wild passion, and tried to seize her arm: «this hand, with which you work, is dearer to me than all the fine ladies' together.»

«Herr Beck!» she burst out wildly, with tears in her eyes, «I go my way this very night if I hear more!»

She disappeared in the hallway, but Beck followed.

«Elizabeth,» he whispered, «I am in earnest!» She tore herself violently from him and went into the kitchen, where the sisters were standing talking by the fire.

Young Beck, in the beautiful starlit night, took a lonely walk into the interior of the island, and did not return until past midnight.

He had not meant it so decidedly in earnest; but now, since he had seen her before him, so wonderfully beautiful, with the tears in her eyes — now, yes, now he did mean it in sober earnest. He was ready to engage himself to her in spite of all considerations, if need be.

The next morning he went with his pleasure-boat to Arendal. He had however first, in passing, whispered to her: —

«I am in earnest!»

These words, again repeated, entirely confused Elizabeth. She had lain and thought upon this same remark during the night, and resented it with indignation; for it could only signify that he ventured to declare to her that he was charmed with her, and she had already determined to carry out her threat to leave the house. But now, repeated — in that tone! Did he really mean to offer her his hand and heart — to become his, the officer's wife?

There lay before her fancy a glittering expanse of early dreams which almost intoxicated her. She was distracted and pale the entire week, and thought with dread of Sunday, when he should come again. What would he then say? And what should she answer?

He did not come, however, since a business trip had unexpectedly become necessary. On the contrary, Marie Fostberg came, and she felt that the girl's disposition in some way or other must have changed; for she evidently shunned every assistance from her, and in glances which Marie accidentally caught there was something hard and unfriendly. It affected her more closely than she herself would admit. Faithful as she was, she sought — following a sudden impulse — to pat her in a friendly way on the shoulder; but this apparently made quite another impression,— she could just as well have caressed a piece of wood: and when she entered the sitting-room she could not help asking, « What has come over Elizabeth? » But the others had remarked nothing.

Carl Beck, contrary to custom, came not the next Saturday, but earlier, in the middle of the week; and he walked with rapid strides through the rooms when he did not see Elizabeth in the sitting-room.

He found her at last up-stairs. She stood looking out of the window in the upper hall, from which there was a view of the grove up the mountain slope, and of the sky above. She heard his step, and that he was coming up the stairs; and she felt an unspeakable anxiety, a panic, almost as if she could spring out of the window. What should she answer?

Then he came, and put his arm about her waist, and half above a whisper asked: —

« Elizabeth! will you be mine? »

For the first time in her life she felt near fainting. She hardly knew what she did, but pushed him, involuntarily, violently from her.

He seized her hand again, and asked: —

« Elizabeth, will you become my wife? »

She was very pale, as she answered: —

« Yes. »

But when he would again place his arm about her waist, she suddenly sprang back with an expression of terror.

« Elizabeth! » said he tenderly,— and sought again to draw her to him,— « what affects you so? If you knew how I have longed for this hour! »

« Not now — no more now! » she prayed, while she held her hand against him; « later — »

« Why, you say 'yes,' Elizabeth — that you are my — » But he felt that now she would have him go. For a long time she sat on a chest up there, silent and gazing before her.

It was accomplished, then. Her heart beat so loud that she could hear it, and it was as if she felt a dull pain there. Her face gradually assumed a rigid, cold look. She thought he was now telling his stepmother that they were engaged, and she was preparing herself for what she would have to endure.

She waited to be called down; at last she determined to go herself.

In the sitting-room each one sat wholly taken up with his own work. The lieutenant pretended to be reading a book,—over which, however, when she entered he sent her a stolen, tenderly anxious glance.

Supper was brought in, and everything went on as usual. He joked a little, as was his wont. She thought it was as if a fog had enveloped them all. Mina asked her once if anything ailed her, and she answered mechanically, « No. »

It was therefore to happen later in the evening. She went in and out as usual with the tea things; still it was as if she could not feel the floor under her feet, or what she carried in her hands.

The evening passed, and they retired without anything having occurred. In the dim light of the stairway he grasped her hand warmly, and said, « Good-night, my Elizabeth, my—my Elizabeth! » But she would not return his grasp, and when he approached her brow with his lips she drew back quickly.

« I came out here alone to tell you this, dear, beloved Elizabeth! » whispered he, with a trembling fervor in his voice, while he sought to embrace her. « I must return again to-morrow. Shall I go without a sign that you care for me? »

She slowly bent her brow toward him, and he kissed it, when she immediately left him.

« Good-night, my beloved! » whispered he after her.

Elizabeth lay long awake. She felt the need of having a good cry, and her heart was chilled within her. When she at last slept she did not dream about her lover, but about Salve—the whole time about Salve. She saw him gazing at her with his earnest face; it was so heavy with sorrow, and she stood like a criminal before him. He said something which she could not hear, but she understood that he cursed her, and that he had thrown her dress overboard.

She arose early, and sought to engage her thoughts with other dreams,—her future as the officer's wife. But it was as if everything that heretofore had seemed only as gold would now present itself before her as brass. She felt unhappy and restless, and bethought herself a long time before entering the sitting-room.

Carl Beck did not go that morning; he had perceived that there was something or other that put Elizabeth out of sorts.

During the forenoon, when his sisters were out and his stepmother was occupied, he fortunately chanced to have the opportunity of speaking with her alone. She was still in a fever, and expected that he had spoken to Madam Beck.

« Elizabeth,» he said, gently smoothing her hair, for she seemed so embarrassed as she stood looking down, « I could not go before I had spoken with you again.»

Her eyes were still lowered, but she did not reject his hand.

« Do you really care for me? Will you become my wife?»

She was silent. At last, a little paler, and as if somewhat overcome, she said:—

« Yes, Herr Beck!»

« Say *du* to me—say Carl,» he fervently prayed, « and—look at me!»

She looked at him; but not as he had expected. It was with a fixed, cold glance, wherewith she said:—

« Yes—when we are betrothed.»

«Are we not betrothed?»

« When will your stepmother know it?» she asked, somewhat hesitatingly.

« Dear Elizabeth! they must not notice anything here at home until—until three months are past, when I am—»

But he now noticed the expression of her face, and the quick way in which she withdrew her hand, which led him to reserve what he had originally thought, and he corrected himself hastily:

« During next week, from Arendal I shall write to father, and then I will tell my stepmother what I have written. Are you satisfied, Elizabeth, dear Elizabeth! or will you have it done now?» he exclaimed resolutely, and again seized her hand.

« No, no, not now!—next week—do not let it be done until next week!» she broke out in sudden dread; at the same time she almost beseechingly returned the pressure of his hand—the first he had gotten from her.

«And then will you be mine, Elizabeth?»

« Yes—*then!*» She sought to escape his eye.

« Farewell then, Elizabeth; but I will come again on Saturday; I can be no longer without seeing you.»

« Farewell!» said she, somewhat lifelessly.

He sprang down to the sail-boat which lay in waiting; but she did not look after him, and passed in the opposite direction with bowed head into the house.

Small things often weigh heavily in the world of impressions. Elizabeth was overwhelmed by his noble way of thinking, when he had declared that he would elevate her to be his wife. She felt it was her worth which in his eyes had outweighed all else. That he should shrink from the outward struggle with the family, had on the other hand not occurred to her. To be sure, she had felt that it would be painful; but on this point she sheltered herself behind his manly shield. When he now so unexpectedly began to put off the time of announcement, first even by saying that he intended to be absent when the matter came up at home, there passed through her a feeling which she, in her inward dread, instinctively grasped as a saving straw, which possibly might enable her to reconsider.

The two days passed hard and heavily with her, until Carl Beck returned again, and the nights were as a fever.

Saturday evening he came, and she was the first one he greeted. He hardly seemed longer to be desirous of concealing their relation to each other: while she, pale and quiet, was busy going in and out of the room.

He had with him a letter from his father, which was read at the table. It was dated from a South-American port, and spoke of Salve. In the latitude of Cape Hatteras they had had hard weather, during which it was necessary to cut away the mainmast's rigging. The topmast still remained hanging by a couple of ropes, and reeled forward and back in the violent sea, against the under-rigging, so that the latter was threatened with destruction. Then Salve Kristiansen had ventured up to cut away the rest, and while he sat there the whole went overboard. He fell with it, but was so fortunate in falling as to catch hold of a topping-lift and save himself. "It was a great piece of daring," added the communication in closing; "but for the rest, everything is not with him as it should be, and as was expected."

"Oh, no! I thought that before," remarked young Beck, and shrugged his shoulders scornfully: "he was a God-forsaken scamp, and if he did not end that time he will soon have another chance."

He did not see the angry eyes Elizabeth fixed upon him at these words. She felt with despair, at this instant, that it was her fault alone that Salve behaved so recklessly, and had become what he was. She sat for a long time silent, angry, and quiet, with her hands in her lap; she was meditating a decision.

Before they retired, Carl Beck whispered to her:—

"I have sent a letter to father to-day, and to-morrow, Elizabeth, will be our betrothal day! Mina will show a pair of wondering eyes."

Elizabeth was the last one up, as she put the room to rights, and when she went she took a piece of paper with writing materials out with her. She lay down on her bed; but at midnight she sat with a candle and covered a scrap of paper with letters. It read:—

"Pardon me that I cannot become your wife, for my heart is another's. Elizabeth Raklev."

She folded it together, and fastened it with a pin in want of a wafer. Then she softly opened the door to the chamber where Madam Beck slept, put her mouth close to her ear, and whispered her name. She awoke, and was quite frightened when she saw Elizabeth standing before her fully dressed, and apparently ready to leave.

"Madam Beck!" said she softly, "I will confide something to you, and beg advice and help of you. Your stepson has asked if I would be his wife. It was last Sunday—and I answered yes; but now I will not. And now I want to go to my aunt; or I would prefer to go further, if you know of any way for me. For otherwise I fear he will follow me."

Madam Beck sat as if the heavens had fallen. She assumed an incredulous, scornful expression; but when she felt that everything really must be as stated, she involuntarily sat up higher in bed.

"But why do you come with this just now, in the night?" she remarked at last, suspiciously examining her: she thought she still lacked full light in the matter.

"Because he has written his father to-day about it, and is going to tell you and the rest to-morrow."

"Ah, he has already written! Hence it was for this reason that he got you into this house!" she uttered after a pause, somewhat bitterly. Then it struck her that there was something noble in Elizabeth's conduct. She looked at her more amiably and said:—

"Yes, you are right: it is best for you to go to—a place where he cannot so easily reach you."

She gave herself again to thought; then a bright idea struck her, and she rose and dressed. There was a man's definiteness about her, and she was wont to direct affairs. The Dutch skipper Garvloit, who was married to her half-sister, had just during the last days been inquiring for a Norse girl, that could help them about the house; and here indeed was a place for Elizabeth. She had only to go on board his trader, which lay ready to sail.

She wrote at once a letter to Garvloit, which she handed to Elizabeth, together with a tolerably large sum of money: « Your wages for your work here,» she said.

In the still, moonlit night Elizabeth rowed alone the little boat into Arendal. The bright sound was filled with myriads of reflected stars 'twixt the deep shadows of the sloping ridges, while more than one light mast betrayed that there were vessels close to the land. Occasionally the falling stars shot athwart the heavens, and she felt a jubilant gladness which she must often subdue by hard rowing for long stretches. She was, as it were, liberated, freed from some pressing evil. And Marie Fostberg — how delighted she would be to see her now!

She reached town before daybreak and went straight up to her aunt's, to whom she explained that Madam Beck desired that she should get a place in Holland with Skipper Garvloit, who was just ready to sail. She showed her the letter, there was such pressing haste. The aunt listened for a time, and then said suddenly: —

« Elizabeth, there has been something out of the way with the naval officer! »

« Yes, aunt, there has,» she answered, promptly: « he has offered himself to me! »

« Well, then — »

«And then I as good as promised him; but I will not have him. So I told Madam Beck.»

The aunt's gestures showed that she thought this astounding intelligence.

« So you will not have him ? » she said at last: « then it was perhaps because you would rather have Salve ? »

« Yes, aunt,» she answered, somewhat softly.

« Why didn't you take him, then ? » said the aunt, a little harshly.

The tears came to Elizabeth's eyes.

"Yes, as one makes his bed so he must lie," remarked the old woman, who was always strong in proverbs; and gave her attention to the morning coffee.

Elizabeth, on the way to get some one to row her out to the trader, went in by the post-office, where she found Marie already up, in her morning dress and busy in the day-room. The latter was very much astonished when Elizabeth told her her new decision. It was so profitable, and an almost independent position, and Madam Beck had herself advised it, Elizabeth explained; and showed much ingenuity in avoiding putting her on the track. That Marie Fostberg did not after all get things to rhyme, Elizabeth could understand by her eyes. When they took leave they embraced each other and wept.

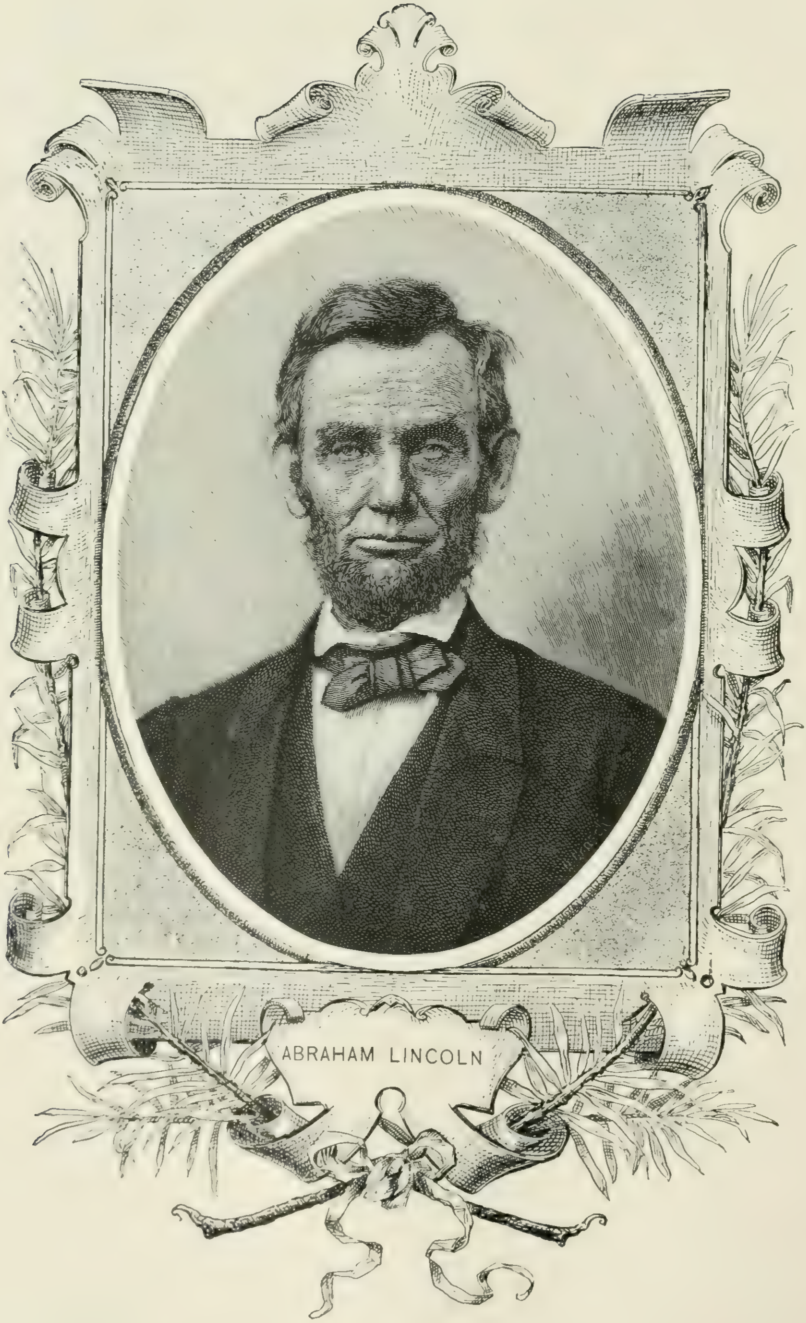
There was grand amazement out at the country-place that Elizabeth was absent. The lieutenant had found her letter in the crack of his door, but had not imagined that she had left; and he had gone out with it in violent excitement, without coming home again until late in the afternoon.

Madam Beck had meanwhile intrusted the matter to the daughters, and they understood that it was to be kept secret from outsiders.

Although his eyes searched, still he did not inquire expressly for Elizabeth until evening; and when he heard that she was gone, and probably was now under way for Holland, he sat for a time as if petrified. Thereupon he looked scornfully upon them, one after another.

"If I knew that I had any one of you to thank for this," he burst out at last, "then —" Here he grasped the chair he sat upon, cast it on the floor so that it broke, and jumped upon it. But her letter was unfortunately plain enough: she loved another, and he also knew who that other was.

Translation of Mrs. Ole Bull.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(1809-1865)

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

Born in 1809 and dying in 1865, Mr. Lincoln was the contemporary of every distinguished man of letters in America to the close of the war; but from none of them does he appear to have received literary impulse or guidance. He might have read, if circumstances had been favorable, a large part of the work of Irving, Bryant, Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, and Thoreau, as it came from the press; but he was entirely unfamiliar with it apparently until late in his career, and it is doubtful if even at that period he knew it well or cared greatly for it. He was singularly isolated by circumstances and by temperament from those influences which usually determine, within certain limits, the quality and character of a man's style.

And Mr. Lincoln had a style,—a distinctive, individual, characteristic form of expression. In his own way he gained an insight into the structure of English, and a freedom and skill in the selection and combination of words, which not only made him the most convincing speaker of his time, but which have secured for his speeches a permanent place in literature. One of those speeches is already known wherever the English language is spoken; it is a classic by virtue not only of its unique condensation of the sentiment of a tremendous struggle into the narrow compass of a few brief paragraphs, but by virtue of that instinctive felicity of style which gives to the largest thought the beauty of perfect simplicity. The two Inaugural Addresses are touched by the same deep feeling, the same large vision, the same clear, expressive, and persuasive eloquence; and these qualities are found in a great number of speeches, from Mr. Lincoln's first appearance in public life. In his earliest expressions of his political views there is less range; but there is the structural order, clearness, sense of proportion, ease, and simplicity which give classic quality to the later utterances. Few speeches have so little of what is commonly regarded as oratorical quality; few have approached so constantly the standards and character of literature. While a group of men of gift and opportunity in the East were giving American literature its earliest direction, and putting the stamp of a high idealism on its thought and a rare refinement of spirit on its form, this lonely, untrained man on the old frontier was slowly working his way through the hardest and rudest conditions to perhaps the foremost place in American history, and forming at the same time a style of singular and persuasive charm.

There is, however, no possible excellence without adequate education; no possible mastery of any art without thorough training. Mr. Lincoln has sometimes been called an accident, and his literary gift an unaccountable play of nature; but few men have ever more definitely and persistently worked out what was in them by clear intelligence than Mr. Lincoln, and no speaker or writer of our time has, according to his opportunities, trained himself more thoroughly in the use of English prose. Of educational opportunity in the scholastic sense, the future orator had only the slightest. He went to school «by littles,» and these «littles» put together aggregated less than a year; but he discerned very early the practical uses of knowledge, and set himself to acquire it. This pursuit soon became a passion, and this deep and irresistible yearning did more for him perhaps than richer opportunities would have done. It made him a constant student, and it taught him the value of fragments of time. «He was always at the head of his class,» writes one of his schoolmates, «and passed us rapidly in his studies. He lost no time at home, and when he was not at work was at his books. He kept up his studies on Sunday, and carried his books with him to work, so that he might read when he rested from labor.» «I induced my husband to permit Abe to read and study at home as well as at school,» writes his stepmother. «At first he was not easily reconciled to it, but finally he too seemed willing to encourage him to a certain extent. Abe was a dutiful son to me always, and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him,—would let him read on and on until he quit of his own accord.»

The books within his reach were few, but they were among the best. First and foremost was that collection of great literature in prose and verse, the Bible: a library of sixty-six volumes, presenting nearly every literary form, and translated at the fortunate moment when the English language had received the recent impress of its greatest masters of the speech of the imagination. This literature Mr. Lincoln knew intimately, familiarly, fruitfully; as Shakespeare knew it in an earlier version, and as Tennyson knew it and was deeply influenced by it in the form in which it entered into and trained Lincoln's imagination. Then there was that wise and very human text-book of the knowledge of character and life, 'Æsop's Fables'; that masterpiece of clear presentation, 'Robinson Crusoe'; and that classic of pure English, 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' These four books — in the hands of a meditative boy, who read until the last ember went out on the hearth, began again when the earliest light reached his bed in the loft of the log cabin, who perched himself on a stump, book in hand, at the end of every furrow in the plowing season — contained the elements of a movable university.

To these must be added many volumes borrowed from more fortunate neighbors; for he had "read through every book he had heard of in that country, for a circuit of fifty miles." A history of the United States and a copy of Weems's 'Life of Washington' laid the foundations of his political education. That he read with his imagination as well as with his eyes is clear from certain words spoken in the Senate chamber at Trenton in 1861. "May I be pardoned," said Mr. Lincoln, "if on this occasion I mention that way back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the members have ever seen,— Weems's 'Life of Washington.' I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of the country; and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time, — all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single Revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how those early impressions last longer than any others."

"When Abe and I returned to the house from work," writes John Hanks, "he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread, sit down, take a book, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read. We grubbed, plowed, weeded, and worked together barefooted in the field. Whenever Abe had a chance in the field while at work, or at the house, he would stop and read." And this habit was kept up until Mr. Lincoln had found both his life work and his individual expression. Later he devoured Shakespeare and Burns; and the poetry of these masters of the dramatic and lyric form, sprung like himself from the common soil, and like him self-trained and directed, furnished a kind of running accompaniment to his work and his play. What he read he not only held tenaciously, but took into his imagination and incorporated into himself. His familiar talk was enriched with frequent and striking illustrations from the Bible and 'Æsop's Fables.'

This passion for knowledge and for companionship with the great writers would have gone for nothing, so far as the boy's training in expression was concerned, if he had contented himself with acquisition; but he turned everything to account. He was as eager for expression as for the material of expression; more eager to write and to talk than to read. Bits of paper, stray sheets, even boards served his purpose. He was continually transcribing with his own hand thoughts or phrases which had impressed him. Everything within reach bore evidence of his passion for reading, and for writing as well. The flat sides of logs, the surface of the broad wooden shovel, everything in his vicinity which could receive a legible mark, was covered with his figures and letters. He was studying expression quite as intelligently as he was searching for thought. Years afterward, when asked how he had attained such extraordinary clearness of style, he recalled his early habit of retaining in his memory words or phrases overheard in ordinary conversation or met in books and newspapers, until night, meditating on them until he got at their meaning, and then translating them into his own simpler speech. This habit, kept up for years, was the best possible training for the writing of such English as one finds in the Bible and in ‹The Pilgrim's Progress.› His self-education in the art of expression soon bore fruit in a local reputation both as a talker and a writer. His facility in rhyme and essay-writing was not only greatly admired by his fellows, but awakened great astonishment, because these arts were not taught in the neighboring schools.

In speech too he was already disclosing that command of the primary and universal elements of interest in human intercourse which was to make him, later, one of the most entertaining men of his time. His power of analyzing a subject so as to be able to present it to others with complete clearness was already disclosing itself. No matter how complex a question might be, he did not rest until he had reduced it to its simplest terms. When he had done this he was not only eager to make it clear to others, but to give his presentation freshness, variety, attractiveness. He had, in a word, the literary sense. «When he appeared in company,» writes one of his early companions, «the boys would gather and cluster around him to hear him talk. Mr. Lincoln was figurative in his speech, talks, and conversation. He argued much from analogy, and explained things hard for us to understand by stories, maxims, tales, and figures. He would almost always point his lesson or idea by some story that was plain and near to us, that we might instantly see the force and bearing of what he said.»

In that phrase lies the secret of the closeness of Mr. Lincoln's words to his theme and to his listeners,—one of the qualities of genuine, original expression. He fed himself with thought, and he trained himself in expression; but his supreme interest was in the men and women about him, and later, in the great questions which agitated them. He was in his early manhood when society was profoundly moved by searching questions which could neither be silenced nor evaded; and his lot was cast in a section where, as a rule, people read little and talked much. Public speech was the chief instrumentality of political education and the most potent means of persuasion; but behind the platform, upon which Mr. Lincoln was to become a commanding figure, were countless private debates carried on at street corners, in hotel rooms, by the country road, in every place where men met even in the most casual way. In these wayside schools Mr. Lincoln practiced the art of putting things until he became a past-master in debate, both formal and informal.

If all these circumstances, habits, and conditions are studied in their entirety, it will be seen that Mr. Lincoln's style, so far as its formal qualities are concerned, is in no sense accidental or even surprising. He was all his early life in the way of doing precisely what he did in his later life with a skill which had become instinct. He was educated, in a very unusual way, to speak for his time and to his time with perfect sincerity and simplicity; to feel the moral bearing of the questions which were before the country; to discern the principles involved; and to so apply the principles to the questions as to clarify and illuminate them. There is little difficulty in accounting for the lucidity, simplicity, flexibility, and compass of Mr. Lincoln's style; it is not until we turn to its temperamental and spiritual qualities, to the soul of it, that we find ourselves perplexed and baffled.

But Mr. Lincoln's possession of certain rare qualities is in no way more surprising than their possession by Shakespeare, Burns, and Whitman. We are constantly tempted to look for the sources of a man's power in his educational opportunities instead of in his temperament and inheritance. The springs of genius are purified and directed in their flow by the processes of training, but they are fed from deeper sources. The man of obscure ancestry and rude surroundings is often in closer touch with nature, and with those universal experiences which are the very stuff of literature, than the man who is born on the upper reaches of social position and opportunity. Mr. Lincoln's ancestry for at least two generations were pioneers and frontiersmen, who knew hardship and privation, and were immersed in that great wave of energy and life which fertilized and humanized the central West. They were in touch with those original experiences out of which the higher evolution of civilization slowly rises; they knew the soil and the sky at first hand; they wrested a meagre subsistence out of the stubborn earth by constant toil; they shared to the full the vicissitudes and weariness of humanity at its elemental tasks.

It was to this nearness to the heart of a new country, perhaps, that Mr. Lincoln owed his intimate knowledge of his people and his deep and beautiful sympathy with them. There was nothing sinuous or secondary in his processes of thought: they were broad, simple, and homely in the old sense of the word. He had rare gifts, but he was rooted deep in the soil of the life about him, and so completely in touch with it that he divined its secrets and used its speech. This vital sympathy gave his nature a beautiful gentleness, and suffused his thought with a tenderness born of deep compassion and love. He carried the sorrows of his country as truly as he bore its burdens; and when he came to speak on the second immortal day at Gettysburg, he condensed into a few sentences the innermost meaning of the struggle and the victory in the life of the nation. It was this deep heart of pity and love in him which carried him far beyond the reaches of statesmanship or oratory, and gave his words that finality of expression which marks the noblest art.

That there was a deep vein of poetry in Mr. Lincoln's nature is clear to one who reads the story of his early life; and this innate idealism, set in surroundings so harsh and rude, had something to do with his melancholy. The sadness which was mixed with his whole life was, however, largely due to his temperament; in which the final tragedy seemed always to be predicted. In that temperament too is hidden the secret of the rare quality of nature and mind which suffused his public speech and turned so much of it into literature. There was humor in it, there was deep human sympathy, there was clear mastery of words for the use to which he put them; but there was something deeper and more pervasive,—there was the quality of his temperament; and temperament is a large part of genius. The inner forces of his nature played through his thought; and when great occasions touched him to the quick, his whole nature shaped his speech and gave it clear intelligence, deep feeling, and that beauty which is distilled out of the depths of the sorrows and hopes of the world. He was as unlike Burke and Webster, those masters of the eloquence of statesmanship, as Burns was unlike Milton and Tennyson. Like Burns, he held the key of the life of his people; and through him, as through Burns, that life found a voice, vibrating, pathetic, and persuasive.

Hamilton W. Mabie

[The following passages are all quoted from ‹Abraham Lincoln's Speeches.› Compiled by L. E. Chittenden. Published and copyrighted 1895, by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.]

THE PERPETUATION OF OUR POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS

From Address before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Illinois, January 1837

We find ourselves under the government of a system of political institutions conducing more essentially to the ends of civil and religious liberty than any of which the history of former times tells us. We, when remounting the stage of existence, found ourselves the legal inheritors of these fundamental blessings. We toiled not in the acquirement or the establishment of them; they are a legacy bequeathed to us by a once hardy, brave, and patriotic, but now lamented and departed race of ancestors. . . .

All honor to our Revolutionary ancestors, to whom we are indebted for these institutions. They will not be forgotten. In history we hope they will be read of and recounted, so long as the Bible shall be read. But even granting that they will, their influence cannot be what it heretofore has been. Even then they cannot be so universally known nor so vividly felt as they were by the generation just gone to rest. At the close of that struggle, nearly every adult male had been a participator in some of its scenes. The consequence was, that of those scenes, in the form of a husband, a father, a son, or a brother, a living history was to be found in every family,— a history bearing the indubitable testimonies to its own authenticity in the limbs mangled, in the scars of wounds received in the midst of the very scenes related; a history too that could be read and understood alike by all, the wise and the ignorant, the learned and the unlearned. But those histories are gone. They can be read no more forever. They were a fortress of strength; but what the invading foemen could never do, the silent artillery of time has done,— the leveling of its walls. They are gone. They were a forest of giant oaks; but the resistless hurricane has swept over them, and left only here and there a lonely trunk, despoiled of its verdure, shorn of its foliage, unshading and unshaded, to murmur in a few more gentle breezes, and to combat with its mutilated limbs a few more ruder storms, and then to sink and be no more.

FROM HIS SPEECH AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE

In New York, February 27th, 1860

It is surely safe to assume that the thirty-nine framers of the original Constitution, and the seventy-six members of the Congress which framed the amendments thereto, taken together, do certainly include those who may be fairly called "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." And so assuming, I defy any man to show that any one of them ever, in his whole life, declared that in his understanding any proper division of local from Federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. I go a step further. I defy any one to show that any living man in the whole world ever did, prior to the beginning of the present century (and I might almost say, prior to the beginning of the last half of the present century), declare that in his understanding any proper division of local from Federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. To those who now so declare, I give not only "our fathers who framed the government under which we live," but with them all other living men within the century in which it was framed, among whom to search; and they shall not be able to find the evidence of a single man agreeing with them. . . .

But enough! Let all who believe that "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" understood this question just as well and even better than we do now, speak as they spoke, and act as they acted upon it. This is all Republicans ask, all Republicans desire, in relation to slavery. As those fathers marked it, so let it again be marked: as an evil not to be extended, but to be tolerated and protected only because of and so far as its actual presence among us makes that toleration and protection a necessity. Let all the guaranties those fathers gave it be not grudgingly, but fully and fairly maintained. For this Republicans contend; and with this, so far as I know or believe, they will be content.

And now, if they would listen,— as I suppose they will not,— I would address a few words to the Southern people.

I would say to them: You consider yourselves a reasonable and a just people; and I consider that in the general qualities of reason and justice you are not inferior to any other people.

Still, when you speak of us Republicans, you do so only to denounce us as reptiles, or at the best as no better than outlaws. You will grant a hearing to pirates or murderers, but nothing like it to "Black Republicans." In all your contentions with one another, each of you deems an unconditional condemnation of "Black Republicanism" as the first thing to be attended to. Indeed, such condemnation of us seems to be an indispensable prerequisite — license, so to speak — among you, to be admitted or permitted to speak at all. Now, can you or not be prevailed upon to pause and to consider whether this is quite just to us, or even to yourselves? Bring forward your charges and specifications, and then be patient long enough to hear us deny or justify.

You say we are sectional. We deny it. That makes an issue; and the burden of proof is upon you. You produce your proof, and what is it? Why, that our party has no existence in your section — gets no votes in your section. The fact is substantially true; but does it prove the issue? If it does, then in case we should, without change of principle, begin to get votes in your section, we should thereby cease to be sectional. You cannot escape this conclusion; and yet, are you willing to abide by it? If you are, you will probably soon find that we have ceased to be sectional, for we shall get votes in your section this very year. . . .

The fact that we get no votes in your section is a fact of your making and not of ours. And if there be fault in that fact, that fault is primarily yours, and remains so until you show that we repel you by some wrong principle or practice. If we do repel you by any wrong principle or practice, the fault is ours; but this brings you to where you ought to have started,— to a discussion of the right or wrong of our principle. If our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section for the benefit of ours, or for any other object, then our principle and we with it are sectional, and are justly opposed and denounced as such. Meet us, then, on the question of whether our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section, and so meet us as if it were possible that something may be said on our side. Do you accept the challenge? No! Then you really believe that the principle which "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" thought so clearly right as to adopt it, and indorse it again and again upon their official oaths, is in fact so clearly wrong as to demand your condemnation without a moment's consideration.

Some of you delight to flaunt in our faces the warning against sectional parties given by Washington in his Farewell Address. Less than eight years before Washington gave that warning, he had, as President of the United States, approved and signed an act of Congress enforcing the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory: . . . and about one year after he penned it [that warning] he wrote Lafayette that he considered that prohibition a wise measure; expressing in the same connection his hope that we should at some time have a confederacy of free States. . . .

Again, you say we have made the slavery question more prominent than it formerly was. We deny it. . . . It was not we but you who discarded the old policy of the fathers. We resisted, and still resist, your innovation; and thence comes the greater prominence of the question. Would you have that question reduced to its former proportions? Go back to that old policy. . . . If you would have the peace of the old times, readopt the precepts and policy of the old times.

You charge that we stir up insurrections among your slaves. We deny it; and what is your proof? Harper's Ferry? John Brown? John Brown was no Republican; and you have failed to implicate a single Republican in his Harper's Ferry enterprise. If any member of our party is guilty in that matter, you know it or you do not know it. If you do know it, you are inexcusable for not designating the man and proving the fact. If you do not know it, you are inexcusable for asserting it. . . .

John Brown's effort was peculiar. It was not a slave insurrection. It was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves, in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact, it was so absurd that the slaves, with all their ignorance, saw plainly enough it could not succeed. That affair, in its philosophy, corresponds with the many attempts . . . at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast . . . ventures the attempt, . . . which ends in little else than his own execution. . . .

But you will not abide the election of a Republican president! In that supposed event, you say you will destroy the Union; and then you say the great crime of having destroyed it will be upon us! That is cool. A highwayman holds a pistol to my ear and mutters through his teeth, "Stand and deliver, or I shall kill you, and then you will be a murderer!" . . .

If slavery is right, all words, acts, laws, and constitutions against it are themselves wrong, and should be silenced and swept away. If it is right, we cannot justly object to its nationality—its universality; if it is wrong, they cannot justly insist upon its extension—its enlargement. All they ask we could readily grant, if we thought slavery right; all we ask they could as readily grant if they thought it wrong. Their thinking it right and our thinking it wrong is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy. Thinking it right, as they do, they are not to blame for desiring its full recognition as being right; but thinking it wrong, as we do, can we yield to them? Can we cast our votes with their view and against our own? In view of our moral, social, and political responsibilities, can we do this?

Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation; but can we, while our votes will prevent it, allow it to spread into the national Territories, and to overrun us here in these free States? If our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty fearlessly and effectively. Let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so industriously plied and belabored, —contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living man nor a dead man; such as a policy of "don't care," on a question about which all true men do care; such as Union appeals beseeching true Union men to yield to disunionists,—reversing the Divine rule, and calling not the sinners, but the righteous to repentance; such as invocations to Washington, imploring men to unsay what Washington said, and undo what Washington did.

Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

FROM THE FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4TH, 1861

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that by the accession of a Republican Administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." . . . I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming Administration. I add, too, that all the protection which consistently with the Constitution and the laws can be given, will cheerfully be given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause; as cheerfully to one section as to another. . . .

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or the laws by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our national Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet with all this scope of precedent, I now enter upon the same great task for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, *the Union of these States is perpetual.* Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national government, and the Union will endure forever,—it being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it as a contract be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

. . . .

It follows then from these views, that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and [that] acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be but necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. . . .

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from — will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right plainly written in the Constitution has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. . . .

I do not forget the position assumed by some, that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding in any case upon the parties to the suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the government. . . . At the same time, . . . if the policy of the government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, . . . the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. . . .

Nor is there in this view any assault upon the Court or the judges. . . . One section of our country believes slavery is right and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law ever can be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured; and it would be worse, in both cases, after the separation of the sections than before.

The foreign slave trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived without restriction in one section; while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you. . . .

The chief magistrate derives all his authority from the people; and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also, if they choose; but the executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations with his eternal truth and justice be on your side of the North or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail, by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

. . . .

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new Administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Remarks at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19th, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4TH, 1865

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

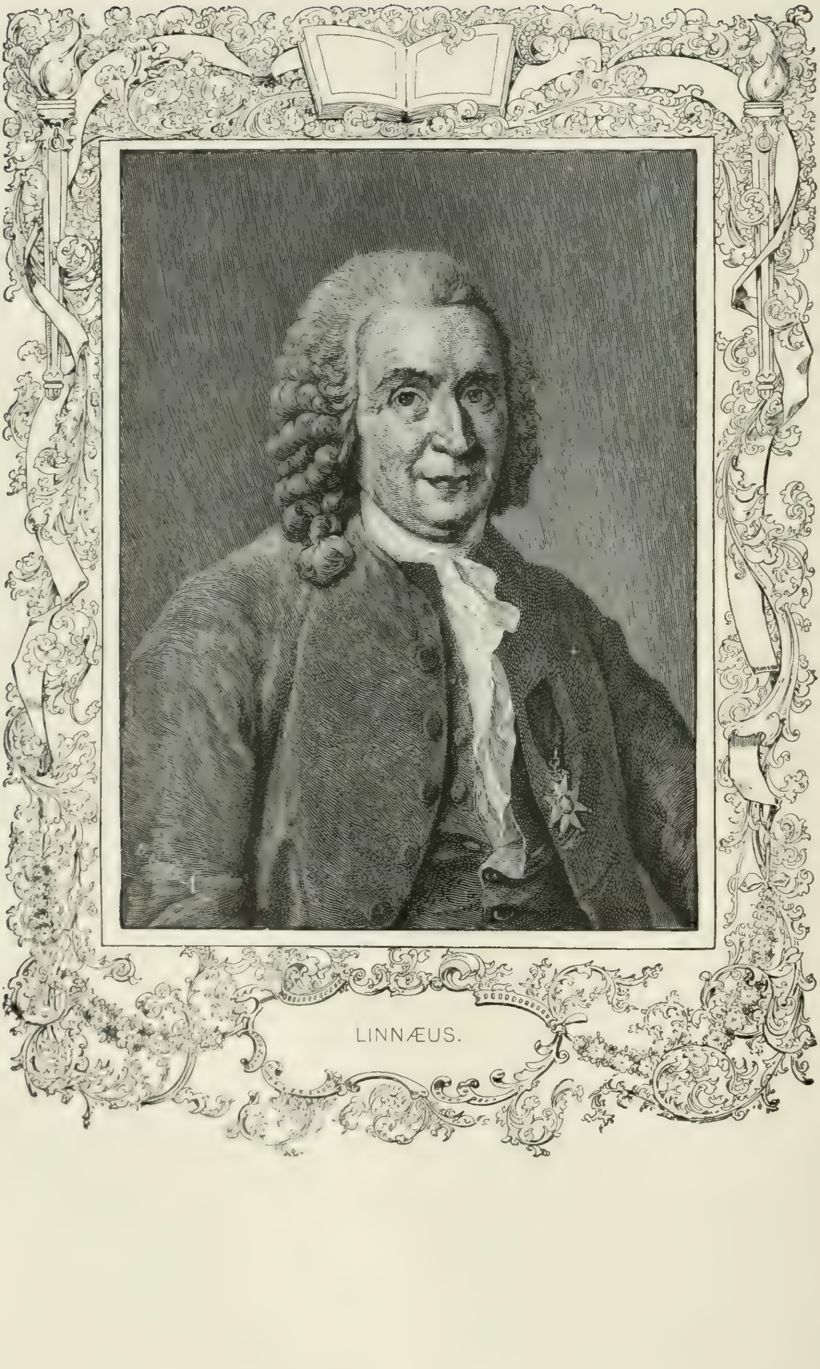
On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it,—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war,—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves; not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came,— shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword,— as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right,— let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.



LINNÆUS.

LINNÆUS

(1707–1778)

BY JOHN MUIR

THE immortal Linnæus — Carl von Linné — was born in Sweden, a cold rocky country now famous forever. He was born in the bloom-time of the year, May 13th, 1707; and contemplating this great event, one may easily fancy every living thing dancing and singing and clapping hands for joy.

Whether descended from sea-kings and pirates as is most likely, or from fighting Normans or Goths, matters not; for he was a lover sent of God to revive and cheer and bless all mankind. And this he did in spite of crushing poverty, and all the black brood of disappointments and discouragements that ever beset the onway of genius. His parents were as poor and pious as the parents of great men usually are. He was a naturalist from his birth, and reveled in the bloom of the fields and gardens about his native village of Rashult as naturally as a bee. By his steady, slow-going neighbors he was looked on as one possessed. They did not know what to make of him; neither did his own father and mother. His father, a minister, naturally wished his son to follow in his footsteps, and with commendable self-denial saved money to send young Carl to school with this end in view. But the studies leading to the ministry did not interest the lad, and like other divine boys he was called a dunce. Accordingly, when his father visited the school and anxiously inquired how Carl was getting on, he was bluntly told that the boy was dull, had no brains, and could never be made into a minister or scholar of any kind. Under these dark circumstances, the best advice the schoolmaster was able to offer the discouraged father was to take away his boy and make a tailor or a shoemaker of him. Yet this was the boy who was to do the most of all for many generations to open men's eyes to see the beauty of God's gardens and the creatures that enliven them.

The real education of Linnæus began as soon as he could see. When only four years old he constantly questioned his father about the weeds and flowers around the house. His formal education began at the age of seven, when he was sent to a private school for three years; at the end of which time he entered another private school at Wexiö. In 1719, we are told, he was committed to the care of one Gabriel Hok, a teacher of repute, but who was as unsuccessful as his predecessors had been in his efforts to overcome the lad's distaste for scholastic studies and his seemingly irrational liking for plants. In 1724 he entered the gymnasium, caring for nothing but botany and biology in general,—which in truth is almost everything. Here he managed to get together some of the books of the few Swedish authors who had written of plants, and over these he laboriously pored.

It was when he was in the gymnasium, at the age of seventeen, that his father was advised to make a tailor or shoemaker of his dullard. The old clergyman, grieved and disappointed at the outcome of twelve years' schooling, met Dr. Rothman, a practitioner of the town, to whom he mentioned his sad case. The doctor, a better judge of human nature than the minister, declared he could end the troubles of both father and son: he offered to board Carl the year that remained of the gymnasium course, and assured his father that though backward in theology, the boy would yet make a name in medicine and natural history. So Carl escaped cobbling, was kindly cared for by the good doctor, given instruction in physiology, and directed to Tournefort's system of botany, the best then in existence.

At the age of twenty he went to the University of Lund; and while studying there had the good fortune to lodge at the house of Dr. Stobæus, who had a museum of minerals, shells, dried plants, and birds, which made the heart of young Linnæus throb with joy. The learned doctor also had a library to which Carl at length gained access, and from which he got books on natural history, which he read stealthily by night against the rules of the orderly household. And thus genius made its own starry way, uncontrollable as the tides of the sea.

In the summer of 1728 Linnæus again met his benefactor Rothman, who urged him to leave Lund and go to Upsala, where educational advantages were better. Accordingly, with about forty dollars in his pocket,—all he was to expect from his father,—he set out for the university he was soon to make famous. Of course his little stock of money quickly melted away; and being a stranger, he could earn nothing by teaching. Nearly a year he passed in dire poverty, glad when he could get one hard meal a day. His worn-out shoes he patched with pasteboard. His eyes were full of plants, but his stomach was achingly empty most of the time. Only by chance meals from fellow-students, and others almost as poor as himself, did he manage to keep body and soul together. A course of starvation, it would seem, is a tremendous necessity in the training of Heaven's favorites.

During the hunger period, in the autumn of 1729, Linnæus was one day intently studying a plant in the academical garden, when a venerable minister happened to notice him, and asked what he was doing, — whether he knew anything about plants, whence he came, etc. This clergyman was Olaf Celsius, professor of theology, who was then writing his 'Hierobotanicon.' He was quick to see, as well any naturalist might, that the starved and ragged student was no ordinary fellow. He therefore invited him to his house and fed him. How could he help it? And later, when he saw Linnæus's collection of plants and heard him talk about them, he gladly gave him a home. In the University at this time little attention was given to natural history; and it is said that Linnæus did not hear a single lecture on botany all the time he attended the classes. In 1729 he began to write his wonderful books: first a small one on the sexes of plants, which he showed to his friend Celsius, who in turn showed it to Professor Rudbeck, who knew something of botany. In the following year Rudbeck, who was growing old, appointed Linnæus his assistant; and the latter was now openly started on his flowery way, lecturing, traveling, and reveling in the wilderness of plants like a bee in a clover-field.

He now wrote his celebrated epoch-making 'Systema Naturæ.' At Amsterdam in Holland he dwelt a year with the famous Professor Boerhaave, and there published his 'Fundamenta Botanica.' A rich banker by the name of Cliffort wiled him to his magnificent garden at Hartecamp, where he worked and lived like a prince; and there he published his 'Flora Lapponica,' containing the new genus Linnæa.

In 1736 he visited England, and was warmly welcomed by the plants and plant-lovers there. On his return to the Netherlands he completed his 'Genera Plantarum,' which may be regarded as the beginning of the natural systematic botany. This great work was followed in this hot, fertile, high-pressure period by his 'Classes Plantarum.' His industry and fertility were truly wonderful. Books came from his brain as from an inexhaustible fountain; and neither pleasure nor pain, praise nor blame, nor the weariness and exhaustion that stop common mortals, could abate one jot his overmastering enthusiasm, or divert him in the least from his glorious course.

In 1738 Linnæus established himself as a physician in Stockholm, and was married there the following year. In 1740 Rudbeck died, and Linnæus gained his place as professor of natural history at the University of Upsala, where he had so long and so bravely studied and starved. Thenceforth his life was all congenial work, flowers and sunshine, praise and fame. In 1750, after many other less notable works, he published 'Philosophia Botanica,' and three years later 'Species Plantarum.' He shone now like a sun; honors of all kinds poured in on him, kings wanted him at their courts, every university wanted him; but he remained true to his own country and his own work. Students from near and far gathered about him. The five hundred at Upsala increased to fifteen hundred, attracted and inspired by his bright-burning love. He lived till 1778.

In person he is described as of medium height, with large limbs and wonderful eyes. If one may judge from the portrait statue erected to his memory in Upsala, his features were beautiful and serene beyond those of most men, and surely beyond those of most statues.

Of course plants were studied long before Linnæus, but mostly as food or medicine; and the collections of living plants were called «physic gardens.» Solomon «spake of trees, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall.» The Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Greeks studied botany in some form or other; for the showy multitudes of plant-people could not fail to attract the attention of scholars in every age. About three hundred years before Christ, Theophrastus wrote a 'History of Plants,' in which he described about five hundred species supposed to be useful in medicine. The elder Pliny described about a thousand. But it was not until the sixteenth century that anything noteworthy was done in botany as a science. In 1583 Andreas Cæsalpinus, professor of botany at Padua, published a work called 'De Plantis,' in which he distributed some one thousand five hundred and twenty plants in fifteen classes, according to the differences of their fruits and flowers, and their being herbaceous or woody.

Then came John Ray, an Englishman, who died two years before Linnæus was born; and who published in 1682 'Methodus Plantarum,' in which he separated flowering from flowerless plants, and divided the former into Dicotyledons and Monocotyledons,— a marked advance in natural classification. Tournefort, a contemporary of Ray, was professor of botany in Paris in 1683; and published a systematic arrangement in 1694–1700, in which he described about eight thousand species of plants, divided into twenty-two classes.

Then came Linnæus, whose published works are said to number over one hundred and eighty, while many remain in manuscript. Much has been written by naturalists on the Linnæan system; and while recognizing its usefulness as a convenient index to nature's floral book, they seem puzzled to account for the revolution he effected in natural history, and his unparalleled influence. Even his most enthusiastic admirers seem at a loss to know the secret of his unrivaled power. The so-called Sexual system of Linnæus, they anxiously point out, was needful in bringing order out of chaos, and making a foundation for the «natural system» now universally adopted, and in preparing the way for the work of De Jussieu and De Candolle. Strong, they say, in body and mind, with marvelous industry and insight, Linnæus worked with the strength of ten. He improved the existing distinctions of genera and species, introduced a better nomenclature on the binomial method, and invented the system founded on the stamens and pistils. In half praise, half apology, they claim that «his verbal accuracy and the terseness of his technical language» reduced the crude accumulations of his predecessors into available form, arranged their endless synonyms, cast out the confusing varieties of gardeners' terms, like a Moses led botanical science out of Egyptian darkness; and in fine, that he found biology a chaos and left it a cosmos.

But it is not in methods of classification, technical skill, tireless energy in making books and gathering plants, that we are to look for the secret of the marvelous influence he exerted, and which made him the king of naturalists. No. Dry words and dry facts, however clear-cut and polished, will not fire hearts. A botanist may be a giant in intellect, gather plants from the four quarters of the globe and pile them in labeled heaps as high as haystacks, without kindling a single spark of the love that fired the followers of Linnæus. In drying plants, botanists too often dry themselves. But Linnæus loved every living thing as his friend and brother, and his eyes never closed on the divine beauty and harmony and oneness they displayed. All the dry word-work he did, however technical and severe, was done to bring the plants and animals as living children of Nature forward into light to be loved. In the midst of his immense classifying labors, he seemed always to be saying in a low glowing undertone, «Come, darlings: I love you, and want everybody to love you! Come, stand in rows and let me see you and count you and call you by name.» And they came — from his own Scandinavia, from the tundras of Lapland, from icy Siberia, from sunny India and Africa, from both the Americas, and from the isles of the seas. They came to his love, led by devoted disciples. For as a sun, he warmed others and inspired them; and thus warmed and inspired, they radiated like light over all the world and did the master's bidding. The beasts of the field came also to this solar man to be seen and warmed and loved; and the birds from every grove, and insects and creeping things, and fishes from the seas and streams, and crystals from the mountain caves,— all for love. And so his radiant influence works on, cheering and enlightening the world, and will go on while flowers bloom and birds sing.

A hundred years after Linnæus died, our own Asa Gray, Sir Joseph Hooker, and I were botanizing together on Mount Shasta, the northernmost of the great mountains of California; and when night came we camped in a flowery opening in a grand forest of silver firs. After supper I built a big fire, and the flowers and the trees, wondrously illumined, seemed to come forward and look on and listen as we talked. Gray told many a story of his life and work on the Atlantic Alleghanies and in Harvard University; and Hooker told of his travels in the Himalayas, and of his work with Tyndall and Huxley and grand old Darwin. And of course we talked of trees, argued the relationship of varying species, etc.; and I remember that Sir Joseph, who in his long active life had traveled through all the great forests of the world, admitted, in reply to a question of mine, that in grandeur, variety, and beauty, no forest on the globe rivaled the great coniferous forests of my much-loved Sierra. But it was not what was said in praise of our majestic sequoias and cedars, firs and pines, that was most memorable that night. No: it was what was said of the lowly fragrant namesake of Linnæus,—Linnæa borealis. After a pause in the flow of our botanic conversation that great night, the like of which was never to be enjoyed by us again (for we soon separated and Gray died), as if speaking suddenly out of another country Gray said, « Muir, why have you not found Linnæa in California? It must be here or hereabouts on the northern boundary of the Sierra. I have heard of it, and have specimens from Washington and Oregon all through these northern woods, and you should have found it here.» In reply, I said I had not forgotten Linnæa. « That fragrant little plant, making carpets beneath the cool woods of Canada and around the great lakes, has been a favorite of mine ever since I began to wander. I have found many of its relations and neighbors, high up in the mountain woods and around the glacier meadows; but Linnæa itself I have not yet found.» « Well, nevertheless,» said Gray, « the blessed fellow must be living hereabouts no great distance off.» Then we let the camp fire die down to a heap of ruby coals, wrapped our blankets about us, and with Linnæa in our minds, fell asleep. Next morning Gray continued his work on the Shasta flanks, while Hooker and I made an excursion to the westward over one of the upper valleys of the Sacramento. About noon we came to one of the icy-cold branches of the river, paved with cobblestones; and after we forded it we noticed a green carpet on the bank, made of something we did not at first recognize, for it was not in bloom. Hooker, bestowing a keen botanic look on it, said « What is that?» then stooped and plucked a specimen and said, « Isn't that Linnæa? It's awfully like it.» Then finding some of the withered flowers, he exclaimed, « It *is* Linnæa.» This was the first time the blessed plant was recognized within the bounds of California; and it would seem that Gray had felt its presence the night before, on the mountain ten miles away.

It is a little slender, creeping, trailing evergreen, with oval crenate leaves, tiny thread-like peduncles standing straight up and dividing into two pedicels at the top, on each of which is hung a delicate, fragrant white and purple flower. It was at the age of twenty-five that Linnæus made the most notable of his many long, lonely botanical excursions. He set out from Upsala and wandered afoot or on horseback northward through endless pine and birch woods, tundras, and meadows, and along the shores of countless lakes into Lapland, beyond the Arctic Circle; now wading in spongy bogs, now crossing broad glacier pavements and moraines and smooth ice-burnished bosses of rock, fringed with heathworts and birch: a wonderful journey of forty-six hundred miles, full of exciting experiences and charming plants. He brought back hundreds of specimens new to science, among which was a little fragrant evergreen that he liked the best of all. Soon after his return he handed a specimen of it to his friend Gronovius, pointed out its characters, and requested him to describe it and name it for him; saying that somehow he felt that this little plant was related to him and like him. So it was called Linnæa borealis, and keeps his memory green and flowery and fragrant all round the cool woods of the world.

Only last summer, when I was in the wildest part of the Rocky Mountains, where glaciers still linger and waterfalls like ribbons hang down the unscalable cliffs, I found Linnæa spreading and blooming in glorious exuberance far and wide over mossy ground, beneath spruce and pine,—the wildest and the gentlest, the most beautiful and most loveful of all the inhabitants of the wilderness.

Wherever Linnæa dwells, you will find enchanting woods and the dearest of the small plant-people,—chiogenes, Clintonia, orchids, heathworts, and hosts of bright mosses wearing golden crowns. No breath of malaria comes near Linnæa. The air and the scenery are always good enough for gods or men, and a divine charm pervades it that no mortal can escape. In Linnæan woods I always feel willing to encamp forever and forego even heaven. Never was man's memory more blessedly embalmed than is the memory of immortal Linnæus in this little flower. All around the cool ends of the world, while wild beauty endures, the devout pilgrim will see—

«—beneath dim aisles in odorous beds,
The slight Linnæa hang its twin-born heads,
And bless the monument of the man of flowers,
Which breathes his sweet fame through the northern bowers.»

John Muir

LAPLAND OBSERVATIONS

From the ‹Lachesis Lapponica›

JUNE 11.—Being Sunday, and a day of continued rain, I remained at Umœa.

June 12.— I took my departure very early in the morning. The weather was so hazy I could not see the distance of half a gunshot before me. I wandered along in a perpetual mist, which made the grass as wet as if it had rained. The sun appeared quite dim, wading as it were through the clouds. By nine o'clock the mists began to disperse, and the sun shone forth. The spruce fir (Pinus Abies), hitherto of a uniform dark green, now began to put forth its lighter-colored buds, a welcome sign of advancing summer.

Chamoedaphne of Buxbaum (Andromeda polifolia) was at this time in its highest beauty, decorating the marshy grounds in a most agreeable manner. The flowers are quite blood-red before they expand, but when full-grown the corolla is of a flesh color. Scarcely any painter's art can so happily imitate the beauty of a fine female complexion; still less could any artificial color upon the face itself bear a comparison with this lovely blossom. As I contemplated it, I could not help thinking of Andromeda as described by the poets; and the more I meditated upon their descriptions, the more applicable they seemed to the little plant before me,— so that if these writers had it in view, they could scarcely have contrived a more apposite fable. Andromeda is represented by them as a virgin of most exquisite and unrivaled charms, but these charms remain in perfection only so long as she retains her virgin purity; which is also applicable to the plant, now preparing to celebrate its nuptials. This plant is always fixed on some little turfy hillock in the midst of the swamps, as Andromeda herself was chained to a rock in the sea, which bathed her feet as the fresh water does the roots of the plant. Dragons and venomous serpents surrounded her, as toads and other reptiles frequent the abode of her vegetable prototype, and when they pair in the spring, throw mud and water over its leaves and branches. As the distressed virgin cast down her blushing face through excessive affliction, so does the rosy-colored flower hang its head, growing paler and paler till it withers away. Hence, as this plant forms a new genus, I have chosen for it the name of Andromeda.

Everywhere near the road grew the Mesomara or herbaceous cornel (Cornus suecica, very minutely described in Fl. Lapp., ed. 2, 39; see also English Botany, v. 5, t. 310).

All the little woods and copses by the roadside abounded with butterflies of the Fritillary tribe, without silver spots. The great dragon-fly with two flat lobes at its tail (Libellula forcipata), and another species with blue wings (L. Virgo), were also common.

Various modes of rocking children in cradles are adopted in different places. In Småland the cradle is suspended by an elastic pole, on which it swings up and down perpendicularly. The poorer Laplanders rock their infants on branches of trees, but those of superior rank have cradles that commonly roll from side to side. In the part of the country where I was now traveling, the cradles rock vertically, or from head to foot.

Close to the road hung the under jaw of a horse, having six fore teeth, much worn and blunted, two canine teeth, and at a distance from the latter twelve grinders, six on each side. If I knew how many teeth and of what peculiar form, as well as how many udders, and where situated, each animal has, I should perhaps be able to contrive a most natural methodical arrangement of quadrupeds. . . .

June 15.—This day afforded me nothing much worthy of notice. The sea in many places came very near the road, lashing the stony crags with its formidable waves. In some parts it gradually separated small islands here and there from the mainland, and in others manured the sandy beach with mud. The weather was fine.

In one marshy spot grew what is probably a variety of the cranberry (Vaccinium Oxycoccus), differing only in having extremely narrow leaves, with smaller flowers and fruit than usual. The common kind was intermixed with it, but the difference of size was constant. The Pinguicula grew among them, sometimes with round, sometimes with more oblong leaves.

The bilberry (Vaccinium Myrtillus) presented itself most commonly with red flowers, more rarely with flesh-colored ones. Myrica Gale, which I had not before met with in West Bothnia, grew sparingly in the marshes.

In the evening, a little before the sun went down, I was assailed by such multitudes of gnats as surpass all imagination. They seemed to occupy the whole atmosphere, especially when I traveled through low or damp meadows. They filled my mouth, nose, and eyes, for they took no pains to get out of my way. Luckily they did not attack me with their bites or stings, though they almost choked me. When I grasped at the cloud before me, my hands were filled with myriads of these insects, all crushed to pieces with a touch, and by far too minute for description. The inhabitants call them Knort, or Knott (Culex reptans), by mistake called C. pulicaris in Fl. Lapp., ed. 2, 382.

Just at sunset I reached the town of Old Pitheå, having previously crossed a broad river in a ferry-boat. Near this spot stood a gibbet, with a couple of wheels, on which lay the bodies of two Finlanders without heads. These men had been executed for highway robbery and murder. They were accompanied by the quartered body of a Laplander who had murdered one of his relations.

Immediately on entering the town I procured a lodging, but had not been long in bed before I perceived a glare of light on the wall of my chamber. I was alarmed with the idea of fire; but on looking out of the window, saw the sun rising, perfectly red, which I did not expect would take place so soon. The cock crowed, the birds began to sing, and sleep was banished from my eyelids.

Translation of James Edward Smith.

THE AUTHOR VISITS THE LAPLAND ALPS

From ‹Lachesis Lapponica›: Date July 6

My companion was a Laplander, who served me both as servant and interpreter. In the latter capacity his assistance was highly requisite, few persons being to be met with on these alps who are acquainted with the Swedish language; nor was I willing to trust myself alone among these wild people, who were ignorant for what purpose I came. I had already suffered much in the Lapland part of Umeå for want of knowing the language. Nor was my companion wanted less to assist me in carrying what was necessary; for I had sufficient incumbrances of my own, without being the bearer of our provisions into the bargain.

On my first ascending these wild alps, I felt as if in a new world. Here were no forests to be seen; nothing but mountains upon mountains, larger and larger as I advance, all covered with snow. No road, no tracks, nor any signs of inhabitants were visible. The verdure of summer seemed to shun this frozen region, retiring into the deep valleys between the mountains. I saw very few birds, except some ptarmigans, which the Laplanders call Cheruna (Tetrao Lagopus), running with their young along the vales. The delightful season of spring, whose cheering influence on man and all living nature I had so lately experienced in the beginning of my journey, seemed an alien here. The declining sun never disappeared sufficiently to allow any cooling shade; and by climbing to the more elevated parts of these lofty mountains I could see it at midnight above the horizon. When I cast my eyes over the grass and herbage, there were few objects I had seen before, so that all nature was alike strange to me. I sat down to collect and describe these vegetable rarities, while the time passed unperceived away; and my interpreter was obliged to remind me that we had still five or six miles to go to the nearest Laplander, and that if we had a mind for any reindeer meat, we ought to bestir ourselves quickly. We therefore proceeded up and down the snowy hills; sometimes passing along their precipitous sides, which was the most difficult traveling of all, and for many a long way we walked over heaps of stones. About the evening of the following day we reached the nearest spot where any Laplander we met at that time settled. The man we met with gave me a very good reception, and furnished me with a couple of reindeer skins to sleep between. Immediately after my arrival, the herd, consisting of seven or eight hundred head of reindeer, came home. These were milked, and some of the milk was boiled for my entertainment; but it proved rather too rich for my stomach. My host furnished me with his own spoon, which he carried in his tobacco-bag. On my expressing a wish, through my interpreter, to have the spoon washed, my Lapland friend immediately complied, taking a mouthful of water and spitting it over the spoon.

After having satisfied my hunger and refreshed myself with sleep, I steered my course directly southwest, towards the alps of Pitheå, proceeding from thence to the lofty icy mountains or main ridge of the country. A walk of scarcely above four or five miles further brought me to the western edge of this ridge; for I was desirous of examining that side of the mountains to see how it agreed with the eastern part. I had no sooner arrived at the icy mountains than a storm overtook me, accompanied by a shower of thin pieces of ice, which soon formed an icy crust over my own clothes and those of my conductor. The severity of the cold obliged me to borrow the gloves and *lappmudd* (coat of reindeer skin) from the man who accompanied me. But the weather proved more favorable as soon as we had crossed the summit of the ridge. From hence the verdant appearance of Norway, lying far beneath us, was very delightful. The whole country was perfectly green, and notwithstanding its vast extent, looked like a garden in miniature, for the tallest trees appeared not above a span high. As we began to descend the alps, it seemed as if we should soon arrive at the lower country; but our calculations were very inadequate to what we found its actual distance. At length, however, we reached the plains of which we had enjoyed so stupendous a prospect. Nothing could be more delightful to my feelings than this transition from all the severity of winter to the warmth and beauty of summer. The verdant herbage, the sweet-scented clover, the tall grass reaching up to my arms, the grateful flavor of the wild fruits, and the fine weather which welcomed me to the foot of the alps, seemed to refresh me both in mind and body.

Here I found myself close to the sea-coast. I took up my abode at the house of a shipmaster, with whom I made an agreement to be taken in a boat, the following day, along the coast. I much wished to approach the celebrated whirlpool called the Maelstrom, but I could find nobody willing to venture near it.

We set sail the next morning according to appointment; but the wind proved contrary, and the boatmen were after a while exhausted with rowing. Meantime I amused myself in examining various petrifactions, zoöphytes, and submarine plants of the Fucus tribe, which occupied every part of the coast. In the evening I arrived at the house of Mr. Rask, the pastor of Torfjorden, who gave me a kind reception.

Next day we proceeded further on our voyage; but the contrary wind exhausted our patience, and we veered about, soon reaching the place from whence we had first set out, the wind being directly in our favor for that purpose.

On the following morning I climbed one of the neighboring mountains, with the intention of measuring its height. While I was reposing in perfect tranquillity on the side of the hill, busied only in loosening a stone which I wanted to examine, I heard the report of a gun at a small distance below. I was too far off to receive any hurt, however, so thanks to Providence I escaped; but my alarm may be easily imagined. Perceiving the man who had fired the gun, I pursued him to a considerable distance to prevent his charging his piece a second time; and I determined never to go there again without some protection. I inquired who it could be that had made this unprovoked attack, but found it impossible to gain any information on the subject.

On the 15th of July we set out on our return; and that whole day was employed in climbing the mountains again, to our no small fatigue and exhaustion, the ground we had to pass over being so extremely steep as well as lofty. When we reached the cold snowy mountains, indeed, we had sufficient opportunity to cool ourselves.

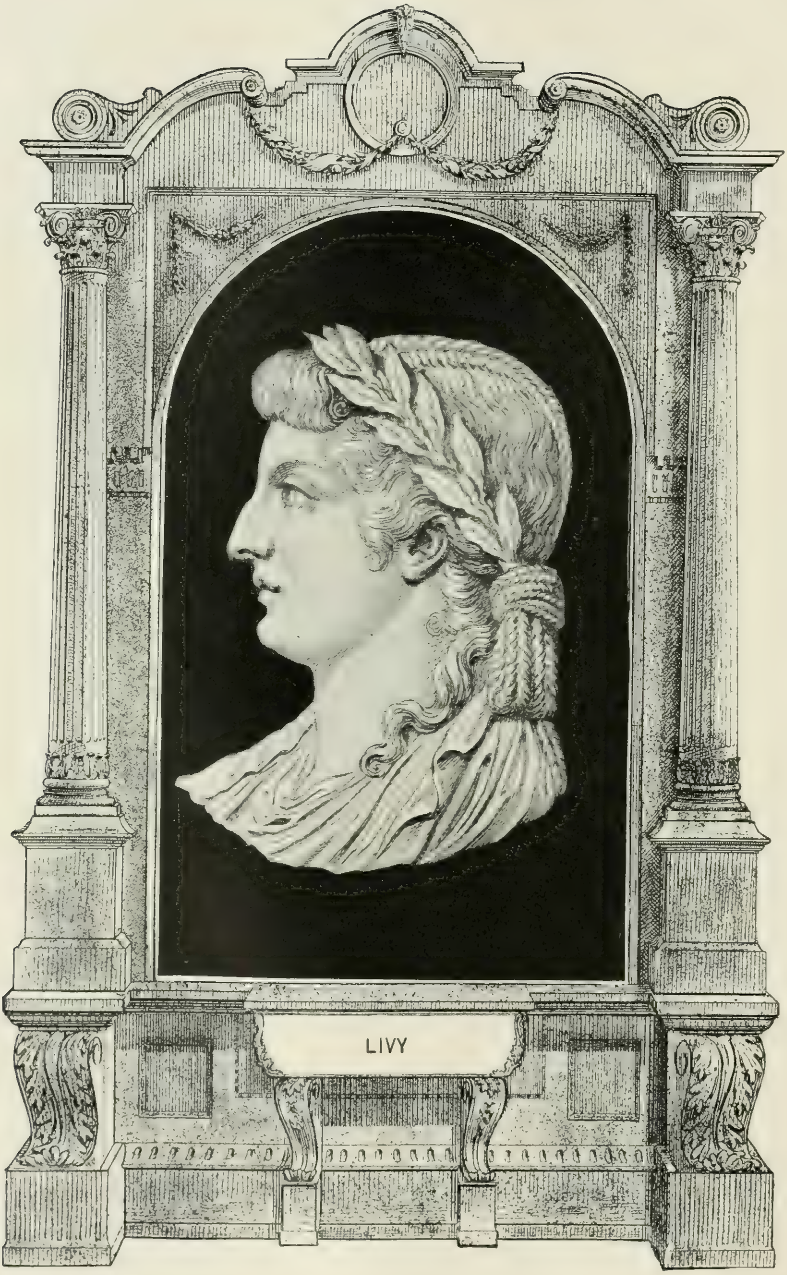
From hence we turned our course towards the alps of Torneå, which were described to me as about forty miles distant. What I endured in the course of this journey is hardly to be described. How many weary steps was I obliged to take in order to climb the precipices that came in my way, and how excessive were my perspiration and fatigue! Nor were these the worst evils we had to encounter before we reached Caituma. Sometimes we were enveloped with clouds, so that we could not see before us; sometimes rivers impeded our progress, and obliged us either to choose a very circuitous path, or to wade naked through the cold snow-water. This fresh snow-water, however, proved a most welcome and salutary refreshment; for without it we should never have been able to encounter the excessive heat of the weather. Water was our only drink during this journey, but it never proved so refreshing as when we sucked it out of the melting snow.

Having nearly reached the Lapland village of Caituma,— the inhabitants of which seemed perfectly wild, running away from their huts as soon as they perceived us approaching from a considerable distance,— I began to be tired of advancing further up into this inhospitable country. We had not at this time tasted bread for several days, the stock we had brought with us being entirely exhausted. The rich milk of the reindeer was too heavy to be eaten without bread. . . . I determined therefore to return towards Quickjock, which was forty miles from this spot. In the course of my journey thither, walking rather carelessly over the snow, without noticing a hole which the water had made, I fell through the icy crust into the deep snow. The interpreter and guide were totally unable to assist me, the cavity in which I lay being very steep, and so hollowed out by the water that it surrounded me like a wall. It was not in their power to reach me without a rope, which they luckily were able to procure to drag me out of the hole. I received a blow on my thigh in the fall, the effects of which I felt for a month afterwards. One of my guides had met with a similar accident but a week before.

At length we arrived at Quickjock, after having been four weeks without tasting bread. Those who have not experienced the want of this essential support of life can scarcely imagine how hard it is to be deprived of it so long, even with a superfluity of all other kinds of food. I remained four days at Quickjock to recruit my strength, and afterwards descended the river again to Luleå. There being no boat to be had north of Purkijaur, we were obliged to construct a raft for ourselves. Our voyage was very perilous, for the wind and current both combined to overset us; so that it was not without the greatest exertion we saved ourselves: and it being night, nobody heard our cries for assistance.

The next day I was conducted to the river of Calatz, to see the manner of fishing for pearls, and on the 30th of July arrived at Luleå.

Translation of James Edward Smith.



LIVY

LIVY (TITUS LIVIUS)

(59 B. C.–17 A. D.)

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

If «HISTORY» is to be held firmly to its original meaning, *investigation*, Livy hardly deserves to be classed among historians at all. Certainly we shall not wonder that Macaulay condemns him, with his usual unsparing vigor; and we can but smile at Dante's no less sweeping indorsement of «Livy, who erreth not!» Nevertheless, fiction widely accepted is often infinitely more powerful in molding the minds of later men, than forgotten reality. The obscure beginnings of Roman political life will never be adequately illuminated; but the Æneid, and the romantic inventions of the annalists, will probably never wholly fade from the imagination of mankind so long as any record of earlier civilizations is preserved and conned.

In this, and in many other respects, Livy is not unworthy of a place beside Herodotus. Like his Greek predecessor and master, the Roman author also may more fairly be described as an essayist. Each treated a single theme of immense importance, with consummate charm in narration and description. Each was so successful as to overshadow and outlive all rivals. Neither had any glimmer of «modern methods of research.» Indeed, it is difficult to realize that Herodotus was a contemporary of Thucydides; while Livy, it is very probable, actually had Polybius's conscientious work among the scanty volumes upon which he drew for his materials. Yet these easy-going lovers of the picturesque have a truthfulness of their own. Through their books, as by no others, we come to realize how the terrific pageant of Xerxes, the heroic march of the legions toward world-wide dominion, impressed the imagination of contemporaries. So it has come to pass, not unnaturally, that the favorite dream for centuries of those who love best the antique life and literature has been the recovery of Livy's lost volumes, the complete possession of his hundred and forty-two books on the story of Rome.

Livy was born just before Cæsar's great campaigns in Gaul began; and was just too young to bear arms when Brutus, Cassius, and Cicero flung their lives away in the last struggle for «freedom,»—or rather for the dying rule of the old senatorial aristocracy. The comparatively peaceful and settled conditions under Augustus's sway, Livy accepted at best with the resignation of Horace, certainly not with the enthusiastic subservience of Virgil. Like Catullus, Nepos, and other gallant spirits of the age, Livy came from beyond the Po. His native city Padua was famed, says Pliny, for purity of morals. He evidently enjoyed all the advantages of wealth and good social position. He early acquired some repute as a writer on philosophic themes, and composed a manual of rhetoric, dedicated to his son, in which the study of Demosthenes and Cicero was especially urged. These are just the studies from which we would wish to know that Livy approached his life task. A passage in the first book (§19, 3) reveals that he is writing in 27 or 26 B. C. The account stopped at the death of Drusus in 9 B. C., as we learn from the scanty abstract of the lost books. We are told — by the epitomator — that the last two decades were composed after Augustus's death (14 A. D.) This is hardly credible, as Livy's own life closed at Padua only three years later. Still, he may have been surprised by death in the midst of a final rapid effort to complete the record for that most memorable of reigns.

We have preserved for us the first, third, and fourth decades entire, half the fifth in a rather tattered condition, the epitome just mentioned, and meagre bits cited by later authors,— notably the famous passage on Cicero's lack of stoicism in disaster. There is extant, then, about a fourth of the whole work; for which, entire, Martial declares his own library had not room! The scale was not colossal, however, considering the magnitude of the theme. Livy's achievement coincided most exactly in length with Charles Knight's ‹History of England,› which in general purpose and scope also, as in the genial, truth-loving, yet warmly patriotic spirit of the author, may perhaps deserve mention in the same breath.

The subdivision, already alluded to, into groups of five and ten books each, was made by Livy himself, and helps to render the parts still extant far less tantalizing and fragmentary than might be supposed. Thus Books i.–v. carry the story down to the sack of Rome by the Gauls, in 390 B. C. Book vi. opens with a fresh preface, confessing that the scanty memorials which had ever existed from the earlier time had nearly all perished at that crisis in the burning city. We are now promised a clearer and more trustworthy account for the later periods. This throws an amusing light backward upon the graphic details, the copious speeches reported verbatim, etc., already provided for the regal and early republican times! We give below, for instance, the passage upon which Macaulay's ballad of ‹Horatius at the Bridge› leans so heavily. The very existence of Tarquin, Lars Porsena, and the rest, is debatable; and certainly Livy's account, beginning like Virgil's with the destruction of Troy and Æneas's flight to Italy, must be read in quite the same spirit as the great patriotic epic itself. Both contain something far mightier than painfully sought historic truth; namely, what the Romans taught their children to believe concerning the remote past.

Books xxi.-xxx., again, contain a complete account of the Hannibalic war. Here the historic element is altogether larger, and the struggle between patriotic detestation of the Carthaginian, and chivalric admiration for valor and good generalship, reveals Livy's own pleasing nature with great clearness. All this may be supported even by so brief a passage as the opening characterization of Hannibal, here cited.

Livy is at his best in the speeches with which all his books were thickly studded. These have usually little or no historical foundation, but are revelations of the purpose and character of the chief actors, as Livy saw them. His broad descriptions of battles, marches, etc., are probably drawn with almost as free a hand. Certainly he did not as a rule embarrass or limit himself by any accurate study of the topography on the spot. These strictures apply less than usual to his picture of the fight by Lake Trasimenus, where he was upon ground familiar to him, as it is to many of his modern readers.

We get a little out of patience at times with Livy's assurances of Roman magnanimity and Punic treachery. Curiously enough, however, after these have occurred in speeches, or even in Livy's own introductory remarks, the clear stream of the narrative proper often runs in quite another direction. Occasionally, again, we get a purely humorous variation on the hackneyed theme; as when the schoolmaster of Falerii leads his princely boys into the besiegers' camp, and the Romans equip the youths with long sticks, to flog the treacherous pedagogue back into the beleaguered town! Again, Livy is too good a rhetorician to make the alien speeches notably weaker than the Roman pleas. When Rome repudiated the disgraceful peace which released her army from the Caudine Forks, and offered up to Samnite vengeance the consuls who had exceeded their powers, but refused to send the army back into the trap, the gallant Samnite Pontius cried out:—

«Will you always find a pretext for repudiating the pledges made in defeat? You gave hostages to Porsena—and by stealth withdrew them. With gold you redeemed your city from the Gauls: they were cut down in the act of receiving it. You pledged us peace, to regain your legions: that peace you now cancel. Always you cover deception with some fair mask of justice.»

Our heaviest loss is doubtless in the later books. Livy seems to have written with dignified frankness on the period of the civil wars.

For instance, he expressed a doubt whether the life of the great Julius had been on the whole a curse or a blessing; and his admiration for the dictator's military rival caused Augustus to stigmatize the historian good-humoredly as a «Pompeian.» Such a man must have left a record, based largely upon his own memories, far more connected and impartial than Cicero's letters, more trustworthy than the late and inferior historians yet extant. Livy detested both extremes, tyranny and democracy. He took a pessimistic view of the present and future of Rome; and indeed he counts it a sufficient reward for his labor that «while reviewing in thought those earlier days,» he may «escape, at least for the time, from the many evils which this generation has seen.»

Upon the whole, then, Livy can hardly be assigned a place at all among scientific investigators of historical fact; since the chief monuments and other data, even in Rome itself, rarely attracted his critical attention. He was a fair-minded, patriotic man, of wide culture and exquisite taste, a master of rhetoric, a delightful story-teller, with a fair respect for truth, but—endowed with a dangerously vivid imagination. Many, perhaps most, of his best passages, are true only as Landor's ‹Imaginary Conversations› are: true to artistic taste, and usually also to the larger historical outlines of the character described.

The text of Livy is in very bad condition, and numberless heroic emendations have been necessary. Here the bold methods of the great Danish critic Madvig have found their most fitting field: a large proportion of Livy's sentences have first become intelligible under this surgeon's healing hand. Even of the extant books there is no adequate annotated edition in English. That of Weissenborn, with German notes, is indispensable to Latinists. The best recent piece of translation is Books xxi.–xxv., by Church and Brodribb (to whom we are especially indebted also for a complete English Tacitus.) This volume, attractively printed by Macmillans in their Classical Series, is the best introduction to Livy for the English student. The Bohn, though oppressively literal, is not remarkably inaccurate.

The lost books of Livy are not likely to reappear. Indeed, abridgments and epitomes displaced them largely even under the early empire; and the very epigram of Martial, cited above, evidently accompanied such a condensation:—

«Here into scanty parchment is monstrous Livy rolled;
He whom by no means when entire my library could hold!»

William Cranston Lawton.

HORATIUS COCLES AT THE SUBLICIAN BRIDGE

From the Second Book of the 'History of Rome'

The Sublician bridge well-nigh afforded a passage to the enemy, had there not been one man, Horatius Cocles (that defense the fortune of Rome had on that day), who, happening to be posted on guard at the bridge, when he saw the Janiculum taken by a sudden assault, and that the enemy were pouring down from thence in full speed, and that his own party in terror and confusion were abandoning their arms and ranks,—laying hold of them one by one, standing in their way, and appealing to the faith of gods and men, he declared "That their flight would avail them nothing if they deserted their post; if they passed the bridge and left it behind them, there would soon be more of the enemy in the Palatium and Capitol than in the Janiculum: for that reason he advised and charged them to demolish the bridge, by their sword, by fire, or by any means whatever; that he would stand the shock of the enemy as far as could be done by one man." He then advanced to the first entrance of the bridge, and being easily distinguished among those who showed their backs in retreating from the fight, facing about to engage the foe hand to hand, by his surprising bravery he terrified the enemy. Two indeed a sense of shame kept with him,—Spurius Lartius and Titus Herminius; men eminent for their birth, and renowned for their gallant exploits. With them he for a short time stood the first storm of the danger, and the severest brunt of the battle. But as they who demolished the bridge called upon them to retire, he obliged them also to withdraw to a place of safety on a small portion of the bridge still left. Then casting his stern eyes round all the officers of the Etrurians in a threatening manner, he sometimes challenged them singly, sometimes reproached them all: "the slaves of haughty tyrants, who, regardless of their own freedom, came to oppress the liberty of others." They hesitated for a considerable time, looking round one at the other, to commence the fight: shame then put the army in motion, and a shout being raised, they hurl their weapons from all sides on their single adversary; and when they all stuck in the shield held before him, and he with no less obstinacy kept possession of the bridge with firm step, they now endeavored to thrust him down from it by one push, when at once the crash of the falling bridge, at the same time a shout of the Romans raised for joy at having completed their purpose, checked their ardor with sudden panic. Then Cocles says, «Holy father Tiberinus, I pray that thou wouldst receive these arms and this thy soldier in thy propitious stream.» Armed as he was, he leaped into the Tiber, and amid showers of darts hurled on him, swam across safe to his party, having dared an act which is likely to obtain more fame than belief with posterity. The State was grateful towards such valor: a statue was erected to him in the Comitium, and as much land was given to him as he plowed around in one day. The zeal of private individuals also was conspicuous among the public honors. For amid the great scarcity, each person contributed something to him according to his supply at home, depriving himself of his own support.

Porsena being repulsed in his first attempt, having changed his plans from a siege to a blockade, after he had placed a garrison in Janiculum, pitched his camp in the plain and on the banks of the Tiber. Then sending for boats from all parts, both to guard the river so as not to suffer any provision to be conveyed to Rome, and also to transport his soldiers across the river to plunder different places as occasion required,—in a short time he so harassed the entire country round Rome, that not only everything else from the country, but even their cattle, was driven into the city, and nobody durst venture thence without the gates. This liberty of action was granted to the Etrurians, not more through fear than from policy; for Valerius, intent on an opportunity of falling unawares upon a number of them, and when straggling, a remiss avenger in trifling matters, reserved the weight of his vengeance for more important occasions. Wherefore, to decoy the pillagers, he ordered his men to drive their cattle the next day out at the Esquiline gate, which was farthest from the enemy; presuming that they would get intelligence of it, because during the blockade and famine some slaves would turn traitors and desert. Accordingly they were informed of it by a deserter; and parties more numerous than usual, in hopes of seizing the entire body, crossed the river. Then Publius Valerius commanded Titus Herminius with a small body of men to lie concealed two miles from the city, on the Gabian road, and Spurius Lartius with a party of light-armed troops to post himself at the Colline gate, till the enemy should pass by, and then to throw himself in their way so that there might be no return to the river. The other consul, Titus Lucretius, marched out of the Nævian gate with some companies of soldiers; Valerius himself led some chosen cohorts down from the Cœlian Mount, and they were first descried by the enemy. Herminius, when he perceived the alarm, rose out of ambush and fell upon the rear of the Tuscans, who had charged Valerius. The shout was returned on the right and left, from the Colline gate on the one hand and the Nævian on the other. By this stratagem the plunderers were put to the sword between both, they not being a match in strength for fighting, and all the ways being blocked up to prevent escape: this put an end to the Etrurians strolling about in so disorderly a manner.

Nevertheless the blockade continued, and there was a scarcity of corn, with a very high price. Porsena entertained a hope that by continuing the siege he should take the city; when Caius Mucius, a young nobleman, to whom it seemed a disgrace that the Roman people, who when enslaved under kings had never been confined within their walls, in any war nor by any enemy, should now, when a free people, be blocked up by these very Etrurians whose armies they had often routed,—thinking that such indignity should be avenged by some great and daring effort, at first designed of his own accord to penetrate into the enemy's camp. Then, being afraid if he went without the permission of the consuls, or the knowledge of any one, he might be seized by the Roman guards and brought back as a deserter, the circumstances of the city at the time justifying the charge, he went to the Senate: "Fathers," says he, "I intend to cross the Tiber, and enter the enemy's camp, if I can; not as a plunderer, or as an avenger in our turn of their devastations. A greater deed is in my mind, if the gods assist." The Senate approved his design. He set out with a sword concealed under his garment. When he came thither, he stationed himself among the thickest of the crowd, near the King's tribunal. There, where the soldiers were receiving their pay, the King's secretary, sitting beside him dressed nearly in the same style, was busily engaged (and to him they commonly addressed themselves); being afraid to ask which of them was Porsena, lest by not knowing the King he should discover himself, as fortune blindly directed the blow he killed the secretary instead of the King. Then as he was going off thence, where with his bloody dagger he had made his way through the dismayed multitude, a concourse being attracted at the noise, the King's guards immediately seized and brought him back, standing alone before the King's tribunal; even then, amid such menaces of fortune, more capable of inspiring dread than of feeling it,—"I am," says he, "a Roman citizen; my name is Caius Mucius: an enemy, I wished to slay an enemy; nor have I less of resolution to suffer death than I had to inflict it. Both to act and to suffer with fortitude is a Roman's part. Nor have I alone harbored such feelings towards you; there is after me a long train of persons aspiring to the same honor. Therefore, if you choose it, prepare yourself for this peril, to contend for your life every hour; to have the sword and the enemy in the very entrance of your pavilion: this is the war which we, the Roman youth, declare against you; dread not an army in array, nor a battle,—the affair will be to yourself alone and with each of us singly."

When the King, highly incensed, and at the same time terrified at the danger, in a menacing manner commanded fires to be kindled about him, if he did not speedily explain the plots which by his threats he had darkly insinuated against him, then Mucius said, "Behold me, that you may be sensible of how little account the body is to those who have great glory in view;" and immediately he thrusts his right hand into the fire that was lighted for the sacrifice. When he continued to broil it as if he had been quite insensible, the King, astonished at this surprising sight, after he had leaped from his throne and commanded the young man to be removed from the altar, says, "Begone, having acted more like an enemy towards thyself than me. I would encourage thee to persevere in thy valor, if that valor stood on the side of my country. I now dismiss thee untouched and unhurt, exempted from the right of war." Then Mucius, as if making a return for the kindness, says, "Since bravery is honored by you, so that you have obtained by kindness that which you could not by threats, three hundred of us, the chief of the Roman youth, have conspired to attack you in this manner. It was my lot first. The rest will follow, each in his turn, according as the lot shall set him forward, unless fortune shall afford an opportunity of slaying you."

Mucius being dismissed,—to whom the cognomen of Scævola was afterwards given, from the loss of his right hand,—ambassadors from Porsena followed him to Rome. The risk of the first attempt, from which nothing had saved him but the mistake of the assailant, and the risk to be encountered so often in proportion to the number of conspirators, made so strong an impression upon him [Porsena], that of his own accord he made propositions of peace to the Romans.

Translation of D. Spillan.

THE CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL

From the Twenty-first Book of the ‹History of Rome›

Hannibal was sent to Spain, and instantly on his arrival attracted the admiration of the whole army. Young Hamilcar was restored to them, thought the veterans, as they saw in him the same animated look and penetrating eye, the same expression, the same features. Soon he made them feel that his father's memory was but a trifling aid to him in winning their esteem. Never had man a temper that adapted itself better to the widely diverse duties of obedience and command, till it was hard to decide whether he was more beloved by the general or the army. There was no one whom Hasdrubal preferred to put in command, whenever courage and persistency were specially needed; no officer under whom the soldiers were more confident and more daring. Bold in the extreme in incurring peril, he was perfectly cool in its presence. No toil could weary his body or conquer his spirit. Heat and cold he bore with equal endurance; the cravings of nature, not the pleasure of the palate, determined the measure of his food and drink. His waking and sleeping hours were not regulated by day and night. Such time as business left him, he gave to repose; but it was not on a soft couch or in stillness that he sought it. Many a man often saw him wrapped in his military cloak, lying on the ground amid the sentries and pickets. His dress was not one whit superior to that of his comrades, but his accoutrements and horses were conspicuously splendid. Among the cavalry or the infantry he was by far the first soldier; the first in battle, the last to leave it when once begun.

These great virtues in the man were equaled by monstrous vices: inhuman cruelty, a worse than Punic perfidy. Absolutely false and irreligious, he had no fear of God, no regard for an oath, no scruples.

Translation of Church and Brodribb.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE TRASIMENE

From the Twenty-second Book of the ‹History of Rome›

Hannibal devastated with all the horrors of war the country between Cortona and Lake Trasumennus, seeking to infuriate the Romans into avenging the sufferings of their allies. They had now reached a spot made for an ambuscade, where the lake comes up close under the hills of Cortona. Between them is nothing but a very narrow road, for which room seems to have been purposely left. Further on is some comparatively broad level ground. From this rise the hills, and here in the open plain Hannibal pitched a camp for himself and his African and Spanish troops only; his slingers and other light-armed troops he marched to the rear of the hills; his cavalry he stationed at the mouth of the defile, behind some rising ground which conveniently sheltered them. When the Romans had once entered the pass and the cavalry had barred the way, all would be hemmed in by the lake and the hills.

Flaminius had reached the lake at sunset the day before. On the morrow, without reconnoitring and while the light was still uncertain, he traversed the narrow pass. As his army began to deploy into the widening plain, he could see only that part of the enemy's force which was in front of him; he knew nothing of the ambuscade in his rear and above his head. The Carthaginian saw his wish accomplished. He had his enemy shut in by the lake and the hills, and surrounded by his own troops. He gave the signal for a general charge, and the attacking columns flung themselves on the nearest points. To the Romans the attack was all the more sudden and unexpected because the mist from the lake lay thicker on the plains than on the heights, while the hostile columns on the various hills had been quite visible to each other and had therefore advanced in concert. As for the Romans, with the shout of battle rising all round them, before they could see plainly they found themselves surrounded; and fighting began in their front and their flanks before they could form in order, get ready their arms, or draw their swords.

Amidst universal panic the consul showed all the courage that could be expected in circumstances so alarming. The broken ranks, in which every one was turning to catch the discordant shouts, he re-formed as well as time and place permitted; and as far as his presence or his voice could reach, bade his men stand their ground and fight. "It is not by prayers," he cried, "or entreaties to the gods, but by strength and courage that you must win your way out. The sword cuts a path through the midst of the battle; and the less fear, there for the most part the less danger." But such was the uproar and confusion, neither encouragements nor commands could be heard; so far were the men from knowing their standards, their ranks, or their places, that they had scarcely presence of mind to snatch up their arms and address them to the fight, and some found them an overwhelming burden rather than a protection. So dense too was the mist, that the ear was of more service than the eye. The groans of the wounded, the sound of blows on body or armor, the mingled shouts of triumph or panic, made them turn this way and that an eager gaze. Some would rush in their flight on a dense knot of combatants, and become entangled in the mass; others returning to the battle would be carried away by the crowd of fugitives. But after awhile, when charges had been vainly tried in every direction, when it was seen that the hills and the lake shut them in on either side, and the hostile lines in front and rear, when it was manifest that the only hope of safety lay in their own right hands and swords,—then every man began to look to himself for guidance and for encouragement, and there began afresh what was indeed a new battle. No battle was it with its three ranks of combatants, its vanguard before the standards and its second line fighting behind them, with every soldier in his own legion, cohort, or company: chance massed them together, and each man's impulse assigned him his post, whether in the van or rear. So fierce was their excitement, so intent were they on the battle, that not one of the combatants felt the earthquake which laid whole quarters of many Italian cities in ruins, changed the channels of rapid streams, drove the sea far up into rivers, and brought down enormous landslips from the hills.

For nearly three hours they fought, fiercely everywhere, but with especial rage and fury round the consul. It was to him that the flower of the army attached themselves. He, wherever he found his troops hard pressed or distressed, was indefatigable in giving help; conspicuous in his splendid arms, the enemy assailed and his fellow Romans defended him with all their might. At last an Insubrian trooper (his name was Ducarius), recognizing him also by his face, cried to his comrades, "See!

this is the man who slaughtered our legions, and laid waste our fields and our city: I will offer him as a sacrifice to the shades of my countrymen whom he so foully slew." Putting spurs to his horse, he charged through the thickest of the enemy, struck down the armor-bearer who threw himself in the way of his furious advance, and ran the consul through with his lance. When he would have stripped the body, some veterans thrust their shields between and hindered him.

Then began the flight of a great part of the army. And now neither lake nor mountain checked their rush of panic; by every defile and height they sought blindly to escape, and arms and men were heaped upon each other. Many, finding no possibility of flight, waded into the shallows at the edge of the lake, advanced until they had only head and shoulders above the water, and at last drowned themselves. Some in the frenzy of panic endeavored to escape by swimming; but the endeavor was endless and hopeless, and they either sunk in the depths when their courage failed them, or they wearied themselves in vain till they could hardly struggle back to the shallows, where they were slaughtered in crowds by the enemy's cavalry which had now entered the water. Nearly six thousand men of the vanguard made a determined rush through the enemy, and got clear out of the defile, knowing nothing of what was happening behind them. Halting on some high ground, they could only hear the shouts of men and clashing of arms, but could not learn or see for the mist how the day was going. It was when the battle was decided, that the increasing heat of the sun scattered the mist and cleared the sky. The bright light that now rested on hill and plain showed a ruinous defeat and a Roman army shamefully routed. Fearing that they might be seen in the distance and that the cavalry might be sent against them, they took up their standards and hurried away with all the speed they could. The next day, finding their situation generally desperate, and starvation also imminent, they capitulated to Hannibal, who had overtaken them with the whole of his cavalry, and who pledged his word that if they would surrender their arms, they should go free, each man having a single garment. The promise was kept with Punic faith by Hannibal, who put them all in chains.

Such was the famous fight at Trasumennus, memorable as few other disasters of the Roman people have been. Fifteen thousand men fell in the battle; ten thousand, flying in all directions over Etruria, made by different roads for Rome. Of the enemy two thousand five hundred fell in the battle. Many died afterwards of their wounds. Other authors speak of a loss on both sides many times greater. I am myself averse to the idle exaggeration to which writers are so commonly inclined; and I have here followed as my best authority Fabius, who was actually contemporary with the war. Hannibal released without ransom all the prisoners who claimed Latin citizenship; the Romans he imprisoned. He had the corpses of his own men separated from the vast heaps of dead, and buried. Careful search was also made for the body of Flaminius, to which he wished to pay due honor; but it could not be found.

A CHARACTERISTIC EPISODE OF CLASSICAL WARFARE

The Locrians had been treated with such insolence and cruelty by the Carthaginians since their revolt from the Romans, that they were able to endure severities of an ordinary kind not only with patience but almost with willingness. But indeed, so greatly did Pleminius surpass Hamilcar who had commanded the garrison, so greatly did the Roman soldiers in the garrison surpass the Carthaginians in villainy and rapacity, that it would appear that they endeavored to outdo each other not in arms but in vices. None of all those things which render the power of a superior hateful to the powerless was omitted towards the inhabitants, either by the general or his soldiers. The most shocking insults were committed against their own persons, their children, and their wives. . . .

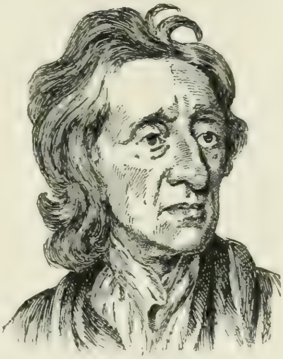
One of Pleminius's men, while running away with a silver cup which he had stolen from the house of a townsman, the owners pursuing him, happened to meet Sergius and Matienus, the military tribunes. The cup having been taken away from him at the order of the tribunes, abuse and clamor ensued, and at last a fight arose between the soldiers of Pleminius and those of the tribunes; the numbers engaged and the tumult increasing at the same time, as either party was joined by their friends who happened to come up at the time. When the soldiers of Pleminius, who had been worsted, had run to him in crowds, not without loud clamoring and indignant feelings, showing their blood and wounds, and repeating the reproaches which had been heaped upon him during the dispute, Pleminius, fired with resentment, flung himself out of his house, ordered the tribunes to be summoned and stripped, and the rods to be brought out. During the time which was consumed in stripping them,—for they made resistance, and implored their men to aid them,—on a sudden the soldiers, flushed with their recent victory, ran together from every quarter, as if there had been a shout to arms against enemies; and when they saw the bodies of their tribunes now mangled with rods, then indeed, suddenly inflamed with much more ungovernable rage, without respect not only for the dignity of their commander but of humanity, they made an attack upon the lieutenant-general, having first mutilated the lictors in a shocking manner; they then cruelly lacerated the lieutenant-general himself, having cut him off from his party and hemmed him in, and after mutilating his nose and ears, left him almost lifeless.

Accounts of these occurrences arriving at Messana, Scipio a few days after, passing over to Locri in a ship with six banks of oars, took cognizance of the cause of Pleminius and the tribunes. Having acquitted Pleminius and left him in command of the same place, and pronounced the tribunes guilty and thrown them into chains, that they might be sent to Rome to the Senate, he returned to Messana, and thence to Syracuse. Pleminius, unable to restrain his resentment,—for he thought the injury he had sustained had been treated negligently and too lightly by Scipio, and that no one could form an estimate of the punishment which ought to be inflicted in such a case except the man who had in his own person felt its atrocity,—ordered the tribunes to be dragged before him, and after lacerating them with every punishment which the human body could endure, put them to death; and not satisfied with the punishment inflicted on them while alive, cast them out unburied. The like cruelty he exercised towards the Locrian nobles, who he heard had gone to Scipio to complain of the injuries he had done them. The horrid acts, prompted by lust and rapacity, which he had before perpetrated upon his allies, he now multiplied from resentment; thus bringing infamy and odium not only upon himself, but upon the general also.

JOHN LOCKE

(1632-1704)

John Locke, one of the greatest philosophers of English race, was born at Wrington, Somersetshire, England, on August 29th, 1632. His father was a lawyer, and a captain in the Parliamentary army. John studied at Westminster School in London, and in 1651 became a member of Christ's College, Oxford, whence he was graduated in 1656. He remained at Oxford until 1664 as a lecturer. It was during a student metaphysical discussion in his rooms that the idea occurred to him that the only possible basis for sound judgment lay in an analysis of the ultimate possibilities of the human mind. This was the seed thought of the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' which he worked over for more than twenty years and did not finish until 1687. It was these early Oxford years and his readings in Descartes which gave Locke his philosophical bent. In 1664 he entered the diplomatic service as secretary of legation at Berlin; afterwards he studied medicine at Berlin, but took no degree. This training, however, stood him in good stead when he entered the household of the Earl of Shaftesbury as physician and confidential agent, overseeing the education of the earl's son and grandson. This connection brought him into the society of Buckingham, Halifax, and other leaders; and when Shaftesbury became Lord Chancellor, Locke held office under him. Upon the former's downfall the philosopher was forced to leave the country, spending the years between 1675 and 1679 in France; mostly with Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom his chief work was dedicated. For the same reason, during the years 1683-9 he resided in Holland. The revolution of 1688 brought him back to England; and he held the office of Commissioner of Appeals, declining other posts because of age and failing health. Locke devoted much time in his last years to the study of the Scriptures. He died, a professing Christian, October 28th, 1704.



John Locke

He wrote a treatise on 'Civil Government,' and other books in which he plead for the rights of the folk against the captious power of rulers. He wrote a 'Treatise on Education,' worth pondering yet. He also drew up, for a commission of which Shaftesbury was one, the most grotesque curiosity in modern political history,—the Constitution of Carolina. It was framed in the trough of the reaction which followed the downfall of Cromwell's military dictatorship, and whose leaders held popular liberties to be pregnant with revolutions, and was designed for a model State which should be free from such dangers by keeping the populace forever in subjection. The inhabittants were to be divided into four hereditary castes, the common people being serfs of the soil: and among other provisions, any one over seventeen not a member of some church body was made an outlaw,—which would have startled the Inquisition itself. The constitution was a dead letter from the start, as freemen did not emigrate to a savage country to turn into predial serfs,—though a House of Magnates was of course easily got together; but it gave the infant province thirty years of anarchy and overflowing jails before it was withdrawn, and deeply injured the future development of North Carolina in particular.

Locke's supreme work in philosophy was the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' which was published in 1690, four subsequent editions appearing during his life. This work, which gives him a place in the development of English metaphysics, and made his ideas influential in European thought,—so that the eighteenth-century philosophers, French and English, based their arguments upon his sensualistic conclusions,—is the searching inductive investigation of the human intellect. He found the genesis of all thought in sensation; vigorously rejecting the notion of 'innate ideas,' so popular with all idealistic thinkers, before or since, whose theories are swayed by religious considerations. Using his famous figure, Locke likened the mind to a blank piece of paper, on which experience writes characters which stand for the material of all thinking done by man. Sensations are received, and then reflected on: from sensation objectively, and reflection subjectively, come all the data of knowledge. "I see no reason to believe that the soul thinks before the senses have furnished it with ideas to think on," he declared. Locke, in a wonderful way, foreran the modern psychological school which is prominent to-day. From him Hume and Kant built up their systems. He is only now seen in his true greatness. What makes him especially interesting to the student of literature is the fact that his prose is among the best of his time; remarkable for its lucidity, easy elegance, dignity, and modernness. Considering their subjects, his writings are conspicuously untechnical: they can be read with pleasure still.

Locke's personal character was high and most amiable, and his materialistic teachings—as they may be popularly described—were in no wise indicative of looseness of life or lack of character. Nor was his mind at all of that cast of pragmatic heaviness usually associated with our idea of a metaphysician — and rarely found in one: he was of excellent social talents, and his letters are full of a light and gay buoyancy which shows that he enjoyed writing them. A man of much social importance in his day, he is of permanent importance as an independent thinker, an original force in English philosophy, and a writer able to put before the world in an agreeable manner the results of a student's lifetime of intellectual labor.

PLEASURE AND PAIN

From the ‹Essay Concerning Human Understanding›

The infinitely wise Author of our being, having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also, by the motion of them, to move ourselves and contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of our body; having also given a power to our mind, in several instances, to choose amongst its ideas which it will think on, and to pursue the inquiry of this or that subject with consideration and attention,— to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts and several sensations a perception of delight. If this were wholly separated from all our outward sensations and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action to another, negligence to attention, or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies nor employ our minds: but let our thoughts — if I may so call it — run adrift, without any direction or design; and suffer the ideas of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearance there as it happened, without attending to them. In which state, man, however furnished with the faculties of understanding and will, would be a very idle, inactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy, lethargic dream. It has therefore pleased our wise Creator to annex to several objects, and the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure; and that in several objects to several degrees, that those faculties which he had endowed us with might not remain wholly idle and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has, we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that as to pursue this; only this is worth our consideration, "that pain is often produced by the same objects and ideas that produce pleasure in us." This their near conjunction, which makes us often feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasure, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker; who, designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do and as advices to withdraw from them. But he, not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath in many cases annexed pain to those very ideas which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it,— if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes,— causes a very painful sensation: which is wisely and favorably so ordered by nature, that when any object does by the vehemency of its operation disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structures cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order and so be unfitted for its proper function for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it may well persuade us that this is the end or use of pain. For though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because that causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unharmed in its natural state. But yet excess of cold as well as heat pains us, because it is equally destructive to that temper which is necessary to the preservation of life and the exercise of the several functions of the body; and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth, or if you please a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him "with whom there is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

INJUDICIOUS HASTE IN STUDY

From the ‘Essay Concerning Human Understanding’

The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hindrance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge; and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie; and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river, woodland in one part and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it: but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labor and thought and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that traveled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

There is another haste that does often, and will, mislead the mind, if it be left to itself and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward, not only to learn its knowledge by variety,— which makes it skip over one to get speedily to another part of knowledge,— but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions, without a due examination of particulars enough thereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge their stock, but it is of fancies, not realities; such theories, built upon narrow foundations, stand but weakly, and if they fall not themselves, are at least very hardly to be supported against the assaults of opposition. And thus men, being too hasty to erect to themselves general notions and ill-grounded theories, find themselves deceived in their stock of knowledge, when they come to examine their hastily assumed maxims themselves or to have them attacked by others. General observations, drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greater care and caution, lest if we take counterfeit for true, our loss and shame will be the greater when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny. One or two particulars may suggest hints of inquiry, and they do well who take those hints; but if they turn them into conclusions, and make them presently general rules, they are forward indeed, but it is only to impose on themselves by propositions assumed for truths without sufficient warrant. To make such observations is, as has been already remarked, to make the head a magazine of materials which can hardly be called knowledge, or at least it is but like a collection of lumber not reduced to use or order; and he that makes everything an observation has the same useless plenty, and much more falsehood mixed with it. The extremes on both sides are to be avoided; and he will be able to give the best account of his studies who keeps his understanding in the right mean between them.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

(1821-1895)

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD

No better biography of Frederick Locker can be given than that by himself in 'My Confidences,' published since his death by his son-in-law, Augustine Birrell. When Mr. Locker begins them, he laments that he had not kept a journal, as it might have been of some interest; but it was now too late. He certainly describes the man he was,—a somewhat whimsical, modest person of culture.

Born of a distinguished naval family, twice married to women of rank and wealth, a man of society as well as of letters, he steered his bark in and out of the inlets of life, and skirted the borders of its placid lakes and verdant shores without attempting to sail in stormy seas. Thus he lived and died a prosperous, amiable gentleman.

«I am well content,» he writes, «to range with humble livers, provided I am allowed my share of humble memories.» With an agreeable inconsistency, he records the annals of the Locker family. His great-great-grandfathers were barristers, and clerks in city companies; one of them, John Locker, a member of the Society of Antiquaries, is referred to by Johnson in his 'Life of Addison,' as eminent for «curiosity and literature.» The grandfather of Frederick Locker, William Locker, after fifty years of active service in the navy, was retired. When he commanded the 'Lowestoffe,' a youth of eighteen, one Horatio Nelson, was his second lieutenant; Cuthbert, afterwards Lord Collingwood, serving under him in the same vessel. In 1792 William Locker hoisted his flag as commodore at the shore; his health failing, he was appointed lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital, where he died in 1800, and was followed to the grave by his friend Lord Nelson.

Frederick Locker's father, Edward Hawke Locker, was the youngest son of William Locker. He left Eton to become a clerk in the Navy Office, and not long afterwards was appointed civil commissioner of Greenwich Hospital. He was also one of the founders and a promoter of the Royal Naval Gallery. According to Lockhart, among the distinguished friends of Edward Hawke Locker «Scott was an old and dear friend." In May 1814 Mr. Locker was charged with a mission to Elba, where Napoleon had just arrived from Fréjus after his abdication; an account of which the commissioner published in The Plain Englishman, a periodical which he conducted in association with Charles Knight:—

> "Napoleon," he wrote, "takes much snuff; he is short and fat; his head handsome, though too large for his body; his smile is pleasing, but his laugh is singularly discordant, almost a neigh; his hand is white and delicate, and his limbs have that roundness which does not become a man and a soldier; but like all men of eminent ability, his manner was plain and unaffected."

Frederick Locker's mother was the daughter of the well-known vicar of Epsom, Jonathan Boucher, who passed much of his youth in America, and there formed a friendship with George Washington, a friendship broken by political differences. The letters of Washington to his grandfather, Mr. Frederick Locker lent to Thackeray when he was writing 'Henry Esmond.' Of his mother, the poet writes that she was "exceedingly handsome, but timid and anxious, pious, and deeply read in Graham's 'Domestic Medicine.'" For all this, she was as "merry as a grig—while plying us with tracts, and hanging texts over our bed-heads. For years the question worked on a perforated card in colored worsteds, 'Do you ever pray?' was present to me. Finally she came to the belief that every soul would be saved; even Lord Hertford, the typical wicked nobleman of her time." Edward Hawke Locker, writes his son, was an able upright man, in a way strait-laced and circumspect; so prejudiced in regard to the early fashion of his period that he could not be persuaded to surrender his queue, till some other Locker came behind his chair at dinner and cut it off. He did things foreign to his character; and Mr. Birrell, in an editorial note, remarks that the traits described in the Johns and Williams were as noticeable in Frederick.

Frederick Locker was born in Greenwich Hospital in 1821. In his father's apartment the boy grew up among delightful surroundings, books and choice pictures. He never forgot the endearing sentiment of those early days. It was a Philistine age; but he speaks of the excellent taste in the paintings and furnishing of the apartments. "The picture by Hogarth of David Garrick and his wife was so lifelike that we children were afraid of it, and persuaded their father to sell it to George IV."

The tale of Frederick Locker's school days is dismal. He went through six schools in his seven years of pupildom. At the age of eight his father writes to Mrs. Locker, when the lad was at a school in Clapham, that "for all the teacher's pains, Fred remains as idle as ever." The child's memory of that teacher was that "she had all the qualities of a kitchen poker, except its occasional warmth.» After the desultory and unsatisfactory schooling,— especially at one school where the teacher, a clergyman, thrashed him with the buckle ends of his own braces,— his father began to despair of him. What was the use of his being good at fives and tolerably so at cricket, if he spelt abominably and could not construe a line of Latin? The parents abandoned their aspiration for church or bar, and with some difficulty obtained for the boy a place as clerk in a colonial broker's counting-house, where he was to learn the business without pay. He turned out as incapable and inefficient at commerce as at everything else; developing, however, a turn for quizzing his masters and superiors, while giving a good deal of his time to the cut of his trousers. He named his wit at this period, empty, «a sneeze of the mind.»

In spite of the duties given him at this place, he learned nothing. His much-tried father was advised to remove him. This was done; but when his prospects were at the darkest, he proved that «there is a budding morrow in midnight.» One memorable day, by the kindness of his father's friend Lord Haddington, he was transferred to the Admiralty as a junior in the private office. About this time the verse faculty sprouted. He remained in this place some years; but losing his health, was given leave of absence, and fled to the Continent, where he found his first happiness. At Paris he met Lady Charlotte Bruce, Lord Elgin's daughter, and was struck with her many charms. She returned to England; a correspondence took place; he followed her home, proposed to her, and was married in 1850. While she lived he moved in brilliant society,— at home, in Rome, and in Paris. The marriage was a happy one. The Queen had a warm regard for Charlotte, rejoiced in her humor, honored her by giving her her books, and commended her to those select courts which she decreed in the earlier days of her widowhood. «I have never,» says Locker, «felt much at my ease with royalty, and I never shall.» He speaks with enthusiasm of the prize-fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan; of the strange tremor which ran through him when the men stood up and shook hands; and of the marvelous qualities Sayers showed on that day,— of temper, judgment, and staying power.

The Admiralty was not a genial soil for poetry, yet he planted the laurel there. He contributed to Blackwood's, the Cornhill, and the Times, in prose and verse. In 1859 he published what he called certain sparrow-flights of song,—‹London Lyrics,›— bearing in mind «the narrowness of the scope of his little pipe.» When Thackeray encouraged him, he speaks of the fine rapture, the flood of an author's ecstasy which never rises to high-water mark but once. This was when Thackeray had sent him the proof of his ‹Verses on a Human

Skull,' to be published in the Cornhill. In 1874 he married as his second wife the only daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, whose name he adopted. In 1879 he published an olio of prose and verse, with the title of 'Patchwork,' revealing himself as the poet of society singing out the hearts of polite London folk to their faces. The work he is best known by is 'Lyra Elegantiarum'; an anthology of airy graceful verse, which has exhausted the field where he gathered his gleanings.

Up to the event of Mr. Locker's first marriage, the 'Confidences' observe a sequence more or less historical. The story then breaks off abruptly, and a series of essays follow, on the incidents of his life, portraits of authors, and criticisms on their books. In his closing paragraph in 'My Confidences' he asks his readers to think kindly of Pierrot. They will regard him also with gratitude and affection. The evening of his days was passed at Rowfant, where he died in May 1895.

The verse of Frederick Locker-Lampson is of the kind which the French call *vers de société*, and which may be seen in all its English varieties in his 'Lyra Elegantiarum.' He belongs to the seventeenth-century school of light and airy singers; of which Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, Herrick, and Sedley were masters, and which in the days of Queen Anne was conducted by such modish, jaunty ushers as Pope and Prior. But he belongs to it in its nineteenth-century conditions, which, in common with Hood, Praed, and Thackeray, he has bettered and enlarged with his finer taste, purer sentiment, and more genuine human feeling. His 'London Lyrics' are the perfection of humorous-pathetic poetry.

Elizabeth Stoddard

THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD

The characters of great and small
Come ready-made, we can't bespeak one;
Their sides are many, too — and all
(Except ourselves) have got a weak one.
Some sanguine people love for life;
Some love their hobby till it flings them;
And many love a pretty wife
For love of the éclat she brings them!

We all have secrets: you have one
   Which may not be your charming spouse's;
We all lock up a skeleton
   In some grim chamber of our houses;
Familiars who exhaust their days
   And nights in probing where our smart is,
And who, excepting spiteful ways,
   Are quiet, confidential «parties.»

We hug the phantom we detest,
   We rarely let it cross our portals:
It is a most exacting guest,—
   Now are we not afflicted mortals?
Your neighbor Gay, that joyous wight,—
   As Dives rich, and bold as Hector,—
Poor Gay steals twenty times a night,
   On shaking knees, to see his spectre.

Old Dives fears a pauper fate,
   And hoarding is his thriving passion;
Some piteous souls anticipate
   A waistcoat straiter than the fashion.
She, childless, pines,—that lonely wife,—
   And hidden tears are bitter shedding;
And he may tremble all his life,
   And die — but not of that he's dreading.

Ah me, the World! how fast it spins!
   The beldams shriek, the caldron bubbles;
They dance, and stir it for our sins,
   And we must drain it for our troubles.
We toil, we groan,—the cry for love
   Mounts upward from this seething city;
And yet I know we have above
   A Father, infinite in pity.

When Beauty smiles, when sorrow weeps,
   When sunbeams play, when shadows darken,
One inmate of our dwelling keeps
   A ghastly carnival — but hearken!
How dry the rattle of those bones!—
   The sound was not to make you start meant—
Stand by! your humble servant owns
   The Tenant of this Dark Apartment.

MY NEIGHBOR ROSE

Though slender walls our hearths divide,
No word has passed from either side.
Your days, red-lettered all, must glide
Unvexed by labor:
I've seen you weep, and could have wept;
I've heard you sing, and may have slept;
Sometimes I hear your chimneys swept,
My charming neighbor!

Your pets are mine. Pray what may ail
The pup, once eloquent of tail?
I wonder why your nightingale
Is mute at sunset!
Your puss, demure and pensive, seems
Too fat to mouse. She much esteems
Yon sunny wall—and sleeps and dreams
Of mice she once ate.

Our tastes agree. I doat upon
Frail jars, turquoise and celadon,
The 'Wedding March' of Mendelssohn,
And 'Penseroso.'
When sorely tempted to purloin
Your *pietà* of Marc Antoine,
Fair Virtue doth fair play enjoin,
Fair Virtuoso!

At times an Ariel, cruel-kind,
Will kiss my lips, and stir your blind,
And whisper low, "She hides behind:
Thou art not lonely."
The tricksy sprite did erst assist
At hushed Verona's moonlight tryst;
Sweet Capulet! thou wert not kissed
By light winds only.

I miss the simple days of yore,
When two long braids of hair you wore
And *chat botté* was wondered o'er
In corner cosy.
But gaze not back for tales like those:
'Tis all in order, I suppose;
The Bud is now a blooming Rose,—
A rosy posy!

Indeed, farewell to bygone years:
How wonderful the change appears,—
For curates now and cavaliers
In turn perplex you;
The last are birds of feather gay,
Who swear the first are birds of prey:
I'd scare them all, had I my way,
But that might vex you.

At times I've envied, it is true,
That joyous hero, twenty-two,
Who sent bouquets and billets-doux,
And wore a sabre.
The rogue! how tenderly he wound
His arm round one who never frowned:
He loves you well. Now, is he bound
To love *my* neighbor?

The bells are ringing. As is meet,
White favors fascinate the street;
Sweet faces greet me, rueful-sweet,
'Twixt tears and laughter;
They crowd the door to see her go:
The bliss of one brings many woe,—
Oh! kiss the bride, and I will throw
The old shoe after.

What change in one short afternoon,—
My charming neighbor gone,—so soon!
Is yon pale orb her honey-moon
Slow rising hither?
O lady, wan and marvelous,
How often have we communed thus;
Sweet memories shall dwell with us,
And joy go with her!

THE ROSE AND THE RING

CHRISTMAS 1854, AND CHRISTMAS 1863

(W. M. T.)

SHE smiles — but her heart is in sable,
And sad as her Christmas is chill:
She reads, and her book is the fable
He penned for her while she was ill.
It is nine years ago since he wrought it
Where reedy old Tiber is king;
And chapter by chapter he brought it —
And read her the Rose and the Ring.

And when it was printed, and gaining
Renown with all lovers of glee,
He sent her this copy containing
His comical little *croquis;*
A sketch of a rather droll couple —
She's pretty — he's quite t'other thing!
He begs (with a spine vastly supple)
She will study the Rose and the Ring.

It pleased the kind Wizard to send her
The last and the best of his toys:
His heart had a sentiment tender
For innocent women and boys;
And though he was great as a scorner,
The guileless were safe from his sting:
How sad is past mirth to the mourner! —
A tear on the Rose and the Ring!

She reads — I may vainly endeavor
Her mirth-chequered grief to pursue;
For she hears she has lost — and for ever —
A Heart that was known by so few:
But I wish on the shrine of his glory
One fair little blossom to fling;
And you see there's a nice little story
Attached to the Rose and the Ring!

THE WIDOW'S MITE

THE Widow had but only one,—
A puny and decrepit son;
Yet day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak, and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's might;—yes! so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complained
When friends were fewer;
And cheerful at her daily care,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then,—and now I see,
Though cheerful and resigned, still she
Has sorrowed much:
She has—He gave it tenderly—
Much faith; and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER

Suggested by a Picture by Mr. Romney

THIS relative of mine—
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen,—
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree
As she sits, her revery
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste,—
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

In bridal coronet,
Lace, ribbons, and *coquette*
Falbala;

Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love,—
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?—
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, « Come.»

What funny fancy slips
From between these cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Sweet deity in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

Her locks (as white as snow)
Once shamed the swarthy crow.
By-and-by,
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cloven foot for spite
In her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine:—
Well I wot,
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit,—
Would she not?

Ah, perishable clay!
Her charms had dropped away
One by one.
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was, « Thy
Will be done.»

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest,—
In mercy was she borne
Where the weary ones and worn
Are at rest.

I'm fain to meet you there;—
If as witching as you were,
Grandmamma!
This nether world agrees
That the better it must please
Grandpapa.

ADVICE TO A POET

Dear Poet, never rhyme at all:—
But if you must, don't tell your neighbors;
Or five in six, who cannot scrawl,
Will dub you donkey for your labors.
This epithet may seem unjust
To you—or any verse-begetter:
Oh, must we own—I fear we must!—
That nine in ten deserve no better.

Then let them bray with leathern lungs,
And match you with the beast that grazes;
Or wag their heads, and hold their tongues,
Or damn you with the faintest praises.
Be patient,—you will get your due
Of honors, or humiliations;
So look for sympathy—but do
Not look to find it from relations.

When strangers first approved my books,
My kindred marveled what the praise meant,
They now wear more respectful looks,
But can't get over their amazement.
Indeed, they've power to wound, beyond
That wielded by the fiercest hater;
For all the time they are so fond—
Which makes the aggravation greater.

Most warblers now but half express
The threadbare thoughts they feebly utter:

If they attempted naught — or less! —
They would not sink, and gasp, and flutter.
Fly low, my friend; then mount, and win
The niche for which the town's contesting:
And never mind your kith and kin —
But never give them cause for jesting.

A bard on entering the lists
Should form his plan; and having conned it,
Should know wherein his strength consists,
And never, never go beyond it.
Great Dryden all pretense discards;
Does Cowper ever strain his tether?
And Praed (Watteau of English Bards) —
How well he keeps his team together!

Hold Pegasus in hand — control
A vein for ornament ensnaring;
Simplicity is still the soul
Of all that Time deems worth the sparing.
Long lays are not a lively sport;
Reduce your own to half a quarter:
Unless your public thinks them short,
Posterity will cut them shorter.

I look on bards who whine for praise
With feelings of profoundest pity:
They hunger for the poet's bays,
And swear one's spiteful when one's witty.
The critic's lot is passing hard:
Between ourselves, I think reviewers,
When called to truss a crowing bard,
Should not be sparing of the skewers.

We all — the foolish and the wise —
Regard our verse with fascination,
Through asinine paternal eyes,
And hues of Fancy's own creation;
Then pray, sir, pray, excuse a queer
And sadly self-deluded rhymer,
Who thinks his beer (the smallest beer!)
Has all the gust of *alt hochheimer*.

Dear Bard, the Muse is such a minx,
So tricksy, it were wrong to let her

Rest satisfied with what she thinks
   Is perfect: try and teach her better.
And if you only use, perchance,
   One half the pains to learn that we, sir,
Still use to hide our ignorance—
   How very clever you will be, sir!

THE JESTER'S PLEA

[These verses were published in a volume by several hands, issued for the benefit of the starving Lancashire weavers during the American Civil War.]

The World! Was jester ever in
   A viler than the present?
Yet if it ugly be—as sin,
   It almost is—as pleasant!
It is a merry world (*pro tem.*);
   And some are gay, and therefore
It pleases them—but some condemn
   The fun they do not care for.

It is an ugly world. Offend
   Good people—how they wrangle!
The manners that they never mend!
   The characters they mangle!
They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,
   And go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God—
   And more of *Mrs. Grundy.*

The time for Pen and Sword was when
   "My ladye fayre" for pity
Could tend her wounded knight, and then
   Grow tender at his ditty!
Some ladies now make pretty songs,
   And some make pretty nurses;
Some men are good for righting wrongs
   And some for writing verses.

I wish We better understood
   The tax that poets levy!
I know the Muse is very *good*—
   I think she's rather heavy.

She now compounds for winning ways
By morals of the sternest:
Methinks the lays of nowadays
Are painfully in earnest.

When Wisdom halts, I humbly try
To make the most of Folly;
If Pallas be unwilling, I
Prefer to flirt with Polly:
To quit the goddess for the maid
Seems low in lofty musers;
But Pallas is a haughty jade—
And beggars can't be choosers.

I do not wish to see the slaves
Of party, stirring passion;
Or psalms quite superseding staves,
Or piety "the fashion."
I bless the hearts where pity glows,
Who, here together banded,
Are holding out a hand to those
That wait so empty-handed!

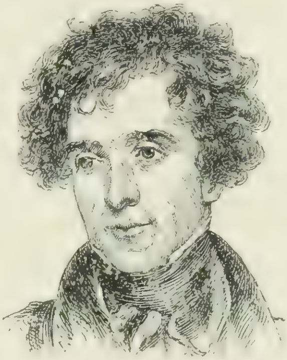
A righteous work!—My Masters, may
A Jester by confession,
Scarce noticed join, half sad, half gay,
The close of your procession?
The motley here seems out of place
With graver robes to mingle;
But if one tear bedews his face,
Forgive the bells their jingle.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

(1794-1854)

The poet and essayist John Gibson Lockhart is a striking example of the class of men of no mean literary attainments whose names have been overshadowed by being connected with one greater than themselves. He is generally remembered as the biographer and son-in-law of Walter Scott. He is less often named as the admirable translator of the 'Spanish Ballads,' and still more seldom spoken of as the scholarly editor of the Quarterly Review. Yet he was one of the most brilliant and most versatile of the lesser men of English literature.

Lockhart was born in the manse of Cambusnethan in Lanarkshire, where his father was then a minister of the gospel. Two years later the preacher was transferred to Glasgow, and here presently the boy entered the High School, and in time the Glasgow College. He was remarkably clever,—endowed with such unusual powers of concentration and memory that study seemed no effort; and he seemed to idle through his class hours, chiefly employed in drawing caricatures of the instructors. He entered Balliol College, Oxford, when just past fourteen; an unusually early age even for those days. He was well equipped in languages, ancient and modern, and had a store of curious information picked up in voracious reading; but he cared little for mathematics, excellence in which was greatly insisted upon. He continued caricaturing his tutors, and playing other harmless jokes upon them; for he had an irrepressibly frolicsome turn of mind, and was unconsciously developing his vein of satire and sarcasm. But he was proud and reserved, and of a constitutional shyness that remained with him all his life.



JOHN G. LOCKHART

After graduation, he went to the Continent on money advanced by Blackwood for a prospective translation of Friedrich Schlegel's 'Lectures on the Study of History,' his first essay in authorship,—which however did not appear until some years later. He visited Goethe at Weimar, and went through France and the Netherlands studying art and architecture. Returning to Edinburgh, he read law, and was called to the bar in 1816. But he soon joined the staff of Blackwood's Magazine, contributing literary papers and exercising his unrivaled powers of satire in political and critical essays. Here also he printed a number of the 'Spanish Ballads.' About this time he became acquainted with Walter Scott, who took a great fancy to the handsome, scholarly, witty young fellow, and accepted him as a son-in-law in 1820. In the cottage which he fitted up for the young couple on his own estate, they lived for some years in an ideal family relation.

Having made himself a famous name for caustic wit and luminous exposition, the brilliant critic of Blackwood was invited to take charge of the (Tory) London Quarterly, from which «Anti-Jacobin» Gifford was about to retire. He seems to have had, like Jeffrey, some doubts as to whether well-paid editorship was an office quite becoming a gentleman. But at Scott's advice he accepted the post, for which he was admirably fitted. A born critic, his wide scholarship, his sane, unbiased judgment, and his decided literary and political views, gave great weight to his opinions. Aside from his editorial duties he contributed many papers to the magazine. He is credited with having written in his twenty-eight years of editorship no fewer than one hundred carefully finished articles, besides scores of less elaborate papers. His was the celebrated review on Tennyson's volume of 1832, which began with a sarcastic pretense of retracting the Quarterly's adverse judgment of Keats (plainly intimating that the writer still thought the public admiration was the real mistake), and went on to say that here at least was a case where it would never be necessary to retract anything! The new mistake was fully as bad as the old; but it by no means follows that the reviewer was altogether wrong in either case. There were weak spots in the early work of both poets; and their most individual note — a luxurious lingering over sensuous imagery, and sometimes almost effeminate dalliance with verbal prettiness — was precisely what most revolted the balladist, whose preference was for rough and vigorous manliness of style.

Busy as he was, Lockhart managed to find time for contributions to Blackwood's and to Fraser's. In 1843 he was appointed to the auditorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, his only political preferment, which he resigned in 1853 to spend that winter in Rome. Like Sir Walter, however, he returned home to die. At Abbotsford, November 25th, 1854, he passed away, in the arms of his only surviving daughter, Mrs. Hope-Scott, to whose son descended the title and estate of his great-grandfather.

Lockhart was a brilliant talker and a delightful companion among a few friends. In larger assemblies his shyness made him appear haughty and reserved. He had not the gift of attracting the goodwill of strangers, and this debarred him from success as a public speaker. His caustic pen, and his delicate position as responsible editor of a great magazine, made him many enemies, both among persons whose opinions he criticized and contributors whose articles he blue-penciled. He was a man of most affectionate nature, not expansive but deep, with almost a woman's love for children and compassion for suffering. His life, outwardly uneventful, was saddened by family bereavements: the death in 1831 of his eldest and favorite son,—the Hugh Littlejohn of the 'Tales of a Grandfather,'—the death of his beloved wife in 1837, and the waywardness of his second son, who also died before him.

Lockhart's writings have never been collected, nor have all his review articles been identified. In 1819 was published 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' purporting to be written by a Welsh dentist, one "Dr. Peter Morris, the Odontist," on a visit to Edinburgh,—a mocking satire on the society of the Scotch capital. It originated from an ostensible "review," by Lockhart in Blackwood's, of this (then nonexistent) book, with copious "extracts." There were so many calls for the book in consequence that Lockhart wrote it,—probably with some help from John Wilson,—incorporating the "extracts," and Blackwood published it as a "second edition." The first would surpass all bibliophilic treasures in existence. He tried his hand at novel-writing, producing within the next five years 'Valerius: A Roman Story,' of the time of the Emperor Trajan; 'Adam Blair,' a tale of great power, involving the moral downfall of a Scotch minister; 'Reginald Dalton,' a story of undergraduate life at Oxford; and 'Matthew Wald.' These stories, though scholarly and well written, lack vital interest. Lockhart had not the novelist's gift of projecting himself into his characters and making them alive to the reader, and he wisely desisted from further efforts. He was a perfect biographer, for the same reason that he was a foremost critic. In 1829 he opened Murray's 'Family Library' with a 'Life of Napoleon,' which however is little more than a clever abridgment of Scott's Life of the Emperor. His 'Life of Burns' is a most charming piece of work, which renders all other biographies of the Scotch singer superfluous. The 'Life of Theodore Hook,' within a smaller compass, is adequate to its purpose; but his most enduring work is the 'Life of Scott.' He was well fitted to undertake that task by his long and loving friendship, which yet did not cloud his judgment. He sets his hero before the reader as a living being, great-hearted, generous, full of life and energy. The self-effacement of the biographer is remarkable; he never dogmatizes, but gives an entirely objective picture. The task was a delicate one for a son-in-law to undertake, but it was executed to perfection. Next to Boswell's 'Johnson' the book is the best biography in the language. By his translations of the 'Spanish Ballads,' Lockhart showed himself a vigorous poet with great command over English ballad metres. They are Englished with great force and spirit; and while closely following the Spanish, yet read like original poems.

THE LAST DAYS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

From the 'Life of Scott'

The last jotting of Sir Walter's Diary — perhaps the last specimen of his handwriting — records his starting from Naples on the 16th of April. After the 11th of May the story can hardly be told too briefly.

The irritation of impatience, which had for a moment been suspended by the aspect and society of Rome, returned the moment he found himself on the road, and seemed to increase hourly. His companions could with difficulty prevail on him to see even the Falls of Terni, or the church of Santa Croce at Florence. On the 17th, a cold and dreary day, they passed the Apennines, and dined on the top of the mountains. The snow and the pines recalled Scotland, and he expressed pleasure at the sight of them. That night they reached Bologna, and he would see none of the interesting objects therein; and next day, hurrying in like manner through Ferrara, he proceeded as far as Monselice. On the 19th he arrived at Venice, and he remained there till the 23d; but showed no curiosity about anything except the Bridge of Sighs and the adjoining dungeons,— down into which he would scramble, though the exertion was exceedingly painful to him. On the other historical features of that place — one so sure in other days to have inexhaustible attractions for him — he would not even look; and it was the same with all that he came within reach of — even with the fondly anticipated chapel at Innspruck — as they proceeded through the Tyrol, and so onwards, by Munich, Ulm, and Heidelberg, to Frankfort. Here (June 5th) he entered a bookseller's shop; and the people seeing an English party, brought out among the first things a lithographed print of Abbotsford. He said, "I know that already, sir," and hastened back to the inn without being recognized. Though in some parts of the journey they had very severe weather, he repeatedly wished to travel all the night as well as all the day; and the symptoms of an approaching fit were so obvious that he was more than once bled, ere they reached Mayence, by the hand of his affectionate domestic.

In this town they embarked on the 8th of June in the Rhine steamboat; and while they descended the famous river through its most picturesque region, he seemed to enjoy, though he said nothing, the perhaps unrivaled scenery it presented to him. His eyes were fixed on the successive crags and castles and ruined monasteries, each of which had been celebrated in some German ballad familiar to his ear, and all of them blended in the immortal panorama of 'Childe Harold.' But so soon as he resumed his carriage at Cologne, and nothing but flat shores, and here and there a grove of poplars and a village spire, were offered to the vision, the weight of misery sunk down again upon him. It was near Nimeguen, on the evening of the 9th, that he sustained another serious attack of apoplexy, combined with paralysis. Nicolson's lancet restored, after the lapse of some minutes, the signs of animation; but this was the crowning blow. Next day he insisted on resuming his journey, and on the 11th was lifted from the carriage into a steamboat at Rotterdam.

He reached London about six o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, the 13th of June. Owing to the unexpected rapidity of the journey, his eldest daughter had had no notice when to expect him; and fearful of finding her either out of town, or unprepared to receive him and his attendants under her roof, Charles Scott drove to the St. James's Hotel in Jermyn Street, and established his quarters there before he set out in quest of his sister and myself. When we reached the hotel, he recognized us with every mark of tenderness, but signified that he was totally exhausted; so no attempt was made to remove him further, and he was put to bed immediately. Dr. Ferguson saw him the same night, and next day Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Holland saw him also; and during the next three weeks the two former visited him daily, while Ferguson was scarcely absent from his pillow. The Major was soon on the spot. To his children, all assembled once more about him, he repeatedly gave his blessing in a very solemn manner, as if expecting immediate death; but he was never in a condition for conversation, and sunk either into sleep or delirious stupor upon the slightest effort.

Mrs. Thomas Scott came to town as soon as she heard of his arrival, and remained to help us. She was more than once recognized and thanked. Mr. Cadell too arrived from Edinburgh to render any assistance in his power. I think Sir Walter saw no other of his friends except Mr. John Richardson, and him only once. As usual, he woke up at the sound of a familiar voice and made an attempt to put forth his hand; but it dropped powerless, and he said with a smile, "Excuse my hand." Richardson made a struggle to suppress his emotion, and after a moment got out something about Abbotsford and the woods, which he had happened to see shortly before. The eye brightened, and he said, "How does Kirklands get on?" Mr. Richardson had lately purchased the estate so called on the Teviot, and Sir Walter had left him busied with plans of building. His friend told him that his new house was begun, and that the Marquis of Lothian had very kindly lent him one of his own, meantime, in its vicinity. "Ay, Lord Lothian is a good man," said Sir Walter: "he is a man from whom one may receive a favor, and that's saying a good deal for any man in these days." The stupor then sank back upon him, and Richardson never heard his voice again. This state of things continued till the beginning of July.

During these melancholy weeks great interest and sympathy were manifested. Allan Cunningham mentions that, walking home late one night, he found several workingmen standing together at the corner of Jermyn Street; and one of them asked him, as if there was but one death-bed in London, "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" The inquiries both at the hotel and at my house were incessant; and I think there was hardly a member of the royal family who did not send every day. The newspapers teemed with paragraphs about Sir Walter: and one of these, it appears, threw out a suggestion that his travels had exhausted his pecuniary resources; and that if he were capable of reflection at all, cares of that sort might probably harass his pillow. This paragraph came from a very ill-informed but I daresay a well-meaning quarter. It caught the attention of some members of the then Government; and in consequence I received a private communication to the effect that if the case were as stated, Sir Walter's family had only to say what sum would relieve him from embarrassment, and it would be immediately advanced by the Treasury. The then Paymaster of the Forces, Lord John Russell, had the delicacy to convey this message through a lady with whose friendship he knew us to be honored. We expressed our grateful sense of his politeness and of the liberality of the Government, and I now beg leave to do so once more; but his Lordship was of course informed that Sir Walter Scott was not situated as the journalist had represented. . . .

On this his last journey Sir Walter was attended by his two daughters, Mr. Cadell, and myself; and also by Dr. James Watson, who (it being impossible for Dr. Ferguson to leave town at that moment) kindly undertook to see him safe at Abbotsford. We embarked in the James Watt steamboat, the master of which (Captain John Jamieson), as well as the agent of the proprietors, made every arrangement in their power for the convenience of the invalid. The Captain gave up for Sir Walter's use his own private cabin, which was a separate erection, a sort of cottage on the deck: and he seemed unconscious, after being laid in bed there, that any new removal had occurred. On arriving at Newhaven, late on the 9th, we found careful preparations made for his landing by the manager of the Shipping Company (Mr. Hamilton); and Sir Walter, prostrate in his carriage, was slung on shore, and conveyed from thence to Douglas's Hotel in St. Andrew's Square, in the same complete apparent unconsciousness. Mrs. Douglas had in former days been the Duke of Buccleuch's housekeeper at Bowhill, and she and her husband had also made the most suitable provision. At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 11th we again placed him in his carriage; and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two: "Gala Water, surely — Buckholm — Torwoodlee." As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge; and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in, lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said, "Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair; they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands; and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them until sleep oppressed him.

Dr. Watson, having consulted on all things with Mr. Clarkson and his father, resigned the patient to them and returned to London. None of them could have any hope but that of soothing irritation. Recovery was no longer to be thought of; but there might be *euthanasia.*

And yet something like a ray of hope did break in upon us next morning. Sir Walter awoke perfectly conscious where he was, and expressed an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden. We procured a Bath-chair from Huntly-Burn; and Laidlaw and I wheeled him out before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf, and among the rose beds then in full bloom. The grandchildren admired the new vehicle, and would be helping in their way to push it about. He sat in silence, smiling placidly on them and the dogs their companions, and now and then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, and the flowers and trees. By-and-by he conversed a little, very composedly, with us: said he was happy to be at home,—that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would perhaps disappoint the doctors after all.

He then desired to be wheeled through his rooms, and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library. "I have seen much," he kept saying, "but nothing like my ain house: give me one turn more!" He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again the moment we told him that we thought he had had enough for one day.

Next morning he was still better; after again enjoying the Bath-chair for perhaps a couple of hours out of doors, he desired to be drawn into the library and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him; and when I asked from what book, he said, "Need you ask?—there is but one." I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done, «Well, this is a great comfort: I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again.» In this placid frame he was again put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber.

On the third day Mr. Laidlaw and I again wheeled him about the small piece of lawn and shrubbery in front of the house for some time; and the weather being delightful, and all the richness of summer around him, he seemed to taste fully the balmy influences of nature. The sun getting very strong, we halted the chair in a shady corner, just within the verge of his verdant arcade around the court-wall; and breathing the coolness of the spot, he said, «Read me some amusing thing; read me a bit of Crabbe.» I brought out the first volume of his own favorite that I could lay hand on, and turned to what I remembered as one of his most favorite passages in it,—the description of the arrival of the Players in the Borough. He listened with great interest, and also, as I soon perceived, with great curiosity. Every now and then he exclaimed, «Capital—excellent—very good—Crabbe has lost nothing»; and we were too well satisfied that he considered himself as hearing a new production, when, chuckling over one couplet, he said, «Better and better—but how will poor Terry endure these cuts?» I went on with the poet's terrible sarcasms upon the theatrical life, and he listened eagerly, muttering, «Honest Dan!»—«Dan won't like this.» At length I reached those lines—

«Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warned by misery nor enriched by gain.»

«Shut the book,» said Sir Walter,—«I can't stand more of this: it will touch Terry to the very quick.»

On the morning of Sunday the 15th he was again taken out into the little pleasaunce, and got as far as his favorite terrace walk between the garden and the river, from which he seemed to survey the valley and the hills with much satisfaction. On re-entering the house he desired me to read to him from the New Testament: and after that he again called for a little of Crabbe; but whatever I selected from that poet seemed to be listened to as if it made part of some new volume published while he was in Italy. He attended with this sense of novelty even to the tale of ‘Phœbe Dawson,’ which not many months before he could have repeated every line of, and which I chose for one of these readings because, as is known to every one, it had formed the last solace of Mr. Fox's death-bed. On the contrary, his recollection of whatever I read from the Bible appeared to be lively; and in the afternoon, when we made his grandson, a child of six years, repeat some of Dr. Watts's hymns by his chair, he seemed also to remember them perfectly. That evening he heard the Church service; and when I was about to close the book, said, "Why do you omit the visitation for the sick?" which I added accordingly.

On Monday he remained in bed and seemed extremely feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th, he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said, "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk." He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order; and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to close his fingers upon it; but they refused their office — it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by-and-by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Willie," said he,— "no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, "don't let me expose myself — get me to bed — that's the only place."

With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and after another week he was unable even for this. During a few days he was in a state of painful irritation; and I saw realized all that he had himself prefigured in his description of the meeting between Crystal Croftangry and his paralytic friend. Dr. Ross came out from Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, one of the dearest *nieces* of the Clerk's Table. Sir Walter with some difficulty recognized the Doctor, but on hearing Mrs. Ross's voice, exclaimed at once, "Isn't that Kate Hume?" These kind friends remained for two or three days with us. Clarkson's lancet was pronounced necessary; and the relief it afforded was, I am happy to say, very effectual.

After this he declined daily; but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed however to suffer no bodily pain; and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling with rare exceptions on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. Now and then he imagined himself to be administering justice as sheriff; and once or twice he seemed to be ordering Tom Purdie about trees. A few times also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh; and "Burk Sir Walter" escaped him in a melancholy tone. But commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah, and the Book of Job), or some petition in the Litany, or a verse of some psalm (in the old Scotch metrical version) or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Roman ritual,—in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connection with the church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the 'Dies Iræ': and I think the very last stanza that we could make out was the first of a still greater favorite:—

"Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius."

All this time he continued to recognize his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him; and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr. Clarkson too was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived the genius.

After two or three weeks had passed in this way, I was obliged to leave Sir Walter for a single day, and go into Edinburgh to transact business, on his account, with Mr. Henry Cockburn (now Lord Cockburn), then Solicitor-General for Scotland. . . .

Perceiving, towards the close of August, that the end was near, and thinking it very likely that Abbotsford might soon undergo many changes, and myself at all events never see it again, I felt a desire to have some image preserved of the interior apartments as occupied by their founder; and invited from Edinburgh for that purpose Sir Walter's dear friend, William Allan,—whose presence, I well knew, would even under the circumstances of that time be nowise troublesome to any of the family, but the contrary in all respects. Mr. Allan willingly complied, and executed a series of beautiful drawings, which may probably be engraved hereafter. He also shared our watchings, and witnessed all but the last moments. Sir Walter's cousins, the ladies of Ashestiel, came down frequently for a day or two at a time; and did whatever sisterly affection could prompt, both for the sufferer and his daughters. Miss Barbara Scott (daughter of his uncle Thomas), and Mrs. Scott of Harden did the like.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm, every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."—He paused, and I said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night—God bless you all." With this he sunk into a very tranquil sleep, and indeed he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained anew leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one P. M. on the 21st of September Sir Walter breathed his last, in

ZARA

the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day: so warm that every window was wide open; and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

ZARA'S EARRINGS

From the ‹Spanish Ballads›

«My earrings! my earrings! they've dropt into the well,
And what to Muça I shall say, I cannot, cannot tell.» —
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez's daughter.—
«The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell;
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

«My earrings! my earrings! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those earrings pale:
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well —
Oh, what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

«My earrings! my earrings! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and silver, but of gold and glittering sheen;
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well:
Thus will he think — and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

«He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in — and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

«He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame,
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.

My earrings! my earrings! oh, luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

«I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His earrings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.»

THE WANDERING KNIGHT'S SONG

From the ‹Spanish Ballads›

My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war;
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star.

My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee.

THOMAS LODGE

(1558(?)–1625)

Some of the most exquisite strains in English poetry were sounded by the minor Elizabethan lyrists. Their song has a quality that keeps it in the world's remembrance; in its cadences is an unpremeditated music both rare and beautiful. Thomas Lodge is one of these singers: a man of varied literary and other activity, a few of whose lyrics are among the loveliest in that Golden Age of English poetry.

The year of Lodge's birth is not accurately known. His father was Sir Thomas Lodge, Lord Mayor of London; and the son was born about 1558, either in London or at the family's country seat in Essex. Thomas was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, and went up to Oxford about 1573; entering Trinity College as a servitor, and taking a B. A. presumably in 1577. Then he tried law study at Lincoln's Inn, and gave it up for literature. Lodge wrote promising verse at Oxford, and on returning to London mingled in a society that included well-known men of letters like Greene, Daniel, Drayton, Lyly, and Watson. Lodge's selection of literature cost him dear, for his family disinherited him. As a result he was apparently in considerable financial difficulty at different times during his career. He made several sea voyages, visiting the Canaries and South America: no doubt this experience furnished him with literary material. He tried the military profession too; traveled a good deal on the Continent; turned Romanist in middle life; and after writing verse until 1596, forsook the Muses for medicine, and got an M. D. at Oxford in 1602. He had a successful practice among fellow religionists, and did not cease entirely from the cultivation of letters; for several books of scholarly translation were published during the years he was addressed as Dr. Lodge. Indeed, he continued to publish up to 1620. His death fell in 1625 at London.

Lodge's first literary work of any consequence was an answer to an attack upon the drama by Gosson. Dramatic work seems always to have tempted Lodge, and he essayed play-writing several times; the drama written in conjunction with Greene, ‘A Looking-Glass for London and England’ (1594) winning vogue. But this was not his true field. His genuine literary triumphs were gained in the prose romance and in poetry. The finest production in the former kind is

‹Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie› (1590), a slow-moving, richly decorated fantasy of much beauty; it is ornate and affected, in the Euphuistic manner made fashionable by Lyly, but is full of languid grace and charm, and contains moreover some of the author's most pleasing lyrics. Its atmosphere is the gentle chivalry of Sir Philip Sidney. Shakespeare drew his ‹As You Like It› directly from this dainty prose pastoral; and one who reads the latter with the lovely comedy in mind will see that even in diction, Shakespeare owes not a little to Lodge. Later, Lodge plainly imitated Lyly in ‹Euphues Shadow, The Battaile of the Sences› (1592). Lodge's chief volume of verse was ‹Phyllis› (1593); which contained some forty sonnets and short pieces, together with a longer narrative poem. The same year a collection appeared called ‹The Phœnix Nest,› which included a number of Lodge's lyrics not in ‹Phyllis.› In 1595 was published ‹A Fig for Momus,› made up of eclogues, satires, and miscellaneous pieces. Various contemporary collections of poetry, such as ‹England's Parnassus› and ‹England's Helicon,› reprinted his best poems; a proof that Lodge's work did not fall still-born in his own day. Yet he was only moderately esteemed by his contemporaries. Although he was, in an age of almost universal borrowing and imitation, one who owed much to the classical writers and to French and Italian models and to his fellow Englishmen, yet in his poetry both music and manner are all his own, and very true and sweet. He improved what he borrowed. He had a touch at once individual and lovely. The bulk of his literary work is of small account. A few little songs and madrigals — mere sugared trifles — outweigh everything else, and are his permanent legacy to after times.

BEAUTY

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame color is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines.

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus's smiling looks doth grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
  Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh;
Within which bounds she balm incloses,
  Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck like to a stately tower,
  Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances every hour
  From her divine and sacred eyes.

With Orient pearl, with ruby red,
  With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body everywhere is fed,
  Yet soft in touch and sweet in view.

Nature herself her shape admires;
  The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
  And at her eyes his brand doth light.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
    Doth suck his sweet;
  Now with his wings he plays with me,
    Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
  Ah, Wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
    With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
    The livelong night;
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
  Whist, Wanton, still ye.

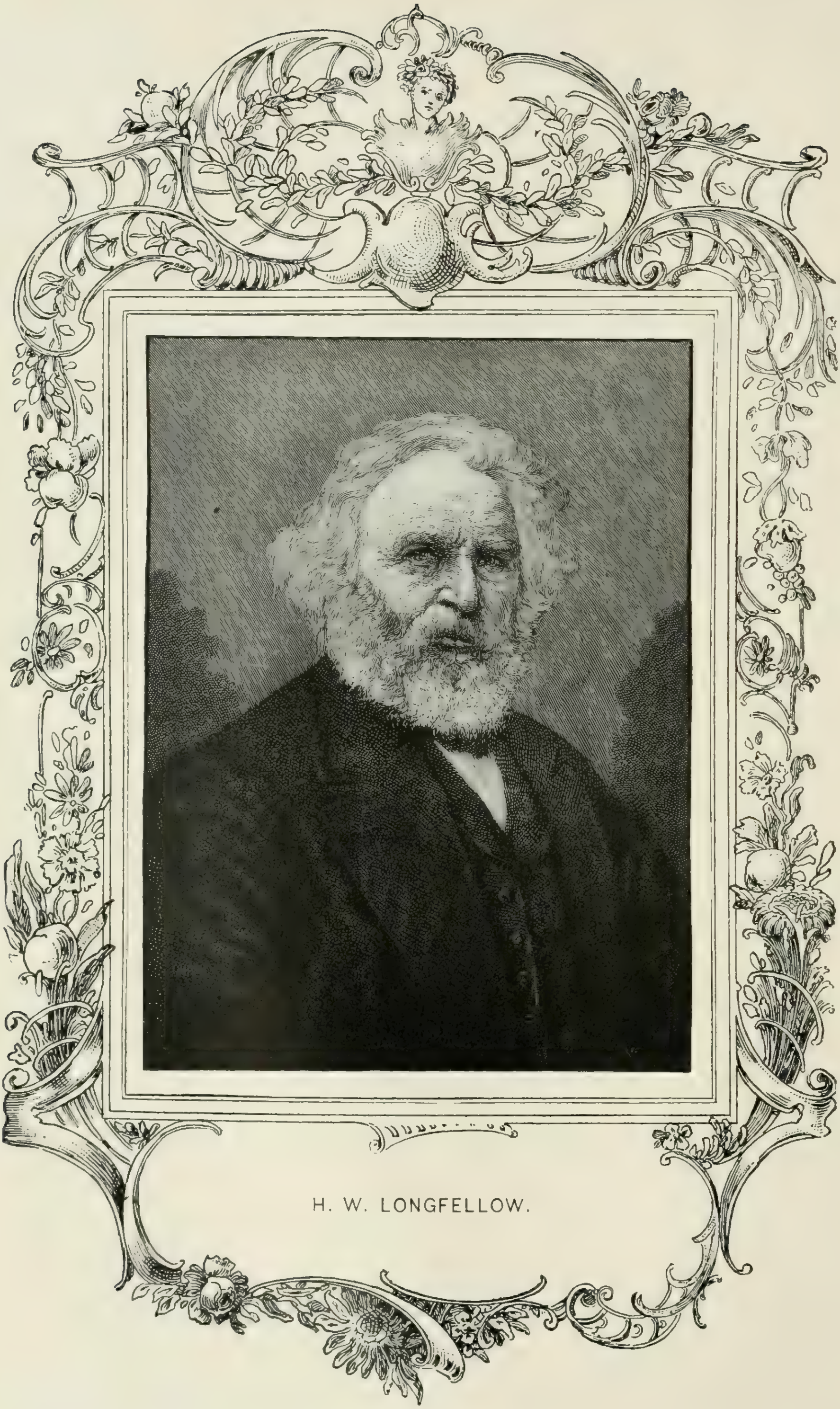
Else I with roses every day
    Will whip you hence,

And bind you when you long to play,
For your offense;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin:
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee:
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

LOVE

TURN I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to fly my pain,
Love meets me in the shade again;
Want I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred Love;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me;
And where I am, there will he be!



H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1807–1882)

BY CHARLES FREDERICK JOHNSON

The poet Longfellow was born February 27th, 1807, in the town of Portland, Maine; and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1882. He came of the best New England ancestry, tracing his descent in one line back to John Alden and Priscilla Mullins of the original Plymouth Colony, whose marriage he celebrates in the ‘Courtship of Miles Standish.’ He graduated from Bowdoin in 1825, in the same class with Nathaniel Hawthorne. Even in his boyhood he evinced the refinement, the trustworthy, equable judgment, and the love for the quietly beautiful in literature, which were his most strongly marked characteristics through life. Such elements are sure to develop, and it was safe to send the young Longfellow at nineteen for a three-years' stay in Europe. His nature had no affinity for evil in any form; partly from the lack of emotional intensity, and partly from natural sympathy with all that was beautiful and of good report. He acquired during his tour of Europe a knowledge of the French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages, and a general literary acquaintance with the best writers in them. He had shown in college some aptitude for versification and for languages, and went abroad to fit himself for the position of professor of modern languages in Bowdoin. His industrious devotion to true culture throughout life is evidence of an overmastering bent. In 1829 he returned to America and took the professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin. In 1831 he married Mary Potter.

In 1835 he published ‘Outre Mer,’ a sketchy account of his years abroad, in a form evidently suggested by Irving's ‘Sketch Book,’ though by no means rivaling Irving's quaint and charming humor. From 1831 he contributed a number of articles on literary subjects to the North American Review; and in 1833 he published his first poetical work, ‘Coplas’ (couplets or verses) ‘de Manrique,’—translations of Spanish verse. His gradually increasing reputation as a writer and enthusiastic instructor led to his appointment in 1835 as professor of modern languages at Harvard,—then as now on the lookout for young scholars likely to add to the reputation of the University. Before entering upon his new duties he went abroad to perfect his knowledge of the Teutonic languages. He was accompanied by his young wife, who died at Rotterdam in 1835. In 1836 he settled at Cambridge, living in the well-known Craigie House, which had been occupied by Washington when the headquarters of the army were near Boston. In 1843 he made his third voyage to Europe; and in the same year he married Frances Appleton, and the Craigie House — thenceforward to be one of the literary landmarks of America — became his home. His environment was an ideal one; and though he was somewhat burdened with the drudgery of his professorship, he added almost yearly to his reputation as a poet.

He published ‘Voices of the Night’ in 1839; ‘Ballads and Other Poems,’ 1841; ‘Poems on Slavery,’ 1842; ‘The Spanish Student,’ 1843; ‘Belfry of Bruges,’ 1846; ‘Evangeline,’ 1847; ‘Seaside and Fireside,’ 1850; ‘The Golden Legend,’ 1851; and the prose works ‘Hyperion’ (1839) and ‘Kavanagh’ (1849), which last add very little if anything to his reputation. Finally, in 1854 he felt justified in resigning his position, that his literary activity might be uninterrupted. He was succeeded by Lowell, and it is doubtful if a like fitness of succession could be discovered in academic annals. He remained the first literary figure in America till his death in 1882, and his European reputation was but little inferior to that which he enjoyed in his own country. He received the degree of LL. D. from Harvard in 1859 and in 1868 from Cambridge, England, and the D. C. L. from Oxford in the same year.

The peaceful and prosperous tenor of his life was disturbed by one terrible misfortune. His wife met her death in 1861 from the accidental burning of her dress. Otherwise his career was of almost idyllic tranquillity. He had the happy capacity of being cheered by appreciative praise and unaffected by adverse criticism. He attracted numerous friends, among them Felton, Sumner, Agassiz, Lowell, Hawthorne. His nature was so well balanced that he is his own best biographer; and appears to better advantage in his letters and diary, published by his brother, than in any of the lives that have appeared.

If we judge from his diary, Longfellow was never subject to overmastering impulses, but always acted with foresight,— not from selfish calculation, but from a sane and temperate judgment. He was as trustworthy at nineteen as if years of experience had molded his character and settled his principles of conduct. In fact, he negatives the theory of original sin,— the flower of Puritanism disproves the cherished Puritan dogma. This quality of radical goodness of heart is reflected in his verse. The ardor of soul, the deep dejection and despair, the rebellion, of the revolutionary natures are entirely unknown to him. He is the poet of the well-disposed, the virtuous and intelligent New-Englander; in whose land there is found only a mild and colorless beauty untormented by cyclones or active volcanoes, and nature is not altogether favorable, nor entirely hostile, to humanity. To Hawthorne, New England was full of a quaint mystery; in Longfellow's world there was no hell, and hardly room for a picturesque old-fashioned Devil. This is not so much due to superficial observation as to the fact that he simply avoided or ignored the places where «Satan shows his cloven foot and hides his titled name.» Even in Longfellow's antislavery poems there is no hint of consuming indignation. His mark is charm and grace rather than power. In his own words, he is not one of—

> «the bards sublime,
> Whose distant footsteps echo
> Through the corridors of time.»

He does not appeal to the great elemental passions, but rather to the pathetic sense of the transitoriness of familiar and every-day scenes, to the conviction that the calm joys of home are after all the surest foretaste of happiness allowed to man, and that the performance of duty is as noble in the humble sphere as in the elevated one: in a word, to a range of feelings that are based on reality, though they exist in the more superficial part of our natures. Therefore, Longfellow, though a man of general culture, does not write for the literary public. His relation is to the great body of readers, though his personal intimacies seem to have been almost exclusively with literary or academic people. Sympathy with the broadly human is one of the marks of the true poet. To put simple things into graceful and intelligible poetic form requires genius; for thousands try to do it every day, and fail for lack of the special gift. Longfellow succeeded; and those who say that his themes and method are alike commonplace forget that the touch which illuminates the commonplace is the most delicate in art.

In consequence of this characteristic of simplicity and graceful melody, many of Longfellow's lyrics have become general favorites. ‹Resignation,› ‹The Skeleton in Armor,› ‹My Lost Youth,› ‹The Old Clock on the Stairs,› ‹The Arrow and the Song,› the ‹Psalm of Life,› ‹Excelsior,› ‹The Wreck of the Hesperus,› ‹The Arsenal at Springfield,› ‹The Jewish Cemetery at Newport,› and many others, have a secure lodgment in the popular memory. They are known to more people than are familiar with an equal number of the lyrics of Wordsworth. Longfellow's clientèle is larger than that of any other modern poet except Burns. ‹The Building of the Ship›—long enough to be called an ode—has had as much effect in developing a sense of nationality as anything ever written: not excepting the

Declaration of Independence or Webster's reply to Hayne. It has been recited so many times that it has become a national document. In form it is a frank imitation of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell,' and in tone it possesses the dithyrambic quality of the true ode. If we possessed a national song, of the reach and stirring power of Longfellow's ode, we might be less patient with the clumsy disguises in which selfishness masquerades as Americanism. It is one of the highest functions of art to crystallize national sentiment by putting into striking and intelligible form what we all feel, and criticism of poems which do this is entirely out of place — except by a foreigner; and then it is impertinent.

Longfellow's longer poems may be conveniently divided into two classes, according to subject-matter. One would include his poems on mediæval themes or based on mediæval models, as 'Christus,' in dramatic form, in three parts,— 'The Divine Tragedy,' 'The Golden Legend,' and 'The New England Tragedies,' — presenting three phases of the development of the Christian religion; 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' 'The Spanish Student,' and 'Judas Maccabæus,' also dramatic in form, and his translation of Dante. The other division would contain 'Evangeline,' 'The Song of Hiawatha,' and 'The Courtship of Miles Standish.' To the writer it seems that his literary reputation rests most securely on these last, his popular reputation on these and the lyrics already mentioned. He casts the same gently romantic light over the Middle Ages that he does over everything he presents in poetical form; and Mr. Ruskin says that in the 'Golden Legend' he has «entered more closely into the character of the monk for good and evil than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they have given their lives' labor to the analysis.» Longfellow's studies were largely mediæval; old cities and their quaint architecture and legends were to him of special interest, but he never «entered into the evil» of any state of society. It was not germane to him, and he lacked the insight into the horrors and abominations of the past which Mr. Ruskin's words would imply.

In passing, we may remark that Longfellow was by nature more akin to the spirit of Greek culture than to the spirit of the Christian centuries: he was healthily objective. But his studies were in the period in which the great conflict between the natural man and the conviction of sin filled society with grotesque contrasts. He uses little of the old classical imagery and the beautiful Greek mythology. Had he been professor of Greek instead of modern languages, his genius might have found a type of artistic feeling and expression more in accordance with its nature. For the dramatic form he lacks two requisites: he cannot throw himself into a character so as to reproduce in himself and express the dominant note of that character, especially if it is an evil one. He cannot group the actions of a set of people into a unity. Consequently his dramas are the work of a conscientious student with a gift for graceful expression; the scholar in tragedy, not the born dramatist. The 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' too, charmingly graceful in expression,—especially in the verses which link the poems together,—seem to fail in the qualities given by the born story-teller. But some of the tales, notably the 'Bell of Atri' and the 'Birds of Killingworth,' are in Longfellow's best manner. The echoes from Chaucer's verse have never been reflected more perfectly, though they have struck on hundreds of poetic souls.

His translation of Dante may be regarded as simply the work of a competent and cultured scholar. He aims to reproduce the terseness of the original rather than its form. Perhaps this is all that a sustained translation of a great poem can do; for poetic worth lies in the relation between the group of words and the idea, and even individual poetic words — much more, groups of them — have no foreign equivalents. But Longfellow's version is one of the few great translations of literature.

His American poems, 'Evangeline' and the 'Song of Hiawatha,' vindicate his claim to the name of poet in the sense of a creator of original and characteristic works of art. Of both these the themes are American, and of such nature as to be well adapted to Longfellow's temperament. The story of Evangeline — the Acadian girl separated from her lover in the deportation of her people, and wandering in the search all her life till she finally found him an old man dying in a hospital in Philadelphia — had been suggested to Hawthorne as the material for a story. He showed his sense of his own powers and limitations in rejecting it; for it contains no elements of the psychologically sombre or tragic,—it is simply pathetic. To Longfellow it appealed at once for that very reason. It is on the everyday plane of emotion; everybody can understand it. Granting the extreme simplicity of the action, Longfellow has handled the incidents with great skill. The metre he adopted sets the story in a more idyllic medium than blank verse could have done, and gives it a higher artistic worth than Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden.' Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea' had shown him that the modern hexameter was well adapted to the modern pastoral; and Longfellow's skill in phrasing prevents the terminal cadence from becoming too monotonous. The poem embodies three contrasts which are so admirably handled that they reinforce each other: first, the contrast between the simplicity and peace of the rural community and the rigor and confusion of the embarkation; second, the contrast between the northern landscape of Nova Scotia and the southern landscape of Louisiana; third, the contrast which pervades the whole poem, between the youthful lovers at the betrothal and the old man and woman at the death-bed. There is no modern poem which, with the entire absence of sentimentality or of any emotion foreign to the situation, presents a more perfect poetic unity. There is no more beautiful passage in poetry than the scene of the arrival of the girl and priest at the house of Gabriel's father, only to find that the son has just departed. The description of the mocking-bird's song — perfect to those who have heard the bird in its southern home — seems the prelude to a rapturous meeting of the lovers. Yet in it are heard —

«Single notes in sorrowful, low lamentation,»

that seem to hint, as all beautiful things do, that happiness is unattainable.

In ‹Hiawatha,› Longfellow undertook the extremely difficult task of recreating the sub-conscious life of a savage people as embodied in their myths. There are in us only a few deeply buried moods of feeling, inherited from our remote ancestors, that respond to the primitive interpretation of nature. « The world is too much with us.» Our senses are too dull to «hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.» But Longfellow went much further back into the primitive nature-worship, and recalled for us the cultus of infantile, half-articulate man. No one but a poet, and no poet but Longfellow, could have written the ‹Song of Hiawatha.› The simplicity of the metre and the frequent repetitions are features entirely consistent with the conception. And furthermore the conception, though ideal, is consistent with the character of the Indian as we know it. The poem is no dream, nor phantasmagoria, nor thing of shreds and patches; it is a poetic unity. Of course this results partly from the fact that it is built up from real legends, but more from the fact that the legends are put in form by a real artist.

The use of the trochaic four-accent line has been severely criticized. It is true that this line is not natural to English. It forces the sundering of syllables that the language has joined together: the monosyllabic noun and the article, the sign of the infinitive and the monosyllabic verb for instance, which are in ordinary pronunciation agglutinated into natural iambi. Such lines as —

«Make a | bed for | me to | lie in;
I, the | friend of | Man, Mon | damin,
Come to | warn you | and in | struct you» —

in their scansion do violence to the natural union of syllables. Still it is possible to read verse with only the slightest sub-consciousness of the metre, and to emphasize the rhythm. But it must be remembered in the first place that a strange primitive metre was absolutely necessary. The strength and solid English qualities of the unrhymed pentameter would be out of place in this barbaric chant. Secondly, the 'Song of Hiawatha' must be read with little reference to the metric scheme. It will then be found that the metric scheme is overlaid with a beautiful rhythmic scheme of clause and sentence, breaking up the monotony of the trochees. Longfellow's sweet and simple phrase-music is woven into many novel combinations which are his own, which no one can exactly copy. But the real beauty of this poem does not lie in its form; it lies in the fact that it is an interpretation of an unfamiliar type of life, and as such possesses an ideal beauty and truth.

The group of American writers of the first half of the nineteenth century, the best-known members of which are Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, and Hawthorne, will always be regarded as having laid the foundations of American literature. Each of these men possessed a distinct artistic individuality; but they form one of the most interesting groups in history. The elements which give them similarity and unite them in our general conception are their common consciousness of the worth and reality of the moral quality in life, and their belief in the beauty of righteousness. Theirs was a temper of mind equally removed from the disordered pessimism which sees in the moral order only a mechanical balance of the forces of selfishness, from a shallow sentimental optimism, and from a servile reverence for organized dogma. Serenity, kindliness, and earnestness are the notes of sanity. Undoubtedly an artistic temperament is sometimes dominated by moods far different from these; and undoubtedly too the artist whose life vision is clouded by doubt or by denial of ethical truth, has a strange and unwholesome attraction. Such a one appeals at least to our sympathy for mental distress. We rejoice that the foundations of our literature were laid by artists of the normal and healthy type, and believe that a civilization which produced a poet like Henry Wadsworth Longfellow must hold in its heart some of the love of beauty and order and righteousness which was the underlying principle of his verse.

Charles F. Johnson

[All the following selections from Longfellow's Poems are reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Massachusetts.]

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-belovèd Night!

THE BELEAGUERED CITY

I HAVE read in some old, marvelous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,

There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen;
And with a sorrowful, deep sound
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,—
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmèd air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,—
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read in the marvelous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And with my skates fast bound
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,

While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

«But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

«Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

«Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea.
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

«I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

«Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall;
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory:

When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
  To hear my story.

«While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
  The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
  Blew the foam lightly.

«She was a prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled.
  I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
  Her nest unguarded?

«Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
  Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
  With twenty horsemen.

«Then launched they to the blast;
Bent like a reed each mast:
Yet we were gaining fast,
  When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
  Laugh as he hailed us.

«And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
  Death without quarter!
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;

Down her black hulk did reel
  Through the black water!

«As with his wings aslant
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
  With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
  Bore I the maiden.

«Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
  Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour
  Stands looking seaward.

«There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
  She was a mother:
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
  On such another!

«Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
  The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,—
  Oh, death was grateful!

«Thus seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
  My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*»
  Thus the tale ended.

MAIDENHOOD

MAIDEN! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares;
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age, that bough with snows incumbered.

Gather then each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand:
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart;
For a smile of God thou art.

SERENADE

From ‹The Spanish Student›

STARS of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

GENIUS

From ‹The Spanish Student›

FROM the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action —
The shapeless masses, the materials —
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, footsore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And in the eyes of the astonished clown
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems at the touch
Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

IT WAS the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
«I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither, come hither, my little daughter!
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"—
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"—
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;

And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands:
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys,
And hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,— rejoicing,— sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;

Each morning sees some task begin,
    Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
    Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
    For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
    Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
    Each burning deed and thought.

THE RAINY DAY

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
    And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
    And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining:
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,—
Into each life some rain must fall,
    Some days must be dark and dreary.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished ghost-like into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world beneath me sleeping seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only, seemed to walk the earth again:

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armèd guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! There is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once
more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-incumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro;
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,—

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven
And its wavering image here.

SEAWEED

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reef; from edges
Of sunken ledges,

In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
        Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf that buries
        The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
        Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
        On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
        Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
        Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
        In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
        Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
        Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
        That forever
Wrestle with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
        Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
        On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
        They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
  The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
  The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music;
  And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
  And as silently steal away.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
  It fell to earth, I knew not where;
  For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE CROSS OF SNOW

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
  A gentle face — the face of one long dead —
  Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
  Never through martyrdom of fire was led
  To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
  That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
    Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
  These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
    And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

THE LAUNCHING

From 'The Building of the Ship'

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,

Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
        And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
        The worthy pastor —
The shepherd of that wandering flock
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock —
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
        He knew the chart
        Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he:—
"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
     Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
        But ourselves
        That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
   Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
   Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust:
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,—
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

Southward with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas! the land wind failed.

Alas! the land wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
«Do not fear! heaven is as near,»
He said, «by water as by land!»

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea mysteriously
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds:
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:—
«A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.»

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there;
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

MY BOOKS

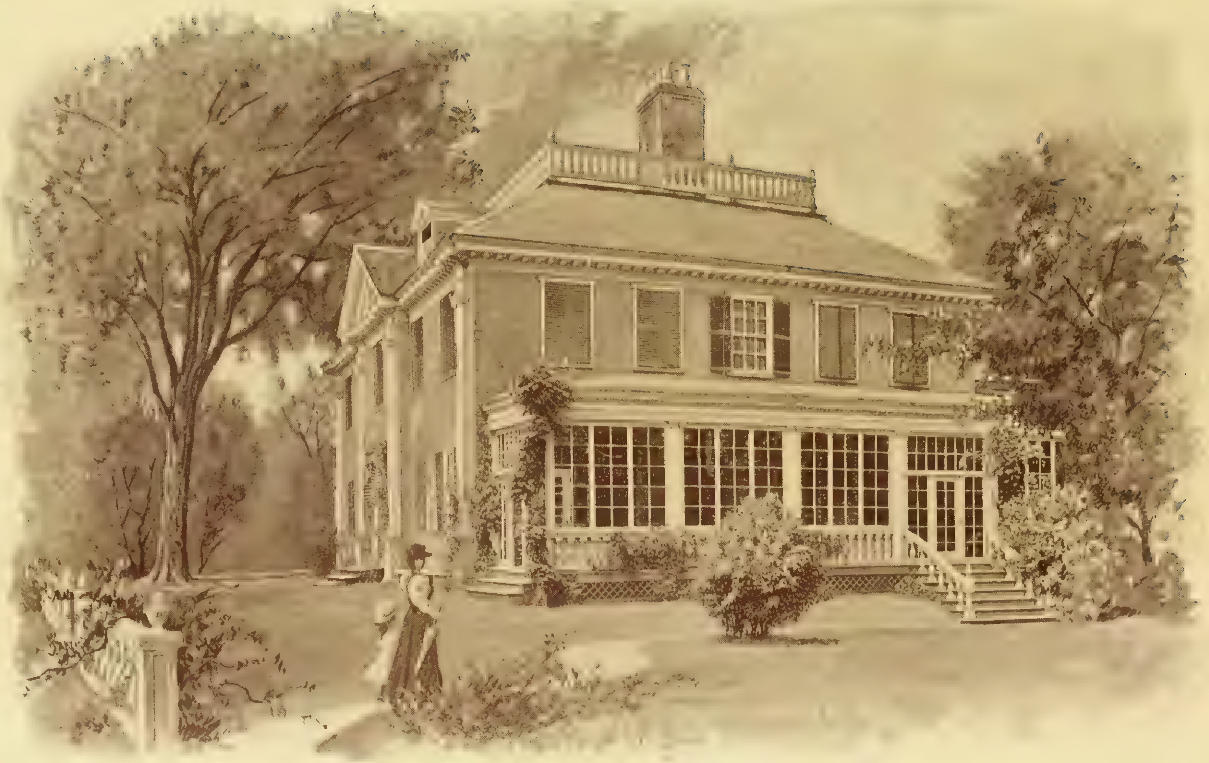
Sadly as some old mediæval knight
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,
The sword two-handed and the shining shield
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,
While secret longings for the lost delight
Of tourney or adventure in the field
Came over him, and tears but half concealed
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,—
So I behold these books upon their shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other days;
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
For they remind me of my other self,
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways
In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

CHANGED

From the outskirts of the town
Where of old the milestone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?
Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun;
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.



LONGFELLOW HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

‹The Landlord's Tale› in ‹Tales of a Wayside Inn›

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, «If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.»

Then he said, «Good night!» and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,

Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
   And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead,
   In their night encampment on the hill,
   Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
   The watchful night-wind, as it went
   Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, «All is well!»
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
   For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
   On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
   Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
   He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
   A second lamp in the belfry burns!

   A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
   Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
   Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
  Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
  Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
  When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
  And the barking of the farmer's dog,
  And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
  When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
    Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
    As if they already stood aghast
  At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
  When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
  Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
  Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
  Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
  And so through the night went his cry of alarm
  To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,

A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

From ‹The Saga of King Olaf› in ‹Tales of a Wayside Inn›

SHORT of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.
«Look!» they said,
With nodding head,
«There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.»

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysostome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl;
Everywhere
Would drink and swear,—
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this malcontent
Could the King no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there;
And away
One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books
Pored the people day and night;
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to write.
"All this rhyme
Is waste of time!"
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the skalds and saga-men:
Is it to be wondered at
That they quarreled now and then,
When o'er his beer
Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folk in Altafiord
Boasted of their island grand;
Saying in a single word,
"Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon!"
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

And he answered, "What's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town!"
Every skald
Satires scrawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that:
And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in shovel hat,
Drawn in charcoal on the wall;
With words that go
Sprawling below,
"This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,
Then he smote them might and main;
Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
Lay there in the alehouse slain.
"To-day we are gold,
To-morrow mold!"
Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
Back to Norway sailed he then.
"O King Olaf! Little hope
Is there of these Iceland men!"
Meekly said,
With bending head,
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

KAMBALU

'The Spanish Jew's Tale' in 'Tales of a Wayside Inn'

Into the city of Kambalu,
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,
At the head of his dusty caravan,
Laden with treasure from realms afar,
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,
Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace window gazed,
And saw in the thronging street beneath,
In the light of the setting sun, that blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the caravan raised,
The flash of harness and jeweled sheath,
And the shining scimitars of the guard,
And the weary camels that bared their teeth,
As they passed and passed through the gates unbarred
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu
Rode the great captain Alau;
And he stood before the Khan, and said:—
"The enemies of my lord are dead;
All the Kalifs of all the West
Bow and obey thy least behest;
The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,
The weavers are busy in Samarcand,
The miners are sifting the golden sand,
The divers plunging for pearls in the seas,
And peace and plenty are in the land.

"Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,
Rose in revolt against thy throne:
His treasures are at thy palace-door,
With the swords and the shawls and the jewels he wore;
His body is dust o'er the desert blown.

"A mile outside of Baldacca's gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,
And forward dashed with a handful of men,
To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned.
Ere we reached the town the alarm was spread,
For we heard the sound of gongs from within:
And with clash of cymbals and warlike din
The gates swung wide; and we turned and fled;
And the garrison sallied forth and pursued,
With the gray old Kalif at their head,
And above them the banner of Mohammed:
So we snared them all, and the town was subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold,
A tower that is called the Tower of Gold!
For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth,
Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,
Like sacks of wheat in a granary;
And thither the miser crept by stealth
To feel of the gold that gave him health,
And to gaze and gloat with his hungry eye
On jewels that gleamed like a glow-worm's spark,
Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif:—'Thou art old;
Thou hast no need of so much gold.
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here
Till the breath of battle was hot and near,
But have sown through the land these useless hoards
To spring into shining blades of swords,
And keep thine honor sweet and clear.
These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of Death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower!'

"Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,
And left him to feed there all alone
In the honey-cells of his golden hive:
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan,
Was heard from those massive walls of stone,
Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

"When at last we unlocked the door,
We found him dead upon the floor;
The rings had dropped from his withered hands,
His teeth were like bones in the desert sands:
Still clutching his treasure he had died;
And as he lay there, he appeared
A statue of gold with a silver beard,
His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true,
That the great Captain Alau
Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,
When he rode that day into Kambalu
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

THE NEW HOUSEHOLD

From 'The Hanging of the Crane'

O FORTUNATE, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth,
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!

So said the guests in speech and song,
As in the chimney, burning bright,
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long.

And now I sit and muse on what may be,
And in my vision see, or seem to see,
Through floating vapors interfused with light,
Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,
As shadows passing into deeper shade
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall
Is spread the table round and small:
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not "mine" and "thine,"
But "ours," for ours is thine and mine.

They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside;
They want no guests: they needs must be
Each other's own best company.

CHAUCER

An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The 'Canterbury Tales,' and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of plowed field or flowery mead.

MILTON

I pace the sounding sea-beach and behold
How the voluminous billows roll and run,
Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun
Shines through their sheeted emerald far unrolled,
And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold
All its loose-flowing garments into one,
Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun
Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.
So in majestic cadence rise and fall
The mighty undulations of thy song,
O sightless bard, England's Mæonides!
And ever and anon, high over all
Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and strong,
Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

HAROUN AL RASCHID

One day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said:—

"Where are the kings, and where the rest
Of those who once the world possessed?

"They're gone with all their pomp and show,
They're gone the way that thou shalt go.

"O thou who choosest for thy share
The world, and what the world calls fair,

"Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end!"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head;
Tears fell upon the page he read.

DIVINA COMMEDIA

I

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er:
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

II

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!

But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And underneath the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!

THE POET AND HIS SONGS

As the birds come in the Spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From the depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge;—

So come to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm that belongs
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings; and their fame
Is his, and not his; and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the Angel says, «Write!»

FINALE TO ‹CHRISTUS: A MYSTERY›

[*St. John, wandering over the face of the Earth, speaks:*—]

THE Ages come and go,
The Centuries pass as Years;
My hair is white as the snow,
My feet are weary and slow,
The earth is wet with my tears!
The kingdoms crumble and fall
Apart like a ruined wall,
Or a bank that is undermined
By a river's ceaseless flow,
And leave no trace behind!
The world itself is old;
The portals of Time unfold
On hinges of iron, that grate
And groan with the rust and the weight,
Like the hinges of a gate
That hath fallen to decay:
But the evil doth not cease,—
There is war instead of peace,
Instead of Love there is hate;
And still I must wander and wait,
Still I must watch and pray,
Not forgetting in whose sight
A thousand years in their flight
Are as a single day.

The life of man is a gleam
Of light, that comes and goes
Like the course of the Holy Stream—
The cityless river, that flows
From fountains no one knows,
Through the Lake of Galilee,
Through forests and level lands,
Over rocks and shallows, and sands
Of a wilderness wild and vast,
Till it findeth its rest at last
In the desolate Dead Sea!
But alas! alas! for me
Not yet this rest shall be!

What, then! doth Charity fail?
Is Faith of no avail?

Is Hope blown out like a light
By a gust of wind in the night?
The clashing of creeds, and the strife
Of the many beliefs, that in vain
Perplex man's heart and brain,
Are naught but the rustle of leaves,
When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the Tree of Life,
And they subside again!
And I remember still
The words, and from whom they came,—
"Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!"

And Him evermore I behold
Walking in Galilee,
Through the cornfield's waving gold,
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.
He toucheth the sightless eyes;
Before Him the demons flee;
To the dead He sayeth, "Arise!"
To the living, "Follow me!"
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be!

From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen;
Bewildered in its search,—
Bewildered with the cry,
Lo, here! lo, there! the Church!—
Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still,—
"Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!"

THE YOUNG HIAWATHA

From the ‹Song of Hiawatha›

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them «Hiawatha's Chickens.»
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them «Hiawatha's Brothers.»
Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.
Then he said to Hiawatha:—
«Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!»
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
«Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!»
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
«Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!»
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,

Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
«Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!»
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
«Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!»
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

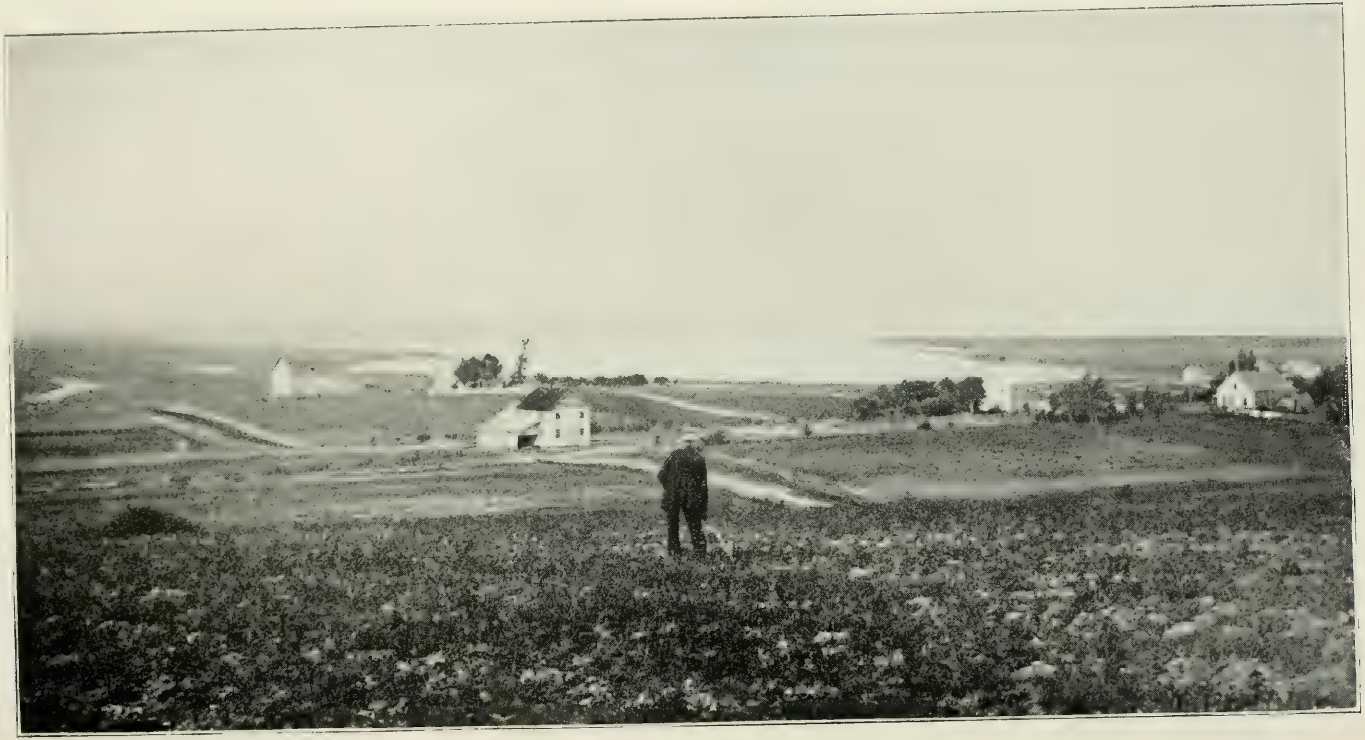
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

PRELUDE TO ‹EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE›

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean,
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.



MOUTH OF THE GASPEREAU WHERE ACADIANS EMBARKED

(Grand Pré)

PEACE IN ACADIA

From ‹ Evangeline ›

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
«Father Leblanc,» he exclaimed, «thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And perchance canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand.»
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public:—
«Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?»
«God's name!» shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith:
«Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!»
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
«Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.»

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
« Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right hand a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and erelong a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven.»
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré.
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed,
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

POSTLUDE TO ‹EVANGELINE›

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

All the foregoing selections from Longfellow's Poems are reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Massachusetts

LONGUS

(FIFTH CENTURY A. D. (?))

The author of ‹Daphnis and Chloe› is absolutely unknown to us. Even his name is questioned, and there would seem to be no means of settling beyond dispute the age in which this earliest of pastoral idyls was written. It is a mere novelette, of perhaps thirty thousand words. The style is somewhat stilted and pedantic. The author shows no especial familiarity in detail with the remote corner of Lesbos in which his scene is laid. The rustics are decidedly conventional, and at times even courtly.

On the other hand, the writer has succeeded in giving a realistic and naïve picture of the two children, and of their growing affection for each other. The main purpose of the sketch is to trace the instinctive origin and growth of passionate love in innocent and immature beings, left without restraint in each other's companionship.

Naturally, there is much in the little tale which should be softened or omitted in any modern treatment. Still, the frank sincerity of the Greek story-teller is more agreeable than the rather mawkish propriety of ‹Paul and Virginia,› its most popular echo. It must be confessed that the prose romance is among the least important or masterly creations of Hellenic genius. Nevertheless this, the most shapely, sane, and healthy among the few extant stories, could not be denied mention at least.

The Greek text, with Latin translation, will be found in the ‹Erotici Scriptores,» a volume of the great classical library published by Didot. The most accessible translation is, as usual, in the Bohn Library, and seems sufficiently faithful. The opening pages, here cited, are perhaps as adequate an example of the author's style as could be selected.

THE TWO FOUNDLINGS

From ‹Daphnis and Chloe›

In the island of Lesbos, whilst hunting in a wood sacred to the Nymphs, I beheld the most beauteous sight that I have seen in all my life: a painting which represented the incidents of a tale of love. The grove itself was charming: it contained no lack of flowers, trees thick with foliage, and a cool spring which nourished alike trees and flowers. But the picture was more pleasing than aught else by reason both of its amorous character and its marvelous workmanship. So excellently was it wrought, indeed, that the many strangers who had heard speak of it came thither to render worship to the Nymphs and to view it. Women in the throes of childbirth were depicted in it, nurses wrapping infants in swathing-clothes, little babes exposed to the mercy of fortune, animals suckling them, shepherds carrying them away, young people exchanging vows of love, pirates at sea, a hostile force scouring the country; with many other incidents, all amorous, which I viewed with so much pleasure and found so beautiful that I felt desirous of recording them in writing. Accordingly I sought for some one who could fully explain them to me: and having been informed of everything, I composed these four books, which I dedicate as an offering to Cupid, to the Nymphs, and to Pan; hoping that the tale will prove acceptable to many classes of people,—inasmuch as it may serve to cure illness, console grief, refresh the memory of him who has already loved, and instruct him who as yet knows not what love is. Never was there and never will there be a man able to resist love, so long as beauty exists in the world and there are eyes to behold it.

The gods grant that whilst describing the emotions of others, I may remain undisturbed myself.

Mitylene is a beautiful and extensive city of Lesbos, intersected by various channels of the sea flowing through and around it, and adorned with bridges of polished white stone. You might imagine on beholding it that it was a collection of islets rather than a city. About twenty-four miles from Mitylene, a rich man had an estate, none finer than which could be found in all the surrounding country. The neighboring woods abounded with game, the fields yielded corn, the hillocks were covered with vines, there was pasture land for the herds; and the whole was bounded by the sea, which washed an extensive smooth and sandy shore.

On this estate, whilst a goatherd named Lamon was tending his herds in the fields, he found a little child whom one of his she-goats was suckling. There was here a dense thicket of brakes and brambles, covered with intermingling branches of ivy; whilst underneath, the soil was carpeted with soft fine grass, upon which the infant was lying. To this spot the she-goat often betook herself, abandoning her own kid and remaining with the child, so that it was not known what had become of her. Lamon, who was grieved to see the kid neglected, watched the dam's movements; and one day when the sun was burning in his meridian heat, he followed her and saw her softly enter the thicket, stepping carefully over the child so that she might not injure it, whilst the babe took hold of her udder as if this had been its mother's breast. Greatly surprised, and advancing close to the spot, Lamon discovered that the infant was a male child with well-proportioned limbs and handsome countenance, and wearing richer attire than seemed suited to such an outcast; for its little mantle was of fine purple and fastened by a golden clasp, whilst near it lay a small knife with a handle of ivory.

At first Lamon resolved to leave the infant to its fate, and only to carry off the tokens which had been left with it; but he soon felt ashamed of showing himself less humane than his goat, and at the approach of night he took up the infant and the tokens, and with the she-goat following him, went home to Myrtale his wife.

Myrtale, who was astonished at the sight, asked if goats now gave birth to babes instead of kids; whereupon her husband recounted to her every particular of the discovery, saying how he had found the child lying on the grass and the goat suckling it, and how ashamed he had felt at the idea of leaving the babe to perish. His wife declared that it would have been wrong to do so, and they thereupon agreed to conceal the tokens and to adopt the child. They employed the goat as his nurse, affirmed on all sides that he was their own offspring, and in order that his name might accord with their rustic condition they called him Daphnis.

Two years had elapsed, when Dryas, a neighboring shepherd, met with a similar adventure whilst tending his flock. In this part of the country there was a grotto of the Nymphs, which was hollowed out of a large rock rounded at the summit. Inside there were statues of the Nymphs carved in stone, their feet bare, their arms also naked, their hair flowing loosely upon their shoulders, their waists girt, their faces smiling, and their attitudes similar to those of a troop of dancers. In the deepest part of the grotto a spring gurgled from the rock; and its waters, spreading into a copious stream, refreshed the soft and abundant herbage of a delightful meadow that stretched before the entrance, where milk-pails, transverse flutes, flageolets, and pastoral pipes were suspended,—the votive offerings of many an old shepherd.

An ewe of Dryas's flock, which had lately lambed, frequently resorted to this grotto, raising apprehensions that she was lost. The shepherd, to prevent her straying in future, and to keep her with the flock as previously, twisted some green osiers so as to form a noose, and went to seize her in the grotto. But upon his arrival there, he beheld a sight far contrary to his expectation. He found his ewe presenting, with all the tenderness of a real mother, her udder to an infant; which, without uttering the faintest cry, eagerly turned its clean and glossy face from one teat to the other, the ewe licking it as soon as it had had its fill. This child was a girl; and in addition to the garments in which it was swathed, it had, by way of tokens to insure recognition, a head-dress wrought with gold, gilt sandals, and golden anklets.

Dryas imagined that this foundling was a gift from the gods: and, inclined to love and pity by the example of his ewe, he raised the infant in his arms, placed the tokens in his bag, and invoked the blessing of the Nymphs upon the charge which he had received from them; and when the time came for driving his cattle from their pasture, he returned to his cottage and related all the circumstances of his discovery to his wife, exhibiting the foundling, and entreating her to observe secrecy and to regard and rear the child as her own daughter.

Nape (for so his wife was called) at once adopted the infant, for which she soon felt a strong affection; being stimulated thereto, perhaps, by a desire to excel the ewe in tenderness. She declared herself a mother; and in order to obtain credit for her story, she gave the child the pastoral name of Chloe.

Daphnis and Chloe grew rapidly, and their comeliness far exceeded the common appearance of rustics. The former had completed his fifteenth year and Chloe her thirteenth, when on the same night a vision appeared to Lamon and Dryas in a dream. They each thought that they beheld the Nymphs of the grotto, where the fountain played and where Dryas had found the little girl, presenting Daphnis and Chloe to a young boy of very sprightly gait and beautiful mien, who had wings on his shoulders, and who carried a little bow and some arrows in his hand. The urchin lightly touched the young people with one of his shafts, and commanded them to devote themselves to a pastoral life. To Daphnis he committed the care of the sheep.

When this vision appeared to the shepherd and the goatherd, they were grieved to think that their adopted children should, like themselves, be destined to tend animals. From the tokens found with the infants, they had augured for the latter a better fortune; and in this expectation they had brought them up in a more delicate manner, and had procured for them more instruction and accomplishments, than usually fall to the lot of shepherds' offspring.

It appeared to them, however, that with regard to children whom the gods had preserved, the will of the gods must be obeyed; and each having communicated his dream to the other, they repaired to the grotto, offered up a sacrifice to the companion of the Nymphs,—"the winged boy," with whose name they were unacquainted,—and then sent the youth and maiden forth into the fields, having however first instructed them in their pastoral duties. They taught them, for instance, whither they should guide their herds before the noonday heat, whither they should conduct them when it had abated, at what time it was meet to lead them to the stream, and at what hour they should drive them home to the fold. They showed them also in which instances the use of the crook was required, and in which the voice alone would suffice.

The young people received the charge of the sheep and goats with as much exultation as if they had acquired some powerful sovereignty, and felt more affection for their animals than shepherds usually feel; for Chloe reflected that she owed her preservation to a ewe, and Daphnis remembered that a she-goat had suckled him.

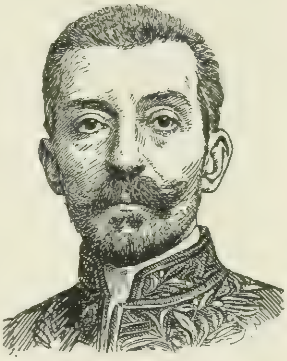
It was then the beginning of spring. In the wood and meadows and on the mountains the flowers were blooming amid the buzzing murmurs of the bees, the warbling of the birds, and the bleating of the lambs. The sheep were skipping on the slopes, the bees flew humming through the meadows, and the songs of the birds resounded among the bushes. All nature joined in rejoicing at the springtide; and Daphnis and Chloe, as they were young and susceptible, imitated whatever they saw or heard. Hearing the carols of the birds, they sang; at sight of the playful skipping of the lambs they danced; and in imitation of the bees they gathered flowers, some of which they placed in their bosoms, whilst with others they wove chaplets which they carried as offerings to the Nymphs. They tended their flocks and herds together, and carried on all their vocations in common. Daphnis frequently collected such of the sheep as had strayed; and if a goat ventured too near a precipice, Chloe drove it back. Sometimes one took the entire management both of the goats and the sheep, whilst the other was engaged in some amusement.

Their sports were of a childish, pastoral character: Chloe would neglect her flocks to roam in search of day-lilies, the stalks of which she twisted into traps for locusts; while Daphnis often played from morn till eve upon a pipe which he had formed of slender reeds, perforating them between their joints and securing them together with soft wax. The young folks now often shared their milk and wine, and made a common meal of the food which they had brought from home as provision for the day; and the sheep might sooner have been seen to disperse and browse apart than Daphnis to separate himself from Chloe.

PIERRE LOTI

(1850–)

Pierre Loti is the pen-name chosen by Louis Marie Julien Viaud, the French novelist and poet who was born at Rochefort, France, on January 14th, 1850, of an old Protestant family. He studied in his native town; and it was while at school that he received from his comrades the nickname «Loti,» which he adopted later as a literary pseudonym. He was extremely bashful and retiring as a boy; and his playmates in derision called him Loti, the name of a tiny East-Indian flower which hides its face in the grass. He must have left school very early; for he was only seventeen when he entered the French navy, having obtained an appointment as midshipman (*aspirant de marine*). For several years he saw a great deal of active service, particularly on the Pacific Ocean, where his vessel was stationed; and this unquestionably gave him that love for and that knowledge of those exotic countries which he has so admirably and faithfully described in his books. Ever since he joined the navy (1867) he had given much attention to literature, and his fellow officers often teased him on account of his retiring and studious disposition. He was regarded by them as a dreamer; but no one had ever any criticism to make concerning the manner in which he performed his duties.



Pierre Loti

It was not until 1876 that he published his first book, ‹Aziyadé,› although it is possible that some of the many volumes he has published since then were written before that time. ‹Rarahu› appeared in 1880, and was afterwards given the title ‹The Marriage of Loti.› Had the French author been familiar with Herman Melville's ‹Typee,› he would have hesitated to write his own book lest he be charged with imitation. In 1882 the war with Tonquin broke out, and Loti distinguished himself in several engagements with the enemy. About this time he committed an imprudence which, however pardonable in a writer, was inexcusable in an officer on active service. He sent to the Paris Figaro an account of the cruelty of the French soldiers at the storming of Hué; and this so incensed the French government that he was at once placed upon the retired list. But by that time Loti was a public favorite, and there was a loud clamor for his reinstatement. The government, perhaps in an attempt to regain some of its lost popularity, gave way, and Loti was restored to his command the following year. Shortly afterwards (1886) he published ‹An Iceland Fisherman›; a volume full of poetic feeling and dreamy impressionism, and which is considered by many critics his best work. It won for him the Vitet prize of the French Academy, and had the honor of being translated into the Roumanian language by the Queen of Roumania. In 1887 he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and in this year he published one of the best known of his books, ‹Madame Chrysanthème,›—less a novel than impressions of a sojourn in Japan.

Loti was now one of the most prominent authors of his day, and his election to the Academy was looked upon as a matter of course. In 1890 he published another remarkable book, entitled ‹Au Maroc›; an account of the trip to Morocco by an embassy of which the author made part. In ‹Le Roman d'un Enfant› (1890), which is autobiographical in character, he shows how he was won over by modern pessimism; how, chilled by the coldness of Protestantism, he was for a moment attracted by the glittering ritual of the Catholic Church, only in the end to lose his faith utterly. ‹Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort› (1891), contains reminiscences of the divers incidents and periods during his career which have cast shadows on his life and thoughts. On May 21st, 1891, he was elected to the seat left vacant in the French Academy by the death of Octave Feuillet, receiving eighteen votes out of thirty-five cast. He was on board the man-of-war Formidable when he was told of his election to the most august literary body in the world. The occasion of his reception at the Academy, in view of the social prestige that he had gained, was the most brilliant in years.

His main works are as follows:—‹Aziyadé› (1876); ‹Rarahu› (1880), republished in 1882 under the title ‹Le Mariage de Loti›; ‹Le Roman d'un Spahi› (1881); ‹Fleurs d'Ennui› (1882); ‹Mon Frère Yves› (1883); ‹Trois Dames de la Kasbah› (1884); ‹Pêcheur d'Islande› (1886); ‹Le Désert,› ‹Madame Chrysanthème› (1887); ‹Propos d'Exil› (1887); ‹Japoneries d'Automme› (1889); ‹Au Maroc› (1890); ‹Le Roman d'un Enfant› (1890); ‹Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort› (1891); ‹Fantômes d'Orient› (1892); ‹Le Galilée,› ‹Jerusalem Matelot.›

Pierre Loti's success has been largely due to the peculiar sympathy and charm with which he has depicted the simple, open, and naïve life of the Orient and of the far East. The sensations, the ideas, the types of civilization,—in brief, the whole life and manners of the people and countries,—successively set forth in 'An Iceland Fisherman,' 'To Morocco,' 'The Desert,' 'Phantoms of the Orient,' and 'Madame Chrysanthème,' contrasted so vividly with the formal, complex, and sophisticated civilization of France, England, and America, and this life was laid bare with such penetration and insight, and withal invested with such spirit and poetry and romance, that it is slight wonder it appealed strangely and strongly to the overwrought and overstrained nerves of our Western peoples.

Loti had apparently been one of those young spirits, so frequently to be met with nowadays, to whom the intense, highly developed, and artificial life of the time brought even with a first taste a pall of ennui. With a cry of anguish and discouragement he had fled to far distant lands. As a naval officer he was able to give rein to his antipathy, and the years that followed found him searching this corner and that of the earth in quest of the unconventional and the unique. It was awakening Japan which appeared to have given him his first literary impulse; and it was the curious and richly colored volume in which he describes his love affair with one of the daughters of that country, to whom he gave the fanciful title of Madame Chrysanthemum, which won for him his greatest acclaim in the field of letters. Other volumes of a similar character followed rapidly, and the young writer quickly found himself elevated in popular esteem to the first rank of French *littérateurs*. It was an open door and a step into the Academy.

It is to be noted in passing, that the Orient and the desert—their life, their customs, their literature, and their religions—have always exercised a strong attraction for the French mind: a fact exemplified in the long line of writers from the stately declamation of Volney's 'Ruins,' and the weird tales of arabesque and grotesque, down to the poet Leconte de Lisle, whose melancholy and majestic verse has so strongly influenced the poetry of the day.

Loti caught a phase of this life which had been touched upon by no other writer. The East, to Volney, was the inspiration of philosophical reflections upon the rise and fall of nations; to Gautier, a land wherein his imagination and love of the antique might run riot; to Leconte de Lisle, a sermon upon the evanescence of all earthly things. To Loti it was none of these. With the eye of the poet and with the pen of a realist he saw and painted the lands and people which he visited. And into these pictures he infused a sympathy and a human interest which lifted his pages from the dull and commonplace routine of ordinary sketches of travel, into an atmosphere whose warmth and glow afforded a new and rare sensation to the reading public. Above all, there is in Loti's work a delicacy, a subtlety of understanding, a poetic instinct, and the play of a dainty and lively fancy, that lend to his descriptions a quality which is hardly elsewhere to be found.

He is an admirable artist, some of whose work is tainted by morbidness and sensuality, but who at his ethical and artistic best — in ‘An Iceland Fisherman’ and ‘The Book of Pity and of Death,’ for example — has great charm and power.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE

From ‘An Iceland Fisherman: A Story of Love on Land and Sea.’ Translated from the French by Clara Cadiot. William S. Gottsberger, New York, 1888.

The Icelanders were all returning now. Two ships came in the second day, four the next, and twelve during the following week. And all through the country, joy returned with them; and there was happiness for the wives and mothers, and junkets in the taverns where the beautiful barmaids of Paimpol served out drink to the fishers.

The Léopoldine was among the belated; there were yet another ten expected. They would not be long now; and allowing a week's delay so as not to be disappointed, Gaud waited in happy, passionate joy for Yann, keeping their home bright and tidy for his return. When everything was in good order there was nothing left for her to do; and besides, in her impatience, she could think of nothing else but her husband.

Three more ships appeared; then another five. There were only two lacking now.

“Come, come,” they said to her cheerily, “this year the Léopoldine and the Marie-Jeanne will be the last, to pick up all the brooms fallen overboard from the other craft.”

Gaud laughed also. She was more animated and beautiful than ever, in her great joy of expectancy.

But the days succeeded one another without result.

She still dressed up every day, and with a joyful look went down to the harbor to gossip with the other wives. She said that this delay was but natural: was it not the same event every year? These were such safe boats, and had such capital sailors.

But when at home alone, at night, a nervous anxious shiver of apprehension would run through her whole frame.

Was it right to be frightened already? Was there even a single reason to be so? But she began to tremble at the mere idea of grounds for being afraid.

The 10th of September came. How swiftly the days flew by!

One morning — a true autumn morning, with cold mist falling over the earth in the rising sun — she sat under the porch of the chapel of the shipwrecked mariners, where the widows go to pray; with eyes fixed and glassy, and throbbing temples tightened as by an iron band.

These sad morning mists had begun two days before; and on this particular day Gaud had awakened with a still more bitter uneasiness, caused by the forecast of advancing winter. Why did this day, this hour, this very moment, seem to her more painful than the preceding? Often ships are delayed a fortnight; even a month, for that matter.

But surely there was something different about this particular morning; for she had come to-day for the first time to sit in the porch of this chapel and read the names of the dead sailors, perished in their prime.

In Memory of
GAOS YVON
Lost at Sea
NEAR THE NORDEN-FJORD

Like a great shudder, a gust of wind rose from the sea, and at the same time something fell like rain upon the roof above. It was only the dead leaves, though; — many were blown in at the porch; the old wind-tossed trees of the graveyard were losing their foliage in this rising gale, and winter was marching nearer.

Lost at Sea
NEAR THE NORDEN-FJORD
In the storm of the 4th and 5th of August, 1880

She read mechanically under the arch of the doorway; her eyes sought to pierce the distance over the sea. That morning it was untraceable under the gray mist, and a dragging drapery of clouds overhung the horizon like a mourning veil.

Another gust of wind, and other leaves danced in whirls. A stronger gust still; as if the western storm which had strewn those dead over the sea wished to deface the very inscriptions which kept their names in memory with the living.

Gaud looked with involuntary persistency at an empty space upon the wall which seemed to yawn expectant. By a terrible impression, she was pursued by the thought of a fresh slab which might soon perhaps be placed there,— with another name which she did not even dare think of in such a spot.

She felt cold, and remained seated on the granite bench, her head reclining against the stone wall.

NEAR THE NORDEN-FJORD
In the storm of the 4th and 5th of August, 1880
At the age of 23 years
Requiescat in pace!

Then Iceland loomed up before her, with its little cemetery lighted up from below the sea-line by the midnight sun. Suddenly, in the same empty space on the wall, with horrifying clearness she saw the fresh slab she was thinking of; a clear white one, with a skull and crossbones, and in a flash of foresight a name,— the worshiped name of "Yann Gaos"! Then she suddenly and fearfully drew herself up straight and stiff, with a hoarse wild cry in her throat like a mad creature.

Outside, the gray mist of the dawn fell over the land, and the dead leaves were again blown dancingly into the porch.

Steps on the footpath! Somebody was coming? She rose, and quickly smoothed down her cap and composed her face. Nearer drew the steps. She assumed the air of one who might be there by chance; for above all, she did not wish to appear yet like the widow of a shipwrecked mariner.

It happened to be Fante Floury, the wife of the second mate of the Léopoldine. She understood immediately what Gaud was doing there: it was useless to dissemble with her. At first each woman stood speechless before the other. They were angry and almost hated each other for having met holding a like sentiment of apprehension.

"All the men of Tréguier and Saint-Brieuc have been back for a week," said Fante at last, in an unfeeling, muffled, half-irritated voice.

She carried a blessed taper in her hand, to offer up a prayer. Gaud did not wish yet to resort to that extreme resource of despairing wives. Yet silently she entered the chapel behind Fante, and they knelt down together side by side like two sisters.

To the "Star of the Sea" they offered ardent imploring prayers, with their whole soul in them. A sound of sobbing was alone heard, as their rapid tears swiftly fell upon the floor. They rose together, more confident and softened. Fante held up Gaud, who staggered; and taking her in her arms, kissed her.

Wiping their eyes and smoothing their disheveled hair, they brushed off the salt dust from the flag-stones which had soiled their gowns, and went away in opposite directions without another word.

This end of September was like another summer, only a little less lively. The weather was so beautiful that had it not been for the dead leaves which fell upon the roads, one might have thought that June had come back again. Husbands and sweethearts had all returned, and everywhere was the joy of a second springtime of love.

At last, one day, one of the missing ships was signaled. Which one was it?

The groups of speechless and anxious women had rapidly formed on the cliff. Gaud, pale and trembling, was there, by the side of her Yann's father.

"I'm almost sure," said the old fisher, "I'm almost sure it's them. A red rail and a topsail that clews up,—it's very like them, anyhow. What do you make it, Gaud?"

"No, it isn't," he went on, with sudden discouragement: "we've made a mistake again; the boom isn't the same, and ours has a jigger-sail. Well, well, it isn't our boat this time, it's only the Marie-Jeanne. Never mind, my lass, surely they'll not be long now."

But day followed day, and night succeeded night, with uninterrupted serenity.

Gaud continued to dress up every day; like a poor crazed woman, always in fear of being taken for the widow of a shipwrecked sailor, feeling exasperated when others looked furtively and compassionately at her, and glancing aside so that she might not meet those glances which froze her very blood.

She had fallen into the habit of going at the early morning right to the end of the headland, on the high cliffs of Pors-Even; passing behind Yann's old home, so as not to be seen by his mother or little sisters. She went to the extreme point of the Ploubazlanec land, which is outlined in the shape of a reindeer's horn upon the gray waters of the Channel, and sat there all day long at the foot of the lonely cross which rises high above the immense waste of the ocean. There are many of these crosses hereabout; they are set up on the most advanced cliffs of the sea-bound land, as if to implore mercy, and to calm that restless mysterious power which draws men away, never to give them back, and in preference retains the bravest and noblest..

Around this cross stretches the evergreen waste, strewn with short rushes. At this great height the sea air was very pure; it scarcely retained the briny odor of the weeds, but was perfumed with all the exquisite ripeness of September flowers.

Far away, all the bays and inlets of the coast were firmly outlined, rising one above another; the land of Brittany terminated in jagged edges, which spread out far into the tranquil surface.

Near at hand the reefs were numerous; but out beyond, nothing broke its polished mirror, from which arose a soft caressing ripple, light and intensified from the depths of its many bays. Its horizon seemed so calm, and its depths so soft! The great blue sepulchre of many Gaoses hid its inscrutable mystery; whilst the breezes, faint as human breath, wafted to and fro the perfume of the stunted gorse, which had bloomed again in the latest autumn sun.

At regular hours the sea retreated, and great spaces were left uncovered everywhere, as if the Channel was slowly drying up; then with the same lazy slowness the waters rose again, and continued their everlasting coming and going without any heed of the dead.

At the foot of the cross Gaud remained, surrounded by these tranquil mysteries, gazing ever before her until the night fell and she could see no more. . . .

September had passed. The sorrowing wife took scarcely any nourishment, and could no longer sleep.

She remained at home now, crouching low with her hands between her knees, her head thrown back and resting against the wall behind. What was the good of getting up or going to bed now? When she was thoroughly exhausted she threw herself, dressed, upon her bed. Otherwise she remained in the same position, chilled and benumbed; in her quiescent state, only her teeth chattered with the cold; she had that continual impression of a band of iron round her brows; her cheeks looked wasted; her mouth was dry, with a feverish taste, and at times a painful hoarse cry rose from her throat and was repeated in spasms, whilst her head beat backwards against the granite wall. Or else she called Yann by his name in a low, tender voice, as if he were quite close to her, whispering words of love to her.

Sometimes she occupied her brain with thoughts of quite insignificant things; for instance, she amused herself by watching the shadow of the china Virgin lengthen slowly over the high woodwork of the bed, as the sun went down. And then the agonized thoughts returned more horribly, and her wailing cry broke out again as she beat her head against the wall.

All the hours of the day passed; and all the hours of evening, and of night; and then the hours of the morning. When she reckoned the time he ought to have been back, she was seized with a still greater terror; she wished to forget all dates and the very names of the days.

Generally, there is some information concerning the wrecks off Iceland; those who return have seen the tragedy from afar, or else have found some wreckage or bodies, or have an indication to guess the rest. But of the Léopoldine nothing had been seen, and nothing was known. The Marie-Jeanne men — the last to have seen it on the 2d of August — said that she was to have gone on fishing farther towards the north; and beyond that the secret was unfathomable.

Waiting, always waiting, and knowing nothing! When would the time come when she need wait no longer? She did not even know that; and now she almost wished that it might be soon. Oh! if he were dead, let them at least have pity enough to tell her so!

Oh to see her darling, as he was at this very moment,— that is, what was left of him! If only the much-implored Virgin, or some other power, would do her the blessing to show her by second-sight her beloved! either living and working hard to return a rich man, or else as a corpse surrendered by the sea, so that she might at least know a certainty.

Sometimes she was seized with the thought of a ship appearing suddenly upon the horizon; the Léopoldine hastening home. Then she would suddenly make an instinctive movement to rise, and rush to look out at the ocean, to see whether it were true.

But she would fall back. Alas! where was this Léopoldine now? Where could she be? Out afar, at that awful distance of Iceland,— forsaken, crushed, and lost.

All ended by a never-fading vision appearing to her,—an empty, sea-tossed wreck, slowly and gently rocked by the silent gray and rose-streaked sea; almost with soft mockery, in the midst of the vast calm of deadened waters.

Two o'clock in the morning.

It was at night especially that she kept attentive to approaching footsteps; at the slightest rumor or unaccustomed noise her temples vibrated: by dint of being strained to outward things, they had become fearfully sensitive.

Two o'clock in the morning. On this night as on others, with her hands clasped and her eyes wide open in the dark, she listened to the wind sweeping in never-ending tumult over the heath.

Suddenly a man's footsteps hurried along the path! At this hour who would pass now? She drew herself up, stirred to the very soul, her heart ceasing to beat.

Some one stopped before the door, and came up the small stone steps.

He!—O God!—he! Some one had knocked,—it could be no other than he! She was up now, barefooted; she, so feeble for the last few days, had sprung up as nimbly as a kitten, with her arms outstretched to wind round her darling. Of course the Léopoldine had arrived at night, and anchored in Pors-Even Bay, and he had rushed home; she arranged all this in her mind with the swiftness of lightning. She tore the flesh off her fingers in her excitement to draw the bolt, which had stuck.

« Eh ? »

She slowly moved backward, as if crushed, her head falling on her bosom. Her beautiful insane dream was over. She could just grasp that it was not her husband, her Yann, and that nothing of him, substantial or spiritual, had passed through the air; she felt plunged again into her deep abyss, to the lowest depths of her terrible despair.

Poor Fantec—for it was he—stammered many excuses: his wife was very ill, and their child was choking in its cot, suddenly attacked with a malignant sore throat; so he had run over to beg for assistance on the road to fetch the doctor from Paimpol.

What did all this matter to her? She had gone mad in her own distress, and could give no thoughts to the troubles of others. Huddled on a bench, she remained before him with fixed glazed eyes, like a dead woman's; without listening to him, or even answering at random or looking at him. What to her was the speech the man was making?

He understood it all, and guessed why the door had been opened so quickly to him; and feeling pity for the pain he had unwittingly caused, he stammered out an excuse.

"Just so: he never ought to have disturbed her—her in particular."

"I!" ejaculated Gaud quickly, "why should I not be disturbed particularly, Fantec?"

Life had suddenly come back to her; for she did not wish to appear in despair before others. Besides, she pitied him now; she dressed to accompany him, and found the strength to go and see to his little child.

At four o'clock in the morning, when she returned to throw herself on the bed, sleep subdued her, for she was tired out. But that moment of excessive joy had left an impression on her mind, which in spite of all was permanent; she awoke soon with a shudder, rising a little and partially recollecting—she knew not what. News had come to her about her Yann. In the midst of her confusion of ideas, she sought rapidly in her mind what it could be; but there was nothing save Fantec's interruption.

For the second time she fell back into her terrible abyss, nothing changed in her morbid, hopeless waiting.

Yet in that short, hopeful moment, she had felt him so near to her that it was as if his spirit had floated over the sea unto her,—what is called a foretoken (*pressigne*) in Breton land; and she listened still more attentively to the steps outside, trusting that some one might come to her to speak of him.

Just as the day broke, Yann's father entered. He took off his cap, and pushed back his splendid white locks, which were in curls like Yann's, and sat down by Gaud's bedside.

His heart ached heavily too; for Yann, his tall, handsome Yann, was his first-born, his favorite and his pride: but he did not despair yet. He comforted Gaud in his own blunt, affectionate way. To begin with, those who had last returned from Iceland spoke of the increasing dense fogs, which might well have delayed the vessel; and then too an idea struck him,—they might possibly have stopped at the distant Faroe Islands on their homeward course, whence letters were so long in traveling. This had happened to him once forty years ago, and his own poor dead and gone mother had had a mass said for his soul.

The Léopoldine was such a good boat,— next to new,— and her crew were such able-bodied seamen.

Granny Moan stood by them shaking her head: the distress of her granddaughter had almost given her back her own strength and reason. She tidied up the place, glancing from time to time at the faded portrait of Sylvestre, which hung upon the granite wall with its anchor emblems and mourning-wreath of black bead-work. Ever since the sea had robbed her of her own last offspring, she believed no longer in safe returns; she only prayed through fear, bearing Heaven a grudge in the bottom of her heart.

But Gaud listened eagerly to these consoling reasonings; her large sunken eyes looked with deep tenderness out upon this old sire, who so much resembled her beloved one: merely to have him near her was like a hostage against death having taken the younger Gaos; and she felt reassured, nearer to her Yann. Her tears fell softly and silently, and she repeated again her passionate prayers to the "Star of the Sea."

A delay out at those islands to repair damages was a very likely event. She rose and brushed her hair, and then dressed as if she might fairly expect him. All then was not lost, if a seaman, his own father, did not yet despair. And for a few days she resumed looking out for him again.

Autumn at last arrived,— a late autumn too,— its gloomy evenings making all things appear dark in the old cottage; and all the land looked sombre too.

The very daylight seemed a sort of twilight; immeasurable clouds, passing slowly overhead, darkened the whole country at broad noon. The wind blew constantly with the sound of a great cathedral organ at a distance, but playing profane, despairing dirges; at other times the noise came close to the door, like the howling of wild beasts.

She had grown pale,— aye, blanched,— and bent more than ever; as if old age had already touched her with its featherless wing. Often did she finger the wedding clothes of her Yann, folding them and unfolding them again and again like some maniac,— especially one of his blue woolen jerseys which still had preserved his shape: when she threw it gently on the table, it fell with the shoulders and chest well defined; so she placed it by itself in a shelf of their wardrobe, and left it there, so that it might forever rest unaltered.

Every night the cold mists sank upon the land, as she gazed over the depressing heath through her little window, and watched the thin puffs of white smoke arise from the chimneys of other cottages scattered here and there on all sides. There the husbands had returned, like wandering birds driven home by the frost. Before their blazing hearths the evenings passed, cozy and warm; for the springtime of love had begun again in this land of North Sea fishermen.

Still clinging to the thought of those islands where he might perhaps have lingered, she was buoyed up by a kind hope, and expected him home any day.

* * *

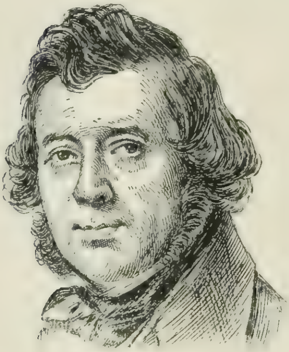
But he never returned. One August night, out off gloomy Iceland, mingled with the furious clamor of the sea, his wedding with the sea was performed. It had been his nurse; it had rocked him in his babyhood and had afterwards made him big and strong; then, in his superb manhood, it had taken him back again for itself alone. Profoundest mystery had surrounded this unhallowed union. While it went on, dark curtains hung pall-like over it as if to conceal the ceremony, and the ghoul howled in an awful, deafening voice to stifle his cries. He, thinking of Gaud, his sole, darling wife, had battled with giant strength against this deathly rival, until he at last surrendered, with a deep death-cry like the roar of a dying bull, through a mouth already filled with water; and his arms were stretched apart and stiffened forever.

All those he had invited in days of old were present at his wedding. All except Sylvestre, who had gone to sleep in the enchanted gardens far, far away, at the other side of the earth.

SAMUEL LOVER

(1797–1868)

The lovable Irishman who wrote ‹The Low-Backed Car,› ‹The Irish Post-Boy,› and ‹Widow Machree,› was, as Renan said, kissed by a fairy at his birth. He had that indomitable joyousness of spirit which neither stress of circumstances, nor personal sorrows, nor long-continued illness could abate. Besides this charming gayety, the generous fairy godmother bestowed on him the most various talents. He was a miniature-painter, a marine-painter, a clever etcher in the days when good etching was little practiced, a caricaturist, a composer, an accomplished singer, a novelist, and a dramatist. And with all this versatility, he possessed an immense capacity for hard work.



Samuel Lover

He was born in 1797, in Dublin, where his father was a comfortable stock-broker. From his mother, whom he worshiped, he inherited his musical talents, his sensitive temperament, and his upright character. She died when he was twelve years old, but her influence never left him.

Stockbroker Lover wished to make a good business man of his clever son; who however, if he consented to add columns of figures and to correct stock lists by day, consoled himself with the practice of music and painting by night. The disgusted father sent him off to a London business house of the Gradgrind order, which had had much success in uprooting any vagrant flowers of fancy from the minds of its apprentices. But in this instance the experiment failed. At the age of seventeen, young Lover resolved to turn his back forever on day-book and ledger and set up as an artist, although he had yet to learn his craft.

He had saved a little money; he found music-copying and occasional sketching to do; and after three frugal years of close study, he exhibited some excellent miniatures and asked for patronage. Before the invention of the daguerreotype and the photograph, every «genteel» household had its collection of portraits on ivory; and the young painter made his way at once, on the score of being a capital good fellow. He could sing to his own accompaniment songs of his own composing; he could draw caricatures of an entire dinner-company; he could recite in the richest brogue, Irish stories of his own writing: and every social assemblage welcomed him.

In 1832 he had the good fortune to paint an admirable miniature of Paganini, which the best critics pronounced a study worthy of Gerard Dow. The admiration it excited in London led in time to his removal thither. His gift for friendship soon attracted to his fireside clever personages like Talfourd, Campbell, Jerrold, Mahony, Barham, Mrs. Jamieson, Allan Cunningham, Lady Blessington, Sydney Smith, Maclise, and Wilkie. Moore was already an old friend. The beautiful Malibran and the clever Madame Vestris became his patrons, and his work was soon the fashion.

He had already published — illustrated by his own etchings — a successful series of Irish sketches, containing that delightful absurdity ‹The Gridiron,› and ‹Paddy the Piper.› After settling in London he brought out a second volume of the ‹Legends and Tales,› and became a contributor to the new Bentley's Miscellany. His three-volume novel of ‹Rory O'More› appeared in 1836. Of the title character Mahony wrote: «Hearty, honest, comic, sensible, tender, faithful, and courageous, Rory is the true ideal of the Irish peasant,— the humble hero who embodies so much of the best of the national character, and almost lifts simple emotion to the same height as ripened mind.» This novel Lover dramatized with immense success; which encouraged him to write ‹The White Horse of the Peppers,› three or four other plays, two or three operettas for Madame Vestris, and both the words and music of ‹Il Paddy Whack in Italia,› a capital whimsicality. His portrait was included in Maclise's ‹Gallery of Celebrities›; and Blackwood «discovered» him as «a new poet who is also musician, painter, and novelist, and therefore quadruply worth wondering at.»

It was his clever countrywoman, Lady Morgan, who first prompted him to the writing of Irish songs. His ‹Rory O'More› took the general fancy. To its strains the Queen at her coronation was escorted to Buckingham Palace. To its strains the peasant baby in its box cradle fell asleep. To its strains Phelim O'Shea footed the reel at Limerick Fair, and the ladies at Dublin Castle trod their quadrille.

‹Molly Carew,› a better piece of work, would doubtless have attracted equal favor, had not the music been more difficult. ‹Widow Machree,› written for the whimsical tale of ‹Handy Andy,› is full of Irish character. ‹What Will Ye Do, Love?› written also for ‹Handy Andy,› fairly sings itself; and ‹How to Ask and Have› is as pretty a piece of coquetry as any gray-eyed and barefooted beauty ever devised. ‹The Road of Life,› which is the song of the Irish post-boy, was Lover's own favorite, because of its note of unobtrusive pathos. In another group are included the laughing ‹Low-Backed Car,› ‹The Girl I Left Behind Me,› ‹Mary of Tipperary,› ‹Molly Bawn,› and ‹The

Bowld Sojer Boy.' In all, Lover published two hundred and sixty-three songs, for more than two hundred of which he wrote or adapted the music.

'Handy Andy,' his best novel, was published in 1842. It is almost without a plot; but unrivaled as a sketch of the blundering, stupid, inconsequent peasant, whose heart is as kind as his head is dense.

In 1844 appeared Lover's most elaborate novel, 'Treasure Trove'; not so good a piece of work as its predecessors. His eyesight had begun to fail, and his purse was light. He therefore invented an entertainment called "Irish Evenings," in which he read his own stories and sang his own songs. Successful in England and Ireland, he decided in 1846 to try his fortune in the United States, where he traveled from Boston to New Orleans and back to Montreal, appearing before delighted audiences. On his return to England in 1848 he produced "American Evenings," whose Yankee songs and backwoods stories met with great favor.

During the last years of his life he wrote songs and magazine papers, and painted pictures; but attempted no continuous literary work. His health was delicate; and the need of constant labor, happily, was over. He removed to the soft climate of St. Helier's, on the Isle of Jersey; and there the kindly gentleman and accomplished artist faded gently out of life. He died in the midsummer of 1868, and was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery. He loved his race with an affection not the less fond that it was not uncritical; and it is his merit to have written the best Irish peasant sketches and the best Irish peasant songs in the language.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day;
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there
That could compare
To the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in her low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll—
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car!

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of Death, in warlike cars!
But Peggy — peaceful goddess —
Has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down
In the market town,
As right and left they fly!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far;
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,—
Well worth the cage,
I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love.
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'
While she sits in the low-backed car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would be beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
As we drove in the low-backed car
To be married by Father Maher.
Oh, my heart would beat high,
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

WIDOW MACHREE

Widow machree, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone! widow machree:
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown.
Och hone! widow machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear—
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl,
Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, now the summer is come,—
Och hone! widow machree,—
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! widow machree!
See, the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree.
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they *wish*,—
Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, and when winter comes in,
Och hone! widow machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! widow machree!
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit *you* sup,
Och hone! widow machree!

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
Och hone! widow machree,
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld?
Och hone! widow machree!
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled.
Could you sleep in your bed,
Without thinking to see

Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, «Och hone! widow machree!»

Then take my advice, darling widow machree,
Och hone! widow machree;
And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,
Och hone! widow machree!
You'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure Hope is no liar
In whispering to me
That the ghosts would depart
When you'd me near your heart,
Och hone! widow machree!

HOW TO ASK AND HAVE

«Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary,» says I.
«Oh, don't talk to my mother,» says Mary,
Beginning to cry:
«For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent;
She says girls in a hurry who marry
At leisure repent.»

«Then suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary,» says I.
«Oh, don't talk to my father,» says Mary,
Beginning to cry:
«For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father,» says Mary,
«He'll surely say 'No.'»

«Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
Sweet Mary,» says I:
«If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die!»
«Oh, never say die, dear,» says Mary;
«A way now to save you I see:
Since my parents are both so contrary—
You'd better ask *me*.»

THE GRIDIRON

Or, Paddy Mullowney's Travels in France

"By-the-by, Sir John," said the master, addressing a distinguished guest, "Pat has a very curious story which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat" (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself), "you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, plaze your Honor."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account" (for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a raison he had," in the autumn of the year 'ninety-eight).

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic"; — a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.— "It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a-comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the Colleen Dhas (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord at last, and the pumps were choaked (divil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us; and throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it; and faith, I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever: accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboord, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortial hurry we wor in — and faith, there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the Colleen Dhas went down like a lump o' lead afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

«Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed iligant; for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

«Well, away we wint for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canophy iv heaven and the wide ocean,— the broad Atlantic; not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky: and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together; and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then — soon enough, throth — our provisions began to run low; the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum,— throth *that* was gone first of all,— God help uz: and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face. 'Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I.

«'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for sich a good wish; and throth it's myself wishes the same.'

«'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse us a bit and a sup.'

«'Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a suddint,' says he.

«'Thrue for you, captain darlint,' says I,— I called him darlint and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal,—'thrue for you, captain jewel: God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite;'— and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor, the wather itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld.

Well, at the break o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves that was as bright as silver and as clear as chrysthal. But it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land. By gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'Thunder an turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"'What for?' says he.

"'I think I see the land,' says I.

"So he ups with his bring-'m-near (that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and sure enough it was.

"'Hurrah!' says he, 'we're all right now: pull away, my boys,' says he.

"'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe it's only a fog-bank, captain darlint,' says I.

"'Oh no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

"'Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?' says I: 'maybe it id be in Roosia, or Proosia, or the Jarman Oceant?' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he,—for he had that consaited way wid him, thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else,—'tut, you fool,' says he, 'that's *France*,' says he.

"'Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?' says I.

"'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"'Throth I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard of that same:' and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and with the help o' God, never will.

"Well, with that my heart began to grow light: and when I seen my life was safe I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever; so says I, 'Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"'Why, then,' says he, 'thunder and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"'Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"'And sure, bad luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin you wor a pelican o' the wildherness,' says he.

"'Ate a gridiron!' says I; 'och, in throth I'm not sich a gommoch all out as that, anyhow. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beefsteak,' says I.

"'Arrah! but where's the beefsteak?' says he.

"'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork?' says I.

"'Be gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'.

"'Oh, there's many a thrue word said in joke,' says I.

"'Thrue for you, Paddy,' says he.

"'Well, then,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant' (for we were nearing the land all the time), 'and sure I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stirabout in airnest now,' says he: 'you gommoch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France, and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you: that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me sinsible,' says he.

"'By dad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,' says I;—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Jarman Oceant.

"'Lave aff your humbuggin',' says he, 'I bid you; and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all.'

"'*Parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he: 'why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain; 'and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"'*Parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'By gor, that bangs Banagher; and all the world knows Banagher bangs the divil. I never met the likes o' you, Paddy,' says he: 'pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyful before long.'

"So with that it was no sooner said nor done; they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand,—an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer,—and out I got: and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was, afther bein' cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I conthrived to scramble on, one way or t'other, towards a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timptin' like.

"'By the powdhers o' war, I'm all right,' says I,—'there's a house there;' and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher ating their dinner round a table quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took aff my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopped ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me; and faith they almost looked me out of countenance; and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more betoken from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite: but I never minded that, in regard o' wantin' the gridiron; and so says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be entirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before; and with that says I (knowin' what was in their minds), 'indeed, it's thrue for you,' says I, 'I'm tatthered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin; and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity,—with that says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes: we have plenty o' mate ourselves there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be pleased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever: and faith, I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all; and so says I, 'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man with a head of hair as white as silver,—‹maybe I'm undher a mistake,› says I, ‹but I thought I was in France, sir: aren't you furriners?› says I. ‹*Parly voo frongsay?*›

«‹We, munseer,› says he.

«‹Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,› says I, ‹if you plase?›

«Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had seven heads: and faith, myself began to feel flusthered like, and onaisy; and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, ‹I know it's a liberty I take, sir,› says I, ‹but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir,› says I, ‹*Parly voo frongsay?*›

«‹We, munseer,› says he, mighty sharp.

«‹Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?› says I, ‹and you'll obleege me.›

«Well, sir, the ould chap began to ‹munseer› me; but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi' me: and so I began to think they wor all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood begun to rise, and says I, ‹By my sowl, if it was you was in disthriss,› says I, ‹and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' drink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte.*›

«Well, the words *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear: and so I thought I'd give another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand, ‹*Parly—voo—frongsay*, munseer?›

«‹We, munseer,› says he.

«‹Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,› says I, ‹and bad scram to you.›

«Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about long tongs.

«‹Phoo! the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,› says I: ‹I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison?› says I: ‹*Parly voo frongsay?*›

«‹We, munseer.›

«‹Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,› says I, ‹and howld your prate.›

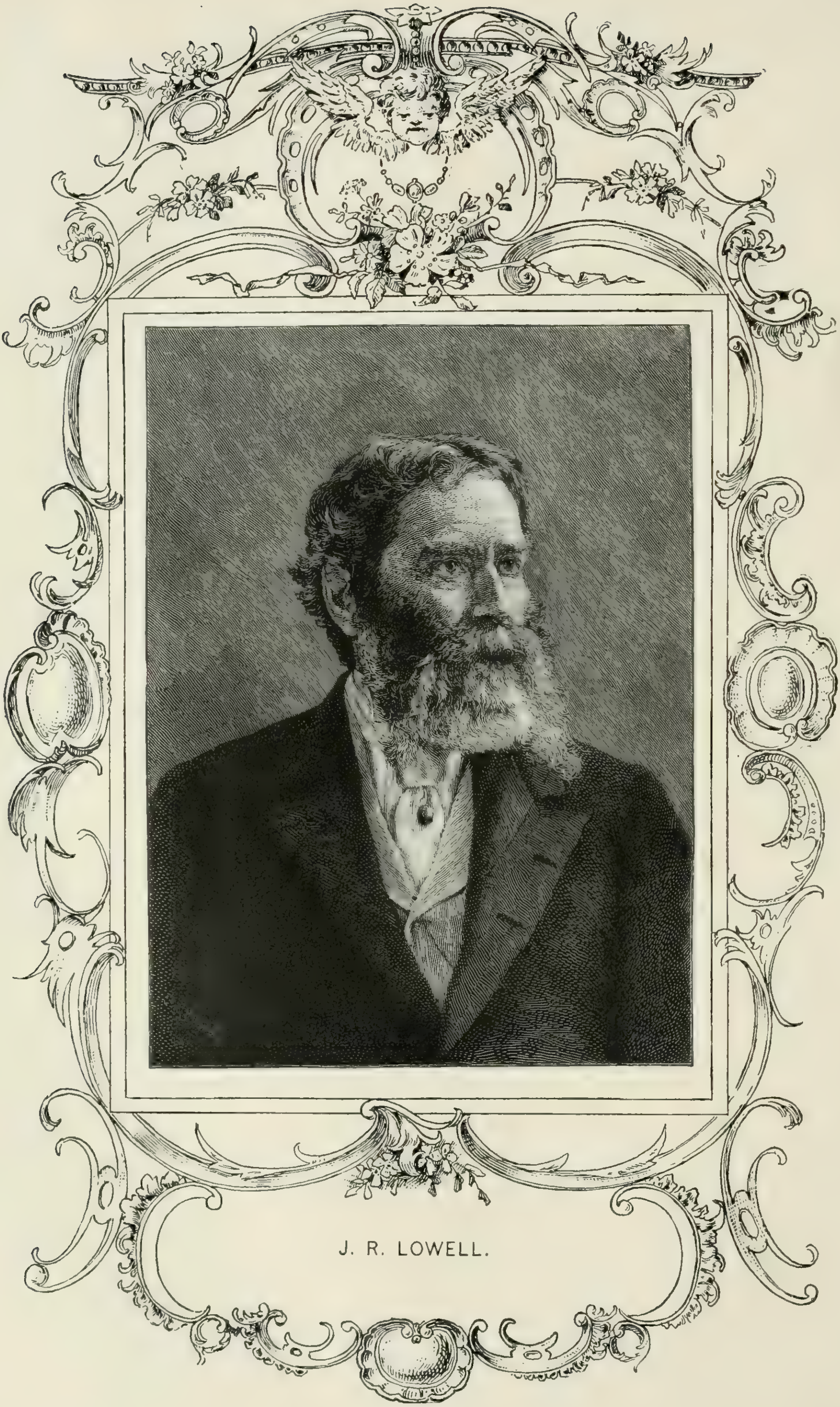
«Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, ‹Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen,—throth if you wor in my counthry it's not that-a-way they'd use you: the curse o' the crows an you, you owld sinner,' says I, ‘the divil a longer I'll darken your door.'

“So he seen I was vexed; and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, ‘Well, I'll give you one chance more, you ould thief,—are you a Chrishthan at all at all? are you a furriner?' says I, ‘that all the world calls so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?—*parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

“‘We, munseer,' says he.

“‘Then thunder an turf,' says I, ‘will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

“Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me: and so with that, ‘the curse o' the hungry an you, you ould negarly villian,' says I; ‘the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself yit,' says I; ‘and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I: and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away—and in throth it's often sence that *I thought that it was remarkable.*”



J. R. LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(1819–1891)

BY HENRY JAMES

THE formula would not be hard to find which would best, at the outset, introduce to readers the author of the following extracts and specimens. With a certain close propriety that seems to give him, among Americans of his time, the supreme right, James Russell Lowell wears the title of a man of letters. He was a master of verse and a political disputant; he was to some extent a journalist, and in a high degree an orator; he administered learning in a great university; he was concerned, in his later years, with public affairs, and represented in two foreign countries the interests of the United States. Yet there is only one term to which, in an appreciation, we can without a sense of injustice give precedence over the others. He was the American of his time most saturated with literature and most directed to criticism; the American also whose character and endowment were such as to give this saturation and this direction — this intellectual experience, in short — most value. He added to the love of learning the love of expression; and his attachment to these things — to poetry, to history, to language, form, and style — was such as to make him, the greater part of his life, more than anything a man of study: but his temperament was proof against the dryness of the air of knowledge, and he remained to the end the least pale, the least passionless of scholars.

He was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on February 22d, 1819, and died in the same house on August 12th, 1891. His inheritance of every kind contributed to the easy play of his gifts and the rich uniformity of his life. He was of the best and oldest New England — of partly clerical — stock; a stock robust and supple, and which has given to its name many a fruit-bearing branch. We read him but dimly in not reading into him, as it were, everything that was present, around him, in race and place; and perhaps also in not seeing him in relation to some of the things that were absent. He is one more instance of the way in which the poet's message is almost always, as to what it contains or omits, a testimony to personal circumstance, a communication of the savor of the mother soil. He figures to us thus — more handsomely than any competitor — as New

England conscious of its powers and its standards, New England accomplished and articulate. He grew up in clerical and collegiate air, at half an hour's walk from the cluster of homely halls that are lost to-day in the architectural parade of the modernized Harvard. He spent fifty years of his life in the shade, or the sunshine, of Alma Mater; a connection which was to give his spirit just enough of the unrest of responsibility, and his style just too much perhaps of the authority of the pedagogue. His early years unfolded with a security and a simplicity that the middle ones enriched without disturbing; and the long presence of which, with its implications of leisure, of quietude, of reflection and concentration, supplies in all his work an element of agreeable relish not lessened by the suggestion of a certain meagreness of personal experience. He took his degree in 1838; he married young, in 1844, then again in 1857; he inherited, on the death of his father in 1861, the commodious old house of Elmwood (in those days more embowered and more remote), in which his life was virtually to be spent. With a small family — a single daughter — but also a small patrimony, and a deep indifference — his abiding characteristic — to any question of profit or fortune, the material condition he had from an early time to meet was the rather blank face turned to the young American who in that age, and in the consecrated phrase, embraced literature as a profession. The embrace, on Lowell's part as on that of most such aspirants, was at first more tender than coercive; and he was no exception to the immemorial rule of propitiating the idol with verse. This verse took in 1841 the form of his first book; a collection of poems elsewhere printed and unprinted, but not afterwards republished.

His history from this time, at least for many years, would be difficult to write save as a record of stages, phases, dates too particular for a summary. The general complexion of the period is best presented in the simple statement that he was able to surrender on the spot to his talent and his taste. There is something that fairly charms, as we look at his life, in the almost complete elimination of interference or deviation: it makes a picture exempt from all shadow of the usual image of genius hindered or inclination blighted. Drama and disaster could spring as little from within as from without; and no one in the country probably led a life — certainly for so long a time — of intellectual amenity so great in proportion to its intensity. There was more intensity perhaps for such a spirit as Emerson's: but there was, if only by that fact, more of moral ravage and upheaval; there was less of applied knowledge and successful form, less of the peace of art. Emerson's utterance, his opinions, seem to-day to give us a series, equally full of beauty and void of order, of noble experiments and fragments. Washington Irving and Longfellow, on the other hand, if they show us the amenity, show us also, in their greater abundance and diffusion, a looseness, an exposure; they sit as it were with open doors, more or less in the social draught. Hawthorne had further to wander and longer to wait; and if he too, in the workshop of art, kept tapping his silver hammer, it was never exactly the nail of thought that he strove to hit on the head. What is true of Hawthorne is truer still of Poe; who, if he had the peace of art, had little of any other. Lowell's evolution was all in what I have called his saturation, in the generous scale on which he was able to gather in and to store up impressions. The three terms of his life for most of the middle time were a quiet fireside, a quiet library, a singularly quiet community. The personal stillness of the world in which for the most part he lived, seems to abide in the delightful paper — originally included in 'Fireside Travels' — on 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago.' It gives the impression of conditions in which literature might well become an alternate world, and old books, old authors, old names, old stories, constitute in daily commerce the better half of one's company. Complications and distractions were not, even so far as they occurred, appreciably his own portion; except indeed for their being — some of them, in their degree — of the general essence of the life of letters. If books have their destinies, they have also their antecedents; and in the face of the difficulty of trying for perfection with a rough instrument, it cannot of course be said that even concentration shuts the door upon pain. If Lowell had all the joys of the scholar and the poet, he was also, and in just that degree, not a stranger to the pangs and the weariness that accompany the sense of exactitude, of proportion, and of beauty; that feeling for intrinsic success, which in the long run becomes a grievous burden for shoulders that have in the rash confidence of youth accepted it,— becomes indeed in the artist's breast the incurable, intolerable ache.

But such drama as could not mainly, after all, be played out within the walls of his library, came to him, on the whole, during half a century, only in two or three other forms. I mention first the subordinate,— which were all, as well, in the day's work: the long grind of teaching the promiscuous and preoccupied young, and those initiations of periodical editorship which, either as worries or as triumphs, may never perhaps be said to strike very deep. In 1855 he entered, at Harvard College, upon the chair just quitted by Longfellow: a comprehensive professorship in literature, that of France and that of Spain in particular. He conducted on its foundation, for four years, the Atlantic Monthly; and carried on from 1862, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, the North American Review, in which his best critical essays appeared. There were published the admirable article on Lessing, that on ‘Rousseau and the Sentimentalists,’ that on Carlyle's ‘Frederick the Great,’ the rich, replete paper on ‘Witchcraft,’ the beautiful studies (1872–1875) of Dante, Spenser, and Wordsworth; and the brilliant *jeux d'esprit*, as their overflow of critical wit warrants our calling them, on such subjects as (1866) sundry infirmities of the poetical temper of Swinburne, or such occasions as were offered (1865) by the collected writings of Thoreau, or (1867) by the ‘Life and Letters’ of James Gates Percival,—occasions mainly to run to earth a certain shade of the provincial spirit. Of his career from early manhood to the date of his going in 1877 as minister to Spain, the two volumes of his correspondence published in 1893 by Mr. Norton give a picture reducible to a presentment of study in happy conditions, and of opinions on «moral» questions; an image subsequently thrown somewhat into the shade, but still keeping distinctness and dignity for those who at the time had something of a near view of it. Lowell's great good fortune was to believe for so long that opinions and study sufficed him. There came in time a day when he lent himself to more satisfactions than he literally desired; but it is difficult to imagine a case in which the literary life should have been a preparation for the life of the world. There was so much in him of the man and the citizen, as well as of the poet and the professor, that with the full reach of curiosities and sympathies, his imagination found even in narrow walls, windows of long range. It was during these years, at any rate, that his poetical and critical spirit were formed; and I speak of him as our prime man of letters precisely on account of the unhurried and unhindered process of the formation. Literature was enough, without being too much, his trade: it made of his life a reservoir never condemned, by too much tapping, to show low water. We have had critics much more frequent, but none more abundant; we have had poets more abundant, but none more acquainted with poetry. This acquaintance with poetry bore fruits of a quality to which I shall presently allude; his critical activity, meantime, was the result of the impulse given by the responsibilities of instructorship to the innermost turn of his mind. His studies could deepen and widen at their ease. The university air soothed, but never smothered; Europe was near enough to touch, but not tormentingly to overlap; the intimate friends were more excellent than numerous, the college feasts just recurrent enough to keep wit in exercise, and the country walks not so blank as to be unsweetened by a close poetic notation of every aspect and secret of nature. He absorbed and lectured and wrote, talked and edited and published; and had, the while, struck early in the day the note from which, for a long time, his main public identity was to spring.

This note, the first of the 'Biglow Papers,' was sounded in the summer of 1846, the moment of the outbreak of the Mexican War. It presented not quite as yet so much an «American humorist» the more, as the very possibility or fact of the largest expressiveness in American humor. If he was the first of the dialectic and colloquial group in the order of time, so he was to remain, on this ground, the master and the real authority. The 'Biglow Papers' were an accident, begun without plan or forecast: but by the accident the author was, in a sense, determined and prompted; he himself caught from them and from their success a fuller idea of the «Yankee» character, lighted up by every advantage that wit and erudition could lend it. Lowell found himself, on the spot, committed to giving it such aid to literary existence as it could never have had without him. His conception of all the fine things of the mind — of intelligence, honesty, judgment, knowledge — was placed straight at the service of the kind of American spirit that he was conscious of in himself, and that he sought in his three or four typical figures to make ironic and racy.

The 'Biglow Papers' are in this relation an extraordinary performance and a rare work of art: in what case, on the part of an artist, has the national consciousness, passionately acute, arrived at a form more independent, more objective? If they were a disclosure of this particular artist's humor, and of the kind of passion that could most possess him, they represent as well the element that for years gave his life its main enlargement, and as may be said its main agitation, — the element that preserved him from dryness, from the danger of the dilettante. This safeguard was his care for public things and national questions; those to which, even in his class-rooms and his polishings of verse, all others were subordinate. He was politically an ardent liberal, and had from the first engaged with all the force of his imagination on the side that has figured at all historical moments as the cause of reform. Reform, in his younger time, meant above all resistance to the extension of slavery; then it came to mean — and by so doing, to give occasion during the Civil War to a fresh and still finer 'Biglow' series — resistance to the pretension of the Southern States to set up a rival republic. The two great impulses he received from without were given him by the outbreak of the war, and — after these full years and wild waves had gradually ebbed — by his being appointed minister to Spain. The latter event began a wholly new period, though serving as a channel for much, for even more perhaps, of the old current; meanwhile, at all events, no account of his most productive phases at least can afford not to touch on the large part, the supreme part, played in his life by the intensity, and perhaps I may go so far as to say the simplicity, of his patriotism. Patriotism had been the keynote of an infinite quantity of more or less felicitous behavior; but perhaps it had never been so much as in Lowell the keynote of reflection and of the moral tone, of imagination and conversation. Action, in this case, could mainly be but to *feel* as American as possible,— with an inevitable overflow of course into whatever was the expression of the moment. It might often have seemed to those who often — or even to those who occasionally — saw him, that his case was almost unique, and that the national consciousness had never elsewhere been so cultivated save under the stress of national frustration or servitude. It was in fact, in a manner, as if he had been aware of certain forces that made for oppression; of some league of the nations and the arts, some consensus of tradition and patronage, to treat as still in tutelage or on its trial the particular connection of which he happened most to be proud.

The secret of the situation was that he could only, could actively, «cultivate» as a retort to cultivation. There were American phenomena that, as he gathered about the world, cultivation in general deemed vulgar; and on this all his genius rose within him to show what *his* cultivation could make of them. It enabled him to make so much that all the positive passion in his work is for the direct benefit of patriotism. That, beyond any other irritation of the lyric temperament, is what makes him ardent. In nothing, moreover, is he more interesting than in the very nature of his vision of this humorous «Yankeeism» of type. He meant something it was at that time comparatively easy, as well as perhaps a trifle more directly inspiring, to mean; for his life opened out backward into Puritan solidities and dignities. However this be, at any rate, his main care for the New England — or, as may almost be said, for the Cambridge — consciousness, as he embodied it, was that it could be fed from as many sources as any other in the world, and assimilate them with an ingenuity all its own: literature, life, poetry, art, wit, all the growing experience of human intercourse. His great honor is that in this direction he led it to high success; and if the 'Biglow Papers' express supremely his range of imagination about it, they render the American tone the service of placing it in the best literary company, — that of all his other affinities and echoes, his love of the older English and the older French, of all classics and romantics and originals, of Dante and Goethe, of Cervantes and the Elizabethans; his love, in particular, of the history of language and of the complex questions of poetic form. If they had no other distinction, they would have that of one of the acutest of all studies in linguistics. They are more literary, in short, than they at first appear; which is at once the strength and the weakness of his poetry in general, literary indeed as most of it is at sight. The chords of his lyre were of the precious metal, but not perhaps always of the last lyric tenuity. He struck them with a hand not idle enough for mere moods, and yet not impulsive enough for the great reverberations. He was sometimes too ingenious, as well as too reasonable and responsible; this leaves him, on occasion, too much in the grasp of a certain morally conservative humor,— a side on which he touches the authors of «society» verse,— or else mixes with his emotion an intellectual substance, a something alien, that tends to stiffen and retard it. Perhaps I only mean indeed that he had always something to say, and his sturdiness as well as his «cleverness» about the way it should be said. It is congruous, no doubt, with his poetic solidity that his highest point in verse is reached by his 'Harvard Commemoration Ode,' a poem for an occasion at once public and intimate; a sustained lament for young lives, in the most vividly sacrificed of which he could divide with the academic mother something of the sentiment of proud ownership. It is unfair to speak of lines so splendid as these as not warmed by the noble thought with which they are charged; —even if it be of the very nature of the English ode to show us always, at its best, something of the chill of the poetic Exercise.

I may refer, however, as little to the detail of his verse as to that of the robust body of his prose. The latter consists of richly accomplished literary criticism, and of a small group of public addresses; and would obviously be much more abundant were we in possession of all the wrought material of Harvard lectures and professorial talks. If we are not, it is because Lowell recognized no material as wrought till it had passed often through the mill. He embarked on no *magnum opus*, historical, biographical, critical; he contented himself with uttering thought that had great works in its blood. It was for the great works and the great figures he cared; he was a critic of a pattern mainly among ourselves superseded—superseded so completely that he seems already to have receded into time, and to belong to an age of vulgarity less blatant. If he was in educated appreciation the most distinct voice that the United States had produced, this is partly, no doubt, because the chatter of the day and the triumph of the trivial could even then still permit him to be audible, permit him to show his office as supported on knowledge and on a view of the subject. He represented so well the use of a view of the subject that he may be said to have represented best what at present strikes us as most urgent; the circumstance, namely, that so far from being a chamber surrendering itself from the threshold to the ignorant young of either sex, criticism is positively and miraculously *not* the simplest and most immediate, but the most postponed and complicated of the arts, the last qualified for and arrived at, the one requiring behind it most maturity, most power to understand and compare.

One is disposed to say of him, in spite of his limited production, that he belonged to the massive race, and even has for the present the air of one of the last of it. The two volumes of his 'Letters' help, in default of a biography, the rest of his work in testifying to this; and would do so still more if the collection had comprised more letters of the time of his last period in Europe. His diplomatic years — he was appointed in 1880 minister to England — form a chapter by themselves; they gave a new turn to his career, and made a different thing of what was to remain of it. They checked, save here and there for an irrepressible poem, his literary production; but they opened a new field — in the mother-land of "occasional" oratory — for his beautiful command of the spoken word. He spoke often from this moment, and always with his admirable mixture of breadth and wit; with so happy a surrender indeed to this gift that his two finest addresses, that on 'Democracy' (Birmingham, 1884) and that on the Harvard Anniversary of 1886, connect themselves with the reconsecration, late in life, of his eloquence. It was a singular fortune, and possible for an American alone, that such a want of peculiarly professional, of technical training, should have been consistent with a degree of success that appeared to reduce training to unimportance. Nothing was more striking, in fact, than that what Lowell had most in England to show was simply all the air and all the effect of preparedness. If I have alluded to the best name we can give him and the best niche we can make for him, let this be partly because letters exactly met in him a more distinguished recognition than usually falls to their lot. It was they that had prepared him really; prepared him — such is the subtlety of their operation — even for the things from which they are most divorced. He reached thus the phase in which he took from them as much as he had given; represented them in a new, insidious way. It was of course in his various speeches that his preparedness came out most; most enjoyed the superlative chance of becoming, by the very fact of its exercise, one of the safeguards of an international relation that he would have blushed not to have done his utmost to keep inviolable. He had the immense advantage that the very voice in which he could speak — so much at once that of his masculine, pugnacious intellect, and that of the best side of the race — was a plea for everything the millions of English stock have in common. This voice, as I may call it, that sounds equally in every form of his utterance, was his great gift to his time. In poetry, in satire, in prose, and on his lips, it was from beginning to end the manliest, the most ringing, to be heard. He was essentially a fighter: he could always begin the attack; could always, in criticism as in talk, sound the charge and open the fire. The old Puritan conscience was deep in him, with its strong and simple vision, even in æsthetic things, of evil and of good, of wrong and of right; and his magnificent wit was all at its special service. He armed it, for vindication and persuasion, with all the amenities, the «humanities» — with weapons as sharp and bright as it has ever carried.

Henry James

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SI DESCENDERO IN INFERNUM, ADES

O wandering dim on the extremest edge
Of God's bright providence, whose spirits sigh
Drearily in you, like the winter sedge
That shivers o'er the dead pool stiff and dry,—
A thin, sad voice, when the bold wind roars by
From the clear North of Duty,—
Still by cracked arch and broken shaft I trace
That here was once a shrine and holy place
Of the supernal beauty,
A child's play-altar reared of stones and moss,
With wilted flowers for offering laid across,
Mute recognition of the all-ruling Grace.

How far are ye from the innocent, from those
Whose hearts are as a little lane serene,
Smooth-heaped from wall to wall with unbroke snows,
Or in the summer blithe with lamb-cropped green,
Save the one track, where naught more rude is seen
Than the plump wain at even
Bringing home four months' sunshine bound in sheaves!
How far are ye from those! yet who believes
That ye can shut out heaven?
Your souls partake its influence, not in vain
Nor all unconscious, as that silent lane
Its drift of noiseless apple blooms receives.

Looking within myself, I note how thin
A plank of station, chance, or prosperous fate,
Doth fence me from the clutching waves of sin;
In my own heart I find the worst man's mate,
And see not dimly the smooth-hingèd gate
That opes to those abysses
Where ye grope darkly,—ye who never knew
On your young hearts love's consecrating dew,
Or felt a mother's kisses,
Or home's restraining tendrils round you curled:
Ah, side by side with heart's-ease in this world
The fatal nightshade grows, and bitter rue!

One band ye cannot break,—the force that clips
And grasps your circles to the central light;
Yours is the prodigal comet's long ellipse,
Self-exiled to the farthest verge of night:
Yet strives with you no less that inward might
No sin hath e'er imbruted;
The god in you the creed-dimmed eye eludes;
The Law brooks not to have its solitudes
By bigot feet polluted:
Yet they who watch your God-compelled return
May see your happy perihelion burn
Where the calm sun his unfledged planets broods.

HEBE

I saw the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
It led me on, by sweet degrees
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were, that seemed grim Fates;
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
The long-sought Secret's golden gates
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover

I sprang the proffered life to clasp;—
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The earth has drunk the vintage up:
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can summer fill the icy cup,
Whose treacherous crystal is but winter's?

O spendthrift haste! Await the gods;
The nectar crowns the lips of patience;
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her:
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

SHE CAME AND WENT

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven;—
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

THE CHANGELING

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee;
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover?
How it leaped from her lips to her eye-lids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled:
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful also:
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was;
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bliss it upon my breast:
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

Prelude to Part First

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.
Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its Benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us:
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God wills it;

No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by:
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST

«MY GOLDEN spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail:
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,

And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim;
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth; so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:—
«Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door:
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,—
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms;
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.»

Prelude to Part Second

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it, and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;

He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
  Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
    Lest the happy model should be lost,
  Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
    By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter;
  The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
  With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame pennons droop and flap
  And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
  Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
  Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks
    Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp;
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
      And rattles and wrings
      The icy strings,

Singing in dreary monotone
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was «Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!»
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND

THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate:
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail.
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross;
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas-time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago.
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,

As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
    And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms:"
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,—
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
  And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
  He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust:
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,
  'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
  And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was softer than silence said:—
  «Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
  In many climes, without avail,
  Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail:
  Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
  Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
  This crust is my body broken for thee,
  This water His blood that died on the tree;
  The Holy Supper is kept indeed
  In whatso we share with another's need.
  Not what we give, but what we share,—
  For the gift without the giver is bare;
  Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
  Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.»

  Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
  «The Grail in my castle here is found!
  Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
  Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
  He must be fenced with stronger mail
  Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.»

  The castle gate stands open now,
    And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
  As the hang-bird is to the elm-tree bough;
    No longer scowl the turrets tall.
  The summer's long siege at last is o'er:
  When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
  She entered with him in disguise,
  And mastered the fortress by surprise;
  There is no spot she loves so well on ground;
  She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
  The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
  Has hall and bower at his command;
  And there's no poor man in the North Countree
  But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

FROM ‹THE BIGLOW PAPERS›

THRASH away, you'll *hev* to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn,—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with moldy corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you'll toot till you are yeller
'Fore you git ahold o' me!

Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,
Hope it ain't your Sunday's best;—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a soger's chest:
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer 't,
Ef you must wear humps like these,
S'posin' you should try salt hay fer 't,—
It would du ez slick ez grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southun fellers:
They're a dreffle graspin' set;
We must ollers blow the bellers
W'en they want their irons het;
Maybe it's all right ez preachin',
But *my* narves it kind o' grates,
Wen I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
Hain't they cut a thunderin' swarth
(Helped by Yankee renegaders)
Thru the vartu o' the North!
We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled;—
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that:
God hez sed so plump an' fairly;
It's ez long ez it is broad;
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers
   Make the thing a grain more right;
'Tain't afollerin' your bell-wethers
   Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
   An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,—
   God 'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
   Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go a-mowin'
   Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
   Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it's curus Christian dooty
   This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
   Tell they're pupple in the face,—
It's a grand gret cemetary
   Fer the barthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
   So 's to lug new slave States in,
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
   An' to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee
   Take sech everlastin' pains,
All to get the Devil's thankee
   Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
W'y, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,
   Clear ez one an' one make two,—
Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers
   Want to make w'ite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
   Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
   Any gump could larn by heart:
Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
   Hev one glory an' one shame;
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman
   Injers all on 'em the same.

'Tain't by turnin' out to hack folks
You're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
Coz you're put upon by w'ite;
Slavery ain't o' nary color,
'Tain't the hide thet makes it wus,
All it keers fer in a feller
'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?
I expect you'll hev to wait;
W'en cold lead puts daylight thru ye
You'll begin to kal'late;
S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
All the carkiss from your bones,
Coz you helped to give a lickin'
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
W'ether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
The etarnal bung wuz loose!
She wants me fer home consumption,
Let alone the hay's to mow:
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin'
Like a cockerel three months old,
Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
Though they *be* so blasted bold;
Ain't they a prime lot o' fellers?
'Fore they think on't, guess they'll sprout
(Like a peach thet's got the yellers),
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves;
Help the men thet's ollers dealin'
Insults on your fathers' graves;
Help the strong to grind the feeble;
Help the many agin the few;
Help the men thet call your people
W'itewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
  She's a-kneelin' with the rest,—
She, thet ough' to ha' clung ferever
  In her grand old eagle-nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
  W'ile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
  To the oppressed of all the world!

Hain't they sold your colored seamen?
  Hain't they made your env'ys w'iz?
Wut'll make ye act like freemen?
  Wut'll git your dander riz?
Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'
  Is our dooty in this fix,—
They'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'
  In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple;
  Call all true men to disown
The tradoocers of our people,
  The enslavers o' their own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
  Put the trumpet to her mouth;
Let her ring this messidge loudly
  In the ears of all the South:—

"I'll return ye good fer evil
  Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
  Makin' man the cus o' man;
Call me coward, call me traiter,
  Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
  An' the friend o' God an' Peace!"

Ef I'd *my* way, I hed ruther
  We should go to work an' part,
They take one way, we take t'other,—
  Guess it wouldn't break my heart:
Man hed ough' to put asunder
  Them thet God has noways jined;
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
  Ef there's thousands o' my mind.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

Guvener B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes:
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him, o' course,—thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)
An' go in fer thunder, an' guns, an' all that:
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
He's ben true to *one* party, an' thet is himself:
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally princerple more 'n an' old cud;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't;
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet 'eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint:
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country;
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry:*

An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum;*
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum:
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing; an' of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To start the world's team w'en it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world 'll go right ef he hollers out Gee!

THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen;
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in:
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
  Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crooknecks hung,
  An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
  Fetched back f'om Concord — busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
  Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin';
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
  On sech a blessed cretur;
A dog-rose blushin' to a brook
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A1;
  Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,—
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells,—
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly like curled maple;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
  Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
  Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made 'Ole Hunderd' ring,
  She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
  O' blue eyes sot upun it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
  She seemed to 've gut a new soul;

For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper:
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work.
Parin' away like murder.

«You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?»
«Wal—no—I come dasignin'»—
«To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'.»

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be persumin:
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t' other;
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, «I'd better call agin;»
Says she, «Think likely, Mister:»
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An'— Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
   Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
   An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
   Down to the Bay o' Fundy;
An' all I know is, they was cried
   In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Dear Sir,—Your letter come to han'
   Requestin' me to please be funny;
But I ain't made upon a plan
   Thet knows wut's comin', gall or honey:
Ther's times the world doos look so queer,
   Odd fancies come afore I call 'em;
An' then agin, for half a year,
   No preacher 'thout a call 's more solemn.

You're 'n want o' sunthin' light an' cute,
   Rattlin' an' shrewd an' kin' o' jingleish,
An' wish, pervidin' it 'ould suit,
   I'd take an' citify my English.
I *ken* write long-tailed, ef I please,—
   But when I'm jokin', no, I thankee:
Then, 'fore I know it, my idees
   Run helter-skelter into Yankee.

Sence I begun to scribble rhyme,
   I tell ye wut, I hain't ben foolin';
The parson's books, life, death, an' time
   Hev took some trouble with my schoolin':
Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,
   Thet love her 'z though she wuz a woman;
Why, th' ain't a bird upon the tree
   But half forgives my bein' human.

An' yit I love th' unhighschooled way
   Ol' farmers hed when I wuz younger:
Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould stay,
   While book froth seems to whet your hunger;

For puttin' in a downright lick
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther's few can metch it;
An' then it helves my thoughts ez slick
Ez stret-grained hickory doos a hetchet.

But when I can't, I can't, thet's all;
For Natur' won't put up with gullin';
Idees you hev to shove an' haul
Like a druv pig, ain't wuth a mullein:
Live thoughts ain't sent for; thru all rifts
O' sense they pour an' rěsh ye onwards,
Like rivers when south-lyin' drifts
Feel thet th' old airth's a-wheelin' sunwards.

Time wuz, the rhymes come crowdin' thick
Ez office-seekers arter 'lection,
An' into ary place 'ould stick
Without no bother nor objection:
But since the war my thoughts hang back
Ez though I wanted to enlist 'em,
An' subs'tutes,—*they* don't never lack,
But then they'll slope afore you've mist 'em.

Nothin' don't seem like wut it wuz;
I can't see wut there is to hender,
An' yit my brains jes' go buzz, buzz,
Like bumblebees agin a winder:
'Fore these times come, in all airth's row,
Ther' wuz one quiet place, my head in,
Where I could hide an' think—but now
It's all one teeter, hopin', dreadin'.

Where's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,
When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,
An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,
Walk the col' starlight into summer;
Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell
Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer
Than the last smile thet strives to tell
O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev been gladder o' sech things
Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover:
They filled my heart with livin' springs,
But now they seem to freeze 'em over;

Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try:
Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',
But leaves my natur' stiff and dry
Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
Calmer 'n a clock, an' never carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
Is wus than ef she took to swearin'.

Snowflakes come whisperin' on the pane
The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant;
But I can't hark to wut they're say'n',
With Grant or Sherman ollers present:
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin'
Like a shot hawk; but all's ez stale
To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west wind purr contented;
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
Further an' further south retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain
An' see a hundred hills like islan's
Lift their blue woods in broken chain
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence;
The farm smokes — sweetes' sight on airth —
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin',
Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth
Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin' snows,
An' rattles di'mon's from his granite:
Time wuz, he snatched away my prose,
An' into psalms or satires ran it;

But he, nor all the rest thet once
 Started my blood to country-dances,
Can't set me goin' more'n a dunce
 Thet hain't no use for dreams an' fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
 I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
 Thet follered once an' now are quiet;
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
 Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,
 No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
 Didn't I love to see 'em growin',—
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
 Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?
I set an' look into the blaze
 Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin'
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
 An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
 On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
 For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
 Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
 Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
 All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
 To try an' make b'lieve fill their places:
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss;
 Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay in;
An' *thet* world seems so fur from this
 Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
 Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners:
I pity mothers, tu, down South,
 For all they sot among the scorners;

I 'd sooner take my chance to stan'
At Jedgment where your meanest slave is,
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!
Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
An' step thet proves ye Victory's daughter!
Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water.

Come, while our country feels the lift
Of a gret instinct shoutin' « Forwards!»
An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,
A nation saved, a race delivered!

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD

Along a river-side, I know not where,
I walked one night in mystery of dream;
A chill creeps curdling yet beneath my hair,
To think what chanced me by the pallid gleam
Of a moon-wraith that waned through haunted air.

Pale fireflies pulsed within the meadow-mist
Their halos, wavering thistle-downs of light;
The loon, that seemed to mock some goblin tryst,
Laughed; and the echoes, huddling in affright,
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying down the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote my ear
A movement in the stream that checked my breath:
Was it the slow plash of a wading deer?
But something said, « This water is of Death!
The Sisters wash a shroud,—ill thing to hear!»

I, looking then, beheld the ancient Three
Known to the Greek's and to the Northman's creed,

That sit in shadow of the mystic Tree,
Still crooning, as they weave their endless brede,
One song: «Time was, Time is, and Time shall be.»

No wrinkled crones were they, as I had deemed,
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
To mourner, lover, poet, ever seemed;
Something too high for joy, too deep for sorrow,
Thrilled in their tones, and from their faces gleamed.

«Still men and nations reap as they have strawn,»—
So sang they, working at their task the while;
«The fatal raiment must be cleansed ere dawn:
For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's isle?
O'er what quenched grandeur must our shroud be drawn?

«Or is it for a younger, fairer corse,
That gathered States like children round his knees,
That tamed the wave to be his posting-horse,
Feller of forests, linker of the seas,
Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest son of Thor's?

«What make we, murmur'st thou? and what are we?
When empires must be wound, we bring the shroud,
The time-old web of the implacable Three:
Is it too coarse for him, the young and proud?
Earth's mightiest deigned to wear it,—why not he?»

«Is there no hope?» I moaned, «so strong, so fair!
Our Fowler whose proud bird would brook erewhile
No rival's swoop in all our western air!
Gather the ravens, then, in funeral file
For him, life's morn yet golden in his hair?

«Leave me not hopeless, ye unpitying dames!
I see, half seeing. Tell me, ye who scanned
The stars, Earth's elders, still must noblest aims
Be traced upon oblivious ocean sands?
Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts of names?»

«When grass blades stiffen with red battle dew,
Ye deem we choose the victor and the slain:
Say, choose we them that shall be leal and true
To the heart's longing, the high faith of brain?
Yet there the victory lies, if ye but knew.

«Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will,—
These twain are strong, but stronger yet the third,—

Obedience,—'tis the great tap-root that still,
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,
Though Heaven-loosed tempests spend their utmost skill.

«Is the doom sealed for Hesper? 'Tis not we
Denounce it, but the Law before all time:
The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,
Dwarfs it to peril: which shall Hesper be?

«Hath he let vultures climb his eagle's seat
To make Jove's bolts purveyors of their maw?
Hath he the Many's plaudits found more sweet
Than Wisdom? held Opinion's wind for Law?
Then let him hearken for the doomster's feet!

«Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flintiest rock,
States climb to power by; slippery those with gold
Down which they stumble to eternal mock:
No chafferer's hand shall long the sceptre hold,
Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell the block.

«We sing old Sagas, songs of weal and woe,
Mystic because too cheaply understood;
Dark sayings are not ours; men hear and know,
See Evil weak, see strength alone in Good,
Yet hope to stem God's fire with walls of tow.

«Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time Is,
That offers choice of glory or of gloom;
The solver makes Time Shall Be surely his.
But hasten, Sisters! for even now the tomb
Grates its slow hinge and calls from the abyss.»

«But not for him,» I cried,—«not yet for him
Whose large horizon, westering, star by star
Wins from the void to where on Ocean's rim
The sunset shuts the world with golden bar,—
Not yet his thews shall fail, his eye grow dim!

«His shall be larger manhood, saved for those
That walk unblenching through the trial fires;
Not suffering, but faint heart, is worst of woes,
And he no base-born son of craven sires,
Whose eye need blench confronted with his foes.

«Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines;

Peace, too, brings tears; and 'mid the battle din,
  The wiser ear some text of God divines,—
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin.

"God, give us peace! not such as lulls to sleep,
  But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
  Her ports all up, her battle lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!"

So cried I with clenched hands and passionate pain,
  Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side;
Again the loon laughed mocking, and again
  The echoes bayed far down the night and died,
While waking I recalled my wandering brain.

MEMORIÆ POSITUM

I

Beneath the trees,
      My lifelong friends in this dear spot,
      Sad now for eyes that see them not,
    I hear the autumnal breeze
  Wake the dry leaves to sigh for gladness gone,
  Whispering vague omens of oblivion;
    Hear, restless as the seas,
Time's grim feet rustling through the withered grace
Of many a spreading realm and strong-stemmed race,
    Even as my own through these.

      Why make we moan
  For loss that doth enrich us yet
  With upward yearnings of regret?
    Bleaker than unmossed stone
Our lives were but for this immortal gain
Of unstilled longing and inspiring pain!
    As thrills of long-hushed tone
Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch divine
    Of noble natures gone.

      'Twere indiscreet
  To vex the shy and sacred grief
  With harsh obtrusions of relief;
    Yet Verse, with noiseless feet,

Go whisper: « *This* death hath far choicer ends
Than slowly to impearl in hearts of friends;
These obsequies 'tis meet
Not to seclude in closets of the heart,
But, church-like, with wide doorways, to impart
Even to the heedless street.»

II

Brave, good, and true,
I see him stand before me now,
And read again on that young brow,
Where every hope was new,
How sweet were life! Yet, by the mouth firm-set,
And look made up for Duty's utmost debt,
I could divine he knew
That death within the sulphurous hostile lines,
In the mere wreck of nobly pitched designs,
Plucks heart's-ease, and not rue.

Happy their end
Who vanish down life's evening stream
Placid as swans that drift in dream
Round the next river-bend!
Happy long life, with honor at the close,
Friends' painless tears, the softened thought of foes!
And yet, like him, to spend
All at a gush, keeping our first faith sure
From mid-life's doubt and eld's contentment poor,—
What more could Fortune send?

Right in the van,
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beat a charge, he fell
Foeward, as fits a man;
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet;
His life her crescent's span
Orbs full with share in their undarkening days
Who ever climbed the battailous steeps of praise
Since valor's praise began.

III

His life's expense
Hath won him coeternal youth
With the immaculate prime of Truth;
While we, who make pretense

At living on, and wake and eat and sleep,
And life's stale trick by repetition keep,—
Our fickle permanence
(A poor leaf-shadow on a brook, whose play
Of busy idlesse ceases with our day)
Is the mere cheat of sense.

We bide our chance,
Unhappy, and make terms with Fate
A little more to let us wait;
He leads for aye the advance,
Hope's forlorn-hopes that plant the desperate good
For nobler earths and days of manlier mood;
Our wall of circumstance
Cleared at a bound, he flashes o'er the fight,
A saintly shape of fame, to cheer the right
And steel each wavering glance.

I write of one,
While with dim eyes I think of three;
Who weeps not others fair and brave as he?
Ah, when the fight is won,
Dear Land, whom triflers now make bold to scorn
(Thee! from whose forehead earth awaits her morn),
How nobler shall the sun
Flame in thy sky, how braver breathe thy air,
That thou bred'st children who for thee could dare
And die as thine have done!

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UNCLE ZEB

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A string of five loons was flying back and forth in long, irregular zigzags, uttering at intervals their wild, tremulous cry, which always seems far away, like the last faint pulse of echo dying among the hills, and which is one of those few sounds that instead of disturbing solitude, only deepen and confirm it. On our inland ponds they are usually seen in pairs, and I asked if it were common to meet five together. My question was answered by a queer-looking old man, chiefly remarkable for a pair of enormous cowhide boots, over which large blue trousers of frocking strove in vain to crowd themselves.

"Wahl, 'tain't ushil," said he, "and it's called a sign o' rain comin', that is."

"Do you think it will rain?"

With the caution of a veteran *auspex*, he evaded a direct reply. "Wahl, they *du* say it's a sign o' rain comin'," said he.

I discovered afterward that my interlocutor was Uncle Zeb. Formerly, every New England town had its representative uncle. He was not a pawnbroker, but some elderly man, who, for want of more defined family ties, had gradually assumed this avuncular relation to the community; inhabiting the borderland between respectability and the almshouse, with no regular calling, but ready for odd jobs at haying, wood-sawing, whitewashing, associated with the demise of pigs and the ailments of cattle, and possessing as much patriotism as might be implied in a devoted attachment to "New England" — with a good deal of sugar and very little water in it. Uncle Zeb was a good specimen of this palæozoic class; extinct among us for the most part, or surviving, like the Dodo, in the Botany Bays of society. He was ready to contribute (somewhat muddily) to all general conversation; but his chief topics were his boots and the 'Roostick war. Upon the lowlands and levels of ordinary palaver he would make rapid and unlooked-for incursions; but provision failing, he would retreat to these two fastnesses, whence it was impossible to dislodge him, and to which he knew innumerable passes and short cuts quite beyond the conjecture of common woodcraft. His mind opened naturally to these two subjects, like a book to some favorite passage. As the ear accustoms itself to any sound recurring regularly, such as the ticking of a clock, and without a conscious effort of attention takes no impression from it whatever, so does the mind find a natural safeguard against this pendulum species of discourse, and performs its duties in the parliament by an unconscious reflex action, like the beating of the heart or the movement of the lungs. If talk seemed to be flagging, our Uncle would put the heel of one boot upon the toe of the other, to bring it within point-blank range, and say, "Wahl, I stump the Devil himself to make that 'ere boot hurt *my* foot," — leaving us in doubt whether it were the virtue of the foot or its case which set at naught the wiles of the adversary; or looking up suddenly, he would exclaim, "Wahl, we eat *some* beans to the

'Roostic war, I tell *you!*" When his poor old clay was wet with gin, his thoughts and words acquired a rank flavor from it, as from too strong a fertilizer. At such times too his fancy commonly reverted to a prehistoric period of his life, when he singly had settled all the surrounding country, subdued the Injuns and other wild animals, and named all the towns.

We talked of the winter camps and the life there. "The best thing is," said our Uncle, "to hear a log squeal thru the snow: Git a good, col', frosty mornin', in Febuary say, an' take an' hitch the critters onto a log that'll scale seven thousan', an' it'll squeal as pooty as an'thin' *you* ever hearn, I tell *you.*"

A pause.

"Lessee,—seen Cal Hutchins lately?"

"No."

"Seems to me's though I hedn't seen Cal sence the 'Roostick war. Wahl," etc., etc.

Another pause.

"To look at them boots you'd think they was too large; but kind o' git your foot into 'em, and they're as easy 's a glove." (I observed that he never seemed really to get his foot in,—there was always a qualifying *kind o'*.) "Wahl, my foot can play in 'em like a young hedgehog." . . .

"There's nothin' so sweet an' hulsome as your *real* spring water," said Uncle Zeb, "git it pure. But it's dreffle hard to git it that ain't got sunthin' the matter of it. Snow-water 'll burn a man's inside out,—I larned that to the 'Roostick war,—and the snow lays terrible long on some o' thes'ere hills. Me an' Eb Stiles was up old Ktahdn oncet jest about this time o' year, an' we come acrost a kind o' holler like, as full o' snow as your stockin' 's full o' your foot. *I* see it fust, an' took an' rammed a settin'-pole—wahl, it was all o' twenty foot—into 't, an' couldn't fin' no bottom. I dunno as there's snow-water enough in this to do no hurt. I don't somehow seem to think that *real* spring-water 's so plenty as it used to be." And Uncle Zeb, with perhaps a little over-refinement of scrupulosity, applied his lips to the Ethiop ones of a bottle of raw gin, with a kiss that drew out its very soul,—a *basia* that Secundus might have sung. He must have been a wonderful judge of water; for he analyzed this and detected its latent snow simply by his eye, and without the clumsy process of tasting. I could not help thinking that he had made the desert his dwelling-place chiefly in order to enjoy the ministrations of this one fair spirit unmolested.

We pushed on. Little islands loomed trembling between sky and water, like hanging gardens. Gradually the filmy trees defined themselves, the aerial enchantment lost its potency, and we came up with common prose islands that had so late been magical and poetic. The old story of the attained and unattained. About noon we reached the head of the lake, and took possession of a deserted *wongen*, in which to cook and eat our dinner. No Jew, I am sure, can have a more thorough dislike of salt pork than I have in a normal state; yet I had already eaten it raw with hard bread, for lunch, and relished it keenly. We soon had our tea-kettle over the fire, and before long the cover was chattering with the escaping steam, which had thus vainly begged of all men to be saddled and bridled, till James Watt one day happened to overhear it. One of our guides shot three Canada grouse; and these were turned slowly between the fire and a bit of salt pork, which dropped fatness upon them as it fried. Although *my* fingers were certainly not made before knives and forks, yet they served as a convenient substitute for those more ancient inventions. We sat round, Turk fashion, and ate thankfully, while a party of aborigines of the Mosquito tribe, who had camped in the *wongen* before we arrived, dined upon us. I do not know what the British Protectorate of the Mosquitoes amounts to; but as I squatted there at the mercy of these bloodthirsty savages, I no longer wondered that the classic Everett had been stung into a willingness for war on the question.

« This 'ere 'd be about a complete place for a camp, ef there was on'y a spring o' sweet water handy. Frizzled pork goes wal, don't it? Yes, an' sets wal, too,» said Uncle Zeb, and he again tilted his bottle, which rose nearer and nearer to an angle of forty-five at every gurgle. He then broached a curious dietetic theory:—« The reason we take salt pork along is cos it packs handy: you git the greatest amount o' board in the smallest compass,—let alone that it's more nourishin' than an'thin' else. It kind o' don't disgest so quick, but stays by ye, a-nourishin' ye all the while. A feller can live wal on frizzled pork an' good spring water, git it *good*. To the 'Roostick war we didn't ask for nothin' better,—on'y beans.» (*Tilt*, *tilt*, *gurgle*, *gurgle*.) Then, with an apparent feeling of inconsistency, « But then, come to git used to a particular *kind* o' spring water, an' it makes a feller hard to suit. Most all sorts o' water taste kind o' *in*sipid away from home. Now, I've gut a spring to my place that's as sweet—wahl, it's as sweet as maple sap. A feller acts about water jest as he doos about a pair o' boots. It's all on it in gittin' wonted. Now, *them* boots," etc., etc. (*Gurgle*, *gurgle*, *gurgle*, *smack!*)

All this while he was packing away the remains of the pork and hard bread in two large firkins. This accomplished, we re-embarked, our Uncle on his way to the birch essaying a kind of song in four or five parts, of which the words were hilarious and the tune profoundly melancholy; and which was finished, and the rest of his voice apparently jerked out of him in one sharp falsetto note, by his tripping over the root of a tree. We paddled a short distance up a brook which came into the lake smoothly through a little meadow not far off. We soon reached the Northwest Carry, and our guide, pointing through the woods, said: "That's the Cannydy road. You can travel that clearn to Kebeck, a hunderd an' twenty mile," — a privilege of which I respectfully declined to avail myself. The offer, however, remains open to the public. The Carry is called two miles; but this is the estimate of somebody who had nothing to lug. I had a headache and all my baggage, which, with a traveler's instinct, I had brought with me. (P. S. — I did not even take the keys out of my pocket, and both my bags were wet through before I came back.) *My* estimate of the distance is eighteen thousand six hundred and seventy-four miles and three quarters, — the fraction being the part left to be traveled after one of my companions most kindly insisted on relieving me of my heaviest bag. I know very well that the ancient Roman soldiers used to carry sixty pounds' weight, and all that; but I am not, and never shall be, an ancient Roman soldier, — no, not even in the miraculous Thundering Legion. Uncle Zeb slung the two provender firkins across his shoulder, and trudged along, grumbling that "he never see sech a contrairy pair as them." He had begun upon a second bottle of his "particular kind o' spring water"; and at every rest, the gurgle of this peripatetic fountain might be heard, followed by a smack, a fragment of mosaic song, or a confused clatter with the cowhide boots, being an arbitrary symbol intended to represent the festive dance. Christian's pack gave him not half so much trouble as the firkins gave Uncle Zeb. It grew harder and harder to sling them, and with every fresh gulp of the Batavian elixir they got heavier. Or rather, the truth was that his hat grew heavier, in which he was carrying on an extensive manufacture of bricks without straw. At last affairs reached a crisis; and a particularly favorable pitch offering, with a puddle at the foot of it, even *the* boots afforded no sufficient ballast, and away went our Uncle, the satellite firkins accompanying faithfully his headlong flight. Did ever exiled monarch or disgraced minister find the cause of his fall in himself? Is there not always a strawberry at the bottom of our cup of life, on which we can lay all the blame of our deviations from the straight path? Till now Uncle Zeb had contrived to give a gloss of volition to smaller stumblings and gyrations, by exaggerating them into an appearance of playful burlesque. But the present case was beyond any such subterfuges. He held a bed of justice where he sat, and then arose slowly, with a stern determination of vengeance stiffening every muscle of his face. But what would he select as the culprit? "It's that cussed firkin," he mumbled to himself. "I never knowed a firkin cair on so,—no, not in the 'Roostehicick war. There, go long, will ye? and don't come back till you've larned how to walk with a genelman!" And seizing the unhappy scapegoat by the bail, he hurled it into the forest. It is a curious circumstance, that it was not the firkin containing the bottle which was thus condemned to exile.

FROM THE ADDRESS ON ‹DEMOCRACY›

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I SHOULD not think of coming before you to defend or to criticize any form of government. All have their virtues, all their defects, and all have illustrated one period or another in the history of the race with signal services to humanity and culture. There is not one that could stand a cynical cross-examination by an experienced criminal lawyer, except that of a perfectly wise and perfectly good despot, such as the world has never seen except in that white-haired king of Browning's, who

> "—lived long ago
> In the morning of the world,
> When earth was nearer heaven than now."

The English race, if they did not invent government by discussion, have at least carried it nearest to perfection in practice. It seems a very safe and reasonable contrivance for occupying the attention of the country, and is certainly a better way of settling questions than by push of pike. Yet if one should ask it why it should not rather be called government by gabble, it would have to fumble in its pocket a good while before it found the change for a convincing reply. As matters stand, too, it is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit at Westminster and Washington, or in the editors' rooms of the leading journals; so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorized and responsible debaters get on their legs. And what shall we say of government by a majority of voices? To a person who in the last century would have called himself an Impartial Observer, a numerical preponderance seems, on the whole, as clumsy a way of arriving at truth as could well be devised; but experience has apparently shown it to be a convenient arrangement for determining what may be expedient or advisable or practicable at any given moment. Truth, after all, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all were agreed. She is said to lie at the bottom of a well; for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess, but that she is far better looking than he had imagined.

The arguments against universal suffrage are equally unanswerable. « What, » we exclaim, « shall Tom, Dick, and Harry have as much weight in the scale as I? » Of course, nothing could be more absurd. And yet universal suffrage has not been the instrument of greater unwisdom than contrivances of a more select description. Assemblies could be mentioned composed entirely of Masters of Arts and Doctors in Divinity which have sometimes shown traces of human passion or prejudice in their votes. Have the Serene Highnesses and Enlightened Classes carried on the business of Mankind so well, then, that there is no use in trying a less costly method? The democratic theory is that those Constitutions are likely to prove steadiest which have the broadest base, that the right to vote makes a safety-valve of every voter, and that the best way of teaching a man how to vote is to give him the chance of practice. For the question is no longer the academic one, « Is it wise to give every man the ballot? » but rather the practical one, « Is it prudent to deprive whole classes of it any longer? » It may be conjectured that it is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and that the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong in their heads. At any rate, this is the dilemma to which the drift of opinion has been for some time sweeping us; and in politics, a dilemma is a more unmanageable thing to hold by the horns than a wolf by the ears. It is said that the right of suffrage is not valued when it is indiscriminately bestowed; and there may be some truth in this, for I have observed that what men prize most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral. But is there not danger that it will be valued at more than its worth if denied, and that some illegitimate way will be sought to make up for the want of it? Men who have a voice in public affairs are at once affiliated with one or other of the great parties between which society is divided; merge their individual hopes and opinions in its safer, because more generalized, hopes and opinions, are disciplined by its tactics, and acquire to a certain degree the orderly qualities of an army. They no longer belong to a class, but to a body corporate. Of one thing, at least, we may be certain: that under whatever method of helping things to go wrong man's wit can contrive, those who have the divine right to govern will be found to govern in the end, and that the highest privilege to which the majority of mankind can aspire is that of being governed by those wiser than they. Universal suffrage has in the United States sometimes been made the instrument of inconsiderate changes, under the notion of reform; and this from a misconception of the true meaning of popular government. One of these has been the substitution in many of the States of popular election for official selection in the choice of judges. The same system applied to military officers was the source of much evil during our civil war, and I believe had to be abandoned. But it has been also true that on all great questions of national policy, a reserve of prudence and discretion has been brought out at the critical moment to turn the scale in favor of a wiser decision. An appeal to the reason of the people has never been known to fail in the long run. It is perhaps true that by effacing the principle of passive obedience, democracy ill understood has slackened the spring of that ductility to discipline which is essential to "the unity and married calm of States." But I feel assured that experience and necessity will cure this evil, as they have shown their power to cure others. And under what frame of policy have evils ever been remedied till they became intolerable, and shook men out of their indolent indifference through their fears?

We are told that the inevitable result of democracy is to sap the foundations of personal independence, to weaken the principle of authority, to lessen the respect due to eminence, whether in station, virtue, or genius. If these things were so, society could not hold together. Perhaps the best forcing-house of robust individuality would be where public opinion is inclined to be most overbearing, as he must be of heroic temper who should walk along Piccadilly at the height of the season in a soft hat. As for authority, it is one of the symptoms of the time that the religious reverence for it is declining everywhere; but this is due partly to the fact that statecraft is no longer looked upon as a mystery but as a business, and partly to the decay of superstition,—by which I mean the habit of respecting what we are told to respect rather than what is respectable in itself. There is more rough-and-tumble in the American democracy than is altogether agreeable to people of sensitive nerves and refined habits; and the people take their political duties lightly and laughingly, as is perhaps neither unnatural nor unbecoming in a young giant. Democracies can no more jump away from their own shadows than the rest of us can. They no doubt sometimes make mistakes, and pay honor to men who do not deserve it. But they do this because they believe them worthy of it; and though it be true that the idol is the measure of the worshiper, yet the worship has in it the germ of a nobler religion. But is it democracies alone that fall into these errors? I, who have seen it proposed to erect a statue to Hudson the railway king, and have heard Louis Napoleon hailed as the savior of society by men who certainly had no democratic associations or leanings, am not ready to think so. But democracies have likewise their finer instincts. I have also seen the wisest statesman and most pregnant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times,—through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character. And I remember another whom popular respect enveloped as with a halo,—the least vulgar of men, the most austerely genial, and the most independent of opinion. Wherever he went he never met a stranger, but everywhere neighbors and friends proud of him as their ornament and decoration. Institutions which could bear and breed such men as Lincoln and Emerson had surely some energy for good. No, amid all the fruitless turmoil and miscarriage of the world, if there be one thing steadfast and of favorable omen, one thing to make optimism distrust its own obscure distrust, it is the rooted instinct in men to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves. The touchstone of political and social institutions is their ability to supply them with worthy objects of this sentiment, which is the very tap-root of civilization and progress. There would seem to be no readier way of feeding it with the elements of growth and vigor than such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves, and so to justify them in respecting others.

FROM ESSAY ‹ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS›

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The fine old Tory aversion of former times was not hard to bear. There was something even refreshing in it, as in a northeaster to a hardy temperament. When a British parson, traveling in Newfoundland while the slash of our separation was still raw, after prophesying a glorious future for an island that continued to dry its fish under the ægis of Saint George, glances disdainfully over his spectacles in parting at the U. S. A., and forebodes for them a "speedy relapse into barbarism," now that they have madly cut themselves off from the humanizing influences of Britain, I smile with barbarian self-conceit. But this kind of thing became by degrees an unpleasant anachronism. For meanwhile the young giant was growing, was beginning indeed to feel tight in his clothes, was obliged to let in a gore here and there in Texas, in California, in New Mexico, in Alaska, and had the scissors and needle and thread ready for Canada when the time came. His shadow loomed like a Brocken-spectre over against Europe; the shadow of what they were coming to,—that was the unpleasant part of it. Even in such misty image as they had of him, it was painfully evident that his clothes were not of any cut hitherto fashionable, nor conceivable by a Bond Street tailor; — and this in an age, too, when everything depends upon clothes, when if we do not keep up appearances, the seeming-solid frame of this universe, nay, your very God, would slump into himself, like a mockery king of snow, being nothing after all but a prevailing mode, a make-believe of believing. From this moment the young giant assumed the respectable aspect of a phenomenon; to be got rid of if possible, but at any rate as legitimate a subject of human study as the glacial period or the Silurian what-d'ye-call-ems. If the man of the primeval drift-heaps be so absorbingly interesting, why not the man of the drift that is just beginning, of the drift into whose irresistible current we are just being sucked whether we will or no? If I were in their place, I confess I should not be frightened. Man has survived so much, and contrived to be comfortable on this planet after surviving so much! I am something of a Protestant in matters of government also, and am willing to get rid of vestments and ceremonies and to come down to bare benches, if only faith in God take the place of a general agreement to profess confidence in ritual and sham. Every mortal man of us holds stock in the only public debt that is absolutely sure of payment — and that is the debt of the Maker of this universe to the universe he has made. I have no notion of selling out my shares in a panic.

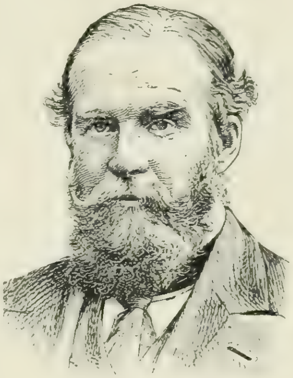
It was something to have advanced even to the dignity of a phenomenon, and yet I do not know that the relation of the individual American to the individual European was bettered by it; and that, after all, must adjust itself comfortably before there can be a right understanding between the two. We had been a desert, we became a museum. People came hither for scientific and not social ends. The very cockney could not complete his education without taking a vacant stare at us in passing. But the sociologists (I think they call themselves so) were the hardest to bear. There was no escape. I have even known a professor of this fearful science to come disguised in petticoats. We were cross-examined as a chemist cross-examines a new substance. Human? Yes, all the elements are present, though abnormally combined. Civilized? Hm! that needs a stricter assay. No entomologist could take a more friendly interest in a strange bug. After a few such experiences, I for one have felt as if I were merely one of those horrid things preserved in spirits (and very bad spirits, too) in a cabinet. I was not the fellow-being of these explorers: I was a curiosity; I was a *specimen*. Hath not an American organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, even as a European hath? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? I will not keep on with Shylock to his next question but one.

Till after our Civil War it never seemed to enter the head of any foreigner, especially of any Englishman, that an American had what could be called a country, except as a place to eat, sleep, and trade in. Then it seemed to strike them suddenly. "By Jove, you know, fellahs don't fight like that for a shop-till!" No, I rather think not. To Americans, America is something more than a promise and an expectation. It has a past and traditions of its own. A descent from men who sacrificed everything and came hither, not to better their fortunes, but to plant their idea in virgin soil, should be a good pedigree. There was never colony save this that went forth, not to seek gold, but God. Is it not as well to have sprung from such as these, as from some burly beggar who came over with Wilhelmus Conquestor, unless indeed a line grow better as it runs farther away from stalwart ancestors? And for our history, it is dry enough, no doubt, in the books; but for all that, is of a kind that tells in the blood. I have admitted that Carlyle's sneer had a show of truth in it. But what does he himself, like a true Scot, admire in the Hohenzollerns? First of all, that they were *canny*, a thrifty, forehanded race. Next, that they made a good fight from generation to generation with the chaos around them. That is precisely the battle which the English race on this continent has been pushing doughtily forward for two centuries and a half. Doughtily and silently, for you cannot hear in Europe "that crash, the death-song of the perfect tree," that has been going on here from sturdy father to sturdy son, and making this continent habitable for the weaker Old World breed that has swarmed to it during the last half-century. If ever men did a good stroke of work on this planet, it was the forefathers of those whom you are wondering whether it would not be prudent to acknowledge as far-off cousins. Alas, man of genius, to whom we owe so much, could you see nothing more than the burning of a foul chimney in that clash of Michael and Satan which flamed up under your very eyes?

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK

(1834–)

Sir John Lubbock is best known as a popularizer of science. He was born in London April 20th, 1834, and was for a time a student at Eton; but entered his father's bank at the early age of fourteen, and therefore had opportunity for very limited schooling. During all his busy life he has been much interested in botany, zoölogy, and allied branches of natural history; and he has done much to develop public interest in these branches of science, by publishing the results of personal investigation, and by throwing into popular form the results of the work of others. He has also taken an active interest in a wide range of public affairs, has been a member of Parliament and of various educational boards, and has been president of the Royal Society and of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and a member of many other learned bodies.



Sir John Lubbock

Among his many volumes are ‘Prehistoric Times, as Illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages’; ‘The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man’; ‘The Origin and Metamorphosis of Insects’; ‘Ants, Bees, and Wasps’; ‘On the Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals, with Special Reference to Insects’; ‘On British Wild-Flowers Considered in Relation to Insects’; ‘Flowers, Fruits, and Leaves’; ‘The Pleasures of Life’; ‘The Beauties of Nature’; and ‘The Use of Life.’

In the more strictly literary field he has been rather a guide to the work of others than an independent creator. In commenting upon ‘The Pleasures of Life’ a recent writer says: «This is a workaday world; and blessed be the man with the time and happy taste to gather and put before us the choice bits which reveal us to ourselves.» That man is certainly Sir John Lubbock. His reading has been extensive, and he has a «flair» which leads him directly to the appropriate quotation. In the field of natural science he has succeeded in meeting exactly the requirements of the multitude.

THE HABITS OF ANTS

From 'The Beauties of Nature.' Copyrighted 1892, by Macmillan & Co.

THE communities of ants are sometimes very large, numbering even up to 500,000 individuals; and it is a lesson to us, that no one has ever yet seen a quarrel between any two ants belonging to the same community. On the other hand, it must be admitted that they are in hostility not only with most other insects, including ants of different species, but even with those of the same species if belonging to different communities. I have over and over again introduced ants from one of my nests into another nest of the same species; and they were invariably attacked, seized by a leg or an antenna, and dragged out.

It is evident, therefore, that the ants of each community all recognize one another, which is very remarkable. But more than this, I several times divided a nest into two halves, and found that even after a separation of a year and nine months they recognized one another, and were perfectly friendly; while they at once attacked ants from a different nest, although of the same species.

It has been suggested that the ants of each nest have some sign or password by which they recognize one another. To test this I made some insensible. First I tried chloroform; but this was fatal to them, and . . . I did not consider the test satisfactory. I decided therefore to intoxicate them. This was less easy than I had expected. None of my ants would voluntarily degrade themselves by getting drunk. However, I got over the difficulty by putting them into whisky for a few moments. I took fifty specimens,—twenty-five from one nest and twenty-five from another,—made them dead drunk, marked each with a spot of paint, and put them on a table close to where other ants from one of the nests were feeding. The table was surrounded as usual with a moat of water to prevent them from straying. The ants which were feeding soon noticed those which I had made drunk. They seemed quite astonished to find their comrades in such a disgraceful condition, and as much at a loss to know what to do with their drunkards as we are. After a while, however, to cut my story short, they carried them all away; the strangers they took to the edge of the moat and dropped into the water, while they bore their friends home into the nest, where by degrees they slept off the effects of the spirit. Thus it is evident that they know their friends even when incapable of giving any sign or password.

This little experiment also shows that they help comrades in distress. If a wolf or a rook be ill or injured, we are told that it is driven away or even killed by its comrades. Not so with ants. For instance, in one of my nests an unfortunate ant, in emerging from the chrysalis skin, injured her legs so much that she lay on her back quite helpless. For three months, however, she was carefully fed and tended by the other ants. In another case an ant in the same manner had injured her antennæ. I watched her also carefully to see what would happen. For some days she did not leave the nest. At last one day she ventured outside, and after a while met a stranger ant of the same species, but belonging to another nest, by whom she was at once attacked. I tried to separate them; but whether by her enemy, or perhaps by my well-meant but clumsy kindness, she was evidently much hurt, and lay helplessly on her side. Several other ants passed her without taking any notice; but soon one came up, examined her carefully with her antennæ, and carried her off tenderly to the nest. No one, I think, who saw it could have denied to that ant one attribute of humanity, the quality of kindness.

The existence of such communities as those of ants or bees implies, no doubt, some power of communication; but the amount is still a matter of doubt. It is well known that if one bee or ant discovers a store of food, others soon find their way to it. This, however, does not prove much. It makes all the difference whether they are brought or sent. If they merely accompany on her return a companion who has brought a store of food, it does not imply much. To test this, therefore, I made several experiments. For instance, one cold day my ants were almost all in their nests. One only was out hunting, and about six feet from home. I took a dead bluebottle fly, pinned it on to a piece of cork, and put it down just in front of her. She at once tried to carry off the fly, but to her surprise found it immovable. She tugged and tugged, first one way and then another, for about twenty minutes, and then went straight off to the nest. During that time not a single ant had come out; in fact, she was the only ant of that nest out at the time. She went straight in; but in a few seconds — less than half a minute — came out again with no less than twelve friends, who trooped off with her, and eventually tore up the dead fly, carrying it off in triumph.

Now the first ant took nothing home with her; she must therefore somehow have made her friends understand that she had found some food, and wanted them to come and help her to secure it. In all such cases, however, so far as my experience goes, the ants brought their friends; and some of my experiments indicated that they are unable to send them.

Certain species of ants, again, make slaves of others, as Huber first observed. If a colony of the slave-making ants is changing the nest,—a matter which is left to the discretion of the slaves,—the latter carry their mistresses to their new home. Again, if I uncovered one of my nests of the fuscous ant (Formica fusca), they all began running about in search of some place of refuge. If now I covered over one small part of the nest, after a while some ant discovered it. In such a case, however, the brave little insect never remained there; she came out in search of her friends, and the first one she met she took up in her jaws, threw over her shoulder (their way of carrying friends), and took into the covered part; then both came out again, found two more friends and brought them in, the same manœuvre being repeated until the whole community was in a place of safety. This, I think, says much for their public spirit; but seems to prove that —in F. fusca at least—the powers of communication are but limited.

One kind of slave-making ant has become so completely dependent on their slaves, that even if provided with food they will die of hunger, unless there is a slave to put it into their mouth. I found, however, that they would thrive very well if supplied with a slave for an hour or so once a week to clean and feed them.

But in many cases the community does not consist of ants only. They have domestic animals; and indeed it is not going too far to say that they have domesticated more animals than we have. Of these the most important are aphides. Some species keep aphides on trees and bushes, others collect root-feeding aphides into their nests. They serve as cows to the ants, which feed on the honey-dew secreted by the aphides. Not only, moreover, do the ants protect the aphides themselves, but collect their eggs in autumn and tend them carefully through the winter, ready for the next spring. Many other insects are also domesticated by ants; and some of them, from living constantly underground, have completely lost their eyes and become quite blind.

But I must not let myself be carried away by this fascinating subject, which I have treated more at length in another work. I will only say that though their intelligence is no doubt limited, still I do not think that any one who has studied the life history of ants can draw any fundamental line of separation between instinct and reason.

When we see a community of ants working together in perfect harmony, it is impossible not to ask ourselves how far they are mere exquisite automatons, how far they are conscious beings. When we watch an ant-hill tenanted by thousands of industrious inhabitants, excavating chambers, forming tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering food, feeding the young, tending their domestic animals,—each one fulfilling its duties industriously, and without confusion,—it is difficult altogether to deny to them the gift of reason; and all our recent observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of men not so much in kind as in degree.

SAVAGES COMPARED WITH CHILDREN

From ‘Pre-Historic Times’

Savages may be likened to children; and the comparison is not only correct, but also highly instructive. Many naturalists consider that the early condition of the individual indicates that of the race,—that the best test of the affinities of a species are the stages through which it passes. So also it is in the case of man: the life of each individual is an epitome of the history of the race, and the gradual development of the child illustrates that of the species. Hence the importance of the similarity between savages and children. Savages, like children, have no steadiness of purpose. Speaking of the Dogrib Indians, we found, says Richardson, “by experience, that however high the reward they expected to receive on reaching their destination, they could not be depended on to carry letters. A slight difficulty, the prospect of a banquet on venison, or a sudden impulse to visit some friend, were sufficient to turn them aside for an indefinite length of time.” Even among the comparatively civilized South Sea Islanders this childishness was very apparent. “Their tears indeed, like those of children, were always ready to express any passion that was strongly excited, and like those of children they also appear to be forgotten as soon as shed." D'Urville also mentions that Tai-wanga, a New Zealand chief, cried like a child because the sailors spoilt his favorite cloak by powdering it with flour. "It is not," says Cook, "indeed strange that the sorrows of these artless people should be transient, any more than that their passions should be suddenly and strongly expressed; what they feel they have never been taught either to disguise or suppress; and having no habits of thinking which perpetually recall the past and anticipate the future, they are affected by all the changes of the passing hour, and reflect the color of the time, however frequently it may vary." . . .

We know the difficulty which children find in pronouncing certain sounds: *r* and *l*, for instance, they constantly confound. This is the case also among the Sandwich-Islanders and in the Ladrones, according to Freycinet; in Vanikoro; among the Dammaras; and in the Tonga Islands. Mr. Darwin observed that the Fuegians had great difficulty in comprehending an alternative; and every one must have noticed the tendency among savages to form words by reduplication. This also is characteristic of childhood among civilized races.

Again, some of the most brutal acts which have been recorded against them are to be regarded less as instances of deliberate cruelty than of a childish thoughtlessness and impulsiveness. A striking instance of this is recorded by Byron in his narrative of the 'Loss of the Wager.' A cacique of the Chonos, who was nominally a Christian, had been out with his wife to fish for sea-eggs, and having had little success, returned in a bad humor. "A little boy of theirs, about three years old, whom they appeared to be doatingly fond of, watching for his father and mother's return, ran into the surf to meet them: the father handed a basket of eggs to the child, which being too heavy for him to carry, he let it fall; upon which the father jumped out of the canoe, and catching the boy up in his arms, dashed him with the utmost violence against the stones. The poor little creature lay motionless and bleeding, and in that condition was taken up by the mother, but died soon after."

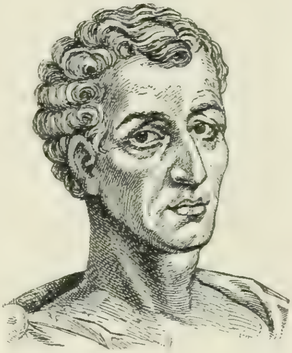
In fact, we may fairly sum up this part of the question in a few words by saying, as the most general conclusion which can be arrived at, that savages have the character of children with the passions and strength of men.

LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA

(120?–200? A. D.)

BY EMILY JAMES SMITH

During the middle and end of the second Christian century, a revival of Greek letters gave us the remarkable movement known as the New Sophistic. For the most part futile in aim and pedantic in method, the sophistic offers such a spectacle of solemn and fatuous frivolity that the lover of Hellenism knows not where to look. But by sheer force of monopoly in education and literature, the school counted as its disciples whatever men of talent the century produced; and among them a man of letters of almost the highest rank. Having as their aim nothing less than a forcible recovery of the productive Greek genius, the sophists followed a vigorous propædeutic in the works of the great masters. A critical knowledge of the vocabulary of Plato, of the Attic orators, and of the Old Comedy, was the foundation of every sophist's skill. This erudition, in itself respectable and helpful, was however put to foolish use. The difference between using the language of Demosthenes and being one's self an orator was overlooked. Famous sentences of great writers were worked over, rearranged, and presented as a fresh creation,—as Virgilian tags to-day coldly furnish forth the English schoolboy's verses. It was probably the influence of Rome that determined the revival as oratorical in form; the empire furnished it with endowed chairs of rhetoric, with a royal audience, and with political importance: yet it was held a solecism by the sophists to introduce a Roman name or an allusion to Rome into a Greek composition.


LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA

Worldly ambition, then, and literary tastes pulled in the same direction; and for a clever lad, growing up in a far Syrian village, conscious of great gifts, and of a tumultuous egoism, there was no alternative. Breaking away from the handicraft to which he was apprenticed, Lucian betook himself, still a boy of fifteen, to the study of Greek and to the profession of rhetoric. Asia Minor was full of sophists. It is not likely that Lucian was able to afford a course under any of the great masters, and he nowhere speaks of any such thing. But the air was so full of their theories, and their public performances were so frequent, that an apt student could easily learn what their art was like. At any rate, we know that Lucian's ambition was successful: that he acquired what culture the sophistic had to offer, won a share of its prizes,—and then broke with it, laughing at its methods and pretensions with the detachment of a critic of to-day. The modern reader of Lucian is impressed by no quality more strongly than by his spontaneity; an adequate estimate of his talent must be based on the reflection that this spontaneity is inclosed in stereotyped forms and expressed in an acquired language. His fair structure is raised on made ground. He owed the tools he worked with, as well as the designs he followed, to the sophistic; and the weapons that he turned on his preceptress were from her own anvil. A man cannot, by criticizing his early education, rid himself of the effects of it; and in spite of Lucian's conscious originality, scorn of pedantry, and apparent disregard of convention, we must realize that he is after all but the most favorable example of what the sophistic training could do.

Possessed of a sense of humor that permitted even his irritable vanity no illusions, and of a deep conviction of the unimportance of serious matters, Lucian would have been delighted to hear that the theologians and moralists of a new era were destined to take him seriously. It is undeniable that he spoke slightingly of the Christians on the one hand, and on the other took liberties with Olympus; but it can hardly be proved that he was interested either in hastening the end of the old order or in deferring the installation of the new. In the extraordinary spiritual conditions of the second century of our era, Lucian's attitude finds a background so striking as to produce a feeling that in some way, contrary to the general laws of things, he stood alone, unrelated to the spirit of his age, and without sympathy as without peers. Religion was under the protection of the empire and of Stoicism; strange new doctrines were freely taught and followed with fanaticism; the soul was not only held immortal, but was believed to revisit the earth after its liberation from the body; new oracles made themselves heard; philosophy leaned to mysticism. And in this heyday of error a great writer appeared, distinguished next to his literary gifts by a coolness of judgment in such matters, and a taste for the truth, that would have been remarkable in any age.

The ‘Dialogues of the Gods,’ probably the most famous of Lucian's works, from which the first two selections in this collection are made, were written to be delivered by him in person before a popular audience. When an author under these circumstances devoted his talents to parodying the popular religion, what idea are we to form as to his own attitude, that of his hearers, and the effect he hoped to produce? It seems idle to imagine either that Lucian's audience was a band of atheists, drawn together primarily by the spirit of philosophic controversy; or that Lucian himself, without being sure of the temper of his hearers, was willing to risk unpopularity, if need be, in the interests of truth as he conceived it. The second alternative was Friedländer's view, and is indeed generally held. But we may be sure, from Lucian's own account of the genesis of the new form of comic dialogue, that his interest in its workings was chiefly literary; it was the literary possibilities of Olympus that inspired the 'Dialogues of the Gods.' There is no trace in them of the bitterness of polemic, or the forcing of the note that we should expect to find if he relied on his irreverence as his chief charm. And next to satisfying his own high standard of literary excellence, his chief preoccupation was to recommend himself to the public. When his attacks on contemporary philosophy passed the limit of what the public wanted in that line; when his praise of a great person, or the variance between his theory and practice in the matter of taking salaries, were the subject of unflattering comment,— he was at pains to meet objections and explain them away. Half a dozen passages betray his sensitive vanity and his desire that men should speak well of him. With these evidences of his temperament and his methods, it is impossible to believe in him as an apostle.

The revival of orthodoxy which marked the religious thought of the second century was a voluntary reaction against the skepticism of the preceding age; men agreed to believe in the gods because they could not bear to do without them. The literature of the day shows a conscious surrender of the rights of the intellect, a willingness to blink the truth if error satisfied the heart; a desire to marshal the hopes and fears connected with the supernatural among the motives toward right conduct, and a bewilderment in scientific matters that left room for the existence in heaven and earth of many things inexplicable by any philosophy. The difference between an artificial religious attitude like this, and the uncritical faith of men who believe in the gods on grounds that they have never thought of questioning, must be taken into account before we can estimate the effect of Lucian's parodies. Though Aristides might write a hymn to Zeus, and Dion celebrate him in all his functions, still each man had his own complex of ideas represented by the name; and it is hardly possible that to thoughtful minds it still called up with moving force the Homeric husband of Hera. The laborious task was not to throw off the phraseology and demeanor of orthodoxy, but to preserve them; and Lucian declined to make the effort.

His parody, then, of the Homeric gods, though it undoubtedly produced in many of his hearers a pleasurable thrill of misgiving, a sense of almost perilous audacity in the light use of words once sacred, derived its effect primarily from its literary quality. We may safely say that the substitution of every-day prose for the epic style in the mouths of the gods was more striking to the audience than the ethical and theological inferences to be drawn from the dialogues. That is to say, the inferences must have been tolerably familiar to men's minds before such an entertainment could be risked by a popular performer. In these dialogues Lucian keeps to the authorities. He takes each situation as he finds it, and holds tradition sacred, showing a literary preoccupation obviously incompatible with a serious tendency. Most of them show little of the malice of caricature; the scene between Aphrodite and Selene, included here, with its charming pictures of the sleeping Endymion, would not have shocked the Theocritean worshipers of Adonis. Those in which the comic element is stronger, still stand on their own merits as character studies; and the fact that the persons concerned were once held to be divine seems to have been less before the author's mind than the fact that Homer once treated of them in the grand manner, clothing even undignified situations in a majesty which it was Lucian's delight to tear away.

Most handbooks of the history of ancient philosophy include Lucian's name, though with some vagueness in the statement of their grounds for so doing. It is true that he had a great deal to say about philosophers, and something about philosophy; but this was the result of two accidental circumstances. One of these was the fact of Plato's style, which had an irresistible claim on him as a man of letters; the other was the prevalence of philosophers as a picturesque element in that contemporary society which he was interested in describing. The Platonic system as a lesson in expression, and contemporary systems as social phenomena, occupied him greatly; with the fortunate result that we know how each affected a man of the world. In close relation to the literary hold of Plato himself on Lucian, we must take into account the attraction that existed for his taste in the decency of the contemporary Platonic discipline and the exclusiveness of the Platonic temper. The Platonist in Lucian's Symposium is the type of propriety in appearance and conduct, and exhibits a strained and scornful courtesy. Plato himself remains aloof, even beyond the grave, and is found neither in Hades nor in the Isles of the Blest, preferring to dwell in his own Polity. But this exclusiveness was too congenial to Lucian to be dwelt on with any vigor of sarcasm, and indeed he reflects part of it in his remarks on the shoemaker in philosophy. For physical theory and metaphysics he never had a serious word, rejecting them with an easy assumption of superiority on the ground that their advocates differed among themselves and used terms unintelligible to a layman; and it was not only the contemporary presentation to which he objected, but that of the originators as well, Plato among the rest.

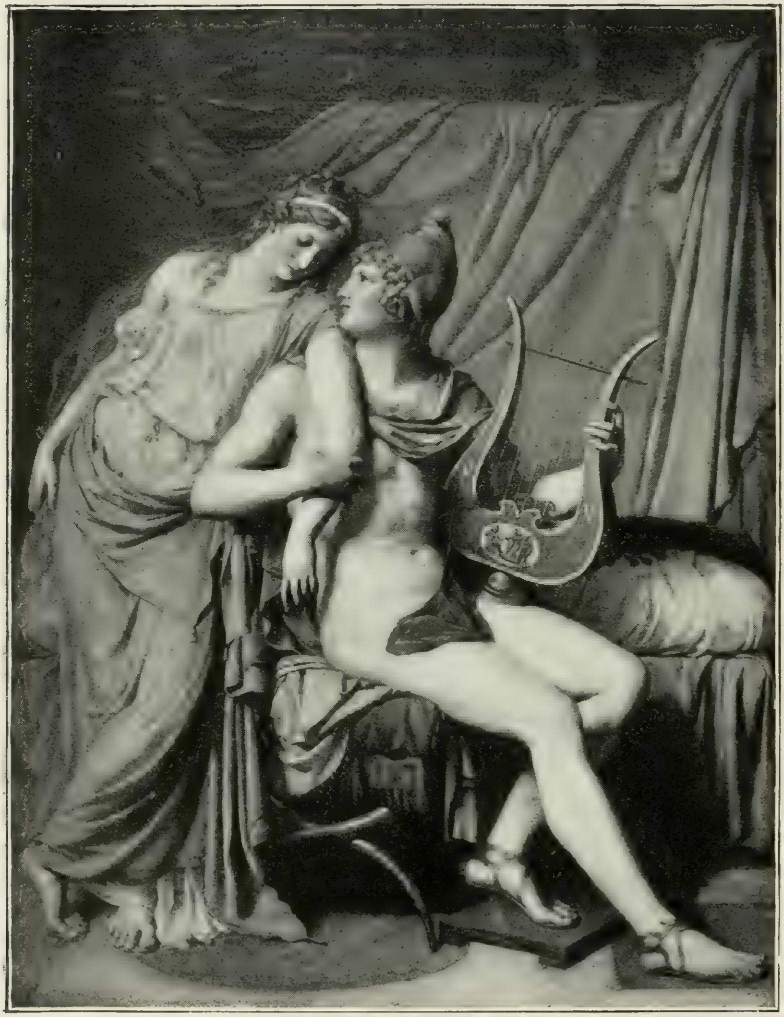
Besides these two feelings for Platonism,— indifference to its metaphysics and enthusiasm for its form,— Lucian had a deep distrust of it in a practical matter that interested him greatly; viz., the question of the marvelous and its credibility. The Platonic doctrine of the future state of the soul had expanded into a variety of fantastic beliefs, developed by the Stoics for ethical purposes into a doctrinal basis for ghost stories. In one aspect the «dæmon» was an underling and emissary of the supreme godhead, immortal but subject to sensation, working with men in all ways, and appearing to them in visible shape as this god or that. In another aspect it was man's own soul, divine in essence though conditioned by the limitations of bodily life, which when freed from its earthly hamper came freely among men out of pity for their impotent condition, which it once shared. These two conceptions of the dæmon converged in the general notion of innumerable supernatural agencies, corporeal and therefore of like passions with men, who spoke through the oracles, possessed epileptics, haunted houses, and conveniently accounted for the inexplicable in general.

The manifestations of this belief and the unscrupulous use made of it by impostors constituted a burning question with Lucian; and in his travels through the world, this phase of folly moved him to more than disinterested literary treatment. We have seen how little *odium theologicum* he brought to bear on Olympus, even contriving to give his readers a fresh impression of the ineffable beauty of goddesses and the petulant grace of nymphs. And even when his quick and impatient mind was playing with the philosophers,— whether selling them at auction in pure frolic, or as a man of the world telling a friend with innuendo how they dine, or ranging himself with the great dead and haranguing his contemporaries with a rhetoric at which he smiled himself,— it is plain that in his eyes the literary opportunities they gave him excused their existence. After all, he did not excite himself about them. But one set of persons and ideas so stirred him as to break through his serenity, and bring him down from his seat as a spectator to try a fall himself. In the 'Philopseudes,'— the third of the selections here given,— a Stoic, a Platonist, a Peripatetic, and a Pythagorean, meeting at the bedside of a sick friend, exchange tales of the marvelous, and try to persuade Tychiades, the champion of common-sense, that dæmons exist, and phantasms, and that the souls of the dead walk the earth, appearing to whom they will. Of the sects represented, it was the Platonists and Pythagoreans who were chiefly responsible for the degradation of the dæmon theory; and Lucian's feeling toward them is expressed in the dialogue with successful malice. Apart from this consideration, the most significant passage for Lucian's philosophy expresses his approval of Democritus's steadfast conviction that souls do not exist after they leave the body. His agreement with Democritus and the Epicureans in this matter, more fully expressed in his remarkable pamphlet on Alexander the charlatan of Abonotichas, seems to be the nearest approach he made towards seriously adopting the tenets of a sect.

The selections given here, and this commentary on them, cover the chief ground of debate in regard to Lucian. Neither a theologian nor a philosopher, he contrived by means of his literary gift so to clothe ideas in themselves unimportant as to give them a goodly chance of immortality. The Christian scholiasts of the Byzantine age read him with anathemas; the scholars of the Renaissance recovered him with delight; Erasmus and Sir Thomas More used him as a literary model; Raphael and Dürer illustrated him. In recent days Mr. Pater has given him a fresh vogue with the general reader; and scholars are busy with his text, his style, and his antiquities. Interest in him is not likely to fail: he lived in a period of vital historic issues. By birth a Syrian, politically a Roman, intellectually the last of the Hellenes, he stands as an epitome of the most momentous of international episodes.

Emily James Smith.

Bibliographical Note.— There is no complete modern English translation of the works of Lucian. The following translations of selected works have appeared within the last ten years:—'Lucian's Dialogues': Howard Williams, M. A., London, 1888. 'Selections from Lucian': Emily James Smith, New York, 1892. Contents: The Dream, Zeus in Tragedy, The Ass, The Cock, Toxaris, The Halcyon, A True History, The Sale of Lives. 'Six Dialogues of Lucian's': Sidney T. Irwin, M. A., London, 1894. Partial translations of 'Hermotimus' and 'The Halcyon' occur in Walter Pater's 'Marius the Epicurean,' pages 245–248 and 291–310. An English commentary on Lucian's life and works is to be found in the volume entitled 'Lucian' of the 'Ancient Classics for English Readers' Series, by the Rev. W. L. Collins. 'Selections from Lucian,' in the original Greek, have been edited with English notes by Evelyn Abbott, London, 1872. Several other editions of one or more works of Lucian are included in the 'Pitt Press' and 'Clarendon Press' series. E. J. S.



PARIS AND HELEN

From a Painting by Jacques Louis David

APHRODITE AND SELENE

APHRODITE — What is this story about you, Selene? They say that whenever you come to Curia you stop your car to gaze down upon Endymion, sleeping under the open sky as becomes a huntsman. And sometimes, they say, you leave your course altogether and descend to him.

Selene — Ask that son of yours, Aphrodite. He is to blame for all this.

Aphrodite — Ah, he respects no one. What things he has done to me, his mother! now dragging me to Ida for Anchises's sake, now to Libanus to meet that Assyrian boy. And the Assyrian he brought into Persephone's good graces too, and so robbed me of half my lover. I have often threatened to break his arrows and quiver and tie his wings unless he abandoned these games. And I have taken him across my knee before this and smacked him with my sandal. But somehow or other, though he is frightened at the moment and prays for mercy, he presently forgets all about it. But tell me, is Endymion handsome?

Selene — To my mind he is very handsome indeed, Aphrodite; especially when he lies wrapped in his blanket asleep on the rocks, his left hand loosely closed upon his darts, his right arm bent above his head and making a charming frame for his face, his whole body relaxed in sleep and stirred by his sweet breathing. Then I came down noiselessly, on tiptoe, lest he wake annoyed. Still, you know all this: why should I tell you any more? But I am sick with love.

Translated by Emily James Smith.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

Persons: Zeus, Hermes, Paris, Hera, Athena, Aphrodite

ZEUS — Hermes, take this apple and go to Phrygia, to Priam's son, the cowherd, — he is pasturing his drove on Ida, — and say to him that since he is handsome himself, and a connoisseur in matters of love, he has been appointed by Zeus to judge which is the fairest of the three goddesses. The apple is to be the victor's prize. [*To the goddesses.*] It is time now that you ladies were off to the judge. I have delegated the office of umpire because I am equally attached to you all, and if it were possible I should gladly see you all win. Moreover, the man who gives the prize of beauty to one must in the nature of things be detested by the others. These reasons disqualify me as umpire; but the young man in Phrygia to whom you are going is of a royal house,—being in fact a cousin of Ganymede, whom you know,—and he has the simple manner of the mountains.

Aphrodite—For my part, Zeus, you might make Momus himself the umpire and I should still go confidently to trial; for what could he find to criticize in me? And the others must needs put up with the man.

Hera—We are not afraid either, Aphrodite, even if your Ares were to settle the question. We are satisfied with this man, whoever he is,—this Paris.

Zeus [*to Athena*]—Well, daughter, are you of the same mind? What do you say? You turn away blushing? It is natural for you virgins to be coy in such matters. But you might at least nod. [*Athena nods.*] Off with you, then; and the defeated, mind you, are not to be angry with the judge nor to do any harm to the young man. It is impossible for all to be equal in beauty. [*They start.*]

Hermes—Let us make straight for Phrygia. I will go first, and do you follow smartly. And don't be uneasy. I know Paris; he is a handsome young fellow, a lover by temperament, and a most competent judge in such cases as this. His decision will certainly be correct.

Aphrodite—That is good news, and all in my favor. [*To Hermes, apart.*] Is this person a bachelor, or has he a wife?

Hermes—Not exactly a bachelor.

Aphrodite—What do you mean?

Hermes—Apparently a woman of Ida is his mate: a good enough creature, but crude and extremely rustic. He does not seem to care much about her. But why do you ask?

Aphrodite—Oh, I just asked.

Athena [*to Hermes*]—This is a breach of trust, sirrah. You are having a private understanding with Aphrodite.

Hermes—It's nothing terrible, and has nothing to do with you. She was asking me whether Paris is a bachelor.

Athena—Why is that any business of hers?

Hermes—I don't know; she says she asked casually, without any object.

Athena—Well, *is* he a bachelor?

Hermes—Apparently not.

Athena—Has he any leaning towards war? Is he an ambitious person, or a cowherd merely?

Hermes—I can't say certainly; but it is safe to guess that a man of his age will hanker after fighting and long to distinguish himself in the field.

Aphrodite—See now, I don't find any fault with you for talking apart with her. Fault-finding is not natural to Aphrodite.

Hermes—She was asking me almost exactly what you did, so don't take it amiss or think you are badly treated. I answered her just as simply as I did you.

—But while we are talking we have come a long way. We have left the stars behind and almost reached Phrygia. I see Ida and the whole range of Gargarus clearly; and unless I am mistaken, I can even make out Paris, your judge.

Hera—Where is he? I don't see him.

Hermes—Look off to the left,—not at the summit of the mountain, but along the flank where the cave is. There you see the herd.

Hera—But not the herdsman.

Hermes—What? Look along my finger, so. Don't you see the cows coming from among the rocks, and a man with a crook running down the bluff to hem them in and keep them from scattering further?

Hera—I see now, if that is he.

Hermes—That's he. When we are close at hand we will take to the ground, if you please, and come up to him walking, so as not to frighten him by dropping in from the unseen.

Hera—Very good, we will do so. [*They alight.*] Now that we are on earth, Aphrodite, you had better go ahead and lead the way. You are probably familiar with the spot. The story goes that you have visited Anchises here more than once.

Aphrodite—Those jokes don't bother me very much, Hera.

Hermes—I will lead the way myself. Here is the umpire close by: let us address him. [*To Paris.*] Good morning, cowherd!

Paris—Good morning, my lad. Who are you? And who are these women whom you are escorting?—not mountain-bred: they are too pretty.

Hermes—And not women. Paris, you see before you Hera and Athena and Aphrodite; and I am Hermes, bearing a message from Zeus. Why do you tremble and lose color? Don't be frightened; it's nothing bad. He bids you judge which of them is fairest; "for," says Zeus, "you are fair yourself and wise in lover's lore, so I turn over the case to you. You will know what the prize is when you read the legend on the apple." [*Hands him the apple.*]

Paris—Let me see what it all means. FOR THE FAIREST, the apple says. How in the world, Lord Hermes, can I, a mortal man and a rustic, be judge of this marvelous spectacle, which is beyond a cowherd's powers? Judgment in such matters belongs rather to the dainty folk in towns. As for me, I have the art to judge between goat and goat, as between heifer and heifer, in point of beauty. But these ladies are beautiful alike. I do not know how a man could drag his sight from one to rest it on another. Wherever my eye falls first, there it clings and approves what it finds. I am fairly bathed in their beauty. It surrounds me altogether. I wish I were all eyes, like Argus. I think I should judge wisely if I gave the apple to all. And here is something to consider too: one of them is sister and wife of Zeus, while the others are his daughters. Doesn't this make the decision hard?

Hermes—I can't say. I only know that you can't shirk what Zeus commands.

Paris—Make them promise one thing, Hermes: that the losers will not be angry with me, but only consider my sight defective.

Hermes—They say they will do so; but it is time you made your decision.

Paris—I will try; for what else can I do? Good heavens, what a sight! What beauty! What delight! How fair the maiden goddess is! and how queenly, glorious, and worthy of her station is the wife of Zeus! And how sweet is Aphrodite's glance, with her soft, winning smile!—Bah! I can hold no more pleasure. If you please, I should like to study each separately; as it is, I look two ways at once.

Aphrodite—Yes, let us do it that way.

Paris—Go off, then, two of you. Hera, do you stay.

Hera—I will; and when you have considered me carefully you had better consider something else,—whether you like the results of a verdict in my favor. For if you decide, Paris, that I am the fairest, you shall be lord of all Asia.

Paris—My justice is not for sale. Go now, I am satisfied. Come next, Athena.

Athena—Here I am, Paris; and if you decide that I am fairest, you shall never be beaten in battle. I will make you a victorious warrior.

Paris—I have no use for war and battle, Athena. Peace reigns, as you see, in Phrygia and Lydia, and my father's realm is undisturbed. But cheer up: you shall not suffer for it, even if my justice is not for sale. I have finished with you; it is Aphrodite's turn.

Aphrodite—At your service, Paris, and I shall bear careful inspection. And if you like, my dear lad, listen to me too. I have had an eye on you for some time; and seeing you so young and handsome—does Phrygia hold such another?—I congratulate you on your looks, but I blame you for not leaving these rocks and living in the city. Why do you waste your beauty in the desert? What good do you get of the mountains? How are your cattle the better because you are handsome? You ought to have had a wife before this; not a wild country girl like the women of Ida, but a queen from Argos or Corinth, or a Spartan woman like Helen, for instance. She is young and lovely, in no way inferior to me, and what is most important, made for love. If that woman should but see you, I know she would surrender herself, and leave everything to follow you and be your wife; but of course you have heard about her yourself.

Paris—Not a word. But I should love to listen if you will tell me the whole story.

Aphrodite—She is the daughter of that fair Leda whom Zeus loved.

Paris—And what does she look like?

Aphrodite—She is blonde, soft, and delicate, yet strong with athletic sports. She is so sought after that men fought for her sake when Theseus stole her, yet a little girl. And when she was grown up, all the noblest of the Greeks came courting her; and Menelaus was chosen, of the family of Pelops. But if you like, I will make her your wife.

Paris—What do you mean? She is married already.

Aphrodite—You *are* a young provincial, to be sure. But I know how to manage an affair like that.

Paris — How? I should like to know myself.

Aphrodite — You will set out on your travels, ostensibly to see Greece; and when you come to Lacedæmon, Helen will see you. The rest shall be my affair, to arrange that she shall fall in love with you and follow you.

Paris — Ah, that is what seems impossible to me,— that a woman should be willing to leave her husband and sail away with a stranger to a strange land.

Aphrodite — Don't worry about that. I have two fair children, Longing and Love, whom I shall give you as guides on your journey. And Love shall enter into the woman and compel her to love, while Longing shall invest you with charm in her eyes. I will be there myself, and I will ask the Graces to come too, so that we may make a joint attack upon her.

Paris — How all this is to come about remains to be seen; but I am already in love with Helen. Somehow or other I see her with my mind's eye, and my voyage to Greece and my visit to Sparta and my return with her. It oppresses me that I am not carrying it out this minute.

Aphrodite — Don't fall in love, Paris, until you have given me the matchmaker's fee in the shape of a verdict. It would be nice if we could have a joint festival in honor of your marriage and my victory. It all rests with you. You can buy love, beauty, a wife, with that apple.

Paris — I am afraid you will forget me after the award is made.

Aphrodite — Do you want my oath?

Paris — By no means; only your promise.

Aphrodite — I promise that I will give you Helen to be your wife, that she shall follow you to Troy, and that I will attend in person and help you in every way.

Paris — And you will bring Love and Longing and the Graces?

Aphrodite — Trust me, and I will have Desire and Hymen there into the bargain.

Paris — On these conditions I award the apple to you. Take it!

Translated by Emily James Smith.

THE AMATEUR OF LYING

Persons: Tychiades, Philocles

TYCHIADES — I have just come from a visit to Eucrates — everybody knows Eucrates — and at his house I heard a lot of incredible fables. Indeed, I came away in the middle because I could not stand the extravagance of what I heard. I fled from the tale of portents and wonders as though the Furies were at my heels.

Philocles — What were they, in Heaven's name? I should like to know what form of folly Eucrates devises behind that impressive beard of his.

Tychiades — I found at his house a goodly company, including Cleodomus the Peripatetic, and Deinomachus the Stoic, and Ion; — you know Ion, who thinks himself an authority on the writings of Plato, believing himself the only man who has exactly understood the master's meaning so as to interpret him to the world. You see what sort of men were there, of wisdom and virtue all compact. Antigonus the doctor was there too; called in professionally, I suppose. Eucrates seemed to be eased already; his difficulty was a chronic one, and the humors had subsided to his feet. He motioned me to sit down beside him on the couch, sinking his voice to invalid's pitch when he saw me, though I had heard him shouting as I came in. So I sat down beside him, taking great care not to touch his feet, and explaining, as one does, that I hadn't heard of his illness before, and came on a run as soon as the news reached me.

They happened to be still carrying on a discussion of his ailment which had already occupied them some time; and each man was suggesting a method of treatment.

"Now, if you kill a field-mouse in the way I described," said Cleodomus, "and pick up one of its teeth from the ground with your left hand, and wrap it in the skin of a lion newly flayed, and then tie it round your legs, the pain will cease at once."

"Why, do you think," I asked, "that any charm can work the cure, or that what you clap on outside affects a disease lodged within?"

"Don't mind him," said Ion. "I will tell you a queer story. When I was a boy about fourteen years old, a messenger came to tell my father that Midas, one of his vine-dressers, — a robust, active fellow, — had been bitten by a snake about noonday, and was then lying with a mortifying leg. As he was tying up the tendrils and fastening them to the poles, the creature had crept up and bitten his great toe, disappearing at once into its hole, while Midas bawled in mortal agony. Such was the message, and we saw Midas himself borne on a cot by his fellow slaves; swollen, livid, clammy, and evidently with but a short time to live. Seeing my father's distress, a friend who stood by said to him, 'Cheer up: I will bring you a man — a Chaldæan from Babylon, they say — who will cure the fellow.' And to make a long story short, the Babylonian came and put Midas on his feet, driving the poison out of his body by an incantation and the application to his foot of a chip from a maiden's tombstone. And perhaps this is not very remarkable; though Midas picked up his own bed and went back to the farm, showing the force that was in the charm and the stone. But the Babylonian did some other things that were really remarkable. Early in the morning he went to the farm, pronounced seven sacred names from an ancient book, walked round the place three times purifying it with torch and sulphur, and drove out every creeping thing within the borders. They came out in numbers as though drawn to the charm: snakes, asps, adders, horned snakes and darting snakes, toads and newts. But one old serpent was left behind; detained by age, I suppose. The magician declared he had not got them all, and chose one of the snakes, the youngest, to send as an ambassador to the old one, who very shortly made his appearance also. When they were all assembled, the Babylonian blew upon them, and they were forthwith burnt up by his breath, to our astonishment."

"Tell me, Ion," said I, "did the young snake — the ambassador — give his hand to the old one, or had the old one a crutch to lean on?"

"You are flippant," said Cleodomus.

While we were talking thus, Eucrates's two sons came in from the gymnasium,— one of them already a young man, the other about fifteen; and after greeting us they sat down on the couch by their father. A chair was brought for me, and Eucrates addressed me as though reminded of something by the sight of the lads. "Tychiades," said he, "may I have no comfort in these," and he laid a hand on the head of each, "if I am not telling you the truth. You all know my attachment to my wife, the mother of these boys. I showed it by my care of her, not only while she lived, but after her death by burning with her all the ornaments and clothing that she had pleasure in. On the seventh day after she died, I was lying here on the couch as I am at this moment, and trying to beguile my grief by quietly reading Plato's book on the soul. In the midst of my reading there enters to me Demineate herself and takes a seat near me, where Eucratides is now." He pointed to his younger son, who forthwith shivered with childish terror. He had already grown quite pale at the narrative.

"When I saw her," Eucrates went on, "I threw my arms about her and burst into tears and cries. She however would not suffer it; but chid me because when I burned all her other things for her good pleasure, I failed to burn one of her sandals, her golden sandals. It had fallen under the chest, she said, and so not finding it we had burnt its fellow alone. While we were still talking together, a little devil of a Melitæan dog that was under the couch fell to barking, and at the sound she disappeared. The sandal, however, was found under the chest and burned later."

On the top of this recital there entered Arignotus the Pythagorean, long of hair and reverend of face. You know the man, famous for his wisdom and surnamed "the holy." Well, when I saw him I breathed again, thinking that here was an axe at the root of error. Cleodomus rose to give him a seat. He first asked about the invalid's condition; but when he heard from Eucrates that he was eased already, he asked, "What are you philosophizing about? I listened as I was coming in, and it seemed to me that the talk had taken a very delightful turn."

"We were only trying," said Eucrates, pointing to me, "to convince this adamantine mind that there are such things as dæmons, and that ghosts and souls of the dead wander on earth and appear to whom they will."

I grew red at this, and hung my head in respect for Arignotus.

"Perhaps," said he, "Tychiades holds that only the souls of those that have died by violence walk,—if a man be hanged or beheaded or impaled or something of that sort,—but that after a natural death the soul does not return. If that is his view, it can by no means be rejected."

"No, by heaven," said Deinomachus; "but he does not believe that such things exist at all, or have a substance that can be seen."

"What do you mean?" asked Arignotus, looking at me grimly. "Do you think none of these things occur, although every one, I may say, has seen them?"

"You have made my defense," I said, "if the ground of my disbelief is that I alone of all men do not even see these things. If I had seen them, of course I should believe them as you do."

"Well," he said, "if you ever go to Corinth, ask where Eubatides's house is; and when it is pointed out to you beside the Craneum, go in and tell Tibias the porter that you want to see the spot from which Arignotus the Pythagorean dug up the dæmon and drove him out, making the house habitable forever after."

"What was that?" asked Eucrates.

"The house had been vacant a long time," said he, "because people were afraid of it. If any one tried to live in it, he straightway fled in a panic, chased out by some terrible and distressing apparition. So it was falling to ruin, and the roof had sunk, and there was absolutely no one who dared enter it. When I heard of this I took my books,—I have a large collection of Egyptian works on these subjects,—and went to the house in the early evening; although the man with whom I was staying, when he learned where I was going, tried to restrain me almost by force from what he regarded as certain destruction. I took a lamp and went in alone. In the largest room I set down my light, seated myself on the floor, and quietly read my book. Up comes the dæmon, thinking he had an ordinary man to deal with, and hoping to frighten me as he had done the others, in the guise of a squalid fellow, long-haired and blacker than night. Approaching, he tried to get the better of me by onsets from every quarter,—now in the shape of a dog, now of a bull or a lion. But I, having at hand the most blood-curdling conjuration, and delivering it in the Egyptian tongue, drove him into the corner of a dark room. Noting the spot at which he sank into the ground, I desisted for the night. But at daybreak, when every one had given me up, and expected to find me a corpse like the others, I emerged, to the surprise of all, and proceeded to Eubatides, informing him that for the future his house would be innocent and free from horrors. Conducting him and a crowd who followed out of curiosity, I brought them to the spot where the dæmon had disappeared, and bade them dig with mattock and spade. When they had done so, we found at the depth of about six feet a moldering corpse, only held together by the frame of bones. We dug it up and buried it, and from that day forth the house was no longer disturbed by apparitions."

When this tale was told by Árignotus, a person of exceptional learning and universally respected, there was not a man present who did not upbraid me as a fool for disbelieving these things even when they came from Arignotus. But I said, nothing daunted either by his long hair or his reputation, "What is this? You — truth's only hope — are you one of the same sort, with a head full of smoke and spectres?"

"Why, man," said Arignotus, "if you won't believe me or Deinomachus or Cleodomus or Eucrates himself, come, tell us what opposing authority you have which you think more trustworthy?"

"Why, good heavens," I replied, "it is the mighty man of Abdera, Democritus. I will show you how confident he was that this sort of thing cannot have a concrete existence. When he was living in a tomb outside the city gates, where he had locked himself up and spent day and night in writing, some of the boys in joke wanted to frighten him, and dressed up in black shrouds like corpses with death's-head masks. In this guise they surrounded him and danced about him, leaping and shuffling with their feet. But far from being frightened by their make-believe, he did not even glance at them, but went on with his writing, saying, 'Stop your nonsense.' That shows how sure he was that souls cease to exist when they pass from the body."

"You only prove," said Eucrates, "that Democritus was a fool too, if that was his opinion. I will tell you another story, not on hearsay but an experience of my own. When I was a young man my father sent me to Egypt, — to have me educated, as he said; and while I was there I conceived the wish to sail up to Coptus, and thence to visit the statue of Memnon and hear the famous notes it utters at the rising of the sun. On the voyage back it chanced that a man from Memphis was among the passengers, — one of the sacred scribes, a man of wonderful wisdom and conversant with all the learning of the Egyptians. It was said that he had lived twenty-three years underground in the precincts, learning magic under the tutorship of Isis."

"You mean Pancrates, my teacher!" cried Arignotus. "A holy man with a shaven head and clad in linen; he was of a thoughtful turn, spoke Greek imperfectly, was tall and slight, had a snub nose and projecting lips, and his legs were a trifle thin."

"The very man," said Eucrates. "At first I did not know who he was; but whenever we put in anywhere I used to see him doing various wonderful things,—among others, riding a crocodile and swimming with the creatures, who cowered before him and fawningly wagged their tails. Then I perceived that he was a holy person; and little by little, through kindly feeling, I became before I knew it his intimate friend and the partner of his secrets. And finally he persuaded me to go off alone with him, leaving all my servants at Memphis; 'for,' said he, 'we shall have no lack of attendants.' Our mode of life after that was this: whenever we entered a lodging the man would take the bolt from the door, or the broom, or even the pestle, dress it in clothes, and then by pronouncing some charm set it walking, so that to every one else it seemed to be a man. It would go and fetch water, buy food and cook it, and in all respects act as a clever servant. And when he had enough of its service, he would say another charm and make the broom a broom again, or the pestle a pestle. This charm I could not learn from him, anxious as I was to know it; he kept it jealously, though he was most communicative in every other respect. One day I overheard it without his knowledge, standing almost in the dark. It was of three syllables. He then went off to the market after giving his orders to the pestle. The next day, while he had business in the market, I took the pestle, dressed it up, uttered the three syllables just as he did, and bade it bring water. When it had filled the jar and brought it to me, I said, 'That will do: don't fetch any more water; be a pestle again.' But it would not obey me; it kept on bringing water until the whole house was flooded. I was at my wits' end, for fear Pancrates should come back and be angry,—just what happened,—so I seized an axe and chopped the pestle in two. No use! Each piece took a jar and fell to drawing water, so that I had two of them at it instead of one. At this point, too, Pancrates arrived. When he realized what was going on, he reduced the water-carriers to wood again, and himself deserted me on the sly, disappearing heaven knows whither." *

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* Barham has used this story in the 'Ingoldsby Legends,'—'The Lay of St. Dunstan.'

"At any rate," said Deinomachus, "you know so much,—how to make a man out of a pestle."

"Will you never stop spinning your marvelous yarns?" I said. "You are old enough to know better. But at least respect these boys, and postpone your terrific stories to some other time. Before you know it they will be full of nervous terrors. You ought to consider them, and not accustom them to hear things that will haunt them all their lives, and make them afraid of a noise because they are full of superstition."

"I am glad you used that word," said Eucrates. "It reminds me to ask you what you think about another class of phenomena,—I mean oracles and prophecies. Probably you have no faith in them either?"

"I am off," said I. "You are not satisfied with the field of human experience, but must needs call in the gods themselves to take a hand in your myth-making."

And so saying I took my leave; but they, I daresay, freed of my presence, drew in their chairs to the banquet and supped full with lies.

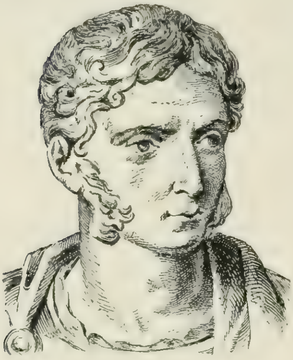
Translated by Emily James Smith.

TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS

(98?–55? B. C.)

BY PAUL SHOREY

Titus Lucretius Carus, the most vigorous and original, though not the most beautiful and artistic of Latin poets, was a contemporary of the youth and middle age of Cæsar and Cicero. Of his brief life virtually nothing is known. He belonged to a noble family, but seems to have held aloof from the political conflicts which during that Inferno of a half-century made a steaming slaughter-house of Rome. Yet he writes of the great world, and of the vanity of its ambitions, its loves, and its insensate luxury, with a poignant intensity which suggests experience or intimate observation. The legend that his premature death was caused by the administration of a maddening love-philtre by a jealous wife, is familiar to English readers in Tennyson's exquisite and scholarly poem. His life work, the 'De Rerum Natura' (On the Nature of Things), is a didactic exposition, in six books and some 7415 hexameter lines, of the doctrines of Epicurus,—at that time the most widely diffused among the Roman nobility, of the systems which their ingenious Greek lecturers and literary companions were importing into Italy.


Lucretius

That philosophy, a product of the frivolous and disillusionized Athens of the third century B. C., taught in physics that all phenomena are explicable, without the intervention of gods, by the fortuitous concurrence of material atoms and the "various entanglements, weights, blows, clashings, motions, by which things severally go on"; and in morals that man's true happiness consists in freedom from superstitious terror, in renunciation of the sterile agitations of ambition and the pursuit of wealth, and in tranquil enjoyment of the simpler and soberer forms of pleasure. Not a very noble or elevating doctrine for a poet, it would seem; yet perhaps hardly more repugnant to the Muse than the Puritan theology of 'Paradise Lost,' or the scholasticism, fantastic allegory, and petty municipal politics of the

'Divine Comedy.' Genius and passion will pour the molten ore of life into any mold; and the genius of Lucretius passionately embraced the cold mechanism and the unheroic quietism of the Epicurean philosophy, as a protest against the degrading superstitions of Rome and as a refuge from her tumultuous politics.

The first book opens with a magnificent invocation of Venus, and a dedication of the work to the poet's patron, or rather friend, the great Roman noble Memmius. This is followed by a thrilling picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia,—a typical crime of superstition,—and a brief résumé of the chief topics to be treated, into which is deftly intercalated an enthusiastic panegyric upon Ennius, the father of Roman song. Then comes an exposition of the fundamental principles of the atomic philosophy, accompanied by a refutation of those who deny a vacuum or the indivisibility of the atoms; as well as of those who assume other elements,—earth, water, air, fire. Two eloquent digressions chant the praise of the Sicilian pre-Socratic poet-philosopher Empedocles and the delights of poesy. The last two hundred lines demonstrate, by arguments which Bruno, Locke, Voltaire, Pasteur, and Renan have copied, the infinity of the universe in space and time, and the infinity of matter.

The exordium of the second book contrasts the Epicurean tranquillity of students in their pensive citadels with the vain agitations of men. Then follows a more technical exposition of the nature and movements of the atoms. The sensible qualities of things are due only to the shapes and combinations of these colorless material particles. They do not reside in the things nor in the atoms themselves. Life and sensation also are transient phenomena,—bubbles on the ocean of being, froth on the surface,—and not ultimate realities. And being atomic, all things are dissoluble. The earth itself grows old, and no longer bears the teeming harvests of her lusty youth.

The third book opens with the praise of Epicurus and a description of the peace of mind which philosophy brings. To attain this peace we must eradicate the fear of death and hell. In seven hundred lines of close reasoning, some twenty-seven formal arguments are adduced to prove the mortality of the soul and its entire dependence on bodily conditions. This long arid tract is followed by two hundred and sixty lines of the most glorious poetry in the Latin language: an impassioned expostulation with the puny souls who rebel against nature's beneficent law of change, who are fain to tarry past their hour at the banquet of existence, and idly repine that they, whose very life is a sleep and a folding of the hands for slumber, must lie down to their everlasting rest with Homer and Scipio, Democritus and Epicurus, and all the wise and brave who have gone before.

The fourth book is mainly occupied by an account of the processes of perception, which are explained by the hypothesis that delicate films and emanations, thrown off from bodies, penetrate the channels of sensation. A digression vigorously argues against the skeptical doctrine of the untrustworthiness of the senses. In optical and other illusions, it is not the senses but the hasty inferences of the mind that are at fault.

The poet's polemic against the argument from design in the structure of the body is famous. As Prior in his 'Alma' puts it:—

«Note here Lucretius dares to teach,
As all our youth may learn from Creech,
That eyes were made but could not view,
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue;
But heedless Nature did produce
The members first and then the use.»

The book closes with a realistic treatment of sleep, dreams, and the sexual life.

The fifth book deals with astronomy, the history of the globe, and the origins of life and civilization. The poet undertakes to prove that the triple frame of the world had a beginning and will some day be dissolved,— a doctrine that strongly impressed the imaginations of his successors.

«Then shall Lucretius's lofty numbers die,
When earth and sea in fire and flames shall fry,»

says Ovid—in Ben Jonson's free imitation.

There is no impiety in this teaching, says Lucretius; for the world is not a perfect divine creation, as the Stoic optimists affirm, but it is a flawed and faulty product of accidental adaptations. The puerile astronomical hypotheses that follow are in startling contrast with the brilliant, vividly imaginative, and essentially correct sketch of prehistoric anthropology and the evolution of civilization that occupies the last six hundred lines.

The sixth book is a sort of appendix, devoted to the explanation of alarming or mysterious phenomena which might prove a last refuge of superstition. The most noted passage is the description of the plague at Athens, after Thucydides (1137–1286).

Lucretius by the very didactic severity of his theme is shut out from the wide-spread popularity of the great dramatists and epic poets. But in every age a select company of readers is found to respond to at least one of the three mighty chords with which his lyre is strung; and to cherish him either as the poet of the emancipating power of human science, as the poet of nature, or as the sublime and melancholy satirist of naked and essential man. He is the poet of the pride of science, as it appeals to youthful souls in their first intoxication with the idea of infinite impersonal nature liberated from her anthropomorphic lords, and in their first passionate revolt against the infamies of popular superstition and the smug decencies of its official interpreters. This influence no erudite exposure of his errors in detail can destroy, no progress of modern knowledge supersede. It is true that he has no conception of strict scientific method, or of the progressive conquest of nature by man. He affirms that the real and apparent magnitudes of the sun are nearly the same. He denies the possibility of the antipodes, suggests that the stars may move in quest of fresh pastures in the flowerless fields of heaven, believes in the spontaneous generation of worms from manure, and has a theory to account for the fact that the lion cannot abide the crowing of the cock. But he maintains in sonorous and vigorously argumentative verse the infinity of the universe in space and time, the indestructibility of matter, the plurality of worlds, the reign of law, the possibility of a mechanical explanation of all phenomena, and the ceaseless operation of the silent invisible processes whereby the transformations of nature are wrought. He has the fundamental conception of evolution as the «rational sequence of the unintended,» and he approaches very closely the formula of the «survival of the fittest.» He has the rudiments of the most modern psychological notions as to the threshold of sensation and the measurement of local discrimination. He illustrates the origin of language from the barking of dogs almost in the words of Darwin, and describes the stages of the prehistoric life of man in phrases which Tylor quotes with approval. Above all, he attacks with eloquent scorn the «carpenter theory of creation,» and the insipidities of optimistic teleologies and theodicies; and he magnificently celebrates as the chief heroes of humanity the scientific thinkers who have revealed the eternal laws of nature, and have liberated the human spirit from the bondage of superstition and the chimæras of metaphysics. These things, if they do not justify Huxley's statement that «Lucretius has drunk deeper of the scientific spirit than any other poet of ancient or modern times except Goethe,» do at least explain why he has always been honored as the poetic incarnation of that spirit by the church militant of science.

But he is more than the rhetorician of science. He has all Dryden's skill in marshaling arguments in verse; and he manifests in addition a peculiar blending of the poetical and scientific imagination, which causes the vivid felicity of his illustrations of the unfamiliar by the familiar, the unseen by the seen, to be felt by the reader as proofs rather than as mere decorative imagery. And whether in argument or description, his language throughout conveys a more vivid reflection of the ceaseless life and movement of nature than anything in the beautiful symbolism of Greek mythology or in the more precise formulas of modern science. Like Shelley, he renews the work of the mythopœic imagination in the very act of repudiating its creations. In the magnificent opening hymn to Venus, without lapsing for a line from his large, stately Roman manner, he blends the Greek poets' allegorizing conception of love as an all-pervading cosmic power with an incomparably warm sensuous picture of the breathing human passion of the amorous deity. His repudiation of the superstitious worship of the great mother of the gods, in the second book, combines all the pomp of Milton's enumerations of the false deities of the heathen with a deeper Wordsworthian vein of reflection on the

— « springs
Of that licentious craving in the mind
To act the God among external things.»

The ten lines in which he recalls and rejects the myth of Phaethon outweigh all the labored ingenuities of the three hundred and twenty-five lines which Ovid has devoted to the theme. When, digressing from the phenomena of echo, he explains away the Italian peasant's naïve faith in the fauns and goat-footed satyrs with which his fancy peoples the « shepherd's lonely walks and solitude divine,» the exquisite verses are touched by a wistful sympathy which we associate rather with modern and romantic than with classical poetry. And few passages in profane literature will so nearly sustain the comparison with the words of the Lord answering Job out of the whirlwind as the lines where, in the name of the grandeur of the infinite world, Lucretius scornfully challenges the petty faith in an anthropomorphic God —

«Who rolls the heavens, and lifts and lays the deep,
Yet loves and hates with mortal hates and loves.»

This quickening spirit of imagination constrains him, despite his theories, to animate Nature too in all her parts and processes. He makes us aware of life, motion, growth everywhere. In the atoms that weave their everlasting dance like motes in the summer sun; in the shining Ether that clips the world in his greedy embrace; in the war of the elements,— the winds eagerly striving to dry up all the waters, while the waters are confident that they will sooner drown the world; in the brook plashing down the mountain-side and summoning from afar by its clear murmurings the thirsty tribes of brutes, or delivering the filtered tribute of the woodland to the ocean, there to be sucked up by the sun and so precipitated again by Father Ether into the lap of Mother Earth, who thence bears on her bounteous breast the smiling harvests and the frisking flocks; in the life of man climbing ever to maturity, only to decline from life's topmost stair as the vital forces fail under the ceaseless rain of hostile atoms impingent from without. By virtue of this imaginative vision, and this sense of Nature's omnipresent life, she becomes for him a personal, guiding, artistic power,— Nature that sits at the helm, Nature manifold in works, a being far more nearly akin to the immanent Platonic world-soul than to the mathematical sum of colorless Democritean atoms which his theory would make her. «As a poet,» said Goethe, «I am a Pantheist;» and despite his nominal allegiance to atomism, the poetry of Lucretius is in spirit pantheistic. It is the «lower pantheism» half spiritualized by an intense feeling for the vital unity of nature, rather than the «higher pantheism» which sees in nature only the symbol and garment of God. But in imaginative effect it is the poetic pantheism of Bruno, Shelley, Swinburne,— nay, of Wordsworth himself in 'Tintern Abbey.' And to this is due much of his attraction for many of the finest minds of the Renaissance and of our own time.

But Lucretius is the poet of nature in a still more special sense. Lowell truly observes that «there is obscurely in him an almost Wordsworthian» quality. Like Wordsworth, he complains of the «film of familiarity» in consequence of which we have eyes and see not; and he marvels that we can be so deadened by custom to the beauty of the starry heavens, that from satiety of the sight no man deigns to look up to the lucid quarters of the sky. And he himself notes not only the grander phenomena of nature, but her subtler aspects and minor solicitations of our senses, on which modern poetry is wont to dwell. He has marked with Coleridge —

> «Those thin clouds above in flakes and bars
> That give away their motion to the stars.»

He has observed with Bryant and Wordsworth how distance turns the foaming flood or the grazing flock to a motionless patch of white upon the landscape. He has seen all heaven in a globe of dew, with Shelley. Many of his lines, like those of Tennyson, come back to the lover of nature on his walks, as the inevitable and only expression of what the eye beholds. «When Tennyson went with me to Harwich,» says Fitzgerald, «I was pointing out an old collier rolling to the tune of 'Trudit agens magnam magno molimine navem'» (With mighty endeavor the wind drives onward the mighty vessel). And the same critic characterizes as a noble Poussin landscape the picture of summer belts of vine and olive (v. 1370–8), which Wordsworth quotes in his description of the scenery of the English lakes.

To other readers Lucretius will appeal rather as the poet of man. «Satire is wholly ours,» said the Roman critic. And Lucretius is a true Roman in that he is a superb rhetorical satirist — a satirist not of men but of essential man. The vanity of our luxury, the tedium of fantastic idleness, the doubtful benefits of our over-refined and sophisticated civilization, the futility of the Sisyphean labors of ambition, our idle terrors of death, the grotesque and horrible absurdity of the superstitions we dignify by the name of religion, the disenchantment that lurks behind the stage illusions of passion, the insatiate thirst for change and happiness inseparable from our very being,—what license of realistic satire could impress these things upon us as we feel them under the spell of that severe and melancholy eloquence, which reveals our puny life stripped of its conventional disguises and shivering on the shores of infinite existence, the sport of the elemental forces of the world?

> «Poor little life—
> Crowned with a flower or two, and there an end.»

But his is not the soul-blighting satire that has no pity in it. «Poor hapless mortals» is his standing Homeric phrase for mankind, wandering blindly in the mazes of ignorance, and ridden by superstition, ennui, ambition, and false ideals of happiness. But he does not therefore preach mere cynicism and despair. «The sober majesties of settled sweet Epicurean life» are accessible to all; some few may attain the passionless calm of «students in their pensive citadels»; and the supreme spirits who pass the flaming bounds of space and time and bring back to mankind the tablets of nature's everlasting laws, lift humanity to the level of the gods. And the dignity with which his majestic melancholy invests suffering and death, by viewing them *sub specie æternitatis* as manifestations of the eternal laws of life, does more to rob them of their sting for some minds than the affected cheerfulness of formal optimism protesting overmuch. Frederick the Great is not the only strenuous spirit that has turned to the third book of the 'De Rerum Natura' for solace and calm.

A poet's style must be studied in the original. Lucretius's models were, among the Latins, Ennius; among the Greeks, the older poets, Homer, Empedocles, Euripides, rather than the artificial Alexandrians who were in favor among his contemporaries. His sincerity, earnestness, and strength, his enthusiastic faith in his teachings, and his keen delight in the labor of «shutting reasons up in rhythm and Heliconian honey in living words,» enlists the reader's attention from the start. And the poet retains it with imperious grasp as he urges on the serried files of his verse over the vast barren spaces of his theme, like Roman soldiers marching on the great white imperial roads that disdain to deviate for mountain or morass.

> «Some find him tedious, others think him lame;
> But if he lags, his subject is to blame.
> Rough weary roads through barren wilds he tried,
> Yet still he marches with true Roman pride.»—ARMSTRONG.

He is not yet master of the intricate harmony and the dying fall of the Virgilian poetic period, nor of the limpid felicity of Ovid; but his single mighty lines, weighted with sonorous archaic diction, and pointed with alliteration, assonance, and antithesis, possess an incomparable energy. They strike upon the sense like huge lances hurled quivering to the mark. The effect can hardly be reproduced in our monosyllabic English.

«When death immortal stays the mortal pulse.»

«Great Scipio's son,
Terror of Carthage, thunderbolt of war.»

«He passed beyond
The unsurmounted fires that wall the world.»

«The parched earth rocks beneath the thunder-stroke,
And threatening peals run rattling o'er the sky.»

«Hand on the torch of life in fiery race.»

«Awe from above to tame the thankless hearts
And graceless spirits of the godless mob.»

«When Rome and Carthage clashed in shock of war.»

«The lion's wrath that bursts his mighty heart.»

«Black shapes of Terror lowering from the clouds.»

«All beasts that range on all the hills o' the world.»

«Here waste Charybdis yawns, and rumbling Ætna
Threatens to re-collect her wrathful fires.»

His influence is to be measured by the quality rather than by the number of his readers. He «was a poet's poet among the ancients, and is a scholar's poet among the moderns.» Virgil, Horace, and Manilius were his pupils in the art of writing Latin verse. Ovid, Propertius, Martial, Statius allude to him with respectful awe. He was a chief source of inspiration to Bruno, and many of the rationalizing pantheists of the Renaissance. Montaigne quotes him on almost every page, and criticizes his fine passages with discriminating enthusiasm. Spenser and Milton know him well and often imitate him. Through Gassendi and Molière he became the standard-bearer of rationalism in the conservative and formal seventeenth century; meriting the honor of refutation by a cardinal, and the coupling of his name with that of Hobbes in denunciation by Nahum Tate. This naturally insured him the enthusiastic admiration of Voltaire and of the great Encyclopedists. The famous prosopopœia of Nature in the ‹Système de la Nature› was suggested by a passage in the third book. Dryden translated the proem of the first book; and Creech's translation made him familiar to the minor writers of the eighteenth century, as frequent allusions prove. And the nineteenth century, which cares nothing for his polemical significance, is recalled to an appreciation of his higher poetic qualities by the admiration of André Chénier, Goethe, Sully Prud'homme, Sainte-Beuve, Schérer, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Swinburne, George Eliot, Fitzgerald, Symonds, and a host of minor essayists.

Munro's masterly edition and translation meets all the needs of the scholar. Kelsey's convenient school edition is much used in American colleges. Mallock's volume in 'Blackwood's Ancient Classics' offers a useful but unsympathetic summary, with specimens of a translation in Spenserian verse. Martha's 'Poème de Lucréce' is eloquent and interesting. Sellar's exhaustive chapters in the 'Roman Poets of the Republic' are diffuse but readable. There is an enthusiastic essay in Symonds's 'Italian Byways,' and there are short studies by Saint-Beuve and Schérer.

Paul Shorey

Spenser's Imitation of the
OPENING LINES OF THE 'NATURE OF THINGS'

From 'The Fairy Queen'

Great Venus! queen of beauty and of grace,
The joy of gods and men, that under sky
Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place;
That with thy smiling look dost pacify
The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly:
Thee, goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do fear;
And when thou spread'st thy mantle forth on high,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
And heavens laugh, and all the world shows joyous cheer.

Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitful lap abundant flowers;
And then all living wights, soon as they see
The spring break forth out of his lusty bowers,
They all do learn to play the paramours;
First do the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
Privily prickèd with thy lustful powers,
Chirp loud to thee out of their leafy cages,
And thee their mother call to cool their kindly rages.

Then do the savage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant frisks, and loathe their wonted food;
The lions roar; the tigers loudly bray;
The raging bulls re-bellow through the wood,
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood
To come where thou dost draw them with desire.
So all things else, that nourish vital blood,
Soon as with fury thou dost them inspire,
In generation seek to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou dost the same repair:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fair,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare.
Thou art the root of all that joyous is:
Great god of men and women, queen of the air,
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
O grant that of my love at last I may not miss!

INVOCATION TO VENUS

[This and the following versions are all taken from the accurate and scholarly prose version of Professor Munro.]

SINCE thou then art sole mistress of the nature of things, and without thee nothing rises up into the divine borders of light, nothing grows to be glad or lovely, fain would I have thee for a helpmate in writing the verses which I essay to pen on the nature of things for our own son of the Memmii; whom thou, goddess, hast willed to have no peer, rich as he ever is in every grace. Wherefore all the more, O lady, lend my lays an ever-living charm. Cause meanwhile the savage works of war to be lulled to rest throughout all seas and lands; for thou alone canst bless mankind with calm peace, seeing that Mavors, lord of battle, controls the savage works of war,— Mavors, who often flings himself into thy lap quite vanquished by the never-healing wound of love; and then, with upturned face and shapely neck thrown back, feeds with love his greedy sight, gazing, goddess, open-mouthed on thee. Then, lady, pour from thy lips sweet discourse, asking, glorious dame, gentle peace for the Romans.

ON THE EVIL OF SUPERSTITION

When human life to view lay foully prostrate upon earth, crushed down under the weight of religion, who showed her head from the quarters of heaven with hideous aspect lowering upon mortals, a man of Greece ventured first to lift up his mortal eyes to her face and first to withstand her to her face. Him neither story of gods nor thunderbolts nor heaven with threatening roar could quell: they only chafed the more the eager courage of his soul, filling him with desire to be the first to burst the fast bars of nature's portals. Therefore the living force of his soul gained the day: on he passed far beyond the flaming walls of the world, and traversed throughout in mind and spirit the immeasurable universe; whence he returns, a conqueror, to tell us what can, what cannot come into being; in short, on what principle each thing has its powers defined, its deep-set boundary mark. Therefore religion is put under foot and trampled upon in turn; us his victory brings level with heaven.

This is what I fear herein, lest haply you should fancy that you are entering on unholy grounds of reason, and treading the path of sin; whereas on the contrary, often and often that very religion has given birth to sinful and unholy deeds. Thus, in Aulis, the chosen chieftains of the Danai, foremost of men, foully polluted with Iphianassa's blood the altar of the Trivian maid. Soon as the fillet encircling her maiden tresses shed itself in equal lengths adown each cheek, and soon as she saw her father standing sorrowful before the altars, and beside him the ministering priests hiding the knife, and her countrymen at sight of her shedding tears, speechless in terror she dropped down on her knees and sank to the ground. Nor aught in such a moment could it avail the luckless girl that she had first bestowed the name of father on the king. For lifted up in the hands of the men she was carried shivering to the altars, not after due performance of the customary rites to be escorted by the clear-ringing bridal song, but in the very season of marriage, stainless maid 'mid the stain of blood, to fall a sad victim by the sacrificing stroke of a father, that thus a happy and prosperous departure might be granted to the fleet. So great the evils to which religion could prompt!

THE FOOLISHNESS OF LUXURY

From Book Second

It is sweet, when on the great sea the winds trouble its waters, to behold from land another's deep distress; not that it is a pleasure and delight that any should be afflicted, but because it is sweet to see from what evils you are yourself exempt. It is sweet, also, to look upon the mighty struggles of war arrayed along the plains without sharing yourself in the danger. But nothing is more welcome than to hold the lofty and serene positions well fortified by the learning of the wise, from which you may look down upon others and see them wandering all abroad and going astray in their search for the path of life,— see the contest among them of intellect, the rivalry of birth, the striving night and day with surpassing effort to struggle up to the summit of power and be masters of the world. Oh, miserable minds of men! oh, blinded breasts! in what darkness of life and in how great dangers is passed this term of life, whatever its duration! Not choose to see that nature craves for herself no more than this, that pain hold aloof from the body, and she in mind enjoy a feeling of pleasure exempt from care and fear? Therefore we see that for the body's nature few things are needed at all, such and such only as take away pain. Nay, though more gratefully at times they can minister to us many choice delights, nature for her part wants them not, when there are no golden images of youths through the house holding in their right hands flaming lamps for supply of light to the nightly banquet, when the house shines not with silver nor glitters with gold, nor do the paneled and gilded roofs re-echo to the harp; what time, though these things be wanting, they spread themselves in groups on the soft grass beside a stream of water, under the boughs of a high tree, and at no great cost pleasantly refresh their bodies, above all when the weather smiles and the seasons of the year besprinkle the green grass with flowers. Nor do hot fevers sooner quit the body if you toss about on pictured tapestry and blushing purple, than if you must lie under a poor man's blanket. Wherefore, since treasures avail nothing in respect of our body nor birth nor the glory of kingly power, advancing farther you must hold that they are of no service to the mind as well.

THE NOTHINGNESS OF DEATH

Death therefore to us is nothing, concerns us not a jot, since the nature of the mind is proved to be mortal. And as in time gone by we felt no distress, when the Pœni [Carthaginians] from all sides came together to do battle, and all things shaken by war's troublous uproar shuddered and quaked beneath high heaven, and mortal men were in doubt which of the two peoples it should be to whose empire all must fall by sea and land alike; thus when we shall be no more, when there shall have been a separation of body and soul, out of both of which we are each formed into a single being,—to us, you may be sure, who then shall be no more, nothing whatever can happen to excite sensation, not if earth shall be mingled with sea and sea with heaven. And even supposing the nature of the mind and power of the soul do feel, after they have been severed from our body, yet that is nothing to us, who by the binding tie of marriage between body and soul are formed each into one single being. And if time should gather up our matter after our death and put it once more into the position in which it now is, and the light of life be given to us again, this result even would concern us not at all, when the chain of our self-consciousness has once been snapped asunder.

THE END OF ALL

If, just as they are seen to feel that a load is on their mind which wears them out with its pressure, men might apprehend from what causes too it is produced, and whence such a pile, if I may say so, of ill lies on their breast,—they would not spend their life as we see them now for the most part do, not knowing any one of them what he wishes, and wanting ever change of place as though he might lay his burden down. The man who is sick of home often issues forth from his large mansion, and as suddenly comes back to it, finding as he does that he is no better off abroad. He races to his country-house, driving his jennets in headlong haste, as if hurrying to bring help to a house on fire: he yawns the moment he has reached the door of his house, or sinks heavily into sleep and seeks forgetfulness, or even in haste goes back again to town. In this way each man flies from himself (but self, from whom, as you may be sure is commonly the case, he cannot escape, clings to him in his own despite); hates too himself, because he is sick and knows not the cause of the malady; — for if he could rightly see into this, relinquishing all else, each man would study to learn the nature of things; since the point at stake is the condition for eternity,— not for one hour,— in which mortals have to pass all the time which remains for them to expect after death.

Once more, what evil lust of life is this which constrains us with such force to be so mightily troubled in doubts and dangers? A sure term of life is fixed for mortals, and death cannot be shunned, but meet it we must. Moreover, we are ever engaged, ever involved in the same pursuits, and no new pleasure is struck out by living on: but whilst what we crave is wanting, it seems to transcend all the rest; then, when it has been gotten, we crave something else, and ever does the same thirst of life possess us, as we gape for it open-mouthed. Quite doubtful it is what fortune the future will carry with it, or what chance will bring us, or what end is at hand. Nor, by prolonging life, do we take one tittle from the time passed in death, nor can we fret anything away, whereby we may haply be a less long time in the condition of the dead. Therefore you may complete as many generations as you please during your life: none the less, however, will that everlasting death await you; and for no less long a time will he be no more in being, who, beginning with to-day, has ended his life, than the man who has died many months and years ago.

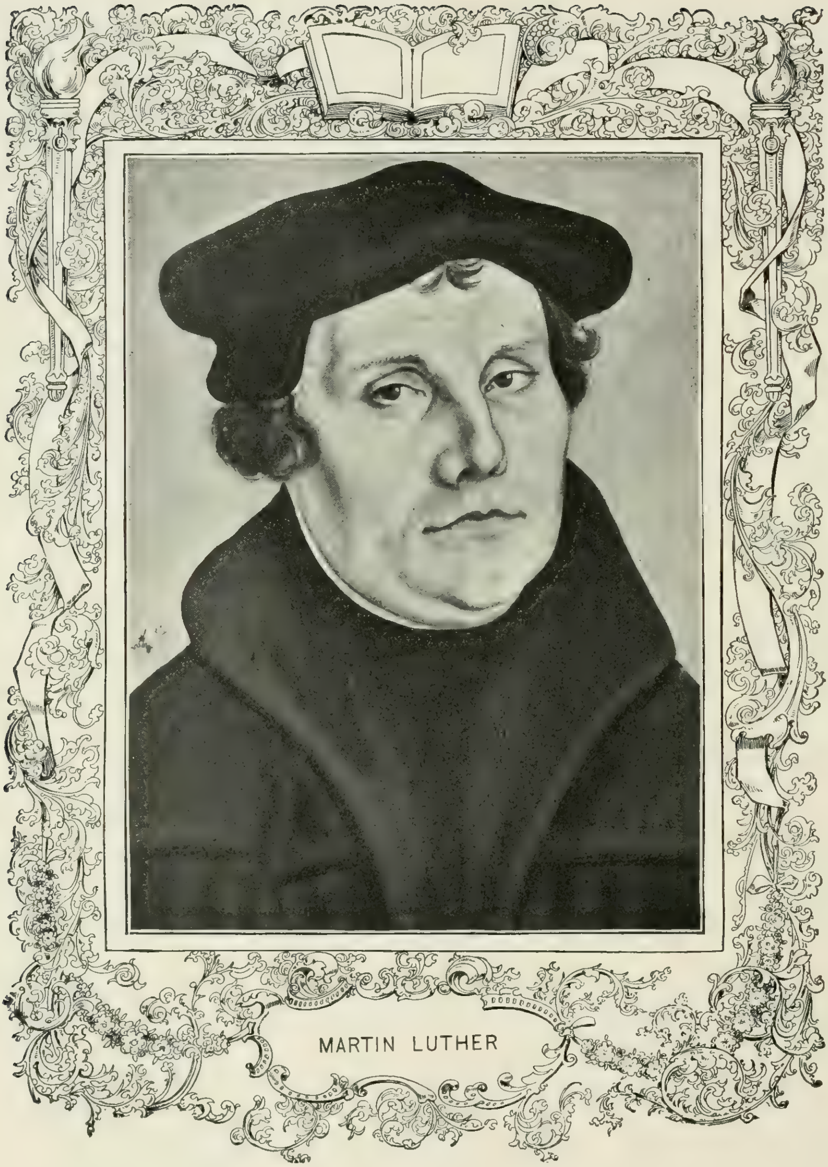
THE SPIRITUALITY OF MATERIAL THINGS

From Book Sixth

In the first place, from all things whatsoever which we see, there must incessantly stream and be discharged and scattered abroad such bodies as strike the eyes and provoke vision. Smells too incessantly stream from certain things; as does cold from rivers, heat from the sun, spray from the waves of the sea, that enter into walls near the shore. Various sounds, too, cease not to stream through the air. Then a moist salt flavor often comes into the mouth, when we are moving about beside the sea; and when we look on at the mixing of a decoction of wormwood, its bitterness affects us. In such a constant stream from all things the several qualities of things are carried and are transmitted in all directions round: and no delay, no respite in the flow, is ever granted; since we constantly have feeling, and may at any time see, smell, and hear the sound of everything.

And now I will state once again how rare a body all things have; a question made clear in the first part of my poem also, although the knowledge of this is of importance in regard to many things, above all in regard to this very question which I am coming to discuss. At the very outset it is necessary to establish that nothing comes under sense save body mixed with void. For instance: in caves, rocks overhead sweat with moisture and trickle down in oozing drops. Sweat, too, oozes out from our whole body; the beard grows, and hairs over all our limbs and frame. Food is distributed through all the veins, gives increase and nourishment to the very extremities and nails. We feel too cold and heat pass through brass, we feel them pass through gold and silver, when we hold cups. Again, voices fly through the stone partitions of houses: smell passes through, and cold, and the heat of fire which is wont ay to pierce even the strength of iron, where the Gaulish cuirass girds the body round. And when a storm has gathered in earth and heaven, and when along with it the influence of disease makes its way in from without, they both withdraw respectively to heaven and earth and there work their wills, since there is nothing at all that is not of a rare texture of body.

Furthermore, all bodies whatever which are discharged from things are not qualified to excite the same sensations, nor are adapted for all things alike. The sun for instance bakes and dries up the earth, but thaws ice, and forces the snows piled up high on the high hills to melt away beneath his rays; wax again turns to liquid when placed within reach of his heat. Fire also melts brass and fuses gold, but shrivels up and draws together hides and flesh.



MARTIN LUTHER

LUTHER

(1483-1546)

BY CHESTER D. HARTRANFT

The transition from the mediæval to the modern world was not at all violent, although we persist in making the lines of demarcation strangely sharp and abrupt. The forces that produced the changes were not all generated at once, nor did they combine in any visible contemporary or sequential unity. They were at first independent, and had been evolved by many unrelated, pent-up thoughts and far-removed energies. The fact of the fusion of all these elements was first discernible in the effects produced; gradually the higher principle became patent enough, however discordant and undesigned the human effort seemed to be; and at last they mingled in an unbroken resultant. Distinctly greater than the modifications produced in politics, literature, economics, and commerce by the currents of the time, was that introduced into religion. During centuries had the desire for freedom, simplicity, and equality sought expression. Individuals and orders had labored for these in extremest sacrifice within the very heart of the mediæval church. The Separatist fraternities, which had transmitted their beliefs and aspirations from one age to another, now suddenly found the door open. One superior voice gave utterance to that blended longing. Martin Luther felt within himself the ancient ferment, and struggled experimentally to meet the spiritual impulse and need of his day. Those primitive truths, the universal priesthood of believers, the right and responsibility of the individual to think and answer for himself, the immediacy of Divine authority, the direct union with God, the overshadowing superiority of the spiritual community of saints, were the themes which had been agitated all along; but which he discussed afresh, and sought to establish not only as concepts but as realities. He compelled their recognition for all time. The revived ideas became the basis of a new order in society and in the State, as well as in the church. They infused the spirit of progress along noble lines, and instituted endless controversies in the spheres of literature, education, discovery, and economics. None of these realms can ever rest: they must ever search after the ideal underlying these truths, which demand universal recognition and practice. They necessitated continuous growth from the lower to the higher, and violent revolution must ensue where that change is arrested.

It was not without significance that Luther was of peasant origin (born November 10th, 1483); that he was bred under severe home discipline, against which his sensitive nature revolted; that his academic training was in the central schools of Eisleben, Magdeburg, and Eisenach; that he was familiar with the poverty of student life. The University of Erfurt had felt the breath of the new learning, and was already a pioneer of humanism. It gave him his degrees in the liberal arts and philosophy. Hardly had he begun his legal studies before his religious sentiment, accentuated by a series of external experiences, led him to become a monk of the Augustinian order, in which Von Staupitz was steadily restoring the ancient regimen. Now began his studies in theology, his contact with the Bible, and those spiritual agonies which no official advancement into the priesthood, or teaching chair, could quiet or satisfy. The solution thereof, however, was found in the simple faith of and in Christ. The journey to Rome was of immense practical importance, for it destroyed many illusions.

His call to Wittenberg and final settlement there, after a temporary return to Erfurt, gave him not only authority in his order, but entrance into the office of preacher, exegete, lecturer, and author. Here he found his way to a divine life based purely on the Scriptures. From the controversy concerning indulgences, faith, and good works, and after fruitless efforts to win him back, he came to the disputation at Leipzig to find there the inevitable logic of the movement to a final rupture with the mediæval church. At the Diet of Worms that secession became fixed and political. From this time on there was urgency not only for destructive criticism, but for the reconstruction of Christendom upon the foundation of the spiritual experiences, generated and certified by Scriptural authority. In the quiet retreat of the Wartburg, the thought of this rebuilding possessed him. Among many labors he occupied himself mainly with the translation of the New Testament. He finally gave the Bible to his people in a regenerated tongue.

But the unchained thoughts of the day refused to be held in check. For some men the conservative method of reform was too slow. The incursion of radicals, particularly at Wittenberg, led to his voluntary return, and by the simple weight of his personality the iconoclastic movement was for the most part repressed in that centre. The social revolution inaugurated by the peasants, involving many noble principles and aims, met with his most violent hostility because it had resorted to the sword. To his mind the juncture of battle was not a time for nice discriminations and balancings. Nor did the efforts at political union on the part of those who adopted his views receive any ardent co-operation from him. For a long time he resisted all thought of even armed defense against hypothetical imperial suppression. Nor would he affiliate with divergent religious standpoints of the Reformation, so as to bring all the moderates into a compromise, in order to widen the Torgau and Smalkald leagues. The Diet of Augsburg, 1530, witnessed a united public, and subscribed confession with its Apology, on the part of the princes and their representatives who had embraced the Lutheran ideas. Gradually the long agitated purpose of an appeal to a general council was also surrendered by him. He softened in some degree towards the formula by which Bucer sought to interpret the Lord's Supper, so that the Wittenberg Concord might become a basis of union.

Among the reconstructive movements were the propagation of his views in many of the German States, the visitation of the churches, provision for education in the new spirit, the formulation of ecclesiastical polity and worship, and the raising of funds for the support of ministry, parishes, and benevolent institutions. His final breach with monasticism had been certified by his marriage and the creation of a beautiful home life, in which he exercised a hospitality that often overtaxed his resources and the willing heart of his wife. Relatives, students, celebrities from all lands were at his table. Some of his devoted admirers have preserved to us his talks upon leading themes and persons. He was the victim of almost uninterrupted bodily suffering, which accentuated his mental and spiritual conflicts; nor did these tend to diminish the harshness and coarseness of his polemics. Sweet-tempered at home and in his personal intercourse with men, he let go his fiercest passions against those adversaries who were worthy of his steel, or he flooded lesser minds with a deluge of satire and proverbs. He was busy with his pen after he had to restrict his teaching and lecturing. In the larger efforts at reunion with the mediæval church, whether by conference or by council, he of course could take no personal part, and indeed showed little practical sympathy with them. He had gathered about him a body of most able coadjutors, whose hearts he had touched. Spalatin, Melanchthon, Bugenhagen, Cruciger, Justus, Jonas, Eber, and others were master minds of whose careers he was the shaping genius; although as a rule he did not seek to exercise any repressive influence upon their liberty of thought and action. His last letters to his wife were as humorous and beautiful as ever. He died in the town of his birth, February 18th, 1546, while on a mission to reconcile the Counts Albrecht and Gebhard von Mansfeldt. No man ever received more generous testimony to his worth than did Luther as he was borne to his rest.

His was an extraordinary personality. No one could escape the attraction of his eye or speech. His mighty will conquered his physical ailments. Few men of history have been so prolific in authorship and correspondence. He had a side for Æsop and Terence. He had an ample culture in which the old and the new streams commingled; while it had not the minuteness and polish of the classic models affected by Erasmus and Melanchthon, it was pervaded with an essentially original spirit which vivified and deepened every sentence that he wrote or uttered. This culture was also very broad, and sought invigoration and growth from most of the fresher sources of his time; but especially drew from the perennial fountains of the people's thought and life. He was a man of and for the people; and yet his works instructed and stimulated the wisest and noblest of his contemporaries. He was full of cheer and humor, and these kept his style sparkling and vivid. Tenderness, wrath, joy, sorrow, were always commingled. Few whom he had charmed — and he drew to him the most of men young and old — could be repelled by even the extremes of his vehemence, amounting sometimes to arrogant brutality. Whom he once loved he seldom forgot. Two widely divergent dispositions were those of Luther and Melanchthon. When his dear Philip proved too pliant, or slowly drifted to another principle of theology, the magnanimity of the lion was not violently disturbed. Even the most advanced spirits readily acknowledged their debt to the great Doctor.

His character had eminently heroic qualities, which he manifested in his obedience to the pursuit of truth, in spite of halting and deserting friends: in his attitude at Worms; in relieving his princes of all responsibility for him; in his simple leaning upon the protection of God; in his persistent residence at Wittenberg during its frequent visitations by plagues; in his handling of king and princes, — Henry VIII., Duke George, and Duke Henry, — as he did ordinary mortals. His sublime courage and independence have made him the idol of almost the entire church, and have prevented a true analysis of his character, and the acknowledgment of serious defects in his judgment and conduct.

The salient power of his movement lies in the fact that his entire conception of truth and duty was the result of inward struggle, conviction, and experience. The conscience thus educated was imperative. Step by step he won his way to conclusions, until he attained a rich understanding and appreciation of Jesus Christ as Son of man, Son of God, and Savior of the world. He spoke from his own heart: no wonder that he could appeal persuasively to the hearts of men. Each process — at Erfurt, Wittenberg, Leipzig, Worms, Coburg — added a new stone to the temple of his life. The entire man underwent a revolution: body, soul, and spirit, were devoted singly and unitedly to the one end. He sought to permeate all life with a higher life, of which certain truths were the expression.

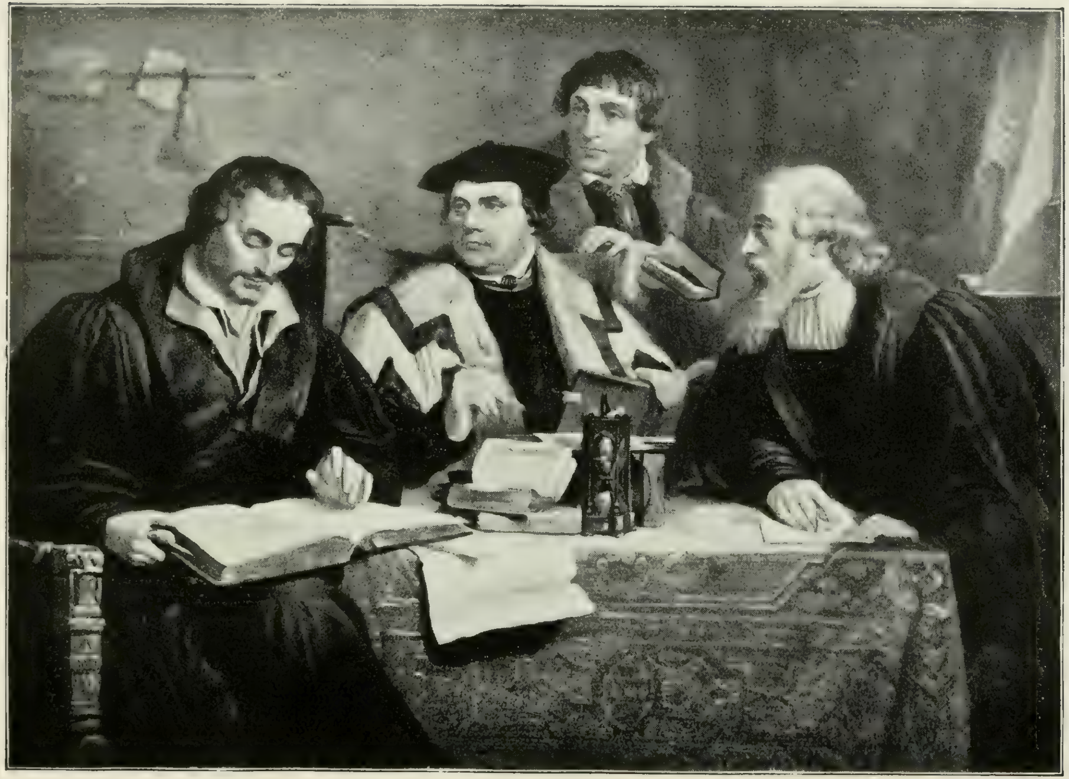
It could not but be, that there would occur contradictions of himself both in speech and conduct during the various stages of his career. A deal of the earlier ideality disappears in the fierceness of later disputes, and in the irresponsiveness of human nature. Some features of the purer spirituality which he first inculcated are obscured and almost obliterated, when he failed to discover any substantial sensibility in the students, ministers, lawyers, citizens, and peasants about him. He practically vacated many points of liberty and equality as he came to organize those who professed adhesion to his principles.

He viewed his work as peculiarly that of a prophet. This was indeed an idea common to reformers of every period; but with him it was not a weak echo of the Old Testament, or an identification with any one of the witnesses of the Apocalypse. He was a real Vox Clamans, inspired by the Holy Spirit and by the existing conditions of that church which he regarded as anti-Christ, by the claims of society and by the confusions of State. Naturally this conception of his call grew into a certain arrogance and dictatorship; for it carried with it the feeling of finality. This accounts for his unbending hostility to every opinion or interpretation that was not in accord with what he deemed must be true. Hence the bitter violence of his letters and treatises against such typical men as Zwingli and Schwenckfeld; and his resistance to every attempt, save one, to bring upon a single platform the various groups of Protestants. It was this lofty spiritual egoism which made him turn from humanism as an ultimate source of renovation. This impelled him to draw swords with Erasmus; this made him refuse the political expedients of the knights as well as the peasants. Nor would he allow his own Elector, Frederic John or John Frederic, to dictate to him the terms and bounds of his duty; not even in cases which involved the most delicate relations, social and political. His scorn was boundless at every suggestion of surrender or silence.

His influence upon literature was greater than that of any other man of his time: for he did not seek to revive classic models after the method of humanism in its worship of form, nor to use the dead languages as vehicles for the best thought; but endeavored to spiritualize the Renaissance itself, and to build up his vernacular into a strong, fertile, and beautiful language. He distinctly says that he delved into the colloquial patois, into the Saxon official speech (which had a sort of first place), into proverbs, and into the folk literature, to construct out of these sources, under the leadership of the Saxon, one popular, technical, and literary tongue. He laid the basis thereby for the splendid literature of Germany, which not even the classical or French affectations could destroy. It is not easy to overestimate the creative influence on literature of Luther's translation of the Bible. Hardly less potent was his influence in baptizing music and song with the new spirit; for he had a genuine artistic instinct, if little of technical ability. It is no wonder, therefore, that we find him renovating education in all its grades; and with such a radical conception of its value, comprehensiveness, and method as not even Melanchthon attained unto.

The infusion of his principles touched society and the State in ways that he little imagined. He was a devoted patriot, and longed to lift the German people out of their vices, and to remove the occasion for that contempt with which other nationalities regarded them. It was by very slow degrees, and in the end after all somewhat hazily, that the thought of the German nation as greater than the Holy Roman German Empire gained ground in his mind. It was long before his worshipful nature could read Charles V. in his true characteristics. The right of defense was denied by him until he could look upon the Emperor as a tool of the Pope. But the upheavals of the times produced by his single-hearted fight for gospel truth, slowly compelled a recognition of the independence of the States, and the claims of some kind of federation. It could not be otherwise than that the religious liberty taught by Luther should eventuate in political freedom and constitutional law; although he himself all too frequently forgot his own teaching, in his treatment of Sacramentarians, Anabaptists, and Jews. He too, like all original minds, built better than he knew. It has been the privilege of but few to initiate such penetrative and comprehensive ideas with their corresponding organizations for the regeneration of our race.

Chester D. Hartranft.



LUTHER, MELANCHTHON, POMERANUS, AND CRUCIGER

From a Painting by P. A. Labouchère

TO THE CHRISTIAN NOBLES OF THE GERMAN NATION

On the Improvement of the Christian Body

[Introductory address to Nikolaus von Amsdorf, Licentiate of the Holy Scriptures, and Canon of Wittenberg.]

First of all, may the grace and peace of God be with you, my honored, reverend, and dear sir and friend.

The time for keeping silence has gone by, and the time for speaking has come, as the Preacher says. According to our agreement, I have arranged some compositions which have reference to the improvement of the Christian body, in order to present them to the Christian nobles of the German nation, in the hope that God would help his church through the laity; since the ministry, which should rather have seen to it, has become entirely indifferent. I send the complete essay to your Reverence, for your judgment, and for your correction when you find this necessary. I know well that I shall not escape the censure of overestimating myself, in that I, despised and forsaken man that I am, dare to address such high and great people of rank upon such important and supreme themes; as if there were no other person in the world, save Dr. Luther, to protect the Christian body and to give advice to people of such exalted intelligence.

I will not attempt any defense: let who will, blame me. Perhaps I owe my God and the world one more folly. I have now resolved to pay it honestly, if I can, and to become court fool for once. If I do not succeed, I have at least secured one advantage: nobody need buy me a cap, nor shave my crown. But it is a question, which of the two is going to fasten the bells on the other. I must fulfill the proverb, "Whatever the world has to do, a monk must be by, even if he has to be added as a picture." Surely a fool has frequently spoken wisely, and often completely fooled wise people; as Paul says, "If any man be wise in this world, let him become a fool that he may be wise."

Further, since I am not only a fool, but a sworn Doctor of the Holy Scriptures, I am glad to have the opportunity to fulfill my oath, just in the manner of such fools. I pray you to apologize for me among men of moderate intelligence, for I do not know how to merit the favor and the grace of those who are top-lofty in understanding: I have indeed often striven for this grace and favor, but from now on I neither crave nor do I esteem them.

God help us to seek not our own honor, but his only. Amen.

At Wittenberg, in the Convent of the Augustines, on St. John the Baptist's eve, in the year 1520.

ON THE LIBERTY OF THE CHRISTIAN

THAT we may thoroughly comprehend what a Christian is, and how it stands with the liberty which Christ has acquired for and given to him, whereof St. Paul writes much, I set down here these two conclusions:—

A Christian is a free master of all things and subject to no one.

A Christian is a bond-servant of all things and subject to everybody.

These two conclusions are clear. St. Paul (1 Cor. ix. 19): "For though I was free from all men, I brought myself under bondage to all, that I might gain the more;" further (Rom. xiii. 8): "Owe no man anything, save to love one another." But love is a servant, and is subject to whom it loves. Thus of Christ (Gal. iv. 4): "God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, born under the law."

To understand these two opposite expressions, freedom and bondage, we must remember that every Christian is of two natures, spiritual and physical. As to his soul, he is called a carnal, old, and outward man. And because of this difference he is spoken of in the Scriptures in directly opposite terms, as I have just mentioned with respect to freedom and bondage.

Let us contemplate the inward, spiritual man, with the view of finding out what qualities are essential for him that he may really be and be known as a pious, free Christian. It is clear that no outward thing may make him either free or pious, no matter by what name you call that externality. For his piety and liberty, or his wickedness and bondage, are neither physical nor outward. Of what help is it to the soul that the body is unfettered, vigorous, and healthy? That it eats, drinks, lives, as it will? Again, of what hurt is it to the soul, that the body is fettered, sick, and faint? that it hungers, thirsts, and suffers in a way that it does not like? Of all these things not one reaches the soul, to free or enslave it, to make it pious or evil.

Therefore it in no wise helps the soul, whether the body be clothed in sacred garments or not; whether it be in churches and holy places or not; whether it be occupied with holy things or not. Nor can bodily prayers, fasts, pilgrimages, or the doing of all good works, although they might be wrought in and by the body to eternity, be of any avail for the soul. It must be something entirely different that brings and gives piety and liberty to the soul. For all the above-mentioned parts, works, and ways may in themselves be contained in and exercised by an evil man, a dissembler, and a hypocrite. Further, by such methods nothing else than vain double-dealings could be produced. Again, it does not hurt the soul to have the body wearing secular garments; to eat, drink, make pilgrimages in secular places; to neglect prayers, and leave undone all the works which the above-mentioned hypocrites do.

The soul has nothing else in heaven nor on earth whereby it can live, become pious, free, and Christian, than the gospel,—God's word preached by Christ, as he himself says (John xi. 25): "I am the resurrection and the life;" and again (John xiv. 6): "I am the way, and the truth, and the life;" also (Matthew iv. 4): "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Therefore we must be assured that the soul can do without everything else save the Word of God; and that without the Word of God nothing can help it. If however it has the Word, it needs naught else, but it has sufficient in the Word's food: joy, peace, light, art, righteousness, truth, wisdom, liberty, and all good, in overflowing measure.

In this sense we read in the Psalter, especially in Psalm xix., that the prophet cares only for God's word; and in the Scriptures, it is held to be the worst plague and anger of God should he take his Word away from mankind; and again, no greater mercy than to send his Word, as is written (Ps. cvii.): "He sendeth his Word, and healeth them, and delivereth them from their destructions." And Christ came for no other purpose than to preach God's Word. Also all apostles, bishops, priests, and the whole ministerial order are called and installed only for the sake of the Word, although it is otherwise at present. But do you ask, What is the Word, which bestows such great mercy, and how shall I use it? I answer: It is nothing else than the teaching of Christ, as contained in the gospel, which is meant to be and is constituted of such a nature that you hear your God speaking to you; that all your life and works count for nothing before God, but that you will have to perish eternally with all that is in you.

Believing which, as is your duty, you must despair of yourself and confess that the saying of Hosea is true: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help."

But in order that you may escape out and from yourself and from your doom, he places before you his dear Son Jesus Christ; and has said to you through his living, comforting Word, that you should with firm faith give yourself up entirely to him, and unhesitatingly confide in him. Thus, for that very belief's sake will all your sins be forgiven, all corruption will be overcome, and you will be righteous, truthful, peaceful, pious, and all commandments fulfilled; yes, free from all things, as St. Paul says (Rom. i.): "A righteous Christian lives only by his faith;" and (Rom. x.): "Christ is the end and fullness of all commandments to those who believe on him."

REPLY AT THE DIET OF WORMS

On the Second Day of his Appearance*

Most Serene Lord Emperor, Most Illustrious Princes, Most Clement Lords: I now present myself obediently at the time set yesterday evening for my appearance. By the mercy of God, your Most Serene Majesty and your Most Illustrious Lordships, I pray that you will deign to listen leniently to this my cause, which is I hope one of justice and truth. Should I through my inexperience not accord to any one his just titles, or should I err in any way in the matter of customs and courtly manners, may you benignly overlook such mistakes in a man not brought up in palaces, but in monastic seclusion. As concerns myself, I can bear witness to this point only, — that hitherto I have taught and written in simplicity of mind, having in view only the glory of God and the sincere instruction of Christian believers.

Most Serene Emperor, and Most Illustrious Princes: As to the two articles yesterday presented to me by your Most Serene

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* Thursday, April 18th, 1521.

Majesty,—namely, whether I would acknowledge the books edited and published in my name as mine, and whether I wished to persevere in their defense or to revoke them,—I have given my ready and clear response to the first: in that I still persist, and shall persist forever; to wit, that these books are mine, and have been made public by me, in my name,—unless meanwhile, haply, any matter in them has been changed, or has been maliciously extracted, through the cunning or the perverse wisdom of my enemies. For clearly, I cannot acknowledge anything as mine, except what has been written of myself and by myself alone, to the exclusion of any explanation which may be the work of some one else.

To the second point, your Most Serene Majesty and your Lordships, I will reply by asking you to turn your minds condescendingly to this fact,—that my books are not all of the same kind: for there is one group in which I have handled religious faith and conduct in a simple evangelical fashion; moreover, this class has been composed in such a spirit that my very adversaries are forced to recognize the works as useful, harmless, and explicitly worthy of a Christian's perusal. Even the Bull, fierce and cruel as it is, considers my books in part at least as harmless; although it condemns them as a whole, with an altogether unusual severity of judgment. Consider what I would be guilty of, were I to begin any revocation of this class of writings. Should I not be the sole one of all mortals to censure that very truth which is acknowledged by friend and foe equally? Should not I alone be contending against the accordant confession of the rest of the world?

There is another group of my books, which inveighs against the papacy, and the teaching of the papists. This class is directed against those who, by their extremely corrupt doctrine and example, lay waste our entire Christendom, with every evil that spirit and body can invent. For it cannot be denied, nor can any one disguise the fact, attested as it is by the experience of all persons and by the complaints of the entire civilized world, that the consciences of believers are wretchedly entangled, vexed, and tortured, by papal laws and human teachings. Property and substance are devoured by an incredible tyranny, especially in this noble German nation, and will be devoured continuously without end, and by unworthy means. Yet Romanists, by their own edicts, caution us against the papal laws and doctrines which are contrary to the gospel and the opinions of the fathers, and declare that all such variants should be regarded as erroneous and unapproved.

If therefore I should recall these books, I should do nothing else than add to the strength of this tyranny, and should open, not windows only, but doors to this tremendous foe of religion. It would stalk abroad more freely than it has hitherto dared. Yes, from the proof of such a revocation, their wholly lawless and unrestrained kingdom of wickedness would become still more intolerable for the already wretched people; and their rule would be further strengthened and established, especially should it be reported that this evil deed had been done by me in virtue of the authority of your Most Serene Majesty, and of the whole Roman Empire. Good God! what a covert for wickedness and tyranny I should become.

A third series of these books consists of such as I have written against certain private persons, whom people call distinguished; such, namely, as have tried to preserve the Roman tyranny, and to undermine that view of religion which I have inculcated. Toward those individuals I confess that I have been more bitter than befits a churchman and a monk. But then I do not set myself up for a saint; neither am I disputing about my own career, but about the teaching of Christ. It would not then be right for me to recall this class of works, because by such a withdrawal, despotism and irreligion would again obtain sway, and that through my protection. It would rage against the people of Germany more violently than under any previous rule.

Nevertheless, because I am a man and not God, I cannot shield my practices with any other defense than that with which my Lord Jesus Christ himself vindicated his teaching. For when he had been asked about his doctrine before Annas, and had been smitten by the blow of a servant, he said, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil." If our Lord, who was always conscious of his inability to err, yet did not decline to hear any evidence against his doctrine even from the most contemptible menial,—how much more ought I, who am of the dregs of the people, and powerless in everything save sin, to desire and expect the introduction of testimony against my teaching?

Therefore, your Most Serene Majesty, your Most Illustrious Lordships, I beseech you by the mercy of God, that whoever can, whether high or low, let him bring forward the proof, let him convince me of errors: let the Scriptures of Prophecy and Gospels triumph, for I will be wholly ready to revoke every error, if I can be persuasively taught; yes, I will be the first to cast my books into the fire.

From these considerations it has become manifest that the crisis and danger on the one hand, the zeal and the controversy on the other, which the occasion of my teaching has excited in the world, have been an object of anxious solicitude on my part, and have been thoroughly weighed. It was about this commotion that I was admonished so bravely and forcibly yesterday. Under these agitations, this to me is the most joyous feature of all,— the sight of such zeal and dispute over the Word of God. For the course of that divine Word has just such a fortuity and consequence, in that Christ says: "I came not to send peace, but a sword; for I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."

Moreover, we ought to reflect that since our God is wonderful and terrible in his counsels, he is probably testing us by so large an access of zeal, whether we will begin by condemning the Word of God. If so, we shall afterwards be precipitated into a more unendurable flood of evils. We should particularly avoid making the reign of this youthful and noble Prince Charles, in whom after God we place so much hope, unhappy and inauspicious. I could enforce this point very richly, through the examples furnished by Scripture, in the case of Pharaoh, the king of Babylon, and the kings of Israel, who lost most when they were endeavoring to pacify and establish their kingdoms by seemingly the wisest of counsels. Before they are aware, the Lord takes the crafty in their craftiness, and overturns mountains. Therefore we must fear God. I do not say this because it is necessary for such high authorities as you to be instructed by my teaching or admonition, but because I must not withhold the fealty due to my Germany. With these words I commend myself to your Most Serene Majesty, and to your Lordships; humbly begging you not to suffer me to be rendered odious without cause, by the persecution of my adversaries. I have spoken.

[To these words the same imperial orator replied with harshness that he ought not to have made such a response, nor were the subjects formerly condemned and defined by the councils to be called in question; therefore he sought from him a simple answer, and one without horns: would he revoke or not? Then Luther said:—]

Therefore, your Most Serene Majesty and your Lordships, since they seek a simple reply, I will give one that is without horns or teeth, and in this fashion: I believe in neither pope nor councils alone; for it is perfectly well established that they have frequently erred, as well as contradicted themselves. Unless then I shall be convinced by the testimony of the Scriptures or by clear reason, I must be bound by those Scriptures which have been brought forward by me; yes, my conscience has been taken captive by these words of God. I cannot revoke anything, nor do I wish to; since to go against one's conscience is neither safe nor right: here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen.

A SAFE STRONGHOLD OUR GOD IS STILL

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can—
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son—
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore—
Not they can overpower us.

And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? his doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But spite of hell shall have its course—
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things shall vanish all—
The City of God remaineth.

Translation of Thomas Carlyle.

LETTER TO MELANCHTHON

GRACE and peace in Christ! In Christ, I say, and not in the world. Amen.

As to the justification for your silence, of that another time, my dear Philip. I am heartily opposed to your great anxiety, which, as you write, is weakening you. That it is conquering you completely, is due not to the importance of the affair, but the extent of your unbelief. For this very evil was much more serious in the days of John Huss and in the time of many another, than in our own period. And even if it were great, he who began and conducts it is also great; for it is not ours. Why do you fret so always and without ceasing?

If the thing is wrong, then let us recall it; but if it is right, why should we make Him untruthful in such great promises, who tells us to be of good cheer and contented? Throw your care upon the Lord, he says; the Lord is near to all sorrowful hearts that call upon him. Would he speak thus such comfort into the wind, or cast it down before beasts? I also often feel a horror coming over me, but not for long. Your philosophy therefore is plaguing you, not your theology. The same is gnawing at the heart of your friend Joachim (Camerarius) also, as it appears to me, and in the same way; as though either of you could accomplish anything with your useless anxiety. What more can the

Devil do than throttle us? I beseech you, who are so efficient in combat in all other things, fight against yourself; for you are your own worst enemy, because you give Satan so many weapons against yourself. Christ died once for sins; but for justice and truth he will not die,—rather he lives and reigns.

If this be the case, why fear we for the truth, so long as he reigns? But, you say, it will be struck down by God's anger. Let us then be struck down by it, but not by ourselves. He who became our Father will also be Father to our children. Truly I pray diligently for you; and it pains me that you suck anxiety into yourself like a blood-leech, and make my prayer so powerless. Whether it is stupidity or the Holy Spirit, that my Lord Christ knows; but truly I am not very anxious about this matter. I have more than I would ever have thought to possess. God can raise the dead; he can also preserve his cause, even if it falls; when it is fallen, he can raise it up again, and when it stands fast, he can prosper it. If we should not be capable of effecting this end, then let it be brought about by others. For if we do not let ourselves be raised up by his promises, who else is there now in the world to whom they do apply? But of this more another time, although I do nothing but carry water to the sea. May Christ comfort, strengthen, and teach you all through his Spirit: Amen. Should I hear that this matter goes badly with you and is in danger, I shall scarcely restrain myself from flying to you, to see how terribly the Devil's teeth stand around, as the Scriptures say.

From our desert (Coburg), June 27, 1530.

LETTER TO HIS WIFE

To my dearly beloved wife Katharine Luther; for her own hands.

God greet thee in Christ, my dearly loved Katie! I hope if Doctor Brück receives leave of absence, as he gives me fair hope of doing, that I can come with him to-morrow, or the day after. Pray God that he bring me home safe and sound. I sleep extremely well: about six or seven hours consecutively, and then two or three hours afterward. That, as I take it, is due to the beer. But I am just as abstemious as at Wittenberg.

Doctor Caspar says that the caries under which our gracious

Elector suffers has eaten no further into the foot; but such martyrdom no Dobitzsch, no prisoner on the ladder of Jack the Jailer's tower, endures, as his Electoral Grace has to undergo from the surgeons. His Electoral Grace is as sound in his entire body as a little fish, only the devil has bitten and stung him in the foot. Pray, pray on! I hope God will hear us, as he has begun to do. For Doctor Caspar believes too that God must help here.

As Johannes [Rischmann] goes away, necessity and fairness alike demand that I let him depart honorably from me. For you know he has served us faithfully and diligently, and according to his ability has truly held to the Gospel in humility, and has done and suffered everything. Wherefore think how often we have given presents to worthless knaves and ungrateful scholars, where it was simply thrown away. So in this case be liberal, and let nothing be wanting to such a pious fellow; for you know it is money well spent, and is well pleasing to God. I know well that there is but little in the purse; but I would willingly give him ten gulden if I had it. Less than five gulden, however, you must not pay him, for he has no clothing. Whatever you can bestow above that, do, I beg of you. The parish coffer might, it is true, honor me by giving something to such a man, seeing that I must support my servants at my own expense, for their church's service and use; but as they will. Do not you let anything be lacking, so long as we still have a mug. Think where you have gotten it. God will give other things, that I know. Herewith I commend you to God. Amen.

And say to the parson from Zwickau that he should be content, and make the best of his lodging. When I come I will tell how Mühlpford and I were guests at Riedesal's house, and Mühlpford exhibited much wisdom to me. But I was not thirsty for such a drink. Kiss the young Hans for me; and bid little Johnny and Lena and Aunt Lena pray for the dear Elector and for me. I cannot find anything in this city to buy for the children, although it is the time of the Fair. Since I can bring nothing special, have something on hand for me to give.

Tuesday after Reminiscere [February 27th], 1532.

EXTRACT FROM COMMENTARY ON PSALM CI.

«I will sing of mercy and judgment, and unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing praises.»

He immediately at the outset gives instructions to the kings and princes, that they should praise and thank God if they have good order and devoted servants, at home or at court; from these words they should learn and understand that such things are a peculiar gift of God, and not due to their own wisdom or capacity. This is the experience of the world. No matter how common or unfitted one may be, he thinks if he had the rule he would do everything excellently, nor does he take pleasure in anything that others in authority may do; exactly as the servant in the comedy of Terence says longingly, «Oh, I should have been a king!» And as Absalom spoke secretly against David his father to the people of Israel: «See, thy matters are good and right; but there is no man deputed of the king to hear thee. Oh that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice!»

These are the master wiseacres, who on account of their superior wisdom can bridle the horse behind, and yet can really do nothing more than judge and bully other folks; and if they do get power into their hands, everything goes to pieces with them, just as the proverb says: «He who watches the sport knows best how to play.» For they imagine, if only they could get the ball into their hands, how they would knock over twelve pins, when there are really only nine on the square, until they learn that there is a groove that runs alongside of the alley. Such men do not praise and thank God; neither do they believe that these are God's gifts, or that they should implore and call upon God for such things. Instead they are presumptuous, and think their understanding and wisdom so sure that nothing is wanting: they wish to have the glory and renown of ruling and making all things work beneficially for others, just as if the Good Man (as our Lord God is called) should sit idly by, and not be present when one desires to accomplish some beneficence. And indeed he does so, and looks through his fingers, and allows the children of men audaciously to begin to build the Tower of Babel; afterwards he comes right amongst them, scatters them, and destroys everything, so that no one understands what the other says any longer. And it serves them right, because they exclude God from their counsel, and would be like God; they would be wise enough in themselves, and so have the honor which belongs to God alone. I have often, while in the cloister, seen and heard wise and sensible people give counsel with such assurance and brilliance that I thought it impossible for it to fail. «Ah!» thought I, « that has hands and feet,— that is certainly alive;» and I believed it as surely as if all had really taken place, and were stationed there before my eyes. But when one sought to grasp it and bring it into play, then it retreated basely, and the beautiful living counsel was even more worthless than a dream or a shadow is; and one must say, « Well then, if that was a dream, let the devil trust himself to such fine and beautiful counsels.»

How utterly is everything mere appearance and glitter, wherein God does not participate!

[1534.]

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN AT CHRISTMAS

The Child Jesus: Luke ii.

FROM heaven to earth I come
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing:—

To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

'Tis Christ, our God, who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth his kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark,
The swaddling-clothes and manger dark;

There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.

Now let us all with gladsome cheer
Follow the shepherds, and draw near
To see this wondrous gift of God,
Who hath his only Son bestowed.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this child, so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

Welcome to earth, thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery:
What can we render, Lord, to thee?

Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast thou made thee weak and small,
That thou must choose thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed!

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon thou, King, so rich and great,
As 'twere thy heaven, art throned in state.

Thus hath it pleased thee to make plain
The truth to us poor fools and vain,
That this world's honor, wealth, and might
Are naught and worthless in thy sight.

Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must raise with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song.

Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man his Son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

1535. Translated by Catharine Winkworth.

THE VALUE AND POWER OF MUSIC

Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God. To it Satan is exceedingly hostile. Thereby many temptations and evil thoughts are driven away; the devil cannot withstand it. Music is one of the best arts: the notes give life to the text; it expels the spirit of sadness, as one observes in King Saul. Some of the nobles and usurers imagine that they have saved for my Gracious Elector three thousand gulden yearly by cutting down music. Meanwhile they spend thirty thousand gulden in useless ways in its place. Kings, princes, and lords must support music, for it is the duty of great potentates and rulers to maintain the liberal arts and laws; and although here and there, ordinary and private persons have pleasure in and love them, still they cannot sustain them.

[When some singers were rendering several fine and admirable motettes of Senfl, Dr. Martin Luther admired and praised them highly. He remarked:] Such a motette I should not be able to compose, even if I were to devote myself wholly to the art. Nor could Senfl, on the other hand, preach on a psalm as well as I. The gifts of the Holy Spirit are manifold; just as in one body the members are manifold. But nobody is content with his gifts; he is not satisfied with what God has given him. All want to be the entire body, not the limbs.

Music is a glorious gift of God, and next to theology. I would not exchange my small musical talent for anything esteemed great. We should accustom the youth continually to this art, for it produces fine and accomplished people.

LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS LITTLE SON HANS, AGED SIX

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I hear with great pleasure that you are learning your lessons so well and praying so diligently. Continue to do so, my son, and cease not. When I come home I will bring you a nice present from the fair. I know a beautiful garden, where there are a great many children in fine little coats, and they go under the trees and gather beautiful apples and pears, cherries and plums; they sing and run about and are as happy as they can be. Sometimes they ride on nice little ponies, with golden bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man whose garden it is, "What little children are these?" And he told me, "They are little children who love to pray and learn and are good." When I said, "My dear sir, I have a little boy at home; his name is little Hans Luther: would you let him come into the garden, too, to eat some of these nice apples and pears, and ride on these fine little ponies, and play with these children?" The man said, "If he loves to say his prayers and learn his lessons, and is a good boy, he may come; Lippus [Melanchthon's son] and Jost [Jonas's son] also; and when they are all together, they can play upon the fife and drum and lute and all kinds of instruments, and skip about and play with little crossbows." He then showed me a beautiful mossy place in the middle of the garden for them to skip about in, with a great many golden fifes and drums and silver crossbows. The children had not yet had their dinner, and I could not wait to see them play, but I said to the man: "My dear sir, I will go away and write all about it to my little son John, and tell him to be fond of saying his prayers, and learn well and be good, so that he may come into this garden; but he has a grand-aunt named Lehne, whom he must bring along with him." The man said, "Very well: go write to him."

Now, my dear little son, love your lessons and your prayers, and tell Philip and Jodocus to do so too, that you may all come to the garden. May God bless you. Give Aunt Lehne my love, and kiss her for me. Your dear father, Martinus Luther. In the year 1530.

[Coburg, June 19th.]

LUTHER'S TABLE-TALK

Dr. Luther's wife complaining to him of the indocility and untrustworthiness of servants, he said:—"A faithful and good servant is a real Godsend, but truly, 'tis a 'rare bird in the land.' We find every one complaining of the idleness and profligacy of this class of people: we must govern them Turkish fashion,—so much work, so much victuals,—as Pharaoh dealt with the Israelites in Egypt."

"Before I translated the New Testament out of the Greek, all longed after it; when it was done, their longing lasted scarce four weeks. Then they desired the Books of Moses; when I had translated these, they had enough thereof in a short time. After that, they would have the Psalms; of these they were soon weary, and desired other books. So will it be with the Book of Ecclesiasticus, which they now long for, and about which I have taken great pains. All is acceptable until our giddy brains be satisfied; afterwards we let things lie, and seek after new."

August 25th, 1538, the conversation fell upon witches who spoil milk, eggs, and butter in farm-yards. Dr. Luther said:—"I should have no compassion on these witches; I would burn all of them. We read in the old law that the priests threw the first stone at such malefactors. 'Tis said this stolen butter turns rancid and falls to the ground when any one goes to eat it. He who attempts to counteract and chastise these witches is himself corporeally plagued and tormented by their master the Devil. Sundry schoolmasters and ministers have often experienced this. Our ordinary sins offend and anger God. What then must be his wrath against witchcraft, which we may justly designate high treason against divine majesty,—a revolt against the infinite power of God? The jurisconsults who have so learnedly and pertinently treated of rebellion affirm that the subject who rebels against his sovereign is worthy of death. Does not witchcraft, then, merit death, being a revolt of the creature against the Creator,—a denial to God of the authority it accords to the demon?"

Dr. Luther discussed at length concerning witchcraft and charms. He said that his mother had had to undergo infinite annoyance from one of her neighbors, who was a witch, and whom she was fain to conciliate with all sorts of attentions; for this witch could throw a charm upon children which made them cry themselves to death. A pastor having punished her for some knavery, she cast a spell upon him by means of some earth upon which he had walked, and which she bewitched. The poor man hereupon fell sick of a malady which no remedy could remove, and shortly after died.

It was asked: Can good Christians and God-fearing people also undergo witchcraft? Luther replied, "Yes, for our bodies are always exposed to the attacks of Satan. The maladies I suffer are not natural, but devil's spells."

"When I was young, some one told me this story: Satan had in vain set all his craft and subtlety at work to separate a married pair that lived together in perfect harmony and love. At last, having concealed a razor under each of their pillows, he visited the husband, disguised as an old woman, and told him that his wife had formed the project of killing him; he next told the same thing to the wife. The husband, finding the razor under his wife's pillow, became furious with anger at her supposed wickedness, and cut her throat. So powerful is Satan in his malice."

Dr. Luther said he had heard from the Elector of Saxony, John Frederic, that a powerful family in Germany was descended from the Devil,—the founder having been born of a succubus. He added this story:—"A gentleman had a young and beautiful wife, who, dying, was buried. Shortly afterwards, this gentleman and one of his servants sleeping in the same chamber, the wife who was dead came at night, bent over the bed of the gentleman as though she were conversing with him, and after a while went away again. The servant, having twice observed this circumstance, asked his master whether he knew that every night a woman clothed in white stood by his bedside. The master replied that he had slept soundly, and had observed nothing of the sort. The next night he took care to remain awake. The woman came, and he asked her who she was and what she wanted. She answered that she was his wife. He returned, 'My wife is dead and buried.' She answered, she had died by reason of his sins; but that if he would receive her again, she would return to him in life. He said if it were possible, he should be well content. She told him he must undertake not to swear, as he was wont to do; for that if he ever did so, she should once more die, and permanently quit him. He promised this; and the dead woman, returning to seeming life, dwelt with him, ate, drank, and slept with him, and had children by him. One day that he had guests, his wife went to fetch some cakes from an adjoining apartment, and remained a long time absent. The gentleman grew impatient, and broke out into his old oaths. The wife not returning, the gentleman with his friends went to seek her, but she had disappeared; only the clothes she had worn lay on the floor. She was never again seen."*

"THE Devil seduces us at first by all the allurements of sin, in order thereafter to plunge us into despair; he pampers up the flesh, that he may by-and-by prostrate the spirit. We feel no pain in the act of sin; but the soul after it is sad, and the conscience disturbed."

"THE Devil often casts this into my breast: 'How if thy doctrine be false and erroneous, wherewith the pope, the mass, friars and nuns are thus dejected and startled?' at which the sour sweat has drizzled from me. But at last, when I saw he would not leave, I gave him this answer: 'Avoid, Satan: address thyself to my God, and talk with him about it; for the doctrine is not mine but his,—he has commanded me to hearken unto this Christ.'"

"BETWEEN husband and wife there should be no question as to *meum* and *tuum*. All things should be in common between them, without any distinction or means of distinguishing."

"ST. AUGUSTINE said finely: 'A marriage without children is the world without the sun.'"

DR. LUTHER said one day to his wife: "You make me do what you will; you have full sovereignty here, and I award you with all my heart the command in all household matters, reserving my rights in other points. Never any good came out of female domination. God created Adam master and lord of living creatures; but Eve spoilt all, when she persuaded him to set himself above God's will. 'Tis you women, with your tricks and artifices, that lead men into error."

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* Barham has used this story in the 'Ingoldsby Legends,'—'The Blasphemer's Warning.'

"'Tis a grand thing for a married pair to live in perfect union, but the Devil rarely permits this. When they are apart, they cannot endure the separation; and when they are together, they cannot endure the always seeing one another. 'Tis as the poet says: 'Nec tecum vivere possum, nec sine te.' Married people must assiduously pray against these assaults of the Devil. I have seen marriage where, at first, husband and wife seemed as though they would eat one another up; in six months they have separated in mutual disgust. 'Tis the Devil inspires this evanescent ardor, in order to divert the parties from prayer."

Dr. Luther said, in reference to those who write satirical attacks upon women, that such will not go unpunished. "If the author be one of high rank, rest assured he is not really of noble origin, but a surreptitious intruder into the family. What defects women have, we must check them for in private, gently by word of mouth; for woman is a frail vessel." The doctor then turned round and said, "Let us talk of something else."

There was at Frankfort-on-the-Oder a schoolmaster, a pious and learned man, whose heart was fervently inclined to theology, and who had preached several times with great applause. He was called to the dignity of deacon; but his wife, a violent, fierce woman, would not consent to his accepting the charge, saying she would not be the wife of a minister.

It became a question, what was the poor man to do? which was he to renounce, his preachership or his wife? Luther at first said jocosely, "Oh, if he has married, as you tell me, a widow, he must needs obey her." But after a while he resumed severely: "The wife is bound to follow her husband, not the husband his wife. This must be an ill woman, nay, the Devil incarnate, to be ashamed of a charge with which our Lord and his Apostles were invested. If she were my wife, I should shortly say to her, 'Wilt thou follow me, aye or no? Reply forthwith;' and if she replied, 'No,' I would leave her, and take another wife."

The hair is the finest ornament women have. Of old, virgins used to wear it loose, except when they were in mourning. I like women to let their hair fall down their back; 'tis a most agreeable sight.

SAYINGS OF LUTHER

I have no pleasure in any man who despises music. It is no invention of ours: it is the gift of God. I place it next to theology. Satan hates music: he knows how it drives the evil spirit out of us.

The strength and glory of a town does not depend on its wealth, its walls, its great mansions, its powerful armaments; but on the number of its learned, serious, kind, and well-educated citizens.

Greek and Latin are the scabbard which holds the sword of the Spirit, the cases which inclose the precious jewels, the vessels which contain the old wine, the baskets which carry the loaves and fishes for the feeding of the multitude.

Only a little of the first fruits of wisdom — only a few fragments of the boundless heights, breadths, and depths of truth — have I been able to gather.

My own writings are like a wild forest, compared with the gentle, limpid fluency of his [Brenz's] language. If small things dare be compared with great, my words are like the Spirit of Elijah,— a great and strong wind, rending the mountains and breaking in pieces the rocks; and his is the still small voice. But yet God uses also coarse wedges for splitting coarse blocks; and besides the fructifying grain, he employs also the rending thunder and lightning to purify the atmosphere.

I must root out the stumps and trunks, and I am a rough woodsman who must break the road and prepare it: but Magister Philip [Melanchthon] goes on quietly and gently, plows and plants, sows and waters joyfully.

Be temperate with your children; punish them if they lie or steal, but be just in what you do. It is a lighter sin to take pears and apples than to take money. I shudder when I think what I went through myself. My mother beat me about some nuts once till the blood came. I had a terrible time of it; but she meant well.

Never be hard with children. Many a fine character has been ruined by the stupid brutality of pedagogues. The parts of speech are a boy's pillory. I was myself flogged fifteen times in one forenoon, over the conjugation of a verb. Punish if you must; but be kind too, and let the sugar-plum go with the rod.

My being such a small creature was a misfortune for the Pope. He despised me too much. What, he thought, could a slave like me do to him — to him who was the greatest man in the world? Had he accepted my proposal he would have extinguished me.

The better a man is, the more clearly he sees how little he is good for, and the greater mockery it is to him to hold the notion that he has deserved reward. Miserable creatures that we are, we earn our bread in sin. Till we are seven years old, we do nothing but eat and drink and sleep and play; from seven to twenty-one we study four hours a day, the rest of it we run about and amuse ourselves; then we work till fifty, and then we grow again to be children. We sleep half our lives; we give God a tenth of our time; and yet we think that with our good works we can merit heaven. What have I been doing to-day? I have talked for two hours, I have been at meals three hours, I have been idle four hours: ah, enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!

The barley which we brew, the flax of which we weave our garments, must be bruised and torn ere they come to the use for which they were grown. So must Christians suffer. The natural creature must be torn and threshed. The old Adam must die, for the higher life to begin. If man is to rise to nobleness, he must first be slain.

The principle of marriage runs through all creation, and flowers as well as animals are male and female.

Praise be to God the Creator, who out of a dead world makes all live again. See those shoots, how they bourgeon and swell on this April day! Image of the resurrection of the dead! Winter is death; summer is the resurrection. Between them the spring and autumn, as the period of uncertainty and change. The proverb says —

« Trust not a day
Ere birth of May.»

Let us pray our Father in heaven to give us this day our daily bread.

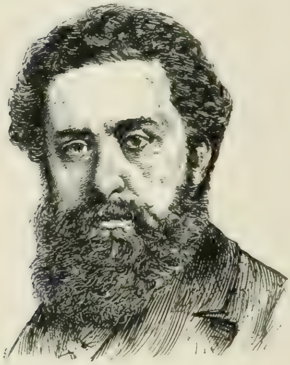
We are in the dawn of a new era; we are beginning to think something of the natural world which was ruined in Adam's fall. We are learning to see all around us the greatness and glory of the Creator. We can see the Amighty hand — the infinite goodness — in the humblest flower. We praise him, we thank him, we glorify him; we recognize in creation the power of his word. He spoke, and it was there. The stone of the peach is hard, but the soft kernel swells and bursts when the time comes. An egg — what a thing is that! If an egg had never been seen in Europe, and a traveler had brought one from Calcutta, how would all the world have wondered!

If a man could make a single rose, we should give him an empire; yet roses, and flowers no less beautiful, are scattered in profusion over the world, and no one regards them.

THE EARL OF LYTTON

(1831–1891)

Edward Robert, first earl of Lytton, a son of Bulwer the novelist, and known to literature as "Owen Meredith," was born November 8th, 1831, at London. He was educated at Harrow, and privately at Bonn, Germany. He went early into diplomatic service, becoming private secretary to his uncle, Sir H. L. Bulwer, then British minister at Washington. Various diplomatic positions followed: in 1874 he was made Minister at Lisbon; in 1878–80 Governor-General of India; and from 1887 to his death in Paris, November 24th, 1891, Ambassador to France.



Lord Lytton

Considering the political complexion of his life and his importance as a figure in the social world, Lytton wrote voluminously and published many books. He aimed, first and always, at being a poet; and did not receive the critical recognition he desired, being regarded as a fluent, graceful verse-writer with more culture and knack than original gift. Throughout his career he was either underestimated or overpraised by his adherents or opponents in statecraft. He began to write when a youth in the twenties. 'Clytemnestra' (1855); 'The Wanderer' (1859); 'Lucile' (1860); 'Serbski Pesme, or National Songs of Servia' (1861); 'The Ring of Amasis,' a novel (1863); Chronicles and Characters' and 'Poems' (1867); 'Orval' (1869); 'Julian Fane' (1871); 'Fables in Song' (1874); 'Poems' (1877); 'The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton' (1883), an incomplete memoir of his father; 'Glenaveril; or, The Metamorphoses' (1885); a volume of stories translated from the German (1886); 'After Paradise' (1887); and the posthumous 'King Poppy' (1892),—make up the rather formidable list.

Owen Meredith's literary reputation rests in the main upon the lyrics in the volume entitled 'The Wanderer,' and the clever verse narrative 'Lucile'; which were given to the public in successive years, and were all written when he was under thirty. A few of the poems in the former volume have enough of grace, music, and sentiment to give them a vogue more than temporary. ‘Aux Italiens,’ perhaps the poem which keeps Lytton's name steadily before the public, although it is liked best in the storm-and-stress period of uncritical youth, has elements which commend it to maturer judgment. It seizes on an incident of fashionable social life and imbues it with the pathos of the past,—with a sense of the irrevocableness of old deeds and the glamour of early love. Certain stanzas in it have the true touch; and as a whole, sophisticated production as it is, it possesses power and beauty. ‘Lucile,’ which shows the influence of Byron, and has had a popularity out of proportion to its importance, is nevertheless a very successful thing in its kind, a brilliant *tour de force* in social verse, of the light, bright, half cynical, half sentimental sort. Its dashing metre and its vivacity of presentation must be conceded, in the same breath that one denies it the name of poetry. It is no easy matter to tell a modern story in rhyme so that it is readable, enjoyable. Meredith has done this in ‘Lucile’; done it as well as any English poet of his day. That the nature of the exploit is not such as to make the work among the highest things of poetry, is no detraction. The success of an effort in literature is to be measured by the correspondence of aim and accomplishment.

AUX ITALIENS

At Paris it was, at the Opera there;—
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
«Non ti scordar di me»?

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress too had a tear in her eye:
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,

For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat,
Together, my bride-betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,—
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass:
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot)
And her warm white neck in its golden chain.
And her full soft hair just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine-flower in her fair young breast;
(Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine-flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife;
And the letter that brought me back my ring.
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over,
And I thought, «Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her, and love her!»

And I swear as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine-flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned, and looked. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horseshoe curved between;—
From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,—
In short, from the Future back to the Past,—
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door;
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, on the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then;
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,—
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;

And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass:
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face: for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say:
For Beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh the smell of that jasmine-flower!
And oh that music! and oh the way
That voice ran out from the donjon tower,
«Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!»

LUCILE'S LETTER

From ‹Lucile›

YET ere bidding farewell to Lucile de Nevers,
Hear her own heart's farewell in this letter of hers.

The Comtesse de Nevers to a Friend in India

Once more, O my friend, to your arms and your heart,
And the places of old . . . never, never to part!
Once more to the palm, and the fountain! Once more
To the land of my birth and the deep skies of yore!
From the cities of Europe, pursued by the fret
Of their turmoil wherever my footsteps are set;
From the children that cry for the birth, and behold,
There is no strength to bear them — old Time is *so* old!
From the world's weary masters, that come upon earth
Sapped and mined by the fever they bear from their birth;
From the men of small stature, mere parts of a crowd,

Born too late, when the strength of the world hath been
bowed:
Back, back to the Orient, from whose sunbright womb
Sprang the giants which now are no more, in the bloom
And the beauty of times that are faded forever!
To the palms! to the tombs! to the still Sacred River!
Where I too, the child of a day that is done,
First leaped into life, and looked up at the sun,—
Back again, back again, to the hill-tops of home
I come, O my friend, my consoler, I come!

Are the three intense stars, that we watched night by night
Burning broad on the band of Orion, as bright?
Are the large Indian moons as serene as of old,
When, as children, we gathered the moonbeams for gold?
Do you yet recollect me, my friend? Do you still
Remember the free games we played on the hill,
'Mid those huge stones upheaved, where we recklessly trod
O'er the old ruined fane of the old ruined god?
How he frowned while around him we carelessly played!
That frown on my life ever after hath stayed,
Like the shade of a solemn experience upcast
From some vague supernatural grief in the past.
For the poor god, in pain more than anger he frowned,—
To perceive that our youth, though so fleeting, had found,
In its transient and ignorant gladness, the bliss
Which his science divine seemed divinely to miss.
Alas! you may haply remember me yet,—
The free child, whose glad childhood myself I forget.
I come—a sad woman, defrauded of rest;
I bear to you only a laboring breast;
My heart is a storm-beaten ark, wildly hurled
O'er the whirlpools of time, with the wrecks of a world.
The dove from my bosom hath flown far away;
It is flown and returns not, though many a day
Have I watched from the windows of life for its coming.
Friend, I sigh for repose, I am weary of roaming.
I know not what Ararat rises for me
Far away, o'er the waves of the wandering sea:
I know not what rainbow may yet, from far hills,
Lift the primrose of hope, the cessation of ills:
But a voice, like the voice of my youth, in my breast
Wakes and whispers me on—to the East! to the East!
Shall I find the child's heart that I left there? or find
The lost youth I recall, with its pure peace of mind?

Alas! who shall number the drops of the rain?
Or give to the dead leaves their greenness again?
Who shall seal up the caverns the earthquake hath rent?
Who shall bring forth the winds that within them are pent?
To a voice who shall render an image? or who
From the heats of the noontide shall gather the dew?
I have burned out within me the fuel of life,
Wherefore lingers the flame? Rest is sweet after strife.
I would sleep for a while. I am weary.

My friend,
I had meant in these lines to regather, and send
To our old home, my life's scattered links. But 'tis vain!
Each attempt seems to shatter the chaplet again;
Only fit now for fingers like mine to run o'er,
Who return, a recluse, to those cloisters of yore
Whence too far I have wandered.

How many long years
Does it seem to me now since the quick, scorching tears,
While I wrote to you, splashed out a girl's premature
Moans of pain at what women in silence endure!
To your eyes, friend of mine, and to yours alone,
That now long-faded page of my life hath been shown
Which recorded my heart's birth, and death, as you know,
Many years since,—how many?

A few months ago
I seemed reading it backward, that page! Why explain
Whence or how? The old dream of my life rose again.
The old superstition! the idol of old!
It is over. The leaf trodden down in the mold
Is not to the forest more lost than to me
That emotion. I bury it here by the sea,
Which will bear me anon far away from the shore
Of a land which my footsteps will visit no more;
And a heart's *requiescat* I write on that grave.
Hark! the sight of the wind, and the sound of the wave,
Seem like voices of spirits that whisper me home!
I come, O you whispering voices, I come!
My friend, ask me nothing.

Receive me alone
As a Santon receives to his dwelling of stone
In silence some pilgrim the midnight may bring:
It may be an angel that, weary of wing,

Hath paused in his flight from some city of doom,
Or only a wayfarer strayed in the gloom.
This only I know: that in Europe at least
Lives the craft or the power that must master our East.
Wherefore strive where the gods must themselves yield at
last?
Both they and their altars pass by with the Past.
The gods of the household, Time thrusts from the shelf;
And I seem as unreal and weird to myself
As these idols of old.

Other times, other men,
Other men, other passions!

So be it! yet again
I turn to my birthplace, the birthplace of morn,
And the light of those lands where the great sun is born!
Spread your arms, O my friend! on your breast let me feel
The repose which hath fled from my own.

YOUR LUCILE.

FROM PROLOGUE TO ‹THE WANDERER›

OH, MOMENT of sweet peril, perilous sweet!
When woman joins herself to man; and man
Assumes the full-lived woman, to complete
The end of life, since human life began!
When in the perfect bliss of union
Body and soul triumphal rapture claim,
When there's a spirit in blood, in spirit a flame,
And earth's lone hemispheres glow, fused in one!

Rare moment of rare peril!—The bard's song,
The mystic's musing fancy. Did there ever
Two perfect souls in perfect forms belong
Perfectly to each other? Never, never!
Perilous were such moments, for a touch
Might mar their clear perfection. Exquisite
Even for the peril of their frail delight.
Such things man feigns; such seeks: but finds not such.

No; for 'tis in ourselves our love doth grow:
And when our love is fully risen within us,
Round the first object doth it overflow,
Which, be it fair or foul, is sure to win us

Out of ourselves. We clothe with our own nature
The man or woman its first want doth find.
The leafless prop with our own buds we bind,
And hide in blossoms; fill the empty feature

With our own meanings; even prize defects
Which keep the mark of our own choice upon
The chosen; bless each fault whose spot protects
Our choice from possible confusion
With the world's other creatures; we believe them
What most we wish, the more we find they are not;
Our choice once made, with our own choice we war not;
We worship them for what ourselves we give them.

Doubt is this otherwise. — When fate removes
The unworthy one from our reluctant arms,
We die with that lost love to other loves,
And turn to its defects from other charms.
And nobler forms, where moved those forms, may move
With lingering looks: our cold farewells we wave them.
We loved our lost loves for the love we gave them,
And not for anything they gave our love.

Old things return not as they were in Time.
Trust nothing to the recompense of Chance,
Which deals with novel forms. This falling rhyme
Fails from the flowery steeps of old romance
Down that abyss which Memory droops above;
And gazing out of hopelessness down there,
I see the shadow creep through Youth's gold hair
And white Death watching over red-lipped Love.

MAARTEN MAARTENS

(J. M. W. VAN DER POORTEN SCHWARTZ)

(1858–)

BY WILLIAM SHARP

There are few authors of the day more widely popular with the English-reading public all over the world than the now celebrated Anglo-Dutch romancist, Maarten Maartens. It is interesting to note that the testimony of many of the leading librarians, both in America and Great Britain, is to the effect that few if any novels are in such steady demand throughout the year as those of the able writer just named.

Maarten Maartens

This is the more interesting from the fact that Mr. Maartens is, as his name applies, a foreigner; and the more remarkable because that he, a Hollander, does not (as commonly supposed) translate his original Dutch MS. into English, but writes at first hand in his adopted language. Naturally, after he had first won reputation, there was a general idea that his books were successful romances in Holland itself, and that they had been translated into English as a venture, and as it proved, a successful venture. As a matter of fact, it is only quite recently that Maarten Maartens's novels have appeared in the Dutch language in Holland. For long his own countrymen, curious as to his writings, had to procure his books from the Tauchnitz Library, or else to purchase English copies. One might well wonder why a novelist should have so little heed for reputation in his own country. Perhaps it is because of too keen a recognition of the fact that a prophet is not without honor save in his own land; perhaps it is because the small Dutch public in little Holland is infinitesimal in comparison with that in America and Great Britain, to say nothing of Australia and Canada; perhaps — and indeed, here we have the real cause, I understand — it is because Maarten Maartens has depicted certain aspects of Dutch life only too vividly and exactly,— written them, in fact, with all the verve and detachment from parochial partialities which might be expected of a foreigner rather than of a native. It is said that Mr. Maartens would not have agreed to a Dutch reissue of his books at all, were it not for the fact that in the absence of a copyright law to protect his interests, translations might well appear, and of course be wholly unsatisfactory to him from every point of view. It is commonly understood that the accomplished wife of the popular novelist, who is as notable a linguist as he is himself, and indeed born with the gift of tongues, is responsible for the translation into Dutch of those several romances which have won so much recognition among the English-speaking peoples. The author, of course, has revised them; but to all intents and purposes we have the strange, and perhaps unexampled, instance of a romancist choosing to write wholly for the foreign public.

Not that any one meeting Mr. Maartens for the first time would consider him a foreigner. Both in appearance and in manner, as well as in speech, he suggests an Englishman of a very recognizable type; and when he and his wife, as frequently happens, are in London, there is nothing outwardly to distinguish them from scores of their friends and acquaintances. Recently I saw a so-called authentic account of this writer. It stated that Mr. Maartens was the son of a Dutch peasant of that name, and that his books had long enjoyed a remarkable popularity in Holland. The latter misapprehension has already been set right. As to the first misstatement, that too is easily corrected; for «Maarten Maartens» is merely a pen-name, and belongs, so far as Mr. Maartens himself knows, to no industrious peasant or to anybody else in particular — though of course a fairly common name in Holland. How wise the adoption of a good pseudonym was, is at once evident when we know the real name of the novelist. It is only his intimate friends, however, who know the novelist as Mynheer Van der Poorten Schwartz. To correspondents in general, as well as to the outer world, he is invariably Maarten Maartens.

J. M. W. Van der Poorten Schwartz, to give him his native name once more, was born in Amsterdam on the 15th of August, 1858. He has, with his wife, traveled much; and this is perhaps one reason why they both speak Dutch, German, French, Italian, and English with facility and intimate knowledge. Although so English in his tastes, and so largely English by his interests, Mr. Maartens in his private life is primarily a Dutch gentleman. True, he has incurred a good deal of dislike, and even given serious offense, to many of his compatriots by what they consider his undue or disproportionate representation of Dutch life; but his neighbors at least do not hesitate to be glad that he is one of their number, and that he takes part in the busy communal life which is the general ideal in Holland. Maarten Maartens, who is now in the prime of life, lives for the greater part of the year — that is, when he is not traveling abroad — in a beautiful house near the ancient city of Utrecht.

The first of his books to attract wide public attention — and I understand, the first that he wrote — is the moving story entitled 'The Sin of Joost Avelingh.' Almost at once this clever and fascinating study of human motives working out towards an inevitable end attracted the notice both of the critics and of the reading world. 'The Sin of Joost Avelingh' was successful from the first; and every one was asking who the new novelist with a foreign-sounding name was, and what else he was going to give us. This book was followed by 'An Old Maid's Love,' which had for sub-title 'A Dutch Tale told in English.' In actual craft of writing, this reserved and almost austere romance displays a marked advance upon its predecessor in certain points of style; it had not, however, the same success. This was reserved for 'God's Fool,' which both serially and in volume form was read and admired everywhere. The novelist's growing reputation was still further enhanced by what many people consider his best book, 'The Greater Glory.' This «story of high life» was actually written in 1891, and revised in 1892, though it did not appear in an English magazine — Temple Bar — until the winter of 1893-4. Early in 1894 it appeared in the then conventional three-volume form, and in the autumn was issued in a popular one-volume series. Serially, it appeared in America in the Outlook; and besides the authorized edition there have been several pirated issues. So early as 1894 also it was added, in two volumes, to the famous Continental Series of Baron Tauchnitz.

Mr. Maartens has written several other romances than these; and indeed we have come to look for at least one book yearly from him. But in those named the reader will find all his characteristics adequately represented. He is a writer with a grave sense of his responsibility to the public. Conscientious both as to the matter expressed and as to the manner of that expression, scrupulous in his effort to maintain a high standard of purity and distinction in the use of English, and eager to permeate all his work with the afflatus of a dominant moral idea, he may broadly be ranked with two such representative writers as George Eliot in England and Edouard Rod in France. With the deep and subtle author of 'La Vie de Michel Tessier' he has in fact much in common. Some time ago an American gentleman asked one of the chief librarians in London which would be the best books by living writers, that would at once interest the attention and improve the minds of young readers in country districts in the States. Among the two or three names that were specified in particular was that of Maarten Maartens; and this indeed is a verdict that can honestly be indorsed. His work is strong, virile, reserved, dignified, and true to life; while at the same time it is profoundly interesting, pictorial, dramatic, and with unmistakable qualities of style and distinction. It is more than probable that his best work will survive that of writers of much greater temporary vogue; and if so, that happy result will be to the credit of the always sane, and in the long run generally wise, judgment of the reading public at large.

Of his first six books—‘The Sin of Joost Avelingh’ (1890), ‘An Old Maid's Love’ (1891), ‘A Question of Taste’ (1891), ‘God's Fool’ (1892), ‘The Greater Glory’ (1894), ‘My Lady Nobody’ (1895)—Mr. Maarten Maartens considers the chef d'œuvre to be ‘God's Fool’; and "the fool of God," Elias Lossel, is his favorite character. Undoubtedly, however, his first book and ‘The Greater Glory’ are those for which the public care most. There is one often quoted sentence in the latter book which I may give here:—"This is a true story. It is what they call a story of high life. It is also a story of the life which is higher still. There be climbings which descend to depths of infamy; there be also—God is merciful—most infamous fallings into heaven."

The following extracts are as fairly representative as is possible, both as to style and subject-matter. The reader must bear in mind that they are excerpts, and allow for an apparent haziness in atmosphere, of necessity an evasive quality when what should be given intact has to be presented fragmentarily. Perhaps however they may send yet more readers to the always instructive, stimulating, and deeply interesting romances of Maarten Maartens.

William Sharp

JOOST SURRENDERS

From ‘The Sin of Joost Avelingh’

Joost Avelingh went up to his wife's room.

The doctor's last words had been spoken low; but Joost, stopping for a moment in the hall to pass a hand over his eyes and collect his bewildered thoughts, just caught them. He stumbled up-stairs, opened the bedroom door, and walked in.

God had answered him. There lay his wife, white and motionless, with staring, meaningless eyes, under the white coverlet;

unconscious, insensible. A shaded lamp burned on a side table; Dientje the maid rose softly from her chair near it, and came forward. He motioned her away — towards the adjoining dressing-room — and then sat down alone by the bed.

God had answered him. In the pride of his heart he had sought himself an answer, and had triumphed at the thought that it should be a pleasing one. But the very fact of his yearning for a sign in the heavens was the surest proof that the oracle in his own heart had spoken already. It had been speaking through all these months, as each successive experience led him nearer to the truth, all the shouting and din of the election had not been able to silence its voice completely; and now, over the tumult of this wild hour of false exultation, it shrieked aloud! The intoxication of the moment died away from him, leaving him the more dejected. And the hatred and contempt of himself which the last weeks had fostered, once more overflowed his heart.

God had answered him. He sat staring at the senseless face before him, and he read the answer there. He did not believe in such connection as the doctor seemed to snatch at between Agatha's illness and the trial. Living with her day by day, he had seen her well and happy, triumphant even, in the recognition of his innocence. The change had come suddenly; in the last fortnight, perhaps. He had watched it; her mother had spoken of it; her brother — but he had watched it, and seen it for himself. It was God's reply to all his lying self-exculpation, to his life of deceit. The curse of her race would fall surely and swiftly upon this innocent wife of his; for so mysteriously, yet wisely, doth God visit our sins upon our loved ones. Or, in his mercy, he would take her to himself and leave her husband comfortless, — him whom no comfort could advantage, and whom misery alone yet might save. But whatever the future might fashion, it would bring them separation: Joost's heart cried out that it must be so, and the last words the doctor had spoken were become an irrevocable decree to him. He understood that it must be thus. He was unworthy to live longer by the side of this woman whom he cheated; and whether by death to relieve her, or by insanity to punish him, she would pass out of his existence. She would never speak to him again. Never! In that thought he first realized how unutterably he loved her, with a love which had grown from a boy's rash fancy for a pretty face, through trials and mutual enjoyments and deepening sympathies, into the very essence and existence of the soul. And yet his first yearning was not to retain her, if God bade her pass from him: it was only that — oh, by all his unworthiness of her, by his guilt and her gentle innocence, by his passionate love and her answering affection — by their oneness — of *Thy* giving, great Father — he might obtain mercy to confess his iniquity in her sight. For death was not death to him in that moment, nor detachment separation. And ere she — his soul's diviner part — pass on to fuller purity of knowledge, he would gather from her lips that she had learned his secret on this earth, had understood it, and forgiven him. Not, not to be left here standing with eyes that cannot pierce the darkness, and yet with a hope that told the loved one loved him still, and now read the soul he had so shrewdly veiled before her, and now — mayhap — mourned forever for a unity, high and holy, broken and trodden under foot. O God, have mercy!

He sank down by the bed and buried his face in his hands. And in the untroubled silence his heart cried aloud. It was of God that he must obtain forgiveness in the first place, and he knew it. But his prayers, in that turmoil of feeling, were of the woman he loved.

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

From ‹An Old Maid's Love›

It was on a golden summer evening — a long June sunset, soft and silent — that Mephisto crept into the quiet old heart of Suzanna Varelkamp.

She was sitting in the low veranda of her cottage on the Wyker Road, with her gray knitting in her hands. She always had that gray knitting in her hands. If it rested on her knees for one brief moment, her friends could tell you that some singularly difficult question — probably of abstruse theology, or else about the linen-basket or the preserves — was troubling Suzanna's mind. Suzanna was a woman of industrious repose. She loved her God and her store cupboard. She did not, as a rule, love her neighbor overmuch: little unpleasantnesses in connection with the overhanging apples, or Suzanna's darling cat, were apt to intervene and stifle the seeds of dutifully nurtured benevolence. Nor did she love herself to any excess of unrighteousness; knowing, with a perfervid knowledge, that she was altogether abominable and corrupt, and "even as a beast before Thee," from her mother's womb upwards — a remote period.

The gentle laburnum at her side was slowly gilding over in the sinking sunlight, fragile and drooping and a little lackadaisical, very unlike the natty old woman, bolt upright in her basket-chair. Just across the road a knot of poplars quivered to the still air; and in the pale, far heaven, companies of swallows circled with rapid, aimless swoops. Nature was slowly — very, very slowly, tranquilly, dreamingly, deliciously — settling itself to sleep; silent already but for a blackbird shrilling excitedly through the jasmine bushes by the porch.

Another bird woke up at that moment, and cried out from Suzanna's bedroom — through all the quiet little house — that it was half-past seven. Then he went to sleep again for exactly half an hour; for, like all man's imitations of God's works, he is too hideously logical to be artistic. And Mejuffrouw Varelkamp began to wonder why Betje did not bring out the 'tea-water'; for every evening the sun went down at another moment. — Providence, being all-provident, was able to superintend such irregularities, — but every evening, at half-past seven to the minute, Mejuffrouw Varelkamp must have her 'tea-water,' or the little cosmos of her household arrangements could not survive the shock. "It is difficult enough for one woman to superintend one servant!" said Suzanna. "It is possible, but it is all-engrossing, and requires concentration of power and of will. And not being Providence, I cannot regulate disorder." The regulation of "disorder," as she called it, — the breaking away from straight lines and simple addition, — was one of Suzanna's bugbears. And so Betje was efficiently superintended; none but she knew how engrossingly. And evening after evening, the cuckoo stepped over his threshold, and Betje out of her kitchen, so harmoniously that you might almost have fancied they walked in step.

Somebody was coming up the quiet road — a Dutch road, straight and tidy, avenue-like, between its double border of majestic beeches; somebody whose walk sounded unrhythmic through the stillness; — two people, evidently, and not walking in step, these two: one with a light, light-hearted swing; the other with a melancholy thump, and a little skip to make it good again. But their whistling, the sweet low whistling of an old Reformed psalm-tune, was in better unison than their walking; though even here, perhaps, the softer voice seemed just a shade too low. Had there been all the falseness of a German band in that subdued music, Suzanna would not have detected it: her heart — and that far more than her ear — recognized with tranquil contentment the drawn-out melody, calm and plaintive; and her bright eye brightened, for just one little unnoticeable moment, at the accents of the clearer voice. That sudden brightening would flash every now and then over a face hard and cold enough by nature; nobody ever noticed it except Suzanna's sister, the rich widow Barsselius,— not Suzanna herself, least of all the young scapegrace who was its only cause.

Dutch psalm-singing leaves plenty of time for the singers to go to sleep and wake up again between each two succeeding notes. The whistlers came into sight before they had finished many lines. They stopped suddenly upon perceiving the old lady under the veranda, and both took off their hats.

"Dominé," said Suzanna, "how can you countenance whistling the Word of God?"

The young man thus addressed looked up with a quiet twinkle in his eye. He had a pale face and a thoughtful smile; he was slightly deformed, and it was he that walked lame.

"With pipe and with timbrel, Juffrouw," he answered gayly. "Old Baas Vroom has just been telling me that he won't give up smoking, in spite of the doctor, because he has read in his Bible how the people praised the Lord with their pipes."

Suzanna never smiled unless she approved of the joke. She reverenced the minister, and she patronized the young believer; it was difficult sometimes properly to blend the two feelings. But at the bottom of her tough old heart she thoroughly liked her nephew's friend. "He will make a capital pastor," she said to herself unconsciously, "when he has unlearned a little of his so-called morality and taken in good sound theology instead. Not the milk of the Word with Professor Wyfel's unfiltered water, but strong meat with plenty of Old-Testament sap."

"Come in here," she said severely: "I want to talk to you about that Vrouw Wede. I told her this morning that she could not have any more needlework from the Society unless she sent her son to the catechizing. She says the boy's father won't have him go, because it tires his head. And I warned her I should report her to the Dominé." Mejuffrouw Varelkamp's voice always dropped into exactly the same tone of hereditary reverence over that word. "Come in, Jakob, and you shall have a 'cat's tongue' [a kind of biscuit], even though it isn't Sunday."

Betje had brought out the tea things meanwhile, triumphantly, under cover of the minister's presence: the shining copper peat stove, and the costly little Japanese teacups, not much larger than a thimble, on their lacquered tray. "Take away the tea-stove, Betje," said Suzanna: "the peat smells." She said so every now and then,—once a week, perhaps,—being firmly convinced of the truth of her assertion; and Betje, who never believed her, and who never smelled anything under carbolic acid, whisked away the bright pail and kettle from beside her mistress's chair and brought them back again unaltered. "That is right, Betje," said Mejuffrouw. "How often must I tell you that a stove which smells of peat is full proof in itself of an incompetent servant?"

"Humph!" said Betje. For even the very best of housekeepers have their little failings and fancies and fads.

"Come in, Jakob," said Suzanna. "Not you, Arnout. You can go down to the village and fetch me a skein of my dark gray wool. The dark gray, mind, at twelve stivers. You know which."

"You know which!" The young man had grown up with the dark gray wool and the light gray wool and the blue wool for a border. Ten stivers, twelve stivers, fourteen stivers. He knew them better than his catechism, and he knew that very well too. He touched his hat slightly,—he was always courteous to his aunt, as who would not have been?—and he strolled away down the green highway into the shadows and the soft warm sunset, taking up as he went the old psalm-tune that had been on his lips before.

It was the melody of the Fifty-first Psalm. Suzanna had good cause to remember it in after years.

And it was into this calm green paradise of an old maid's heart—a paradise of straight gravel paths, and clipped box-trees, and neat dahlia beds—that soft Mephisto crept.

KNOWLEDGE

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There was a man once—a satirist. In the natural course of time his friends slew him, and he died. And the people came and stood about his corpse. "He treated the whole round world as his football," they said indignantly, "and he kicked it." The dead man opened one eye. "But always toward the Goal," he said.

There was a man once—a naturalist. And one day he found a lobster upon the sands of time. Society is a lobster: it crawls backwards. "How black it is!" said the naturalist. And he put it in a little pan over the hot fire of his wit. "It will turn red," he said. But it didn't. That was its shamelessness.

There was a man once—a logician. He picked up a little clay ball upon the path of life. "It is a perfect little globe," said his companions. But the logician saw that it was not perfectly, mathematically round. And he took it in his hands and rubbed it between them softly. "Don't rub so hard," said his companions. And at last he desisted, and looked down upon it. It was not a bit rounder, only pushed out of shape. And he looked at his hands. They were very dirty.

There was a man once—a poet. He went wandering through the streets of the city, and he met a disciple. "Come out with me," said the poet, "for a walk in the sand-dunes." And they went. But ere they had progressed many stages, said the disciple, "There is nothing here but sand."—"To what did I invite you?" asked the poet.—"To a walk in the sand-dunes."—"Then do not complain," said the poet. "Yet even so your words are untrue. There is heaven above. Do you not see it? The fault is not heaven's. Nor the sand's."

MUSIC AND DISCORD

From ‹God's Fool.› Copyright 1892, by D. Appleton & Co.

"The principle remains the same," cried Lossell. "Keep out of expenses while you can."

"But don't if you can't," interrupted Cornelia tartly.

Till now her husband had resolutely fastened his eyes upon the orchestra director's shining rotundity. He withdrew them for a moment—less than a moment—as Cornelia spoke; and their glances met. In that tenth of a second a big battle was fought and lost, far more decisive than the wordy dispute of the other night. For Hendrik read defiance in Cornelia's look, and retreated before it. In that flash of recognition he resolved to give up all attempts to browbeat her. His must be a warfare not of the broadsword, but of the stiletto. There lay discomfiture in the swift admission; not defeat as yet, but repulse. Once more Cornelia's eagle face had stood her in good stead. "After all, I can't slap her," muttered Lossell, as he scowled back towards Herr Pfuhl's bald head.

Indeed he could not.

"'Can't' is an ugly word," he said to himself almost as much as to her, and he walked away in the direction of the breakfast-room. In the entry he turned round. "No concert this winter, Herr Pfuhl!" he cried; and then he shut the door quickly behind him.

He was still sufficiently master of his own house to say what he chose in it. But he was not master enough to remain where he chose after having said it.

He was far from sorry to think the door should be shut.

The repose of the Sabbath—that blessed resting on the oars—had been broken by a sudden squall. He glowered discontentedly at the breakfast things; and as he lifted the teapot lid, he sneered down upon the innocent brown liquid inside. Yet Cornelia could make good tea. And he knew it. It is a beautiful thing in a woman.

No man of nervous or artistic temperament should bind himself in wedlock before the partner of his choice has passed an examination in tea-making. And even in Koopstad there are nervous souls, though inartistic, in these days of ours when Time travels only by rail. Hendrik was of a highly nervous nature, irritable, and fifty miles an hour. He sat down to breakfast and drew the Sunday morning paper towards him. Cornelia might as well stop away as not. How unreasonable she was, and how inconsiderate! He would walk out presently and see Elias. The walk would do him good and brace him up a bit. Elias was his brother; a step-brother, but still a brother, a Lossell. Blood is thicker than water, and every now and then the old truth comes home to you. And Cornelia was fast deepening into a nuisance.

She came in serene, as if nothing had happened. Her victory satisfied her for the moment, and she was too wise a woman not to relax her hold of the rope the moment she had drawn the boat into her current. She had shown Hendrik the limit of her endurance, and instead of leaping over it, he had shivered back. That was enough for to-day. She did not really want the concert very badly, especially not at that « scandalous » price.

« I quite agree with you, Henk, » she said mildly, as she busied herself with her tray; « and I have told Herr Pfuhl so, and sent him away. It would be absurd to pay so much for his band; and we can in any case very well wait till next year. »

Hendrik's whole being melted away into notes of interrogation and admiration, as he stopped and stared at his wife,— the open print in one hand, his half-lifted teacup in the other.

« We must give an extra dinner instead, » continued Mevrouw. « Why did you not wait for me to pour out your tea, Hendrik? »

« I am in a hurry, » answered Lossell, still bewildered: « I want to walk out to Elias's and see how the poor chap is getting on. »

Mevrouw pulled a face. She did not like to think of the useless idiot who stood between her and the full glory of greatness. Elias was her permanent eclipse. « Oh, depend upon it, he is perfectly well and happy, » she snapped. She avoided as much as possible allowing her thoughts to dwell upon contingencies; but she could not keep down an undercurrent of exasperation at sight of the idiot's unbroken health. « It is only the people whose existence has no *raison d'être*, » she said, « that go on living for ever. »

« So-o, » muttered Herr Pfuhl to himself emphatically, in a long-drawn reminiscence of his native land. He hurried down the short avenue in fretful jumps, and as he went he struck his greasy wide-awake down flat on his speckled cabinet-pudding of a head. « So is it in the great houses. They have the butters and the oils of life, and yet the wheels go creaking. The Mefrou, ah, she will have her concert when she wants it. Not so was my Lieschen. Never has she given me Blutwurst again, since I told her it was Leberwurst I loved better. And yet Blutwurst was her Leibgericht. »

Whenever he was strongly moved, his German seemed to break forth again purer from some hidden spring of feeling, and to come surging up across the muddy ditch of broken Dutch.

A film spread over his eyes, for Lieschen would never eat Blutwurst again. She had been dead for many years. She had died in this strange, straight-lined country, of a chill at the heart.

Peace be to the old Director's ashes. He too is dead. But his orchestra was heard in Mevrouw Lossell's rooms before he laid down his baton. And on that memorable occasion Hendrik Lossell went up to him, with nervous, puckered face, and complimented him on the excellence of the performance; adding, with a palpable sneer, that there were some things so valuable you could never pay enough for them.

And the sneer was at himself.

GUILT

From ‹God's Fool.› Copyright 1892, by D. Appleton & Co.

In the middle of the night Elias awoke. His brain was clear again, as fools' brains go. He sat up in bed, and said, « Murder. »

Murder. He did not know much about « death » and « killing, » but he knew what « murder » was. Christ had been murdered. Murder was hating a man so utterly that you wanted him to stop seeing, hearing, walking, speaking; that you wanted him to stop being, in a word. And so you tried to prevent his being. You struck him until he could no longer be. And he who did this thing, who made another human being to lie silent like a stick or stone, was a murderer. It was the very worst thing a man could be. The wicked Jews had murdered Christ. And Elias had murdered his brother.

Murder. The whole room was full of it. Room? What did he know of rooms, of limits of space? He opened his horror-struck eyes wide, and they saw as much, or as little, as before — the immensity of darkness.

He put out his hand and felt that he was among unusual surroundings. Where was he? In the place where God confines the wicked? Prison, the grave, hell — the idea was all one to him. He was in the darkness — the soul-darkness he had never known thus till this hour.

Heaven and earth were aflame with the cry of murder. It rose up in his heart and flooded his whole existence. It pressed back upon him, and held him by the throat whenever he tried to shake it off. But he barely tried. His was a mind of few ideas, at the mercy of so merciless a tyrant as this. The wish to do away with, to silence, to annihilate. Elias had murdered his brother, as the Jews had murdered Christ.

He dared not pray. He buried his face in the pillow and longed to be truly blind, that he might not see «murder»; truly deaf, that he might not hear «murder.» He dared not think of forgiveness. There could be no forgiveness for such crime as this. «Sins» to him had meant his childish petulances. He had never heard of any one forgiving Christ's murderers. Everybody was still very angry with them, and yet it was a long time ago since Christ was killed. There could be no hope, no escape. There was nothing but this agony, beyond tears, beyond pardon. Nothing but the consciousness, which must remain forever, of being one of the very few among the worst of men.

And he remembered that he had thought he was almost as good as the Lord Christ.

THE DAWN OF THE HIGHER LIFE

From 'The Greater Glory.' Copyright 1893, by D. Appleton & Co.

Reinout, walking his horse in the blazing sunshine, peeped curiously into the cheaply bound little volume which was her «dearest thing on earth.»

«Verses!» he said with ready scorn. «All women are alike.»

He knew enough about verses. Sometimes he read the books his mother brought him, and sometimes he praised them unread. «Always say 'Yes' to a woman,» the Chevalier was wont to remark, «if you feel it would hurt to hear you say 'No.'»

«O mon âme.
O ma flamme.
O que je t'aime.»

That is poetry.

«Toujours du même.»

«None of my talent has descended to my child,» sighed Margherita. «And yet I feel sure he will be some sort of a genius — perhaps a Prime Minister.» «A what?» asked the Count, and walked away to dissemble his laughter. He rejoiced, however, to think that his wife had come round to his view, whatever her road.

"Well, she begins young with her love ditties," thought Reinout; but, nevertheless, on his return, he settled himself in a window-seat with the book. It was a Belgian edition of Victor Hugo's "Les Voix Intérieures."

He glanced at the first page. The opening words struck him.

"This Age is great and strong. . . ."

The quietly impressive words, so unlike much of Victor Hugo's later redundancy, sank slowly into his soul. Here was a gospel of the time, which met him half-way on his hap-hazard path. "Are you looking for me?" it said. "I am here."

When he had finished, he turned back and began again. He had never read other poetry before than love songs and bouts-rimés.

And then he plunged headlong into the piece which follows, that magnificent poem on the death of the exiled Charles X. Here the novice soon floundered out of his depth; but he still held on, borne irresistibly forward by the rush of the rhythm, as all must understand who appreciate the sublimest of spouters. It is impossible to stop; the very bewilderment of the reader twists him helplessly onwards amid those whirlpools of eloquence. And in all the Titan's endless volumes, Reinout could not have lighted on a poem more calculated to impress him than this one. Aristocrat as he must ever remain in all the prejudices of his bringing-up, lover as he had been destined to become from childhood of that lowly human greatness which your mere aristocrat ignores, this song of tenderest reconciliation struck chords within his being of whose existence his incompleteness had never been aware. And when he reached, with palpitating heart and eager breath, the great finale,—

"O Poesy, to heaven on frighted wing thou fliest!"

he started to his feet, and stood staring before him into a new gulf yawning ahead — or was it a visionary ladder, whose top is hid in heaven? A world of illusion, Idea,— the soul-world of beautiful hopes and fancies,— the world in which all men are brothers, great and strong and greatly worthy,— a world at which the cynic laughs, with tears for laughter; — at last he beheld it; uplifted on the pinions of his ignorance into cloudland, and beyond that to the sun! He will never forget that moment, although to this day he cannot tell you in intelligible prose what took place in his soul. Oh, the sweetness of it! The sadness of it! The beautiful, sorrowful hope! He did not know what he was saying, as he stumbled on through a wilderness of magnificent words. But gradually a single thought stood out clear among all this confusion of greatnesses: the majesty — not of your Highnesses and Excellencies and Eminences — but of the naked soul of man. He had been yearning for it, searching for it, unwittingly; at last he could grasp it, and read the riddle of life.

All that afternoon he hurried upwards, a breathless explorer on Alpine heights. Like an Indian prince from his father's palace, he had escaped out of the gilded cage where the neat canaries warbled, away into the regions of the angels' song, "Peace on earth, good-will among men. Hallelujah!" His soul was drunken with poesy. He tore off the kid glove from his heart.

He was utterly unreasonable and nonsensical, full of clap-trap and tall-talk and foolishness. Yes, thank God: he was all that at last.

THE MABINOGION

BY ERNEST RHYS

The old delightful collection of Welsh romances,—"open-air tales," the late Sidney Lanier happily termed them,—known all the world over as the 'Mabinogion,' is the work of various mediæval poets and romancers whose very names, like those of the border balladists, are lost to us. It is easy to speculate, as Stephens and other critics have done, about the authorship of one or two of the 'Mabinogion,' in scanning the list of poets in Wales during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries; but the quest leads to nothing certain, and save to Welsh students is uninteresting. We may say, as the poet Shirley wrote in speaking of Beaumont and Fletcher, the one important thing about these authors is that "we have their precious remains."

As for the general title 'Mabinogion,' which Lady Charlotte Guest's English version has made familiar, it is well perhaps at the outset to listen to the explanation given by the greatest Celtic scholar of our time,—the present principal of Jesus College, Oxford. From this it may be seen that these tales, too, are but another outgrowth of that wonderful bardic cult to which some reference is made in a previous volume.* "An idea prevails," says Principal John Rhys, "that any Welsh tale of respectable antiquity may be called a *mabinogi;* but there is no warrant for extending the use of the term to any but the 'four branches of the Mabinogi,' such as Pwyll, Branwen, Manawydthau, and Math. For, strictly speaking, the word *mabinog* is a technical term belonging to the bardic system, and it means a literary apprentice. In other words, a mabinog was a young man who had not yet acquired the art of making verse, but who received instruction from a qualified bard. The inference is that the 'Mabinogion' meant the collection of things which formed the mabinog's literary training—his stock in trade, so to speak; for he was probably allowed to relate the tales forming the 'four branches of the Mabinogion' at a fixed price established by law or custom. If he aspired to a place in the hierarchy of letters, he must acquire the poetic art. The supposition that a mabinog was a child on his nurse's lap would be as erroneous as the idea that the 'Mabinogion' are nursery tales,—a view which no one who has read them can reasonably take.»

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* *Vide* article 'Celtic Literature,' Vol. vi., page 3403.

In Lady Charlotte Guest's later edition in one volume (London, 1877),—the most convenient edition for reference,—twelve tales in all will be found. Of these, the most natively and characteristically Welsh in character are such tales as the vivid, thrice romantic 'Dream of Rhonabwy,' which owes little to outside sources. 'The Lady of the Fountain,' on the other hand, shows in a very striking way the influence of the French chivalric romances that Sir Thomas Malory drew upon so freely in his 'Morte d'Arthur.' In the admirably edited Oxford text of the Welsh originals, 'The Lady of the Fountain' appears under the title of 'Owain and Lunet'; and Lunet's name at once recalls Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.' Indeed, the king, King Arthur himself, is not long in making his entry upon the scene. We find him in this first romance, set forth with all that fondness for fine color which marks all Celtic romance:—

«In the centre of the chamber King Arthur sat upon a seat of green rushes, over which was spread a covering of flame-colored satin, and a cushion of red satin was under his elbow.»

It is perhaps to be regretted that King Arthur should appear so indifferent to the delights of fiction as he does in the sequel; for in the interval before dinner he calmly proposes to go to sleep while they tell tales. He also suggests that they should get a flagon of mead and some meat, by way of encouragement to the comfortable exercise of romance. «So Kai went to the kitchen and to the mead cellar, and returned bearing a flagon of mead and a golden goblet, and a handful of skewers upon which were broiled collops of meat. Then they ate the collops, and began to drink the mead.»

In the way of sheer romance, nothing could be better than the tale of his adventures that Kynon then recites: how, after journeying through deserts and distant regions, he came to the fairest valley in the world, and to a great castle with a torrent below it; how, being conducted into the castle, he found there four-and-twenty damsels of surpassing beauty, embroidering satin at a window, who rose at his coming, and divested him of his armor and attired him in fine linen, with mantle and surcoat of yellow satin; and how then they spread a feast before him, with tempting array of gold and silver; and how, when next day he sets forth refreshed in quest of further adventures, he is overthrown by the sable Knight of the Fountain. Owain, in his turn, essays to fight with this Knight of Darkness;—but here let me pause, in the remote hope of sending new readers to the tale itself. For those who think mere romance in itself to be wanting in philosophical interest, let it be added that Principal Rhys has in his Hibbert Lectures discovered all manner of mythological meaning in the tale. Thus Owain becomes the symbol of the Day, with its twelve hours of light, while the dark Knight of the Fountain represents Darkness and Destruction, and corresponds to our old enemy Arawn, the prince of Night and Hades.

In quite another vein from 'The Lady of the Fountain' is the curious story of 'Lludd and Llevelys,' which begins in the Welsh original, "Yr beli mawr vab manogair y bu tri meib,"—that is, "Beli the Great, son of Manogar, had three sons." These three were Lludd, Caswallawn, and Nynyaw. But there was also a fourth, called Llevelys. After the death of Beli, Lludd became King; and we add a passage to our selections that follow, describing the legendary origin of London, as founded by King Lludd, after whom Ludgate Hill is called. What could be more entertaining, as one contemplates the ramifications of that congeries of cities forming modern London, than to remember this old Welsh fable of its first beginnings? One need not trouble to distinguish how far King Lludd and his capital, Caer Lludd (the old Cymraec name for London), are historical or not. Here they concern us only as romance, as do the Three Great Plagues of the Isle of Britain, which King Lludd has to drive away. But romance or history, let us not forget that these Three Plagues lead, in the course of the Mabinogi, to the discovery that Oxford is the very centre of the mystic Isle of Britain; which may very well account, in turn, for the modern taste of Oxford for Welsh texts!

The tale that follows 'Lludd and Llevelys' in the English edition of the 'Mabinogion,'—'Taliesin,' to wit,—is the only item in the list which is rather suspicious in its origin. In fact the tale as it stands is neither primitive nor mediæval, but is a fairly ingenious concoction of primitive and mediæval ingredients, probably made in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. It contains, *inter alia*, some striking versions of the old mystic poems attributed to Taliesin; for a further account of which we must refer the reader to the article in a later volume upon that remarkable and thrice puzzling Cymraec poet. In the opening of the story of 'Taliesin,' as it stands, will be found the mention of a certain Tegid Voel; and this serves to remind us that it was a Welsh scholar, best known by his bardic use of the same name, "Tegid," who was Lady Guest's collaborator in translating the 'Mabinogion.'

It may be said in appraising the value of the contribution thus made to the open literature of the world, that if, necessarily, something is lost in the transference from an old to a newer tongue, yet the version we have is a really surprisingly good English equivalent, written with a great charm of style and a pervading sense of the spirit of all romance literature. Let us not forget, either, to note the services rendered to the book, by one so remarkable among the

American poets as the late Sidney Lanier, from whom we quoted a phrase in our opening sentence. In his pleasant preamble to 'The Boys' Mabinogion,' the account he gives of his subject forms so convincing a tribute to its delights that one is tempted to steal a sentence or two. After referring to the 'Arabian Nights,' Sidney Lanier goes on to say that the 'Mabinogion' fortunately "do not move in that close temperature which often renders the atmosphere of the Eastern tales so unwholesome." Again he says (and how well the sentence touches on the imaginative spell that one finds in the more primitive, more peculiarly Celtic of those tales, such as the thrice wonderful 'Dream of Rhonabwy!'): "There is a glamour and sleep-walking mystery which often incline a man to rub his eyes in the midst of a Mabinogi, and to think of previous states of existence."

It remains to be said, finally, that the old manuscript volume of the 'Mabinogion,' known as the 'Llyfr Coch o Hergest,'—the 'Red Book of Hergest,'—lies enshrined in the famous library of Jesus College, Oxford: the one college in the older English universities which has a time-honored connection with Welsh scholarship and Welsh literature.

Ernest Rhys

THE DREAM OF RHONABWY

How Rhonabwy Slept, and Began his Dream

Now, near the house of Heilyn Goch they saw an old hall, very black and having an upright gable, whence issued a great smoke; and on entering they found the floor full of puddles and mounds; and it was difficult to stand thereon, so slippery was it with mire. And where the puddles were, a man might go up to the ankles in water and dirt. And there were boughs of holly spread over the floor, whereof the cattle had browsed the sprigs. When they came to the hall of the house, they beheld cells full of dust and very gloomy, and on one side an old hag making a fire. And whenever she felt cold, she cast a lapful of chaff upon the fire, and raised such a smoke that it was scarcely to be borne as it rose up the nostrils. And on the other side was a yellow calfskin on the floor; a main privilege was it to any one who should get upon that hide. And when they had sat down, they asked the hag where were the people of the house. And the hag spoke not, but muttered. Thereupon behold the people of the house entered: a ruddy, clownish, curly-headed man, with a burthen of fagots on his back, and a pale, slender woman, also carrying a bundle under her arm. And they barely welcomed the men, and kindled a fire with the boughs. And the woman cooked something and gave them to eat: barley bread, and cheese, and milk and water.

And there arose a storm of wind and rain, so that it was hardly possible to go forth with safety. And being weary with their journey, they laid themselves down and sought to sleep. And when they looked at the couch it seemed to be made but of a little coarse straw, full of dust and vermin, with the stems of boughs sticking up therethrough; for the cattle had eaten all the straw that was placed at the head and foot. And upon it was stretched an old russet-colored rug, threadbare and ragged; and a coarse sheet full of slits was upon the rug, and an ill-stuffed pillow, and a worn-out cover upon the sheet. And after much suffering from the vermin, and from the discomfort of their couch, a heavy sleep fell on Rhonabwy's companions. But Rhonabwy, not being able either to sleep or to rest, thought he should suffer less if he went to lie upon the yellow calfskin that was stretched out on the floor. And there he slept.

As soon as sleep had come upon his eyes it seemed to him that he was journeying with his companions across the plain of Argyngroeg, and he thought that he went towards Rhyd y Groes on the Severn. As he journeyed he heard a mighty noise, the like whereof heard he never before; and looking behind him, he beheld a youth with yellow curling hair, and with his beard newly trimmed, mounted on a chestnut horse, whereof the legs were gray from the top of the fore legs, and from the bend of the hind legs downwards. And the rider wore a coat of yellow satin sewn with green silk, and on his thigh was a gold-hilted sword, with a scabbard of new leather of Cordova, belted with the skin of the deer, and clasped with gold. And over this was a scarf of yellow satin, wrought with green silk, the borders whereof were likewise green. And the green of the caparison of the horse, and of his rider, was as green as the leaves of the fir-tree, and the yellow was as yellow as the blossom of the broom.

LLUDD AND LLEVELYS

How King Lludd Founded Caer Lludd, or the City of London

After the death of King Beli, the kingdom of the Island of Britain fell into the hands of Lludd, and Lludd rebuilt the walls of London, and encompassed it about with numberless towers. And after that he bade the citizens build houses therein, such as no houses in the country could equal. And moreover he was a mighty warrior, and generous and liberal in giving meat and drink to all that sought them. And though he had many castles and cities, this one loved he more than any. And he dwelt therein most part of the year, and therefore it was called Caer Lludd, and at last Caer London. And after the stranger race came, it was called London, or Lwyndrys.

How Lludd Found Oxford to be the Centre of the Island of Britain, and how he took the Two Dragons in a Caldron

And King Lludd caused the Isle of Britain to be measured; and in Oxford he found the central point. And in that place he caused the earth to be dug, and in the pit a caldron to be set, full of the best mead that could be made; with a covering of satin over the face of it. And he himself watched that night; and while he watched, he beheld the dragons fighting. And when they were weary, they fell down upon the satin covering, and drew it with them to the bottom of the caldron. And they drank up the mead in the caldron, and then they slept. And thereupon Lludd folded the satin covering around them, and in the safest place in all Snowdon he hid them in a kistvaen. And after this the place was called Dinas Emrys. And thus the fierce outcry ceased in his dominions.

KILHWCH AND OLWEN

The Ride of Kilhwch

And Kilhwch pricked forth on a steed with head dappled gray, of four winters old, firm of limb, with shell-formed hoofs, having a bridle of linked gold on his head, and upon him a saddle of costly gold. And in the youth's hand were two spears of silver, sharp, headed with well-tempered steel, three ells in length, of an edge to wound the wind, and cause blood to flow, and swifter than the fall of the dew-drop from the blade of reed grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest. A gold-hilted sword was upon his thigh, the blade of which was of gold, bearing a cross of inlaid gold of the hue of the lightning of heaven; his war-horn was of ivory. Before him were two brindled white-breasted greyhounds, having strong collars of rubies about their necks, reaching from the shoulder to the ear. And the one that was on the left side bounded across to the right side, and the one on the right to the left, and like two sea-swallows sported around him. And his courser cast up four sods with his four hoofs, like four swallows in the air, about his head, now above, now below. About him was a four-cornered cloth of purple, and an apple of gold was at each corner, and every one of the apples was of the value of an hundred kine. And there was precious gold of the value of three hundred kine upon his shoes, and upon his stirrups, from his knee to the tip of his toe. And the blade of grass bent not beneath him, so light was his courser's tread as he journeyed towards the gate of Arthur's palace.

Description of Olwen

The maiden was clothed in a robe of flame-colored silk, and about her neck was a collar of ruddy gold, on which were precious emeralds and rubies. More yellow was her head than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountain. The eye of the trained hawk, the glance of the three-mewed falcon, was not brighter than hers. Her bosom was more snowy than the breast of the white swan; her cheek was redder than the reddest roses. Those who beheld her were filled with her love. Four white trefoils sprang up wherever she trod.

FROM ‹BRANWEN THE DAUGHTER OF LLYR›

Peace was made, and the house was built both vast and strong. But the Irish planned a crafty device; and the craft was that they should put brackets on each side of the hundred pillars that were in the house, and should place a leathern bag on each bracket, and an armed man in every one of them. Then

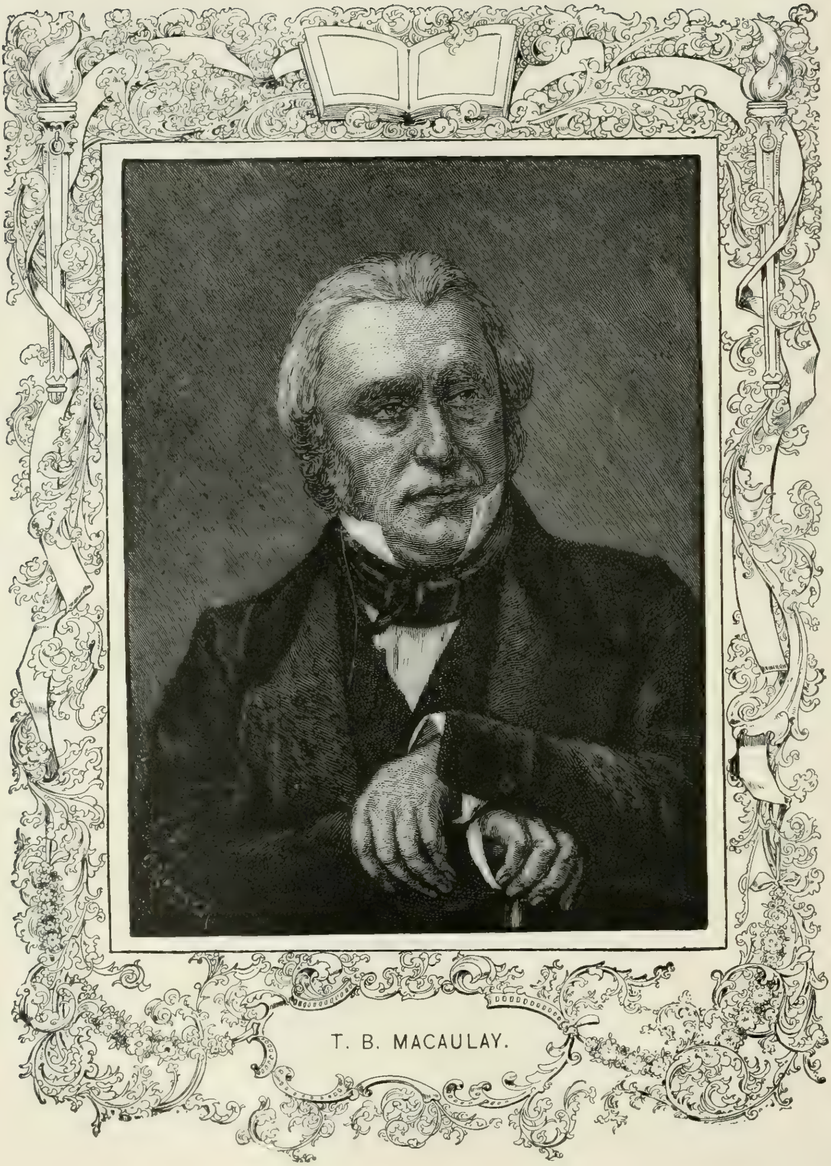
Evnissyen [Branwen's brother, the perpetual mischief-maker] came in before the host of the Island of the Mighty, and scanned the house with fierce and savage looks, and descried the leathern bags which were around the pillars. «What is in this bag?» asked he of one of the Irish. «Meal, good soul,» said he. And Evnissyen felt about it till he came to the man's head, and he squeezed the head until he felt his fingers meet together in the brain through the bone. And he left that one and put his hand upon another, and asked what was therein? «Meal,» said the Irishman. So he did the like unto every one of them, until he had not left alive of all the two hundred men save one only. and when he came to him, he asked what was there? «Meal, good soul,» said the Irishman. And he felt about until he felt the head, and he squeezed that head as he had done the others. And albeit he found that the head of this one was armed, he left him not until he had killed him. And then he sang an Englyn:—

«There is in this bag a different sort of meal,
The ready combatant, when the assault is made,
By his fellow warriors prepared for battle.»

FROM ‹THE DREAM OF MAXEN WLEDIG›

And he saw a maiden sitting before him in a chair of ruddy gold. Not more easy to gaze upon than the sun when brightest, was it to look upon her by reason of her beauty. A vest of white silk was upon the maiden, with clasps of red gold at the breast; and a surcoat of gold tissue was upon her, and a frontlet of red gold upon her head, and rubies and gems were in the frontlet, alternating with pearls and imperial stones. And a girdle of ruddy gold was around her. She was the fairest sight that man ever beheld.

The maiden arose from her chair before him, and he threw his arms about the neck of the maiden, and they two sat down together in the chair of gold; and the chair was not less roomy for them both than for the maiden alone. And as he had his arms about the maiden's neck, and his cheek by her cheek, behold, through the chafing of the dogs at their leashing, and the clashing of the shields as they struck against each other, and the beating together of the shafts of the spears, and the neighing of the horses and their prancing, the Emperor awoke.



T. B. MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

(1800–1859)

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the most widely read of English essayists and historians, was born near London on the 25th of October, 1800. His early education was received at private schools; but in 1818 he went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduated with honor, and was elected a fellow in 1824. Out of deference to the wishes of his father he thought for a while of becoming an attorney, read law, and was called to the bar in 1826. But the labors of the profession were little to his liking; no business of consequence came to him, and he was soon deep in literature and politics, for the pursuit of which his tastes, his habits, and his parts pre-eminently fitted him.

His nephew and biographer has gathered a mass of anecdotes and reminiscences, which go far to show that while still a lad Macaulay displayed in a high degree many of the mental characteristics which later in life made him famous. The eagerness with which he devoured books of every sort; the marvelous memory which enabled him to recall for years whole pages and poems, read but once; the quickness of perception by the aid of which he could at a glance extract the contents of a printed page; his love of novels and poetry; his volubility, his positiveness of assertion, and the astonishing amount of information he could pour out on matters of even trivial importance,—were as characteristic of the boy as of the man.

As might have been expected from one so gifted, Macaulay began to write while a mere child; but his first printed piece was an anonymous letter defending novel-reading and lauding Fielding and Smollett. It was written at the age of sixteen; was addressed to his father, then editor of the Christian Observer, was inserted in utter ignorance of the author, and brought down on the periodical the wrath of a host of subscribers. One declared that he had given the obnoxious number to the flames, and should never again read the magazine. At twenty-three Macaulay began to write for Knight's Quarterly Magazine, and contributed to it articles some of which — as 'The Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton touching the Great Civil War'; his criticism of Dante and Petrarch; that on Athenian Orators; and the 'Fragments of a Roman Tale' — are still given a place in his collected writings. In themselves these pieces are of small value; but they served to draw attention to the author just at the time when Jeffrey, the editor of the great Whig Edinburgh Review, was eagerly and anxiously searching for « some clever young man » to write for it. Macaulay was such a clever young man. Overtures were therefore made to him; and in 1825, in the August number of the Review, appeared his essay on John Milton. The effect was immediate. Like Byron, he awoke one morning to find himself famous; was praised and complimented on every hand, and day after day saw his table covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every part of London. And well he might be praised; for no English magazine had ever before published so readable, so eloquent, so entertaining an essay. Its very faults are pleasing. Its merits are of a high order; but the passage which will best bear selection as a specimen of the writing of Macaulay at twenty-five is the description of the Puritan.

Macaulay had now found his true vocation, and entered on it eagerly and with delight. In March 1827 came the essay on Machiavelli; and during 1828 those on John Dryden, on History, and on Hallam's 'Constitutional History.' During 1829 he wrote and published reviews of James Mill's 'Essay on Government' (which involved him in an unseemly wrangle with the Westminster Review, and called forth two more essays on the Utilitarian Theory of Government), Southey's 'Colloquies on Society,' Sadler's 'Law of Population,' and the reviews of Robert Montgomery's Poems. The reviews of Moore's 'Life of Byron' and of Southey's edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' appeared during 1830. In that same year Macaulay entered Parliament, and for a time the essays came forth less frequently. A reply to a pamphlet by Mr. Sadler written in reply to Macaulay's review, the famous article in which Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson was pilloried, and the essay on John Hampden, were all he wrote in 1831. In 1832 came Burleigh and his Times, and Mirabeau; in 1833 The War of the Succession in Spain, and Horace Walpole; in 1834 William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; in 1835 Sir James Mackintosh; in 1837 Lord Bacon, the finest yet produced; in 1838 Sir William Temple; in 1839 Gladstone on Church and State; and in 1840 the greatest of all his essays, those on Von Ranke's 'History of the Popes' and on Lord Clive. The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration, Warren Hastings, and a short sketch of Lord Holland, were written in 1841; Frederic the Great in 1842; Madame D'Arblay and Addison in 1843; Barère and The Earl of Chatham in 1844: and with these the long list closes.

Never before in any period of twenty years had the British reading public been instructed and amused by so splendid a series of essays. Taken as a whole the series falls naturally into three classes: the critical, the biographical, and the historical. Each has merits and peculiarities of its own; but all have certain characteristics in common which enable us to treat them in a group.

Whoever will take the pains to read the six-and-thirty essays we have mentioned,— and he will be richly repaid for his pains,— cannot fail to perceive that sympathy with the past is Macaulay's ruling passion. Concerning the present he knew little and cared less. The range of topics covered by him was enormous; art, science, theology, history, literature, poetry, the drama, philosophy — all were passed in review. Yet he has never once failed to treat his subject historically. We look in vain for the faintest approach to a philosophical or analytical treatment. He reviewed Mill's essay on Government, and Hallam's ‹Constitutional History›; but he made no observations on government in the abstract, nor expressed any opinions as to what sort of government is best suited for civilized communities in general. He wrote about Bacon; yet he never attempted to expound the principles or describe the influence of the Baconian philosophy. He wrote about Addison and Johnson, Hastings and Clive, Machiavelli and Horace Walpole and Madame D'Arblay; yet in no case did he analyze the works, or fully examine the characteristics, or set forth exhaustively the ideas, of one of them. They are to him mere pegs on which to hang a splendid historical picture of the times in which these people lived. Thus the essay on Milton is a review of the Cromwellian period; Machiavelli, of Italian morals in the sixteenth century; that on Dryden, of the state of poetry and the drama in the days of Charles the Second; that on Johnson, of the state of English literature in the days of Walpole. In the essays on Clive and Hastings, we find little of the founders of British India beyond the enumeration of their acts. But the Mogul empire, and the rivalries and struggles which overthrew it, are all depicted in gorgeous detail. No other writer has ever given so fine an account of the foreign policy of Charles the Second as Macaulay has done in the essay on Sir William Temple; nor of the Parliamentary history of England for the forty years preceding our Revolution, as is to be found in the essays on Lord Chatham. In each case the image of the man whose name stands at the head of the essay is blurred and indistinct. We are told of the trial of John Hampden; but we do not see the fearless champion of popular liberty as he stood before the judges of King Charles. We are introduced to Frederic the Great, and are given a summary of his characteristics and a glowing narrative of the wars in which he won fame; but the real Frederic, the man contending «against the greatest superiority of power and the utmost spite of fortune,» is lost in the mass of accessories. He describes the outward man admirably: the inner man is never touched.

But however faulty the Essays may be in respect to the treatment accorded to individual men, they display a prodigious knowledge of the facts and events of the periods they cover. His wonderful memory, stored with information gathered from a thousand sources, his astonishing power of arranging facts and bringing them to bear on any subject, whether it called for description or illustration, joined with a clear and vigorous style, enabled him to produce historical scenes with a grouping, a finish, and a splendor to which no other writer can approach. His picture of the Puritan in the essay on Milton, and of Loyola and the Jesuits in the essay on the Popes; his description of the trial of Warren Hastings; of the power and magnificence of Spain under Philip the Second; of the destiny of the Church of Rome; of the character of Charles the Second in the essay on Sir James Mackintosh,—are but a few of many of his bits of word-painting which cannot be surpassed. What is thus true of particular scenes and incidents in the Essays is equally true of many of them in the whole. Long periods of time, great political movements, complicated policies, fluctuations of ministries, are sketched with an accuracy, animation, and clearness not to be met with in any elaborate treatise covering the same period.

While Macaulay was writing two and three essays a year, he won renown in a new field by the publication of 'The Lays of Ancient Rome.' They consist of four ballads—'Horatius'; 'The Battle of the Lake Regillus'; 'Virginius'; and 'The Prophecy of Capys'—which are supposed to have been sung by Roman minstrels, and to belong to a very early period in the history of the city. In them are repeated all the merits and all the defects of the Essays. The men and women are mere enumerations of qualities; the battle pieces are masses of uncombined incidents: but the characteristics of the periods treated have been caught and reproduced with perfect accuracy. The setting of Horatius, which belongs to the earliest days of Rome, is totally different from the setting of the Prophecy of Capys, which belongs to the time when Rome was fast acquiring the mastery over Italy; and in each case the setting is studiously and remarkably exact. In these poems, again, there is the same prodigious learning, the same richness of illustration, which distinguish the essays; and they are adorned with a profusion of metaphor and aptness of epithets which is most admirable.

The 'Lays' appeared in 1842, and at once found their way into popular favor. Macaulay's biographer assures us that in ten years 18,000 copies were sold in Great Britain; 40,000 copies in twenty years; and before 1875 nearly 100,000 had passed into the hands of readers.

Meantime the same popularity attended the 'Essays.' Again and again Macaulay had been urged to collect and publish them in book form, and had stoutly refused. But when an enterprising publisher in Philadelphia not only reprinted them but shipped copies to England, Macaulay gave way; and in the early months of 1843 a volume was issued. Like the Lays, the Essays rose at once into popular favor, and in the course of thirty years 120,000 copies were sold in the United Kingdom by one publisher.

But the work on which he was now intent was the 'History of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living.' The idea of such a narrative had long been in his mind; but it was not till 1841 that he began seriously to write, and not till 1848 that he published the first and second volumes. Again his success was instant. Nothing like it had been known since the days of Waverley. Of 'Marmion' 2,000 were sold in the first month; of Macaulay's History 3,000 copies were sold in ten days. Of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' 2,250 copies were disposed of in course of the first year; but the publishers sold 13,000 copies of Macaulay in four months. In the United States the success was greater yet.

> "We beg you to accept herewith a copy of our cheap edition of your work," wrote Harper & Brothers in 1849. "There have been three other editions published by different houses, and another is now in preparation; so there will be six different editions in the market. We have already sold 40,000 copies, and we presume that over 60,000 copies have been disposed of. Probably within three months of this time the sale will amount to 200,000 copies. No work of any kind has ever so completely taken our whole country by storm."

Astonishing as was the success, it never flagged; and year after year the London publisher disposed of the work at the rate of seventy sets a week. In November 1855 the third and fourth volumes were issued. Confident of an immense sale, 25,000 copies were printed as a first edition, and were taken by the trade before a copy was bound. In the United States the sale, he was assured by Everett, was greater than that of any book ever printed, save the Bible and a few school-books in universal use. Prior to 1875, his biographer states, 140,000 copies of the History were sold in the United Kingdom. In ten weeks from the day of the issue 26,500 copies were taken, and in March 1856 $100,000 was paid him as a part of the royalty due in December.

Honors of every sort were now showered on him. He was raised to the peerage; he was rich, famous, and great. But the enjoyment of his honors was short-lived; for in December 1859 he was found in his library, seated in his easy-chair, dead. Before him on the table lay a copy of the Cornhill Magazine, open at the first page of Thackeray's story of 'Lovel the Widower.'

All that has been said regarding the Essays and the Lays applies with equal force to the ‹History of England.› No historian who has yet written has shown such familiarity with the facts of English history, no matter what the subject in hand may be: the extinction of villeinage, the Bloody Assizes, the appearance of the newspaper, the origin of the national debt, or the state of England in 1685. Macaulay is absolutely unrivaled in the art of arranging and combining his facts, and of presenting in a clear and vigorous narrative the spirit of the epoch he treats. Nor should we fail to mention that both Essays and History abound in remarks, general observations, and comment always clear, vigorous, and shrewd, and in the main very just.

John Bach McMaster

THE COFFEE-HOUSE

From the ‹History of England›

The coffee-house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the City had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favorite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became what the journalists of our time have been called, a Fourth Estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the State. An attempt had been made, during Danby's administration, to close the coffee-houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was an unusual outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee-houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris, and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments,— his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued in the mouth of Lord Foppington to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor indeed would he have had far to go. For in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether 'Paradise Lost' ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that 'Venice Preserved' ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the Laureate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Dr. John Radcliffe, who in the year 1685 rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's; and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses where dark eyed money-changers from Venice and Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee-houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned over their cups another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

THE DIFFICULTY OF TRAVEL IN ENGLAND, 1685

From the 'History of England'

The chief cause which made the fusion of the different elements of society so imperfect was the extreme difficulty which our ancestors found in passing from place to place. Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing-press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially; and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies, and to bind together all the branches of the great human family. In the seventeenth century the inhabitants of London were, for almost every practical purpose, farther from Reading than they now are from Edinburgh, and farther from Edinburgh than they now are from Vienna.

The subjects of Charles the Second were not, it is true, quite unacquainted with that principle which has, in our own time, produced an unprecedented revolution in human affairs; which has enabled navies to advance in face of wind and tide, and brigades of troops, attended by all their baggage and artillery, to traverse kingdoms at a pace equal to that of the fleetest racehorse. The Marquess of Worcester had recently observed the expansive power of moisture rarefied by heat. After many experiments he had succeeded in constructing a rude steam-engine, which he called a fire-water work, and which he pronounced to be an admirable and most forcible instrument of propulsion. But the Marquess was suspected to be a madman, and known to be a Papist. His inventions therefore found no favorable reception. His fire-water work might perhaps furnish matter for conversation at a meeting of the Royal Society, but was not applied to any practical purpose. There were no railways, except a few made of timber, on which coals were carried from the mouths of the Northumbrian pits to the banks of the Tyne. There was very little internal communication by water. A few attempts had been made to deepen and embank the natural streams, but with slender success. Hardly a single navigable canal had been even projected. The English of that day were in the habit of talking with mingled admiration and despair of the immense trench by which Lewis the Fourteenth had made a junction between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. They little thought that their country would, in the course of a few generations, be intersected, at the cost of private adventurers, by artificial rivers making up more than four times the length of the Thames, the Severn, and the Trent together.

It was by the highways that both travelers and goods generally passed from place to place; and those highways appear to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the uninclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides. Ralph Thoresby the antiquary was in danger of losing his way on the Great North

Road, between Barnby Moor and Tuxford, and actually lost his way between Doncaster and York. Pepys and his wife, traveling in their own coach, lost their way between Newbury and Reading. In the course of the same tour they lost their way near Salisbury, and were in danger of having to pass the night on the plain. It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and the left; and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above the quagmire. At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way. It happened, almost every day, that coaches stuck fast, until a team of cattle could be procured from some neighboring farm, to tug them out of the slough. But in bad seasons the traveler had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. Thoresby, who was in the habit of traveling between Leeds and the capital, has recorded, in his Diary, such a series of perils and disasters as might suffice for a journey to the Frozen Ocean or to the Desert of Sahara. On one occasion he learned that the floods were out between Ware and London, that passengers had to swim for their lives, and that a higgler had perished in the attempt to cross. In consequence of these tidings he turned out of the high-road, and was conducted across some meadows, where it was necessary for him to ride to the saddle skirts in water. In the course of another journey he narrowly escaped being swept away by an inundation of the Trent. He was afterwards detained at Stamford four days, on account of the state of the roads; and then ventured to proceed only because fourteen members of the House of Commons, who were going up in a body to Parliament with guides and numerous attendants, took him into their company. On the roads of Derbyshire, travelers were in constant fear for their necks, and were frequently compelled to alight and lead their beasts. The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that in 1685, a viceroy going to Ireland was five hours in traveling fourteen miles, from St. Asaph to Conway. Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced to walk a great part of the way; and his lady was carried in a litter. His coach was, with much difficulty and by the help of many hands, brought after him entire. In general, carriages were taken to pieces at Conway, and borne on the shoulders of stout Welsh peasants to the Menai Straits. In some parts of Kent and Sussex, none but the strongest horses could in winter get through the bog, in which at every step they sank deep. The markets were often inaccessible during several months. It is said that the fruits of the earth were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in another place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand. The wheeled carriages were in this district generally pulled by oxen. When Prince George of Denmark visited the stately mansion of Petworth in wet weather, he was six hours in going nine miles; and it was necessary that a body of sturdy hinds should be on each side of his coach, in order to prop it. Of the carriages which conveyed his retinue, several were upset and injured. A letter from one of the party has been preserved, in which the unfortunate courtier complains that during fourteen hours he never once alighted, except when his coach was overturned or stuck fast in the mud.

One chief cause of the badness of the roads seems to have been the defective state of the law. Every parish was bound to repair the highways which passed through it. The peasantry were forced to give their gratuitous labor six days in the year. If this was not sufficient, hired labor was employed, and the expense was met by a parochial rate. That a route connecting two great towns, which have a large and thriving trade with each other, should be maintained at the cost of the rural population scattered between them, is obviously unjust; and this injustice was peculiarly glaring in the case of the Great North Road, which traversed very poor and thinly inhabited districts, and joined very rich and populous districts. Indeed, it was not in the power of the parishes of Huntingdonshire to mend a highway worn by the constant traffic between the West Riding of Yorkshire and London. Soon after the Restoration this grievance attracted the notice of Parliament; and an act, the first of our many turnpike acts, was passed, imposing a small toll on travelers and goods, for the purpose of keeping some parts of this important line of communication in good repair. This innovation, however, excited many murmurs; and the other great avenues to the capital were long left under the old system. A change was at length effected, but not without much difficulty. For unjust and absurd taxation to which men are accustomed is often borne far more willingly than the most reasonable impost which is new. It was not till many toll-bars had been violently pulled down, till the troops had in many districts been forced to act against the people, and till much blood had been shed, that a good system was introduced. By slow degrees reason triumphed over prejudice; and our island is now crossed in every direction by near thirty thousand miles of turnpike road.

On the best highways heavy articles were, in the time of Charles the Second, generally conveyed from place to place by stage-wagons. In the straw of these vehicles nestled a crowd of passengers, who could not afford to travel by coach or on horseback, and who were prevented by infirmity, or by the weight of their luggage, from going on foot. The expense of transmitting heavy goods in this way was enormous. From London to Birmingham the charge was seven pounds a ton; from London to Exeter twelve pounds a ton. This was about fifteen pence a ton for every mile; more by a third than was afterwards charged on turnpike roads, and fifteen times what is now demanded by railway companies. The cost of conveyance amounted to a prohibitory tax on many useful articles. Coal in particular was never seen except in the districts where it was produced, or in the districts to which it could be carried by sea; and was indeed always known in the south of England by the name of sea-coal.

On by-roads, and generally throughout the country north of York and west of Exeter, goods were carried by long trains of pack-horses. These strong and patient beasts, the breed of which is now extinct, were attended by a class of men who seem to have borne much resemblance to the Spanish muleteers. A traveler of humble condition often found it convenient to perform a journey mounted on a pack-saddle between two baskets, under the care of these hardy guides. The expense of this mode of conveyance was small. But the caravan moved at a foot's pace; and in winter the cold was often insupportable.

The rich commonly traveled in their own carriages, with at least four horses. Cotton, the facetious poet, attempted to go from London to the Peak with a single pair; but found at St. Albans that the journey would be insupportably tedious, and altered his plan. A coach-and-six is in our time never seen, except as part of some pageant. The frequent mention therefore of such equipages in old books is likely to mislead us. We attribute to magnificence what was really the effect of a very disagreeable necessity. People in the time of Charles the Second traveled with six horses, because with a smaller number there was great danger of sticking fast in the mire. Nor were even six horses always sufficient. Vanbrugh, in the succeeding generation, described with great humor the way in which a country gentleman, newly chosen a member of Parliament, went up to London. On that occasion all the exertions of six beasts, two of which had been taken from the plow, could not save the family coach from being imbedded in a quagmire.

Public carriages had recently been much improved. During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, a diligence ran between London and Oxford in two days. The passengers slept at Beaconsfield. At length, in the spring of 1669, a great and daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole journey between sunrise and sunset. This spirited undertaking was solemnly considered and sanctioned by the Heads of the University, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new railway. The Vice-Chancellor, by a notice affixed in all public places, prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls College; and at seven in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk were safely deposited at their inn in London. The emulation of the sister university was moved; and soon a diligence was set up which in one day carried passengers from Cambridge to the capital. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to the chief towns. But no stage-coach, indeed no stage-wagon, appears to have proceeded further north than York, or further west than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer; but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach, and the Exeter coach generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not till the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage; for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous to mount the roof. The ordinary fare was about twopence halfpenny a mile in summer, and somewhat more in winter.

This mode of traveling, which by Englishmen of the present day would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our ancestors wonderfully and indeed alarmingly rapid. In a work published a few months before the death of Charles the Second, the flying coaches are extolled as far superior to any similar vehicles ever known in the world. Their velocity is the subject of special commendation, and is triumphantly contrasted with the sluggish pace of the Continental posts. But with boasts like these was mingled the sound of complaint and invective. The interests of large classes had been unfavorably affected by the establishment of the new diligences; and as usual, many persons were, from mere stupidity and obstinacy, disposed to clamor against the innovation simply because it was an innovation. It was vehemently argued that this mode of conveyance would be fatal to the breed of horses and to the noble art of horsemanship; that the Thames, which had long been an important nursery of seamen, would cease to be the chief thoroughfare from London up to Windsor and down to Gravesend; that saddlers and spurriers would be ruined by hundreds; that numerous inns, at which mounted travelers had been in the habit of stopping, would be deserted, and would no longer pay any rent; that the new carriages were too hot in summer and too cold in winter; that the passengers were grievously annoyed by invalids and crying children; that the coach sometimes reached the inn so late that it was impossible to get supper, and sometimes started so early that it was impossible to get breakfast. On these grounds it was gravely recommended that no public coach should be permitted to have more than four horses, to start oftener than once a week, or to go more than thirty miles a day. It was hoped that if this regulation were adopted, all except the sick and the lame would return to the old mode of traveling. Petitions embodying such opinions as these were presented to the King in council from several companies of the City of London, from several provincial towns, and from the justices of several counties. We smile at these things. It is not impossible that our descendants, when they read the history of the opposition offered by cupidity and prejudice to the improvements of the nineteenth century, may smile in their turn.

In spite of the attractions of the flying coaches, it was still usual for men who enjoyed health and vigor, and who were not incumbered by much baggage, to perform long journeys on horseback. If a traveler wished to move expeditiously, he rode post. Fresh saddle-horses and guides were to be procured at convenient distances along all the great lines of road. The charge was threepence a mile for each horse, and fourpence a stage for the guide. In this manner, when the ways were good, it was possible to travel, for a considerable time, as rapidly as by any conveyance known in England, till vehicles were propelled by steam. There were as yet no post-chaises; nor could those who rode in their own coaches ordinarily procure a change of horses. The King, however, and the great officers of State, were able to command relays. Thus, Charles commonly went in one day from Whitehall to Newmarket, a distance of about fifty-five miles, through a level country; and this was thought by his subjects a proof of great activity. Evelyn performed the same journey in company with the Lord Treasurer Clifford. The coach was drawn by six horses, which were changed at Bishop Stortford and again at Chesterford. The travelers reached Newmarket at night. Such a mode of conveyance seems to have been considered as a rare luxury, confined to princes and ministers.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

From the ‹History of England›

WHATEVER might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travelers, unless they were numerous and well armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class. Hounslow Heath on the Great Western Road, and Finchley Common on the Great Northern Road, were perhaps the most celebrated of these spots. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, even in broad daylight. Seamen who had just been paid off at Chatham were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated near a hundred years earlier by the greatest of poets as the scene of the depredations of Falstaff. The public authorities seem to have been often at a loss how to deal with the plunderers. At one time it was announced in the Gazette that several persons, who were strongly suspected of being highwaymen, but against whom there was not sufficient evidence, would be paraded at Newgate in riding dresses: their horses would also be shown; and all gentlemen who had been robbed were invited to inspect this singular exhibition. On another occasion a pardon was publicly offered to a robber if he would give up some rough diamonds, of immense value, which he had taken when he stopped the Harwich mail. A short time after appeared another proclamation, warning the innkeepers that the eye of the government was upon them. Their criminal connivance, it was affirmed, enabled banditti to infest the roads with impunity. That these suspicions were not without foundation, is proved by the dying speeches of some penitent robbers of that age, who appear to have received from the innkeepers services much resembling those which Farquhar's Boniface rendered to Gibbet.

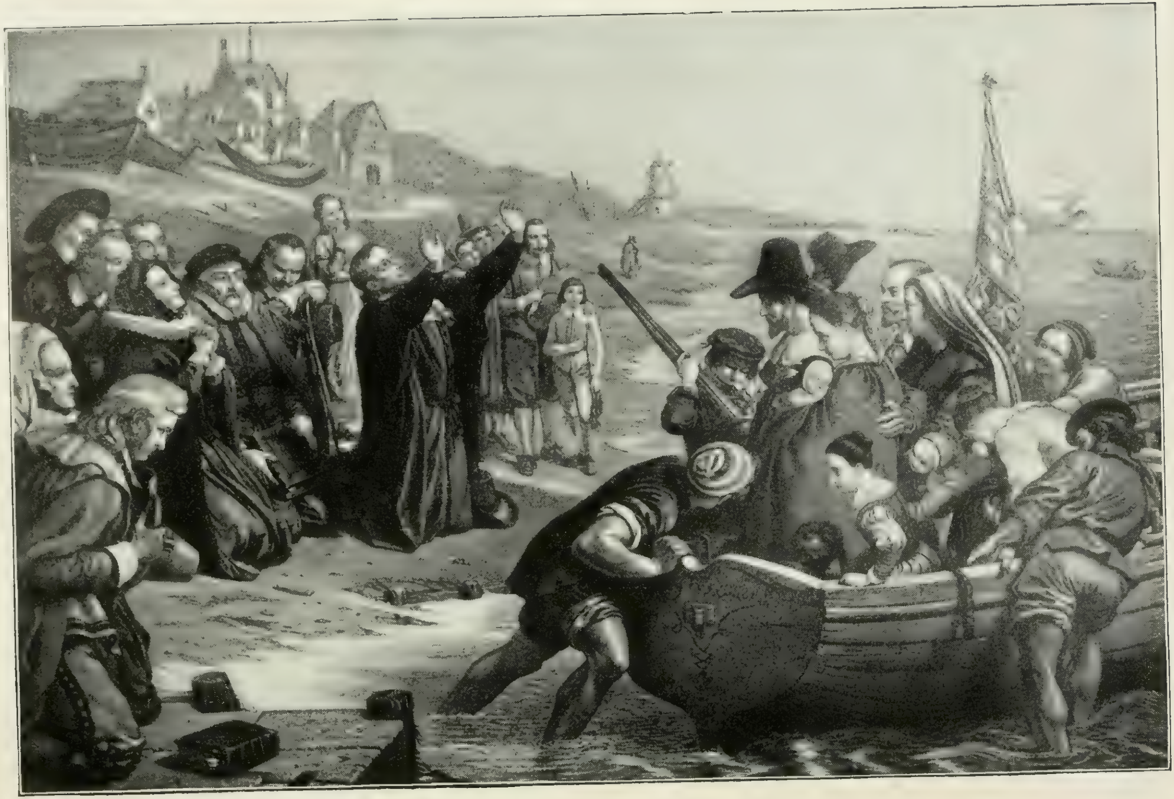
It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skillful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity, of their occasional acts of generosity and good-nature, of their amours, of their miraculous escapes, of their desperate struggles, and of their manly bearing at the bar and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and, in return, not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner; that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich; that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York. It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honor to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders; how at the head of his troop he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one hundred, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath; how his vivacious gallantry stole away the hearts of all women; how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror to all men: how at length, in the year 1670, he was seized when overcome by wine; how dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life; how the King would have granted a pardon, but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen, who threatened to resign his office unless the law were carried into full effect; and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax-lights, black hangings, and mutes, till the same cruel judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the Crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies. In these anecdotes there is doubtless a large mixture of fable: but they are not on that account unworthy of being recorded; for it is both an authentic and an important fact that such tales, whether false or true, were heard by our ancestors with eagerness and faith.

THE DELUSION OF OVERRATING THE HAPPINESS OF OUR ANCESTORS

From the ‹History of England›

The general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader seems hardly to admit of doubt. Yet in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

In truth, we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveler in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where an hour before they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when to have a clean shirt once a week was a privilege reserved for the higher class of gentry, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too shall in our turn be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with twenty shillings a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day; that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they are now to eat rye bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty workingman. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich.



DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS FROM DELFT HAVEN 1620

From Painting by Charles W. Cope

THE PURITAN

From the Essay on ‹John Milton›

We would speak first of the Puritans; the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were as a body unpopular; they could not defend themselves, and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

«Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio
Che mortali perigli in se contiene;
Hor qui tener a fren nostro desio,
Ed esser cauti molto a noi conviene.»*

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed out of the most unpromising materials the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth,—were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's-head and the Fool's-head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

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* «Behold the fount of mirth, behold the rill
Containing mortal perils in itself;
And therefore here to bridle our desires,
And to be cautious well doth us befit.»

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands, their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged; on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men: the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or on the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows; but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics; had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: and we know that in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system,—intolerance and extravagant austerity; that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstans and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

SPAIN UNDER PHILIP II.

From the Essay on Lord Mahon's ‹History of the War of the Succession in Spain›

Whoever wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of governments, whoever wishes to know how great States may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain. The empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. In Europe, he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine, Franche Comté, Roussillon, the Milanese, and the Two Sicilies. Tuscany, Parma, and the other small States of Italy, were as completely dependent on him as the Nizam and the Rajah of Berar now are on the East India Company. In Asia, the King of Spain was master of the Philippines, and of all those rich settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and in the spice islands of the Eastern

Archipelago. In America, his dominions extended on each side of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to a sum near ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent troops, at a time when England had not a single battalion in constant pay. His ordinary naval force consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign, he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England.

It is no exaggeration to say that during several years, his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. The influence of the French conqueror never extended beyond low-water mark. The narrowest strait was to his power what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch. While his army entered every metropolis from Moscow to Lisbon, the English fleets blockaded every port from Dantzic to Trieste. Sicily, Sardinia, Majorca, Guernsey, enjoyed security through the whole course of a war which endangered every throne on the Continent. The victorious and imperial nation which had filled its museums with the spoils of Antwerp, of Florence, and of Rome, was suffering painfully from the want of luxuries which use had made necessaries. While pillars and arches were rising to commemorate the French conquests, the conquerors were trying to manufacture coffee out of succory and sugar out of beet-root. The influence of Philip on the Continent was as great as that of Napoleon. The Emperor of Germany was his kinsman. France, torn by religious dissensions, was never a formidable opponent, and was sometimes a dependent ally. At the same time, Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain,—ships, colonies, and commerce. She long monopolized the trade of America and of the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West, and all the spices of the East, were received and distributed by her. During many years of war, her commerce was interrupted only by the predatory enterprises of a few roving privateers. Even after the defeat of the Armada, English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. "The King of Spain," said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses in 1593, "since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of

Portugal, hath thereby grown mighty by gaining the East Indies; so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great. . . . He keepeth a navy armed to impeach all trade of merchandise from England to Gascoigne and Guienne, which he attempted to do this last vintage; so as he is now become as a frontier enemy to all the west of England, as well as all the south parts, as Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight. Yea, by means of his interest in St. Maloes, a port full of shipping for the war, he is a dangerous neighbor to the Queen's isles of Jersey and Guernsey, ancient possessions of this crown, and never conquered in the greatest wars with France."

The ascendency which Spain then had in Europe was in one sense well deserved. It was an ascendency which had been gained by unquestioned superiority in all the arts of policy and of war. In the sixteenth century, Italy was not more decidedly the land of the fine arts, Germany was not more decidedly the land of bold theological speculation, than Spain was the land of statesmen and of soldiers. The character which Virgil has ascribed to his countrymen might have been claimed by the grave and haughty chiefs who surrounded the throne of Ferdinand the Catholic, and of his immediate successors. That majestic art, "regere imperio populos," was not better understood by the Romans in the proudest days of their republic than by Gonsalvo and Ximenes, Cortez and Alva. The skill of the Spanish diplomatists was renowned throughout Europe. In England the name of Gondomar is still remembered. The sovereign nation was unrivaled both in regular and irregular warfare. The impetuous chivalry of France, the serried phalanx of Switzerland, were alike found wanting when brought face to face with the Spanish infantry. In the wars of the New World, where something different from ordinary strategy was required in the general and something different from ordinary discipline in the soldier, where it was every day necessary to meet by some new expedient the varying tactics of a barbarous enemy, the Spanish adventurers, sprung from the common people, displayed a fertility of resource, and a talent for negotiation and command, to which history scarcely affords a parallel.

The Castilian of those times was to the Italian what the Roman, in the days of the greatness of Rome, was to the Greek. The conqueror had less ingenuity, less taste, less delicacy of perception, than the conquered; but far more pride, firmness, and courage, a more solemn demeanor, a stronger sense of honor. The subject had more subtlety in speculation, the ruler more energy in action. The vices of the former were those of a coward; the vices of the latter were those of a tyrant. It may be added, that the Spaniard, like the Roman, did not disdain to study the arts and the language of those whom he oppressed. A revolution took place in the literature of Spain, not unlike that revolution which, as Horace tells us, took place in the poetry of Latium: «Capta ferum victorem cepit.» The slave took prisoner the enslaver. The old Castilian ballads gave place to sonnets in the style of Petrarch, and to heroic poems in the stanza of Ariosto, as the national songs of Rome were driven out by imitations of Theocritus and translations from Menander.

In no modern society, not even in England during the reign of Elizabeth, has there been so great a number of men eminent at once in literature and in the pursuits of active life, as Spain produced during the sixteenth century. Almost every distinguished writer was also distinguished as a soldier and a politician. Boscan bore arms with high reputation. Garcilaso de Vega, the author of the sweetest and most graceful pastoral poem of modern times, after a short but splendid military career, fell sword in hand at the head of a storming party. Alonzo de Ercilla bore a conspicuous part in that war of Arauco which he afterwards celebrated in one of the best heroic poems that Spain has produced. Hurtado de Mendoza, whose poems have been compared to those of Horace, and whose charming little novel is evidently the model of Gil Blas, has been handed down to us by history as one of the sternest of those iron proconsuls who were employed by the House of Austria to crush the lingering public spirit of Italy. Lope sailed in the Armada; Cervantes was wounded at Lepanto.

It is curious to consider with how much awe our ancestors in those times regarded a Spaniard. He was in their apprehension a kind of dæmon; horribly malevolent, but withal most sagacious and powerful. «They be verye wyse and politicke,» says an honest Englishman, in a memorial addressed to Mary, «and can, thorowe ther wysdome, reform and brydell theyr owne natures for a tyme, and applye their conditions to the manners of those men with whom they meddell gladlye by friendshippe: whose mischievous manners a man shall never knowe untyll he come under ther subjection: but then shall he parfectlye parceyve and fele them; which thynge I praye God England never do: for in dissimulations untyll they have ther purposes, and afterwards in oppression and tyrannye when they can obtayne them, they do exceed all other nations upon the earthe." This is just such language as Arminius would have used about the Romans, or as an Indian statesman of our times might use about the English. It is the language of a man burning with hatred, but cowed by those whom he hates; and painfully sensible of their superiority, not only in power, but in intelligence.

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES II. OF ENGLAND

From the Essay on Mackintosh's 'History of the Revolution in England'

Such was England in 1660. In 1678 the whole face of things had changed. At the former of those epochs eighteen years of commotion had made the majority of the people ready to buy repose at any price. At the latter epoch eighteen years of misgovernment had made the same majority desirous to obtain security for their liberties at any risk. The fury of their returning loyalty had spent itself in its first outbreak. In a very few months they had hanged and half-hanged, quartered and emboweled, enough to satisfy them. The Roundhead party seemed to be not merely overcome, but too much broken and scattered ever to rally again. Then commenced the reflux of public opinion. The nation began to find out to what a man it had intrusted without conditions all its dearest interests, on what a man it had lavished all its fondest affection.

On the ignoble nature of the restored exile, adversity had exhausted all her discipline in vain. He had one immense advantage over most other princes. Though born in the purple, he was far better acquainted with the vicissitudes of life and the diversities of character than most of his subjects. He had known restraint, danger, penury, and dependence. He had often suffered from ingratitude, insolence, and treachery. He had received many signal proofs of faithful and heroic attachment. He had seen, if ever man saw, both sides of human nature. But only one side remained in his memory. He had learned only to despise and to distrust his species; to consider integrity in men, and modesty in women, as mere acting: nor did he think it worth while to keep his opinion to himself. He was incapable of friendship; yet he was perpetually led by favorites, without being in the smallest degree duped by them. He knew that their regard to his interests was all simulated; but from a certain easiness which had no connection with humanity, he submitted, half laughing at himself, to be made the tool of any woman whose person attracted him or of any man whose tattle diverted him. He thought little and cared less about religion. He seems to have passed his life in dawdling suspense between Hobbism and Popery. He was crowned in his youth with the Covenant in his hand; he died at last with the Host sticking in his throat; and during most of the intermediate years was occupied in persecuting both Covenanters and Catholics. He was not a tyrant from the ordinary motives. He valued power for its own sake little, and fame still less. He does not appear to have been vindictive, or to have found any pleasing excitement in cruelty. What he wanted was to be amused, to get through the twenty-four hours pleasantly without sitting down to dry business. Sauntering was, as Sheffield expresses it, the true Sultana Queen of his Majesty's affections. A sitting in council would have been insupportable to him if the Duke of Buckingham had not been there to make mouths at the Chancellor. It has been said, and is highly probable, that in his exile he was quite disposed to sell his rights to Cromwell for a good round sum. To the last, his only quarrel with his Parliaments was that they often gave him trouble and would not always give him money. If there was a person for whom he felt a real regard, that person was his brother. If there was a point about which he really entertained a scruple of conscience or of honor, that point was the descent of the crown. Yet he was willing to consent to the Exclusion Bill for six hundred thousand pounds; and the negotiation was broken off only because he insisted on being paid beforehand. To do him justice, his temper was good; his manners agreeable; his natural talents above mediocrity. But he was sensual, frivolous, false, and cold-hearted, beyond almost any prince of whom history makes mention.

Under the government of such a man, the English people could not be long in recovering from the intoxication of loyalty.

THE CHURCH OF ROME

From the Essay on Ranke's ‹History of the Popes›

There is not, and there never was on the earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and useful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

We often hear it said that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened, and that this enlightening must be favorable to Protestantism and unfavorable to Catholicism. We wish that we could think so. But we see great reason to doubt whether this be a well-founded expectation. We see that during the last two hundred and fifty years the human mind has been in the highest degree active; that it has made great advances in every branch of natural philosophy; that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the convenience of life; that medicine, surgery, chemistry, engineering, have been very greatly improved; that government, police, and law have been improved, though not to so great an extent as the physical sciences. But we see that during these two hundred and fifty years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay, we believe that as far as there has been a change, that change has on the whole been in favor of the Church of Rome. We cannot, therefore, feel confident that the progress of knowledge will necessarily be fatal to a system which has, to say the least, stood its ground in spite of the immense progress made by the human race in knowledge since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Indeed, the argument which we are considering seems to us to be founded on an entire mistake. There are branches of knowledge with respect to which the law of the human mind is progress. In mathematics, when once a proposition has been demonstrated, it is never afterwards contested. Every fresh story is as solid a basis for a new superstructure as the original foundation was. Here, therefore, there is a constant addition to the stock of truth. In the inductive sciences, again, the law is progress. Every day furnishes new facts, and thus brings theory nearer and nearer to perfection. There is no chance that either in the purely demonstrative or in the purely experimental sciences, the world will ever go back or even remain stationary. Nobody ever heard of a reaction against Taylor's theorem, or of a reaction against Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood.

But with theology the case is very different. As respects natural religion,—revelation being for the present altogether left out of the question,—it is not easy to see that a philosopher of the present day is more favorably situated than Thales or Simonides. He has before him just the same evidences of design in the structure of the universe which the early Greek had. We say just the same; for the discoveries of modern astronomers and anatomists have really added nothing to the force of that argument which a reflecting mind finds in every beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower, and shell. The reasoning by which Socrates, in Xenophon's hearing, confuted the little atheist Aristodemus, is exactly the reasoning of Paley's Natural Theology. Socrates makes precisely the same use of the statues of Polycletus and the pictures of Zeuxis which Paley makes of the watch. As to the other great question, the question what becomes of man after death, we do not see that a highly educated European, left to his unassisted reason, is more likely to be in the right than a Blackfoot Indian. Not a single one of the many sciences in which we surpass the Blackfoot Indians throws the smallest light on the state of the soul after the animal life is extinct. In truth, all the philosophers, ancient and modern, who have attempted without the help of revelation to prove the immortality of man, from Plato down to Franklin, appear to us to have failed deplorably. . . .

Of the dealings of God with man, no more has been revealed to the nineteenth century than to the first, or to London than to the wildest parish in the Hebrides. It is true that in those things which concern this life and this world, man constantly becomes wiser and wiser. But it is no less true that, as respects a higher power and a future state, man, in the language of Goethe's scoffing fiend,

«bleibt stets von gleichem Schlag,
Und ist so wunderlich als wie am ersten Tag.»*

The history of Catholicism strikingly illustrates these observations. During the last seven centuries the public mind of Europe has made constant progress in every department of secular knowledge. But in religion we can trace no constant progress. The ecclesiastical history of that long period is a history of movement to and fro. Four times, since the authority of the Church of Rome was established in Western Christendom, has the human intellect risen up against her yoke. Twice that Church remained completely victorious. Twice she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults which she has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish.

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* «—remains always of the same stamp,
And is as unaccountable as on the first day.»

LOYOLA AND THE JESUITS

From the Essay on Ranke's ‹History of the Popes›

It is not, therefore, strange that the effect of the great outbreak of Protestantism in one part of Christendom should have been to produce an equally violent outbreak of Catholic zeal in another. Two reformations were pushed on at once with equal energy and effect: a reformation of doctrine in the North, a reformation of manners and discipline in the South. In the course of a single generation, the whole spirit of the Church of Rome underwent a change. From the halls of the Vatican to the most secluded hermitage of the Apennines, the great revival was everywhere felt and seen. All the institutions anciently devised for the propagation and defense of the faith were furbished up and made efficient. Fresh engines of still more formidable power were constructed. Everywhere old religious communities were remodeled and new religious communities called into existence. Within a year after the death of Leo, the order of Camaldoli was purified. The Capuchins restored the old Franciscan discipline, the midnight prayer and the life of silence. The Barnabites and the society of Somasca devoted themselves to the relief and education of the poor. To the Theatine order a still higher interest belongs. Its great object was the same with that of our early Methodists; namely, to supply the deficiencies of the parochial clergy. The Church of Rome, wiser than the Church of England, gave every countenance to the good work. The members of the new brotherhood preached to great multitudes in the streets and in the fields, prayed by the beds of the sick, and administered the last sacraments to the dying. Foremost among them in zeal and devotion was Gian Pietro Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul the Fourth.

In the convent of the Theatines at Venice, under the eye of Caraffa, a Spanish gentleman took up his abode, tended the poor in the hospitals, went about in rags, starved himself almost to death, and often sallied into the streets, mounted on stones, and waving his hat to invite the passers-by, began to preach in a strange jargon of mingled Castilian and Tuscan. The Theatines were among the most zealous and rigid of men: but to this enthusiastic neophyte their discipline seemed lax, and their movements sluggish; for his own mind, naturally passionate and imaginative, had passed through a training which had given to all its peculiarities a morbid intensity and energy. In his early life he had been the very prototype of the hero of Cervantes. The single study of the young Hidalgo had been chivalrous romance; and his existence had been one gorgeous day-dream of princesses rescued and infidels subdued. He had chosen a Dulcinea, "no countess, no duchess,"—these are his own words,—"but one of far higher station;" and he flattered himself with the hope of laying at her feet the keys of Moorish castles and the jeweled turbans of Asiatic kings.

In the midst of these visions of martial glory and prosperous love, a severe wound stretched him on a bed of sickness. His constitution was shattered, and he was doomed to be a cripple for life. The palm of strength, grace, and skill in knightly exercises, was no longer for him. He could no longer hope to strike down gigantic soldans, or to find favor in the sight of beautiful women. A new vision then arose in his mind, and mingled itself with his own delusions in a manner which to most Englishmen must seem singular, but which those who know how close was the union between religion and chivalry in Spain will be at no loss to understand. He would still be a soldier; he would still be a knight-errant: but the soldier and knight-errant of the spouse of Christ. He would smite the Great Red Dragon. He would be the champion of the Woman clothed with the Sun. He would break the charm under which false prophets held the souls of men in bondage. His restless spirit led him to the Syrian deserts and to the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. Thence he wandered back to the farthest West, and astonished the convents of Spain and the schools of France by his penances and vigils. The same lively imagination which had been employed in picturing the tumult of unreal battles and the charms of unreal queens, now peopled his solitude with saints and angels. The Holy Virgin descended to commune with him. He saw the Savior face to face with the eye of flesh. Even those mysteries of religion which are the hardest trial of faith were in his case palpable to sight. It is difficult to relate without a pitying smile that in the sacrifice of the mass, he saw transubstantiation take place; and that as he stood praying on the steps of the Church of St. Dominic, he saw the Trinity in Unity, and wept aloud with joy and wonder. Such was the celebrated Ignatius Loyola, who in the great Catholic reaction bore the same part which Luther bore in the great Protestant movement.

Dissatisfied with the system of the Theatines, the enthusiastic Spaniard turned his face towards Rome. Poor, obscure, without a patron, without recommendations, he entered the city where now two princely temples, rich with painting and many-colored marble, commemorate his great services to the Church; where his form stands sculptured in massive silver; where his bones, enshrined amidst jewels, are placed beneath the altar of God. His activity and zeal bore down all opposition; and under his rule the order of Jesuits began to exist, and grew rapidly to the full measure of his gigantic powers. With what vehemence, with what policy, with what exact discipline, with what dauntless courage, with what self-denial, with what forgetfulness of the dearest private ties, with what intense and stubborn devotion to a single end, with what unscrupulous laxity and versatility in the choice of means, the Jesuits fought the battle of their church, is written in every page of the annals of Europe during several generations. In the Order of Jesus was concentrated the quintessence of the Catholic spirit; and the history of the Order of Jesus is the history of the great Catholic reaction. That order possessed itself at once of all the strongholds which command the public mind: of the pulpit, of the press, of the confessional, of the academies. Wherever the Jesuit preached, the church was too small for the audience. The name of Jesuit on a title-page secured the circulation of a book. It was in the ears of the Jesuit that the powerful, the noble, and the beautiful breathed the secret history of their lives. It was at the feet of the Jesuit that the youth of the higher and middle classes were brought up from childhood to manhood, from the first rudiments to the courses of rhetoric and philosophy. Literature and science, lately associated with infidelity or with heresy, now became the allies of orthodoxy.

Dominant in the South of Europe, the great order soon went forth conquering and to conquer. In spite of oceans and deserts, of hunger and pestilence, of spies and penal laws, of dungeons and racks, of gibbets and quartering-blocks, Jesuits were to be found under every disguise and in every country; scholars, physicians, merchants, serving-men; in the hostile court of Sweden, in the old manor-house of Cheshire, among the hovels of Connaught; arguing, instructing, consoling, stealing away the hearts of the young, animating the courage of the timid, holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying. Nor was it less their office to plot against the thrones and lives of the apostate kings, to spread evil rumors, to raise tumults, to inflame civil wars, to arm the hand of the assassin. Inflexible in nothing but in their fidelity to the Church, they were equally ready to appeal in her cause to the spirit of loyalty and to the spirit of freedom. Extreme doctrines of obedience and extreme doctrines of liberty, the right of rulers to misgovern the people, the right of every one of the people to plunge his knife in the heart of a bad ruler, were inculcated by the same man, according as he addressed himself to the subject of Philip or to the subject of Elizabeth. Some described these divines as the most rigid, others as the most indulgent of spiritual directors; and both descriptions were correct. The truly devout listened with awe to the high and saintly morality of the Jesuit. The gay cavalier who had run his rival through the body, the frail beauty who had forgotten her marriage vow, found in the Jesuit an easy well-bred man of the world, who knew how to make allowance for the little irregularities of people of fashion. The confessor was strict or lax, according to the temper of the penitent. The first object was to drive no person out of the pale of the Church. Since there were bad people, it was better that they should be bad Catholics than bad Protestants. If a person was so unfortunate as to be a bravo, a libertine, or a gambler, that was no reason for making him a heretic too.

The Old World was not wide enough for this strange activity. The Jesuits invaded all the countries which the great maritime discoveries of the preceding age had laid open to European enterprise. They were to be found in the depths of the Peruvian mines, at the marts of the African slave-caravans, on the shores of the Spice Islands, in the observatories of China. They made converts in regions which neither avarice nor curiosity had tempted any of their countrymen to enter; and preached and disputed in tongues of which no other native of the West understood a word.

THE REIGN OF TERROR

From the Essay on ‹Barère›

No great party can be composed of such materials as these [disinterested enthusiasts]. It is the inevitable law that such zealots as we have described shall collect around them a multitude of slaves, of cowards, and of libertines, whose savage tempers and licentious appetites, withheld only by the dread of law and magistracy from the worst excesses, are called into full activity by the hope of impunity. A faction which, from whatever motive, relaxes the great laws of morality, is certain to be joined by the most immoral part of the community. This has been repeatedly proved in religious wars. The war of the Holy Sepulchre, the Albigensian war, the Huguenot war, the Thirty Years' war, all originated in pious zeal. That zeal inflamed the champions of the Church to such a point that they regarded all generosity to the vanquished as a sinful weakness. The infidel, the heretic, was to be run down like a mad dog. No outrage committed by the Catholic warrior on the miscreant enemy could deserve punishment. As soon as it was known that boundless license was thus given to barbarity and dissoluteness, thousands of wretches who cared nothing for the sacred cause, but who were eager to be exempted from the police of peaceful cities and the discipline of well-governed camps, flocked to the standard of the faith. The men who had set up that standard were sincere, chaste, regardless of lucre, and perhaps, where only themselves were concerned, not unforgiving; but round that standard were assembled such gangs of rogues, ravishers, plunderers, and ferocious bravoes, as were scarcely ever found under the flag of any State engaged in a mere temporal quarrel. In a very similar way was the Jacobin party composed. There was a small nucleus of enthusiasts; round that nucleus was gathered a vast mass of ignoble depravity; and in all that mass there was nothing so depraved and so ignoble as Barère.

Then came those days when the most barbarous of all codes was administered by the most barbarous of all tribunals; when no man could greet his neighbors, or say his prayers, or dress his hair, without danger of committing a capital crime; when spies lurked in every corner; when the guillotine was long and hard at work every morning; when the jails were filled as close as the hold of a slave-ship; when the gutters ran foaming with blood into the Seine; when it was death to be great-niece of a captain of the royal guards, or half-brother of a doctor of the Sorbonne, to express a doubt whether assignats would not fall, to hint that the English had been victorious in the action of the first of June, to have a copy of one of Burke's pamphlets locked up in a desk, to laugh at a Jacobin for taking the name of Cassius or Timoleon, or to call the Fifth Sans-culottide by its old superstitious name of St. Matthew's Day. While the daily wagon-loads of victims were carried to their doom through the streets of Paris, the proconsuls whom the sovereign committee had sent forth to the departments reveled in an extravagance of cruelty unknown even in the capital. The knife of the deadly machine rose and fell too slow for their work of slaughter. Long rows of captives were mowed down with grape-shot. Holes were made in the bottom of crowded barges. Lyons was turned into a desert. At Arras even the cruel mercy of a speedy death was denied to the prisoners. All down the Loire, from Saumur to the sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted on naked corpses, twined together in hideous embraces. No mercy was shown to sex or age. The number of young lads and of girls of seventeen who were murdered by that execrable government is to be reckoned by hundreds. Babies torn from the breast were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with ears. Another swaggered about with the finger of a little child in his hat. A few months had sufficed to degrade France below the level of New Zealand.

It is absurd to say that any amount of public danger can justify a system like this, we do not say on Christian principles, we do not say on the principles of a high morality, but even on principles of Machiavellian policy. It is true that great emergencies call for activity and vigilance; it is true that they justify severity which, in ordinary times, would deserve the name of cruelty. But indiscriminate severity can never, under any circumstances, be useful. It is plain that the whole efficacy of punishment depends on the care with which the guilty are distinguished. Punishment which strikes the guilty and the innocent promiscuously operates merely like a pestilence or a great convulsion of nature, and has no more tendency to prevent offenses than the cholera, or an earthquake like that of Lisbon, would have. The energy for which the Jacobin administration is praised was merely the energy of the Malay who maddens himself with opium, draws his knife, and runs a-muck through the streets, slashing right and left at friends and foes. Such has never been the energy of truly great rulers; of Elizabeth, for example, of Oliver, or of Frederick. They were not, indeed, scrupulous. But had they been less scrupulous than they were, the strength and amplitude of their minds would have preserved them from crimes such as those which the small men of the Committee of Public Safety took for daring strokes of policy. The great Queen who so long held her own against foreign and domestic enemies, against temporal and spiritual arms; the great Protector who governed with more than regal power, in despite both of royalists and republicans; the great King who, with a beaten army and an exhausted treasury, defended his little dominions to the last against the united efforts of Russia, Austria, and France,—with what scorn would they have heard that it was impossible for them to strike a salutary terror into the disaffected without sending schoolboys and schoolgirls to death by cart-loads and boat-loads!

The popular notion is, we believe, that the leading Terrorists were wicked men, but at the same time great men. We can see nothing great about them but their wickedness. That their policy was daringly original is a vulgar error. Their policy is as old as the oldest accounts which we have of human misgovernment. It seemed new in France and in the eighteenth century only because it had been long disused, for excellent reasons, by the enlightened part of mankind. But it has always prevailed, and still prevails, in savage and half-savage nations, and is the chief cause which prevents such nations from making advances towards civilization. Thousands of deys, of beys, of pachas, of rajahs, of nabobs, have shown themselves as great masters of statecraft as the members of the Committee of Public Safety. Djezzar, we imagine, was superior to any of them in their new line. In fact, there is not a petty tyrant in Asia or Africa so dull or so unlearned as not to be fully qualified for the business of Jacobin police and Jacobin finance. To behead people by scores without caring whether they are guilty or innocent, to wring money out of the rich by the help of jailers and executioners; to rob the public creditor, and to put him to death if he remonstrates; to take loaves by force out of the bakers' shops; to clothe and mount soldiers by seizing on one man's wool and linen, and on another man's horses and saddles, without compensation,—is of all modes of governing the simplest and most obvious. Of its morality we at present say nothing. But surely it requires no capacity beyond that of a barbarian or a child.

By means like those which we have described, the Committee of Public Safety undoubtedly succeeded, for a short time, in enforcing profound submission and in raising immense funds. But to enforce submission by butchery, and to raise funds by spoliation, is not statesmanship. The real statesman is he who, in troubled times, keeps down the turbulent without unnecessarily harassing the well-affected; and who, when great pecuniary resources are needed, provides for the public exigencies without violating the security of property and drying up the sources of future prosperity. Such a statesman, we are confident, might in 1793 have preserved the independence of France without shedding a drop of innocent blood, without plundering a single warehouse. Unhappily, the republic was subject to men who were mere demagogues and in no sense statesmen. They could declaim at a club. They could lead a rabble to mischief. But they had no skill to conduct the affairs of an empire. The want of skill they supplied for a time by atrocity and blind violence. For legislative ability, fiscal ability, military ability, diplomatic ability, they had one substitute,— the guillotine. Indeed, their exceeding ignorance and the barrenness of their invention are the best excuse for their murders and robberies. We really believe that they would not have cut so many throats and picked so many pockets, if they had known how to govern in any other way.

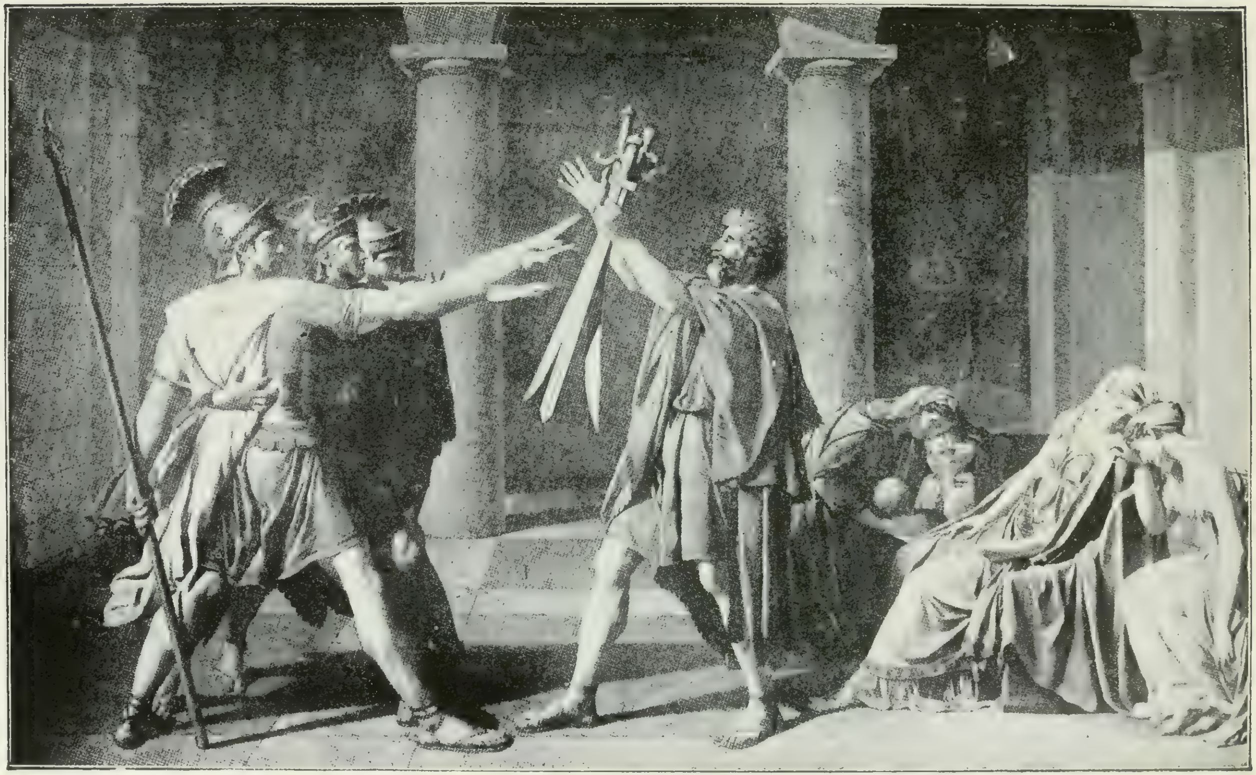
That under their administration the war against the European coalition was successfully conducted, is true. But that war had been successfully conducted before their elevation, and continued to be successfully conducted after their fall. Terror was not the order of the day when Brussels opened its gates to Dumourier. Terror had ceased to be the order of the day when Piedmont and Lombardy were conquered by Bonaparte. The truth is, that France was saved, not by the Committee of Public Safety, but by the energy, patriotism, and valor of the French people. Those high qualities were victorious in spite of the incapacity of rulers whose administration was a tissue, not merely of crimes, but of blunders.

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

From the Essay on Gleig's ‹Memoirs of Warren Hastings›

In the mean time, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but perhaps there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshiping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way,— George Elliot, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulations of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen side by side the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition; a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.



"And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three."

From a Painting by Jacques Louis David

The serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis:* such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him,—men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession: the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who near twenty years later successfully conducted in the same high court the defense of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke,—ignorant indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit,—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone,—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who within the last ten years have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

HORATIUS

A Lay Made about the Year of the City CCCLX

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
   The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
   Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
   Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
   Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
   Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
   From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
   Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
   Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,
   Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
   For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
   Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
   Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
   Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes,
   Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
   Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
   Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
   Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
   Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
   Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
   The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
  Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
  Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
  Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water-fowl may dip
  In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
  This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
  Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
  This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
  Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
  The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
  Both morn and evening stand;
Evening and morn the Thirty
  Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
  By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
  Have their glad answer given:—
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
  Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
  To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
  The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
  Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
  The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
  Is met the great array:
A proud man was Lars Porsena
  Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
  Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
  In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
  Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
  And the stout guards are slain.

Iwis, in all the Senate,
  There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
  When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
  Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
  And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
  Before the River-Gate:
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
  For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:—
  "The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
  Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
  All wild with haste and fear:—
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
  Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
  The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
  Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
  Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
  The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
  Now through the gloom appears,

Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium.
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,

And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:—
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods;

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest;
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast;
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three:
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."

And straight against that great array
   Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
   Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
   In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
   Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
   And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
   Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
   In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
   More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
   And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
   In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
   In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
   Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
   To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
   Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
   And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
   Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
   Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
   A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
   Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
   And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
   From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
   Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
   To win the narrow way:

Aunus from green Tifernum,
   Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
   Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
   Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
   O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
   Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
   And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
   Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
   Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
   Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
   The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
   Who slew the great wild boar—
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
   Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
   Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
   Horatius sent a blow.

«Lie there,» he cried, «fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail.»

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears'-lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is «Astur!»
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, «The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?»

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh:
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space:
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face;
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
«And see,» he cried, «the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?»

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair

Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
   Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
   To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried «Forward!»
   And those before cried «Back!»
And backward now and forward
   Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
   Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
   Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
   And they gave him greeting loud:—
«Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
   Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
   Here lies the road to Rome.»

Thrice looked he at the city;
   Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
   And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
   Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
   The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
   Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
   Above the boiling tide.
«Come back, come back, Horatius!»
   Loud cried the Fathers all.
«Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
   Back, ere the ruin fall!»

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
   Herminius darted back:
And as they passed, beneath their feet
   They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement and plank and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
«Down with him!» cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
«Now yield thee,» cried Lars Porsena,
«Now yield thee to our grace.»

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he:
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

«O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray;
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms
Take thou in charge this day!»

So he spake, and speaking sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
 And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
 And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing-place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
 Bore bravely up his chin.

«Curse on him!» quoth false Sextus;
 «Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!»
«Heaven help him!» quoth Lars Porsena,
 «And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.»

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;

And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see,—
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;

When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;—
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY

[Henry the Fourth, on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large part of his subjects under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March 1590 he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry. Before the battle, he addressed his troops—«My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume: you will always find it in the path to honor and glory.» His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the Leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying, «Save the French!» and his clemency added a number of the enemies to his own army.]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man:
But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France that day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the Religion have borne us best in fight,
And our good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en—
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide, that all the world may know
How God hath humbled the proud house that wrought his Church such woe.

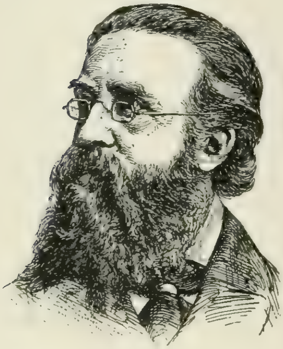
Then on the ground, while trumpets peal their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho, maidens of Vienna! ho, matrons of Luzerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Généviève, keep watch and ward to-night:
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

JUSTIN McCARTHY

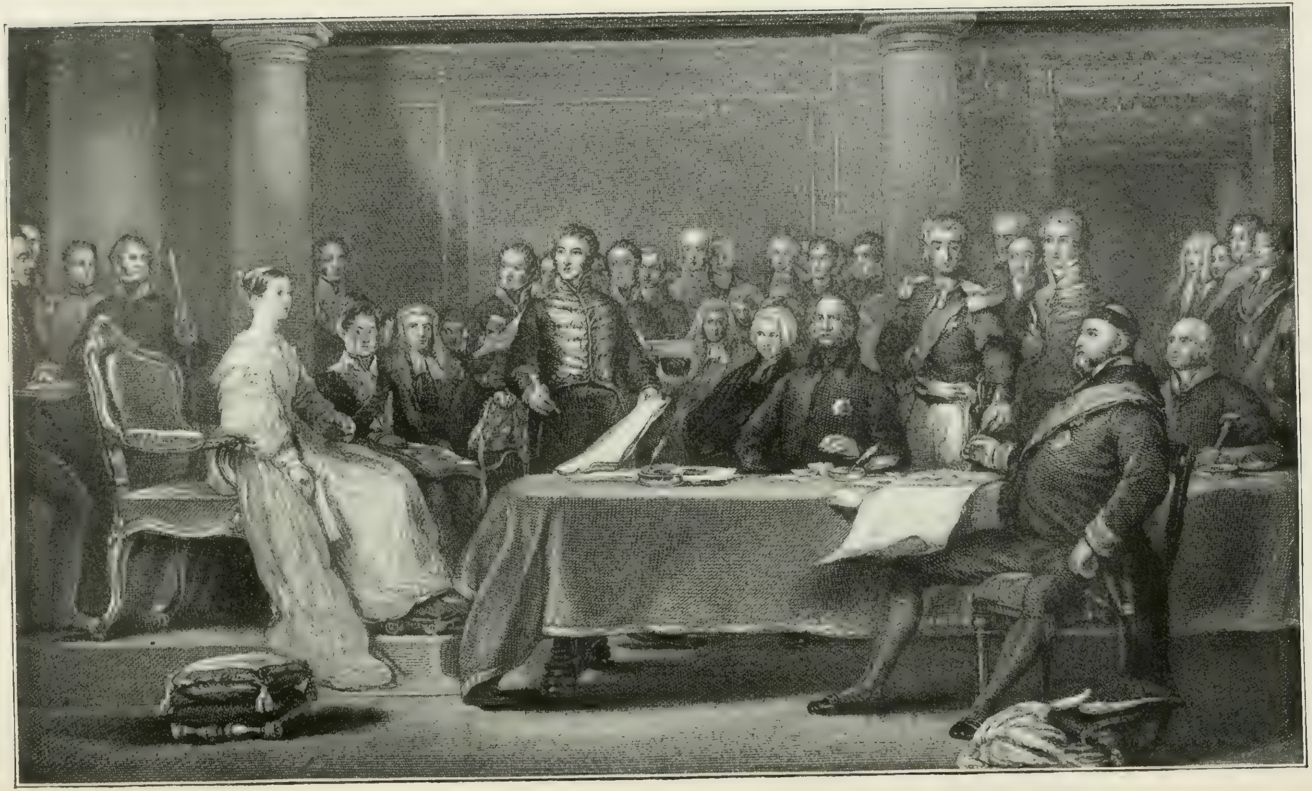
(1830–)

Although Justin McCarthy is not without reputation as a Home Rule politician, he is primarily a literary man; his adventures into the fields of history and fiction having preceded his Parliamentary career. He is perhaps a novel-writer rather than a historian in the strict sense of the term. His histories are clever and astute accounts of comparatively recent events, but bear little evidence of the patient scholarship, the critical research, which are characteristic of modern historical scholarship. Yet the 'History of Our Own Times' (a record of English political and social life in this century), the 'Four Georges,' and the 'Epoch of Reform,' are not without the value and interest attached to the writings of a man of affairs whose dramatic sense is well developed. Mr. McCarthy writes of the first Reform Bill, of Lord Grey, of Lord Palmerston, of Disraeli, of Gladstone, of Home Rule politics, in the spirit of one who has been in the swing of the movements which he describes, and who has known his heroes in person or by near repute. Mr. McCarthy's talents as a novelist are of use to him as a historian. He is quick to grasp the salient features of character, and he is sensitive to the dramatic elements in individuality. His 'Leo XIII.,' and his 'Modern Leaders,' a series of biographical sketches, are successful portraits of their kind. That Mr. McCarthy does not always see below the surface in his estimates of famous contemporaries detracts little from the picturesque character of his biographies. He is capable of giving to his reader in a sentence or two a vivid if general impression of a personality or of a literary work; as when he says that "Charlotte Brontë was all genius and ignorance, and George Eliot is all genius and culture"; or when he says of Carlyle's 'French Revolution' that it is "history read by lightning."



Justin McCarthy

Justin McCarthy has been a journalist as well as a writer of fiction and of history. Born at Cork in 1830, he connected himself with the Liverpool press in 1853, and in 1860 became a member of the



QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST COUNCIL, KENSINGTON PALACE, JUNE 21, 1837

From the Painting by Sir David Wilkie, R.A., in Windsor Castle staff of the Morning Star. In 1864 he became chief editor. His newspaper experience has had not a little influence upon his style and methods of literary composition, as his political life has guided him in his treatment of historical subjects. Since 1879 he has represented Longford in Parliament as a Home-Ruler. Since that year, also, many of his novels have been written. They show the quick observation of the man of newspaper training, and his talents as a ready and clever writer. Mr. McCarthy's novels, like his histories and biographies, are concerned mainly with the England of his own day. Occasionally the plot is worked out against the background of Parliamentary life, as in 'The Ladies' Gallery' and 'The Right Honorable.' Among his other novels—he has written a great number—are 'Miss Misanthrope,' 'A Fair Saxon,' 'Lady Judith,' 'Dear Lady Disdain,' 'The Maid of Athens,' and 'Paul Massie.' Mr. McCarthy's style is crisp, straightforward, and for the most part entertaining. Of all his works, the 'History of Our Own Times' will perhaps retain its value longest as a vivid, anecdotal, and stimulating record of English national development in the nineteenth century.

THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE QUEEN

From 'A History of Our Own Times'

Before half-past two o'clock on the morning of June 20th, 1837, William IV. was lying dead in Windsor Castle, while the messengers were already hurrying off to Kensington Palace to bear to his successor her summons to the throne. The illness of the King had been but short, and at one time, even after it had been pronounced alarming, it seemed to take so hopeful a turn that the physicians began to think it would pass harmlessly away. But the King was an old man—was an old man even when he came to the throne; and when the dangerous symptoms again exhibited themselves, their warning was very soon followed by fulfillment. The death of King William may be fairly regarded as having closed an era of our history. With him, we may believe, ended the reign of personal government in England. William was indeed a constitutional king in more than mere name. He was to the best of his lights a faithful representative of the constitutional principle. He was as far in advance of his two predecessors in understanding and acceptance of the principle as his successor has proved herself beyond him. Constitutional government has developed itself gradually, as everything else has done in English politics. The written principle and code of its system it would be as vain to look for as for the British Constitution itself. King William still held to and exercised the right to dismiss his ministers when he pleased, and because he pleased. His father had held to the right of maintaining favorite ministers in defiance of repeated votes of the House of Commons. It would not be easy to find any written rule or declaration of constitutional law pronouncing decisively that either was in the wrong. But in our day we should believe that the constitutional freedom of England was outraged, or at least put in the extremest danger, if a sovereign were to dismiss a ministry at mere pleasure, or to retain it in despite of the expressed wish of the House of Commons. Virtually therefore there was still personal government in the reign of William IV. With his death the long chapter of its history came to an end. We find it difficult now to believe that it was a living principle, openly at work among us, if not openly acknowledged, so lately as in the reign of King William.

The closing scenes of King William's life were undoubtedly characterized by some personal dignity. As a rule, sovereigns show that they know how to die. Perhaps the necessary consequence of their training, by virtue of which they come to regard themselves always as the central figures in great State pageantry, is to make them assume a manner of dignity on all occasions when the eyes of their subjects may be supposed to be on them, even if dignity of bearing is not the free gift of nature. The manners of William IV. had been, like those of most of his brothers, somewhat rough and overbearing. He had been an unmanageable naval officer. He had again and again disregarded or disobeyed orders; and at last it had been found convenient to withdraw him from active service altogether, and allow him to rise through the successive ranks of his profession by a merely formal and technical process of ascent. In his more private capacity he had, when younger, indulged more than once in unseemly and insufferable freaks of temper. He had made himself unpopular, while Duke of Clarence, by his strenuous opposition to some of the measures which were especially desired by all the enlightenment of the country. He was, for example, a determined opponent of the measures for the abolition of the slave trade. He had wrangled publicly in open debate with some of his brothers in the House of Lords; and words had been inter-changed among the royal princes which could not be heard in our day even in the hottest debates of the more turbulent House of Commons. But William seems to have been one of the men whom increased responsibility improves. He was far better as a king than as a prince. He proved that he was able at least to understand that first duty of a constitutional sovereign, which to the last day of his active life his father, George III., never could be brought to comprehend,—that the personal predilections and prejudices of the king must sometimes give way to the public interest.

Nothing perhaps in life became him like the leaving of it. His closing days were marked by gentleness and kindly consideration for the feelings of those around him. When he awoke on June 18th he remembered that it was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. He expressed a strong, pathetic wish to live over that day, even if he were never to see another sunset. He called for the flag which the Duke of Wellington always sent him on that anniversary; and he laid his hand upon the eagle which adorned it, and said he felt revived by the touch. He had himself attended since his accession the Waterloo banquet; but this time the Duke of Wellington thought it would perhaps be more seemly to have the dinner put off, and sent accordingly to take the wishes of his Majesty. The King declared that the dinner must go on as usual; and sent to the Duke a friendly, simple message, expressing his hope that the guests might have a pleasant day. He talked in his homely way to those about him, his direct language seeming to acquire a sort of tragic dignity from the approach of the death that was so near. He had prayers read to him again and again, and called those near him to witness that he had always been a faithful believer in the truths of religion. He had his dispatch-boxes brought to him, and tried to get through some business with his private secretary. It was remarked with some interest that the last official act he ever performed was to sign with his trembling hand the pardon of a condemned criminal. Even a far nobler reign than his would have received new dignity if it closed with a deed of mercy. When some of those around him endeavored to encourage him with the idea that he might recover and live many years yet, he declared with a simplicity which had something oddly pathetic in it that he would be willing to live ten years yet for the sake of the country. The poor King was evidently under the sincere conviction that England could hardly get on without him. His consideration for his country, whatever whimsical thoughts it may suggest, is entitled to some at least of the respect which we give to the dying groan of a Pitt or a Mirabeau, who fears with too much reason that he leaves a blank not easily to be filled. "Young royal tarry-breeks," William had been jocularly called by Robert Burns fifty years before, when there was yet a popular belief that he would come all right and do brilliant and gallant things, and become a stout sailor in whom a seafaring nation might feel pride. He disappointed all such expectations; but it must be owned that when responsibility came upon him he disappointed expectation anew in a different way, and was a better sovereign, more deserving of the complimentary title of patriot-king, than even his friends would have ventured to anticipate.

There were eulogies pronounced upon him after his death, in both Houses of Parliament, as a matter of course. It is not necessary, however, to set down to mere court homage or parliamentary form some of the praises that were bestowed upon the dead King by Lord Melbourne and Lord Brougham and Lord Grey. A certain tone of sincerity, not quite free perhaps from surprise, appears to run through some of these expressions of admiration. They seem to say that the speakers were at one time or another considerably surprised to find that after all, William really was able and willing on grave occasions to subordinate his personal likings and dislikings to considerations of State policy, and to what was shown to him to be for the good of the nation. In this sense at least he may be called a patriot-king. We have advanced a good deal since that time, and we require somewhat higher and more positive qualities in a sovereign now to excite our political wonder. But we must judge William by the reigns that went before, and not the reign that came after him; and with that consideration borne in mind, we may accept the panegyric of Lord Melbourne and of Lord Grey, and admit that on the whole he was better than his education, his early opportunities, and his early promise.

William IV. (third son of George III.) had left no children who could have succeeded to the throne; and the crown passed therefore to the daughter of his brother (fourth son of George), the Duke of Kent. This was the Princess Alexandrina Victoria, who was born at Kensington Palace on May 24th, 1819. The princess was therefore at this time little more than eighteen years of age. The Duke of Kent died a few months after the birth of his daughter, and the child was brought up under the care of his widow. She was well brought up: both as regards her intellect and her character her training was excellent. She was taught to be self-reliant, brave, and systematical. Prudence and economy were inculcated on her as though she had been born to be poor. One is not generally inclined to attach much importance to what historians tell us of the education of contemporary princes or princesses; but it cannot be doubted that the Princess Victoria was trained for intelligence and goodness.

"The death of the King of England has everywhere caused the greatest sensation. . . . Cousin Victoria is said to have shown astonishing self-possession. She undertakes a heavy responsibility, especially at the present moment, when parties are so excited, and all rest their hopes on her." These words are an extract from a letter written on July 4th, 1837, by the late Prince Albert, the Prince Consort of so many happy years. The letter was written to the Prince's father, from Bonn. The young Queen had indeed behaved with remarkable self-possession. There is a pretty description, which has been often quoted, but will bear citing once more, given by Miss Wynn, of the manner in which the young sovereign received the news of her accession to a throne. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, left Windsor for Kensington Palace, where the Princess Victoria had been residing, to inform her of the King's death. It was two hours after midnight when they started, and they did not reach Kensington until five o'clock in the morning. "They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." The Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, was presently sent for, and a meeting of the Privy Council summoned for eleven o'clock; when the Lord Chancellor administered the usual oaths to the Queen, and Her Majesty received in return the oaths of allegiance of the Cabinet ministers and other privy councillors present. Mr. Greville, who was usually as little disposed to record any enthusiastic admiration of royalty and royal personages as Humboldt or Varnhagen von Ense could have been, has described the scene in words well worthy of quotation.

"The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behavior, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which, for this purpose, Melbourne had himself to learn. . . . She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes first by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations,— and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came, one after another, to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the ministers, and the

Duke of Wellington and Peel, approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do,—which hardly ever occurred,—and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating.»

Sir Robert Peel told Mr. Greville that he was amazed «at her manner and behavior, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, and at the same time her firmness.» The Duke of Wellington said in his blunt way that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. «At twelve,» says Mr. Greville, «she held a Council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life; and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the Council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well; and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her on the whole a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself. . . . In short, she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense; and as far as it has gone, nothing can be more favorable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct do; though,» Mr. Greville somewhat superfluously adds, «it would be rash to count too confidently upon her judgment and discretion in more weighty matters.»

The interest or curiosity with which the demeanor of the young Queen was watched was all the keener because the world in general knew so little about her. Not merely was the world in general thus ignorant, but even the statesmen and officials in closest communication with court circles were in almost absolute ignorance. According to Mr. Greville (whose authority, however, is not to be taken too implicitly except as to matters which he actually saw), the young Queen had been previously kept in such seclusion by her mother—«never,» he says, «having slept out of her bedroom, nor been alone with anybody but herself and the Baroness Lehzen»—that «not one of her acquaintances, none of the attendants at Kensington, not even the Duchess of Northumberland, her governess, have any idea what she is or what she promises to be.» There was enough in the court of the two sovereigns who went before Queen Victoria to justify any strictness of seclusion which the Duchess of Kent might desire for her daughter. George IV. was a Charles II. without the education or the talents; William IV. was a Frederick William of Prussia without the genius. The ordinary manners of the society at the court of either had a full flavor, to put it in the softest way, such as a decent tap-room would hardly exhibit in a time like the present. No one can read even the most favorable descriptions given by contemporaries of the manners of those two courts, without feeling grateful to the Duchess of Kent for resolving that her daughter should see as little as possible of their ways and their company.

It was remarked with some interest that the Queen subscribed herself simply «Victoria,» and not, as had been expected, «Alexandrina Victoria.» Mr. Greville mentions in his diary of December 24th, 1819, that «the Duke of Kent gave the name of Alexandrina to his daughter in compliment to the Emperor of Russia. She was to have had the name of Georgiana, but the duke insisted upon Alexandrina being her first name. The Regent sent for Lieven [the Russian ambassador, husband of the famous Princess de Lieven], and made him a great many compliments, *en le persiflant*, on the Emperor's being godfather; but informed him that the name of Georgiana could be second to no other in this country, and therefore she could not bear it at all.» It was a very wise choice to employ simply the name Victoria, around which no ungenial associations of any kind hung at that time, and which can have only grateful associations in the history of this country for the future.

It is not necessary to go into any formal description of the various ceremonials and pageantries which celebrated the accession of the new sovereign. The proclamation of the Queen, her appearance for the first time on the throne in the House of Lords when she prorogued Parliament in person, and even the gorgeous festival of her coronation,—which took place on June 28th, in the following year, 1838,—may be passed over with a mere word of record. It is worth mentioning, however, that at the coronation procession one of the most conspicuous figures was that of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, the opponent of Moore and Wellington in the Peninsula, the commander of the Old Guard at Lützen, and one of the strong arms of Napoleon at

Waterloo. Soult had been sent as ambassador extraordinary to represent the French government and people at the coronation of Queen Victoria; and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which he was received by the crowds in the streets of London on that day. The white-haired soldier was cheered wherever a glimpse of his face or figure could be caught. He appeared in the procession in a carriage the frame of which had been used on occasions of state by some of the princes of the House of Condé, and which Soult had had splendidly decorated for the ceremony of the coronation. Even the Austrian ambassador, says an eye-witness, attracted less attention than Soult, although the dress of the Austrian, Prince Esterhazy, «down to his very boot-heels sparkled with diamonds.» The comparison savors now of the ridiculous, but is remarkably expressive and effective. Prince Esterhazy's name in those days suggested nothing but diamonds. His diamonds may be said to glitter through all the light literature of the time. When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wanted a comparison with which to illustrate excessive splendor and brightness, she found it in «Mr. Pitt's diamonds.» Prince Esterhazy's served the same purpose for the writers of the early years of the present reign. It was therefore, perhaps, no very poor tribute to the stout old *moustache* of the Republic and the Empire to say that at a London pageant his war-worn face drew attention away from Prince Esterhazy's diamonds. Soult himself felt very warmly the genuine kindness of the reception given to him. Years after, in a debate in the French Chamber, when M. Guizot was accused of too much partiality for the English alliance, Marshal Soult declared himself a warm champion of that alliance. «I fought the English down to Toulouse,» he said, «when I fired the last cannon in defense of the national independence: in the mean time I have been in London; and France knows the reception which I had there. The English themselves cried 'Vive Soult!'—they cried, 'Soult forever!' I had learned to estimate the English on the field of battle; I have learned to estimate them in peace: and I repeat that I am a warm partisan of the English alliance.» History is not exclusively made by cabinets and professional diplomatists. It is highly probable that the cheers of a London crowd on the day of the Queen's coronation did something genuine and substantial to restore the good feeling between this country and France, and efface the bitter memories of Waterloo.

It is a fact well worthy of note, amid whatever records of court ceremonial and of political change, that a few days after the accession of the Queen, Mr. Montefiore was elected Sheriff of London (the first Jew who had ever been chosen for that office), and that he received knighthood at the hands of her Majesty when she visited the City on the following Lord Mayor's day. He was the first Jew whom royalty had honored in this country since the good old times when royalty was pleased to borrow the Jew's money, or order instead the extraction of his teeth. The expansion of the principle of religious liberty and equality, which has been one of the most remarkable characteristics of the reign of Queen Victoria, could hardly have been more becomingly inaugurated than by the compliment which sovereign and city paid to Sir Moses Montefiore.

A MODERN ENGLISH STATESMAN

From ‹A History of Our Own Times›

«Un-arm, Eros: the long day's task is done, and we must sleep!» A long, very long day's task was nearly done. A marvelous career was fast drawing to its close. Down in Hertfordshire Lord Palmerston was dying. As Mirabeau said of himself, so Palmerston might have said: he could already hear the preparations for the funeral of Achilles. He had enjoyed life to the last as fully as ever Churchill did, although in a different sense. Long as his life was, if counted by mere years, it seems much longer still when we consider what it had compassed, and how active it had been from the earliest to the very end. Many men were older than Lord Palmerston; he left more than one senior behind him. But they were for the most part men whose work had long been done,—men who had been consigned to the arm-chair of complete inactivity. Palmerston was a hard-working statesman until within a very few days of his death. He had been a member of Parliament for nearly sixty years. He entered Parliament for the first time in the year when Byron, like himself a Harrow boy, published his first poems. He had been in the House of Commons for thirty years when the Queen came to the throne. He used to play chess with the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, wife of the Prince Regent, when she lived at

Kensington as Princess of Wales. In 1808, being then one of the Lords of the Admiralty, he had defended the Copenhagen expedition of the year before, and insisted that it was a stroke indispensable to the defeat of the designs of Napoleon. During all his political career he was only out of office for rare and brief seasons. To be a private member of Parliament was a short occasional episode in his successful life. In the words of Sadi, the Persian poet, he had obtained an ear of corn from every harvest. . . .

No man since the death of the Duke of Wellington had filled so conspicuous a place in the public mind. No man had enjoyed anything like the same amount of popularity. He died at the moment when that popularity had reached its very zenith. It had become the fashion of the day to praise all he said and all he did. It was the settled canon of the ordinary Englishman's faith, that what Palmerston said England must feel. . . .

Privately, he can hardly have had any enemies. He had a kindly heart, which won on all people who came near him. He had no enduring enmities or capricious dislikes; and it was therefore very hard for ill-feeling to live in his beaming, friendly presence. He never disliked men merely because he had often to encounter them in political war. He tried his best to give them as good as they brought, and he bore no malice. There were some men whom he disliked, as we have already mentioned in these volumes; but they were men who for one reason or another stood persistently in his way, and who, he fancied he had reason to believe, had acted treacherously towards him. He liked a man to be "English," and he liked him to be what he considered a gentleman; but he did not restrict his definition of the word "gentleman" to the mere qualifications of birth or social rank. His manners were frank and genial rather than polished; and his is one of the rare instances in which a man contrived always to keep up his personal dignity without any stateliness of bearing and tone. He was a model combatant: when the combat was over, he was ready to sit down by his antagonist's side and be his friend, and talk over their experiences and exploits. He was absolutely free from affectation. This very fact gave sometimes an air almost of roughness to his manners, he could be so plain-spoken and downright when suddenly called on to express his mind. He was not, in the highest sense of the word, a truthful man; that is to say, there were episodes of his career in which for purposes of statecraft he allowed the House of Commons and the country to become the dupes of an erroneous impression. Personally truthful and honorable of course it would be superfluous to pronounce him. A man of Palmerston's bringing-up is as certain to be personally truthful as he is to be brave, and to be fond of open-air exercise and the cold bath. But Palmerston was too often willing to distinguish between the personal and the political integrity of a statesman. The distinction is common to the majority of statesmen: so much the worse for statesmanship. But the gravest errors of this kind which Palmerston had committed were committed for an earlier generation. . . .

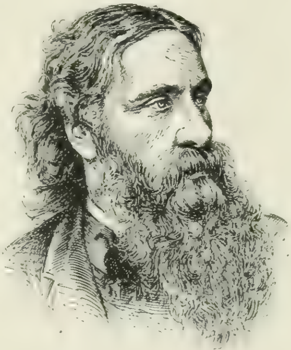
His greatest praise with Englishmen must be that he loved England with a sincere love that never abated. He had no predilection, no prejudice, that did not give way where the welfare of England was concerned. He ought to have gone one step higher in the path of public duty: he ought to have loved justice and right even more than he loved England. He ought to have felt more tranquilly convinced that the cause of justice and of right must be the best thing which an English minister could advance even for England's sake in the end. Lord Palmerston was not a statesman who took any lofty view of a minister's duties. His statesmanship never stood on any high moral elevation. He sometimes did things in the cause of England which we may well believe he would not have done for any consideration in any cause of his own. His policy was necessarily shifting, uncertain, and inconsistent; for he molded it always on the supposed interests of England as they showed themselves to his eyes at the time. His sympathies with liberty were capricious guides. Sympathies with liberty must be so always where there is no clear principle defining objects and guiding conduct. Lord Palmerston was not prevented by his liberal sympathies from sustaining the policy of the Coup d'État; nor did his hatred of slavery, one of his few strong and genuine emotions apart from English interests, inspire him with any repugnance for the cause of the Southern slaveholders. But it cannot be doubted that his very defects were a main cause of his popularity and his success. He was able always with a good conscience to assure the English people that they were the greatest and the best — the only good and great — people in the world, because he had long taught himself to believe this, and had come to believe it. He was always popular, because his speeches invariably conveyed this impression to the English crowd whom he addressed in or out of Parliament. Other public men spoke for the most part to tell English people of something they ought to do which they were not doing, something which they had done and ought not to have done. It is not in the nature of things that such men should be as popular as those who told England that whatever she did must be right. Nor did Palmerston lay on his praise with coarse and palpable artifice. He had no artifice in the matter. He believed what he said; and his very sincerity made it the more captivating and the more dangerous.

A phrase sprang up in Palmerston's days which was employed to stigmatize certain political conduct beyond all ordinary reproach. It was meant to stamp such conduct as outside the pale of reasonable argument or patriotic consideration. That was the word "un-English." It was enough with certain classes to say that anything was "un-English" in order to put it utterly out of court. No matter to what principles, higher, more universal, and more abiding than those that are merely English, it might happen to appeal, the one word of condemnation was held to be enough for it. Some of the noblest and the wisest men of our day were denounced as "un-English." A stranger might have asked in wonder, at one time, whether it was un-English to be just, to be merciful, to have consideration for the claims and the rights of others, to admit that there was any higher object in a nation's life than a diplomatic success. All that would have made a man odious and insufferable in private life was apparently held up as belonging to the virtues of the English nation. Rude self-assertion, blunt disregard for the feelings and the claims of others, a self-sufficiency which would regard all earth's interests as made for England's special use alone,— the yet more outrageous form of egotism which would fancy that the moral code as it applies to others does not apply to us,—all this seemed to be considered the becoming national characteristic of the English people. It would be almost superfluous to say that this did not show its worst in Lord Palmerston himself. As in art, so in politics, we never see how bad some peculiar defect is until we see it in the imitators of a great man's style. A school of Palmerstons, had it been powerful and lasting, would have made England a nuisance to other nations. . . . We have no hesitation in saying that Lord Palmerston's statesmanship on the whole lowered the moral tone of English politics for a time. This consideration alone, if there were nothing else, forbids us to regard him as a statesman whose deeds were equal to his opportunities and to his genius. To serve the purpose of the hour was his policy. To succeed in serving it was his triumph. It is not thus that a great fame is built up, unless indeed where the genius of the man is like that of some Cæsar or Napoleon, which can convert its very ruins into monumental records. Lord Palmerston is hardly to be called a great man. Perhaps he may be called a great "man of the time."

GEORGE MACDONALD

(1824–)

George Macdonald has been characterized as a «cross between a poet and a spiritual teacher.» His powers as a novelist, however, are not taken into account by this description. Added to his genuine poetical feeling, and to his refined moral sense, are the qualities of a good story-teller. He knows how to handle an elaborate plot; he understands the dramatic values of situations; he can put life into his characters. Yet the dominant impression left by his novels is their essential moral nobility. The ideal which Mr. Macdonald sets before himself as a writer of fiction is summed up in this passage from 'Sir Gibbie':—



George Macdonald

«But whatever the demand of the age, I insist that that which ought to be presented to its beholding is the common good, uncommonly developed: and that not because of its rarity, but because it is truer to humanity. It is the noble, not the failure from the noble, that is the true human: and if I must show the failure, let it ever be with an eye to the final possible, yea, imperative success. But in our day a man who will accept any oddity of idiosyncratic development in manners, tastes, and habits, will refuse not only as improbable, but as inconsistent with human nature, the representation of a man trying to be merely as noble as is absolutely essential to his being.»

This quaint realism of Mr. Macdonald's in a literary age, when many believe that only the evil in man's nature is real, dominates his novels, from 'David Elginbrod' to 'The Elect Lady.' They are wholesome stories of pure men and women. The author is at his strongest when drawing a character like that of Sir Gibbie, compelled forever to follow the highest law of his nature. With villains and with mean folk, Mr. Macdonald can do nothing. He cannot understand them, neither can he understand complexity of character. He is too dogmatic ever to see the «shadowy third» between the one and one. He is too much of a preacher to be altogether a novelist.

His training has increased his dogmatic faculty. Born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1824, he was graduated at King's College, Aberdeen, and then entered upon the study of theology at the Independent College, Highbury, London. He was for a time a preacher in the Scottish Congregational Church, but afterwards became a layman in the Church of England. He then assumed the principalship of a seminary in London. His novels witness to his Scotch origin and training. The scenes of many of them are laid in Scotland, and not a few of the characters speak the North-Scottish dialect. But the spirit which informs them is even more Scotch than their setting. The strong moral convictions of George Macdonald infuse them with the sermonizing element. The novelist is of the spiritual kindred of the Covenanters. Yet they are full of a kindly humanity, and where the moralist is merged in the writer of fiction they attain a high degree of charm.

The pure and tender spirit of Mr. Macdonald makes him peculiarly fitted to understand children and child life. «Gibbie had never been kissed,» he writes; «and how is any child to thrive without kisses?» His stories for children, ‹At the Back of the North Wind› and ‹The Princess and Curdie,› are full of beauty in their fine sympathy for the moods of a child.

Mr. Macdonald has written a great number of novels. They include ‹David Elginbrod,› ‹Alec Forbes of How Glen,› ‹Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood,› ‹The Seaboard Parish› (sequel to the foregoing), ‹Robert Falconer,› ‹Wilfrid Cumbermede,› ‹Malcolm,› ‹The Marquis of Lossie,› ‹St. George and St. Michael,› ‹Sir Gibbie,› ‹What's Mine's Mine,› ‹The Elect Lady,› and such fanciful stories as his well-known ‹Phantastes.› He has also published ‹Miracles of Our Lord› and ‹Unspoken Sermons.› Mr. Macdonald's sermons, as might be expected, are vigorous, and exhibit his peculiar sensitiveness to the moral and spiritual elements in man's existence. This same sensitiveness pervades his verse; which, while not of the first order, gives evidence — especially in the lyrics — of the true poetic instinct.

THE FLOOD

From ‹Sir Gibbie›

Still the rain fell and the wind blew; the torrents came tearing down from the hills, and shot madly into the rivers; the rivers ran into the valleys, and deepened the lakes that filled them. On every side of the Mains, from the foot of Glashgar to Gormdhu, all was one yellow and red sea, with roaring currents and vortices numberless. It burrowed holes, it opened long-deserted channels and water-courses; here it deposited inches of rich mold, there yards of sand and gravel; here it was carrying away fertile ground, leaving behind only bare rock or shingle where the corn had been waving; there it was scooping out the bed of a new lake. Many a thick soft lawn of loveliest grass, dotted with fragrant shrubs and rare trees, vanished, and nothing was there when the waters subsided but a stony waste, or a gravelly precipice. Woods and copses were undermined, and trees and soil together swept into the vast; sometimes the very place was hardly there to say it knew its children no more. Houses were torn to pieces; and their contents, as from broken boxes, sent wandering on the brown waste through the gray air to the discolored sea, whose saltness for a long way out had vanished with its hue. Hay-mows were buried to the very top in sand; others went sailing bodily down the mighty stream — some of them followed or surrounded, like big ducks, by a great brood of ricks for their ducklings. Huge trees went past as if shot down an Alpine slide — cottages and bridges of stone giving way before them. Wooden mills, thatched roofs, great mill-wheels, went dipping and swaying and hobbling down. From the upper windows of the Mains, looking towards the chief current, they saw a drift of everything belonging to farms and dwelling-houses that would float. Chairs and tables, chests, carts, saddles, chests of drawers, tubs of linen, beds and blankets, work-benches, harrows, girnels, planes, cheeses, churns, spinning-wheels, cradles, iron pots, wheelbarrows — all these and many other things hurried past as they gazed. Everybody was looking, and for a time all had been silent. . . .

Just as Mr. Duff entered the stable from the nearer end, the opposite gable fell out with a great splash, letting in the wide level vision of turbidly raging waters, fading into the obscurity of the wind-driven rain. While he stared aghast, a great tree struck the wall like a battering-ram, so that the stable shook. The horses, which had been for some time moving uneasily, were now quite scared. There was not a moment to be lost. Duff shouted for his men; one or two came running; and in less than a minute more, those in the house heard the iron-shod feet splashing and stamping through the water, as one after another the horses were brought across the yard to the door of the house. Mr. Duff led by the halter his favorite Snowball, who was a good deal excited, plunging and rearing so that it was all he could do to hold him. He had ordered the men to take the others first, thinking he would follow more quietly. But the moment Snowball heard the first thundering of hoofs on the stair, he went out of his senses with terror, broke from his master, and went plunging back to the stable. Duff started after him, but was only in time to see him rush from the further end into the swift current, where he was at once out of his depth, and was instantly caught and hurried, rolling over and over, from his master's sight. He ran back into the house, and up to the highest window. From that he caught sight of him a long way down, swimming. Once or twice he saw him turned heels over head—only to get his neck up again presently, and swim as well as before. But alas! it was in the direction of the Daur, which would soon, his master did not doubt, sweep his carcass into the North Sea. With troubled heart he strained his sight after him as long as he could distinguish his lessening head, but it got amongst some wreck; and, unable to tell any more whether he saw it or not, he returned to his men with his eyes full of tears.

. . . .

Gibbie woke with the first of the dawn. The rain still fell—descending in spoonfuls rather than drops; the wind kept shaping itself into long hopeless howls, rising to shrill yells that went drifting away over the land; and then the howling rose again. Nature seemed in despair. There must be more for Gibbie to do! He must go again to the foot of the mountain, and see if there was anybody to help. They might even be in trouble at the Mains: who could tell! . . .

Gibbie sped down the hill through a worse rain than ever. The morning was close, and the vapors that filled it were like smoke burned to the hue of the flames whence it issued. Many a man that morning believed another great deluge begun, and all measures relating to things of this world lost labor. Going down his own side of the Glashburn, the nearest path to the valley, the gamekeeper's cottage was the first dwelling on his way. It stood a little distance from the bank of the burn, opposite the bridge and gate, while such things were.

It had been with great difficulty—for even Angus did not know the mountain so well as Gibbie—that the gamekeeper reached it with the housekeeper the night before. It was within two gun-shots of the house of Glashruach, yet to get to it they had to walk miles up and down Glashgar. A mountain in storm is as hard to cross as a sea. Arrived, they did not therefore feel safe. The tendency of the Glashburn was indeed away from the cottage, as the grounds of Glashruach sadly witnessed; but a torrent is double-edged, and who could tell? The yielding of one stone in its channel might send it to them. All night Angus watched, peering out ever again into the darkness, but seeing nothing save three lights that burned above the water — one of them, he thought, at the Mains. The other two went out in the darkness, but that only in the dawn. When the morning came, there was the Glashburn meeting the Lorrie in his garden. But the cottage was well built, and fit to stand a good siege, while any moment the waters might have reached their height. By breakfast-time, however, they were round it from behind. There is nothing like a flood for revealing the variations of surface, the dips and swells of a country. In a few minutes they were isolated, with the current of the Glashburn on one side and that of the Lorrie in front. When he saw the water come in at front and back doors at once, Angus ordered his family up the stair: the cottage had a large attic, with dormer windows, where they slept. He himself remained below for some time longer, in that end of the house where he kept his guns and fishing-tackle; there he sat on a table, preparing nets for the fish that would be left in the pools; and not until he found himself afloat did he take his work to the attic.

There the room was hot, and they had the window open. Mistress MacPholp stood at it, looking out on the awful prospect, with her youngest child, a sickly boy, in her arms. He had in his a little terrier pup, greatly valued of the gamekeeper. In a sudden outbreak of peevish willfulness, he threw the creature out of the window. It fell on the sloping roof, and before it could recover itself, being too young to have the full command of four legs, rolled off.

"Eh! the doggie's i' the watter!" cried Mistress MacPholp in dismay.

Angus threw down everything with an ugly oath,— for he had given strict orders not one of the children should handle the whelp,— jumped up, and got out on the roof. From there he might have managed to reach it, so high now was the water, had the little thing remained where it fell; but already it had swum a yard or two from the house. Angus, who was a fair swimmer and an angry man, threw off his coat, and plunging after it, greatly to the delight of the little one, caught the pup with his teeth by the back of the neck, and turned to make for the house. Just then a shrub swept from the hill caught him in the face, and so bewildered him that before he got rid of it he had blundered into the edge of the current, which seized and bore him rapidly away. He dropped the pup and struck out for home with all his strength. But he soon found the most he could do was to keep his head above water, and gave himself up for lost. His wife screamed in agony. Gibbie heard her as he came down the hill, and ran at full speed towards the cottage.

About a hundred yards from the house, the current bore Angus straight into a large elder-tree. He got into the middle of it, and there remained trembling,— the weak branches breaking with every motion he made, while the stream worked at the roots, and the wind laid hold of him with fierce leverage. In terror, seeming still to sink as he sat, he watched the trees dart by like battering-rams in the swiftest of the current; the least of them diverging would tear the elder-tree with it. Brave enough in dealing with poachers, Angus was not the man to gaze with composure in the face of a sure slow death, against which no assault could be made. Many a man is courageous because he has not conscience enough to make a coward of him, but Angus had not quite reached that condition; and from the branches of the elder-tree showed a pale, terror-stricken visage. Amidst the many objects in the face of the water, Gibbie, however, did not distinguish it; and plunging in, swam round to the front of the cottage to learn what was the matter. There the wife's gesticulations directed his eyes to her drowning husband.

But what was he to do? He could swim to the tree well enough, and, he thought, back again; but how was that to be made of service to Angus? He could not save him by main force: there was not enough of that between them. If he had a line — and there must be plenty of lines in the cottage — he could carry him the end of it to haul upon: that would do. If he could send it to him, that would be better still; for then he could help at the other end, and would be in the right position up-stream to help further if necessary, for down the current alone was the path of communication open. He caught hold of the eaves and scrambled on to the roof. But in the folly and faithlessness of her despair, the woman would not let him enter.

With a curse caught from her husband, she struck him from the window, crying —

« Ye s' no come in here, an' my man droonin' yon'er! Gang till 'im, ye cooard! »

Never had poor Gibbie so much missed the use of speech. On the slope of the roof he could do little to force an entrance, therefore threw himself off it to seek another, and betook himself to the windows below. Through that of Angus's room, he caught sight of a floating anker cask. It was the very thing! — and there on the walls hung a quantity of nets and cordage! But how to get in? It was a sash window, and of course swollen with the wet, and therefore not to be opened; and there was not a square in it large enough to let him through. He swam to the other side, and crept softly on to the roof and over the ridge. But a broken slate betrayed him. The woman saw him, rushed to the fireplace, caught up the poker, and darted back to defend the window.

« Ye s' no come in here, I tell ye, » she screeched, « an' my man stickin' i' yon boortree buss! »

Gibbie advanced. She made a blow at him with the poker. He caught it, wrenched it from her grasp, and threw himself from the roof. The next moment they heard the poker at work smashing the window.

« He'll be in an' murder 's a'! » cried the mother, and ran to the stair, while the children screamed and danced with terror.

But the water was far too deep for her. She returned to the attic, barricaded the door,. and went again to the window to watch her drowning husband.

Gibbie was inside in a moment; and seizing the cask, proceeded to attach to it a strong line. He broke a bit from a fishing-rod, secured the line round the middle of it with a notch, put the stick through the bunghole in the bilge, and corked up the whole with a net-float. Happily he had a knife in his pocket. He then joined strong lines together until he thought he had length enough, secured the last end to a bar of the grate, and knocked out both sashes of the window with an axe. A passage thus cleared, he floated out first a chair, then a creepie, and one thing after another, to learn from what part to start the barrel. Seeing and recognizing them from above, Mistress MacPholp raised a terrible outcry. In the very presence of her drowning husband, such a wanton dissipation of her property roused her to fiercest wrath; for she imagined Gibbie was emptying her house with leisurely revenge. Satisfied at length, he floated out his barrel, and followed with the line in his hand, to aid its direction if necessary. It struck the tree. With a yell of joy Angus laid hold of it, and hauling the line taut, and feeling it secure, committed himself at once to the water, holding by the barrel and swimming with his legs, while Gibbie, away to the side with a hold of the rope, was swimming his hardest to draw him out of the current. But a weary man was Angus when at length he reached the house. It was all he could do to get himself in at the window and crawl up the stair. At the top of it he fell benumbed on the floor.

By the time that, repentant and grateful, Mistress MacPholp bethought herself of Gibbie, not a trace of him was to be seen. While they looked for him in the water and on the land, Gibbie was again in the room below, carrying out a fresh thought. With the help of the table he emptied the cask, into which a good deal of water had got. Then he took out the stick, corked the bunghole tight, laced the cask up in a piece of net, attached the line to the net and wound it about the cask by rolling the latter round and round, took the cask between his hands, and pushed from the window straight into the current of the Glashburn. In a moment it had swept him to the Lorrie. By the greater rapidity of the former he got easily across the heavier current of the latter, and was presently in water comparatively still, swimming quietly towards the Mains, and enjoying his trip none the less that he had to keep a sharp lookout: if he should have to dive to avoid any drifting object, he might lose his barrel. Quickly now, had he been so minded, he could have returned to the city,—changing vessel for vessel, as one after another went to pieces. Many a house roof offered itself for the voyage; now and then a great water-wheel, horizontal and helpless, devoured of its element. Once he saw a cradle come gyrating along, and urging all his might, intercepted it; but hardly knew whether he was more sorry or relieved to find it empty. When he was about half-way to the Mains, a whole fleet of ricks bore down upon him. He boarded one, and scrambled to the top of it, keeping fast hold of the end of his line, which unrolled from the barrel as he ascended. From its peak he surveyed the wild scene. All was running water. Not a human being was visible, and but a few house roofs; of which for a moment it was hard to say whether or not they were of those that were afloat. Here and there were the tops of trees, showing like low bushes. Nothing was uplifted except the mountains. He drew near the Mains. All the ricks in the yard were bobbing about, as if amusing themselves with a slow contra-dance; but they were as yet kept in by the barn and a huge old hedge of hawthorn. What was that cry from far away? Surely it was that of a horse in danger! It brought a lusty equine response from the farm. Where could horses be, with such a depth of water about the place? Then began a great lowing of cattle. But again came the cry of the horse from afar, and Gibbie, this time recognizing the voice as Snowball's, forgot the rest. He stood up on the very top of the rick, and sent his keen glance round on all sides. The cry came again and again, so that he was soon satisfied in what direction he must look. The rain had abated a little; but the air was so thick with vapor that he could not tell whether it was really an object he seemed to see white against the brown water, far away to the left, or a fancy of his excited hope; it *might* be Snowball on the turnpike road, which thereabout ran along the top of a high embankment. He tumbled from the rick, rolled the line about the barrel, and pushed vigorously for what might be the horse.

It took him a weary hour — in so many currents was he caught, one after the other, all straining to carry him far below the object he wanted to reach: an object it plainly was, before he had got half-way across; and by-and-by as plainly it was Snowball, testified to ears and eyes together. When at length he scrambled on the embankment beside him, the poor shivering, perishing creature gave a low neigh of delight: he did not know Gibbie, but he was a human being. He was quite cowed and submissive, and Gibbie at once set about his rescue. He had reasoned as he came along, that if there were beasts at the Mains there must be room for Snowball, and thither he would endeavor to take him. He tied the end of the line to the remnant of the halter on his head, the other end being still fast to the barrel, and took to the water again. Encouraged by the power upon his head,— the pressure, namely, of the halter,— the horse followed, and they made for the Mains. It was a long journey, and Gibbie had not breath enough to sing to Snowball, but he made what noises he could, and they got slowly along. He found the difficulties far greater now that he had to look out for the horse as well as for himself. None but one much used to the water could have succeeded in the attempt, or could indeed have stood out against its weakening influence and the strain of the continued exertion together so long. At length his barrel got waterlogged, and he sent it adrift. . . .

When they arrived at the door, they found a difficulty awaiting them: the water was now so high that Snowball's head rose above the lintel; and though all animals can swim, they do not all know how to dive. A tumult of suggestions immediately broke out. But Donal had already thrown himself from a window with a rope, and swum to Gibbie's assistance; the two understood each other, and heeding nothing the rest were saying, held their own communications. In a minute the rope was fastened round Snowball's body, and the end of it drawn between his forelegs and through the ring of his head-stall, when Donal swam with it to his mother who stood on the stair, with the request that as soon as she saw Snowball's head under the water, she would pull with all her might, and draw him in at the door. Donal then swam back, and threw his arms around Snowball's neck from below, while the same moment Gibbie cast his whole weight on it from above: the horse was over head and ears in an instant, and through the door in another. With snorting nostrils and blazing eyes his head rose in the passage, and in terror he struck out for the stair. As he scrambled heavily up from the water, his master and Robert seized him, and with much petting and patting and gentling, though there was little enough difficulty in managing him now, conducted him into the bedroom to the rest of the horses. There he was welcomed by his companions, and immediately began devouring the hay upon his master's bedstead. Gibbie came close behind him, was seized by Janet at the top of the stair, embraced like one come alive from the grave, and led, all dripping as he was, into the room where the women were.

THE HAY-LOFT

From ‹At the Back of the North Wind›

I HAVE been asked to tell you about the back of the North Wind. An old Greek writer mentions a people who lived there, and were so comfortable that they could not bear it any longer, and drowned themselves. My story is not the same as his. I do not think Herodotus had got the right account of the place. I am going to tell you how it fared with a boy who went there.

He lived in a low room over a coach-house; and that was not by any means at the back of the North Wind, as his mother very well knew. For one side of the room was built only of boards, and the boards were so old that you might run a penknife through into the North Wind. And then let them settle between them which was the sharper! I know that when you pulled it out again, the wind would be after it like a cat after a mouse, and you would know soon enough you were *not* at the back of the North Wind. Still, this room was not very cold, except when the north wind blew stronger than usual: the room I have to do with now was always cold, except in summer, when the sun took the matter into his own hands. Indeed, I am not sure whether I ought to call it a room at all; for it was just a loft where they kept hay and straw and oats for the horses. And when little Diamond — but stop: I must tell you that his father, who was a coachman, had named him after a favorite horse, and his mother had had no objection — when little Diamond, then, lay there in bed, he could hear the horses under him munching away in the dark, or moving sleepily in their dreams. For Diamond's father had built him a bed in the loft with boards all round it, because they had so little room in their own end over the coach-house; and Diamond's father put old Diamond in the stall under the bed, because he was a quiet horse, and did not go to sleep standing, but lay down like a reasonable creature. But although he was a surprisingly reasonable creature, yet when young Diamond woke in the middle of the night and felt the bed shaking in the blasts of the North Wind, he could not help wondering whether, if the wind should blow the house down, and he were to fall through into the manger, old Diamond mightn't eat him up before he knew him in his night-gown. And although old Diamond was very quiet all night long, yet when he woke he got up like an earthquake; and then young Diamond knew what o'clock it was, or at least what was to be done next, which was — to go to sleep again as fast as he could.

There was hay at his feet and hay at his head, piled up in great trusses to the very roof. Indeed, it was sometimes only through a little lane with several turnings, which looked as if it had been sawn out for him, that he could reach his bed at all.

For the stock of hay was of course always in a state either of slow ebb or of sudden flow. Sometimes the whole space of the loft, with the little panes in the roof for the stars to look in, would lie open before his open eyes as he lay in bed; sometimes a yellow wall of sweet-smelling fibres closed up his view at the distance of half a yard. Sometimes when his mother had undressed him in her room, and told him to trot away to bed by himself, he would creep into the heart of the hay, and lie there thinking how cold it was outside in the wind, and how warm it was inside there in his bed, and how he could go to it when he pleased, only he wouldn't just yet: he would get a little colder first. And ever as he grew colder, his bed would grow warmer, till at last he would scramble out of the hay, shoot like an arrow into his bed, cover himself up, and snuggle down, thinking what a happy boy he was. He had not the least idea that the wind got in at a chink in the wall, and blew about him all night. For the back of his bed was only of boards an inch thick, and on the other side of them was the North Wind.

Now, as I have already said, these boards were soft and crumbly. To be sure, they were tarred on the outside, yet in many places they were more like tinder than timber. Hence it happened that the soft part having worn away from about it, little Diamond found one night after he lay down, that a knot had come out of one of them, and that the wind was blowing in upon him in a cold and rather imperious fashion. Now he had no fancy for leaving things wrong that might be set right; so he jumped out of bed again, got a little strike of hay, twisted it up, folded it in the middle, and having thus made it into a cork, stuck it into the hole in the wall. But the wind began to blow loud and angrily; and as Diamond was falling asleep, out blew his cork and hit him on the nose, just hard enough to wake him up quite, and let him hear the wind whistling shrill in the hole. He searched for his hay-cork, found it, stuck it in harder, and was just dropping off once more, when, pop! with an angry whistle behind it, the cork struck him again, this time on the cheek. Up he rose once more, made a fresh stopple of hay, and corked the hole severely. But he was hardly down again before —pop! it came on his forehead. He gave it up, drew the clothes above his head, and was soon fast asleep.

Although the next day was very stormy, Diamond forgot all about the hole; for he was busy making a cave by the side of his mother's fire,—with a broken chair, a three-legged stool, and a blanket,—and sitting in it. His mother, however, discovered it and pasted a bit of brown paper over it; so that when Diamond had snuggled down for the next night, he had no occasion to think of it.

Presently, however, he lifted his head and listened. Who could that be talking to him? The wind was rising again, and getting very loud, and full of rushes and whistles. He was sure some one was talking—and very near him too it was. But he was not frightened, for he had not yet learned how to be; so he sat up and hearkened. At last the voice, which though quite gentle sounded a little angry, appeared to come from the back of the bed. He crept nearer to it, and laid his ear against the wall. Then he heard nothing but the wind, which sounded very loud indeed. The moment, however, that he moved his head from the wall he heard the voice again, close to his ear. He felt about with his hand, and came upon the piece of paper his mother had pasted over the hole. Against this he laid his ear, and then he heard the voice quite distinctly. There was in fact a little corner of the paper loose; and through that, as from a mouth in the wall, the voice came.

"What do you mean, little boy—closing up my window?"

"What window?" asked Diamond.

"You stuffed hay into it three times last night. I had to blow it out again three times."

"You can't mean this little hole! It isn't a window; it's a hole in my bed."

"I did not say it was *a* window: I said it was *my* window."

"But it can't be a window, because windows are holes to see out of."

"Well, that's just what I made this window for."

"But you are outside: you can't want a window."

"You are quite mistaken. Windows are to see out of, you say. Well, I'm in my house, and I want windows to see out of it."

"But you've made a window into my bed."

"Well, your mother has got three windows into my dancing-room, and you have three into my garret."

"But I heard father say, when my mother wanted him to make a window through the wall, that it was against the law, for it would look into Mr. Dyves's garden."

The voice laughed.

"The law would have some trouble to catch me!" it said.

"But if it's not right, you know," said Diamond, "that's no matter. You shouldn't do it."

"I am so tall I am above *that* law," said the voice.

"You must have a tall house, then," said Diamond.

"Yes, a tall house: the clouds are inside it."

"Dear me!" said Diamond, and thought a minute. "I think, then, you can hardly expect me to keep a window in my bed for you. Why don't you make a window into Mr. Dyves's bed?"

"Nobody makes a window into an ash-pit," said the voice rather sadly: "I like to see nice things out of my windows."

"But he must have a nicer bed than I have; though mine is *very* nice — so nice that I couldn't wish a better."

"It's not the bed I care about: it's what is in it. — But you just open that window."

"Well, mother says I shouldn't be disobliging; but it's rather hard. You see the north wind will blow right in my face if I do."

"I am the North Wind."

"O-o-oh!" said Diamond thoughtfully. "Then will you promise not to blow on my face if I open your window?"

"I can't promise that."

"But you'll give me the toothache. Mother's got it already."

"But what's to become of me without a window?"

"I'm sure I don't know. All I say is, it will be worse for me than for you."

"No, it will not. You shall not be the worse for it — I promise you that. You will be much the better for it. Just you believe what I say, and do as I tell you."

"Well, I *can* pull the clothes over my head," said Diamond; and feeling with his little sharp nails, he got hold of the open edge of the paper and tore it off at once.

In came a long whistling spear of cold, and struck his little naked chest. He scrambled and tumbled in under the bed-clothes, and covered himself up: there was no paper now between him and the voice, and he felt a little — not frightened exactly, I told you he had not learned that yet — but rather queer; for what a strange person this North Wind must be that lived in the great house — "called Out-of-Doors, I suppose," thought Diamond — and made windows into people's beds! But the voice began again;

and he could hear it quite plainly, even with his head under the bedclothes. It was a still more gentle voice now, although six times as large and loud as it had been, and he thought it sounded a little like his mother's.

«What is your name, little boy?» it asked.

«Diamond,» answered Diamond under the bedclothes.

«What a funny name!»

«It's a very nice name,» returned its owner.

«I don't know that,» said the voice.

«Well, I do,» retorted Diamond, a little rudely.

«Do you know to whom you are speaking?»

«No,» said Diamond.

And indeed he did not. For to know a person's name is not always to know the person's self.

«Then I must not be angry with you.—You had better look and see, though.»

«Diamond is a very pretty name,» persisted the boy, vexed that it should not give satisfaction.

«Diamond is a useless thing, rather,» said the voice.

«That's not true. Diamond is very nice—as big as two—and so quiet all night! And doesn't he make a jolly row in the morning, getting up on his four great legs! It's like thunder.»

«You don't seem to know what a diamond is.»

«Oh, don't I just! Diamond is a great and good horse; and he sleeps right under me. He is Old Diamond, and I am Young Diamond; or if you like it better,—for you're very particular, Mr. North Wind,—he's Big Diamond, and I'm Little Diamond: and I don't know which of us my father likes best.»

A beautiful laugh, large but very soft and musical, sounded somewhere beside him; but Diamond kept his head under the clothes.

«I'm not Mr. North Wind,» said the voice.

«You told me that you were the North Wind,» insisted Diamond.

«I did not say *Mister* North Wind,» said the voice.

«Well then, I do; for mother tells me I ought to be polite.»

«Then let me tell you I don't think it at all polite of you to say *Mister* to me.»

«Well, I didn't know better. I'm very sorry.»

«But you ought to know better.»

«I don't know that.»

"I do. You can't say it's polite to lie there talking, with your head under the bedclothes, and never look up to see what kind of person you are talking to. I want you to come out with me."

"I want to go to sleep," said Diamond, very nearly crying; for he did not like to be scolded, even when he deserved it.

"You shall sleep all the better to-morrow night."

"Besides," said Diamond, "you are out in Mr. Dyves's garden, and I can't get there. I can only get into our own yard."

"Will you take your head out of the bedclothes?" said the voice, just a little angrily.

"No!" answered Diamond, half peevish, half frightened.

The instant he said the word, a tremendous blast of wind crashed in a board of the wall, and swept the clothes off Diamond. He started up in terror. Leaning over him was the large, beautiful, pale face of a woman. Her dark eyes looked a little angry, for they had just begun to flash; but a quivering in her sweet upper lip made her look as if she were going to cry. What was most strange was that away from her head streamed out her black hair in every direction, so that the darkness in the hay-loft looked as if it were made of her hair; but as Diamond gazed at her in speechless amazement, mingled with confidence, — for the boy was entranced with her mighty beauty, — her hair began to gather itself out of the darkness, and fell down all about her again, till her face looked out of the midst of it like a moon out of a cloud. From her eyes came all the light by which Diamond saw her face and her hair; and that was all he did see of her yet. The wind was over and gone.

"Will you go with me now, you little Diamond? I am sorry I was forced to be so rough with you," said the lady.

"I will; yes, I will," answered Diamond, holding out both his arms. "But," he added, dropping them, "how shall I get my clothes? They are in mother's room, and the door is locked."

"Oh, never mind your clothes. You will not be cold. I shall take care of that. Nobody is cold with the North Wind."

"I thought everybody was," said Diamond.

"That is a great mistake. Most people make it, however. They are cold because they are not with the North Wind, but without it."

If Diamond had been a little older, and had supposed himself a good deal wiser, he would have thought the lady was joking.

But he was not older, and did not fancy himself wiser, and therefore understood her well enough. Again he stretched out his arms. The lady's face drew back a little.

«Follow me, Diamond,» she said.

«Yes,» said Diamond, only a little ruefully.

«You're not afraid?» said the North Wind.

«No, ma'am: but mother never would let me go without shoes; she never said anything about clothes, so I daresay she wouldn't mind that.»

«I know your mother very well,» said the lady. «She is a good woman. I have visited her often. I was with her when you were born. I saw her laugh and cry both at once. I love your mother, Diamond.»

«How was it you did not know my name, then, ma'am? Please, am I to say *ma'am* to you, ma'am?»

«One question at a time, dear boy. I knew your name quite well, but I wanted to hear what you would say for it. Don't you remember that day when the man was finding fault with your name — how I blew the window in?»

«Yes, yes,» answered Diamond eagerly. «Our window opens like a door, right over the coach-house door. And the wind — you, ma'am — came in, and blew the Bible out of the man's hands, and the leaves went all flutter-flutter on the floor, and my mother picked it up and gave it back to him open, and there — »

«Was your name in the Bible — the sixth stone in the high-priest's breast-plate.»

«Oh! a stone, was it?» said Diamond. «I thought it had been a horse — I did.»

«Never mind. A horse is better than a stone any day. Well, you see, I know all about you and your mother.»

«Yes. I will go with you.»

«Now for the next question: you're not to call me *ma'am*. You must call me just my own name — respectfully, you know — just North Wind.»

«Well, please, North Wind, you are so beautiful, I am quite ready to go with you.»

«You must not be ready to go with everything beautiful all at once, Diamond.»

«But what's beautiful can't be bad. You're not bad, North Wind?»

"No; I'm not bad. But sometimes beautiful things grow bad by doing bad, and it takes some time for their badness to spoil their beauty. So little boys may be mistaken if they go after things because they are beautiful."

"Well, I will go with you because you are beautiful and good too."

"Ah, but there's another thing, Diamond: What if I should look ugly without being bad — look ugly myself because I am making ugly things beautiful? — what then?"

"I don't quite understand you, North Wind. You tell me what then."

"Well, I will tell you. If you see me with my face all black, don't be frightened. If you see me flapping wings like a bat's, as big as the whole sky, don't be frightened. If you hear me raging ten times worse than Mrs. Bill, the blacksmith's wife,— even if you see me looking in at people's windows like Mrs. Eve Dropper, the gardener's wife,— you must believe that I am doing my work. Nay, Diamond, if I change into a serpent or a tiger, you must not let go your hold of me, for my hand will never change in yours if you keep a good hold. If you keep a hold, you will know who I am all the time, even when you look at me and can't see me the least like the North Wind. I may look something very awful. Do you understand?"

"Quite well," said little Diamond.

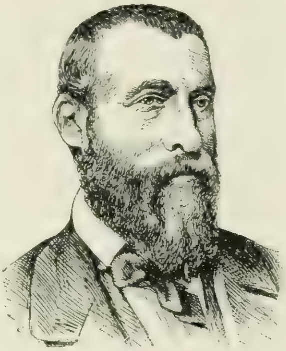
"Come along then," said North Wind, and disappeared behind the mountain of hay.

Diamond crept out of bed and followed her.

JEAN MACÉ

(1815–1894)

Jean Macé is a benign child-lover, and has never lost the childlike simplicity and zest in life which characterize his style. He was born in Paris in 1815; and his parents, plain working-people who were ambitious for their boy, gave him unusual advantages for one of his class. His course at the Collège Stanilaus was not completed without self-sacrifice at home which made him prize and improve his opportunities. At twenty-one he became instructor in history in the same college, and he was teaching in the Collège Henri IV., when he was drafted as a soldier. After three years' service he was bought out by his friend and former professor M. Burette, whose private secretary he became. Always interested in politics, and an ardent republican, he welcomed the revolution of 1848 with an enthusiasm which involved him in difficulties a few years later. With the restoration of the Empire under Louis Napoleon he was banished; and in exile, at the age of thirty-seven, he discovered his true vocation.


JEAN MACÉ

The "Little Château," at Beblenheim in Alsace, was a private school for girls, kept by his friend Mademoiselle Verenet, who now offered Macé a position as teacher of natural science and literature. He loved to teach, loved to impart fact so that it might exercise a moral influence upon character; and he was very happy in the calmly busy life at Beblenheim, where, as he says, "I was at last in my true calling."

In 1861 he published the 'Histoire d'une Bouchée de Pain,'—a simple yet comprehensive work on physiology, made as delightful as a story-book to child readers. Its wide popularity both in French, and in an English translation as 'The Story of a Mouthful of Bread,' prompted a sequel, 'Les Serviteurs de l'Estomac' (The Servants of the Stomach), also very successful. But the 'Contes du Petit Château,' a collection of charming fairy tales written for his little pupils, is Macé's masterpiece. These stories are simple lessons in thrift, truth, and generosity, inculcated with dramatic force and imaginative vigor. Translated as 'Home Fairy Tales,' they have long been familiar to English and American children.

After ten years at Beblenheim, Macé returned to Paris, where in company with Stahl he established the popular Magasin d'Éducation et de Récréation. One of his strongest desires has always been to extend educational influences; and for this purpose he established in 1863 the Société des Bibliothèques Communales du Haut Rhin, and later organized a League of Instruction for increasing the number of schools and libraries.

THE NECKLACE OF TRUTH

From 'Macé's Fairy Book.' Translated by Mary L. Booth, and published by Harper & Brothers

There was once a little girl by the name of Coralie, who took pleasure in telling falsehoods. Some children think very little of not speaking the truth; and a small falsehood, or a great one in case of necessity, that saves them from a duty or a punishment, procures them a pleasure, or gratifies their self-love, seems to them the most allowable thing in the world. Now Coralie was one of this sort. The truth was a thing of which she had no idea; and any excuse was good to her, provided that it was believed. Her parents were for a long time deceived by her stories; but they saw at last that she was telling them what was not true, and from that moment they had not the least confidence in anything that she said.

It is a terrible thing for parents not to be able to believe their children's words. It would be better almost to have no children; for the habit of lying, early acquired, may lead them in after years to the most shameful crimes: and what parent can help trembling at the thought that he may be bringing up his children to dishonor?

After vainly trying every means to reform her, Coralie's parents resolved to take her to the enchanter Merlin, who was celebrated at that time over all the globe, and who was the greatest friend of truth that ever lived. For this reason, little children that were in the habit of telling falsehoods were brought to him from all directions, in order that he might cure them.

The enchanter Merlin lived in a glass palace, the walls of which were transparent; and never in his whole life had the idea crossed his mind of disguising one of his actions, of causing others to believe what was not true, or even of suffering them to believe it by being silent when he might have spoken. He knew liars by their odor a league off; and when Coralie approached the palace, he was obliged to burn vinegar to prevent himself from being ill.

Coralie's mother, with a beating heart, undertook to explain the vile disease which had attacked her daughter; and blushingly commenced a confused speech, rendered misty by shame, when Merlin stopped her short.

"I know what is the matter, my good lady," said he. "I felt your daughter's approach long ago. She is one of the greatest liars in the world, and she has made me very uncomfortable."

The parents perceived that fame had not deceived them in praising the skill of the enchanter; and Coralie, covered with confusion, knew not where to hide her head. She took refuge under the apron of her mother, who sheltered her as well as she could, terrified at the turn affairs were taking, while her father stood before her to protect her at all risks. They were very anxious that their child should be cured, but they wished her cured gently and without hurting her.

"Don't be afraid," said Merlin, seeing their terror: "I do not employ violence in curing these diseases. I am only going to make Coralie a beautiful present, which I think will not displease her."

He opened a drawer, and took from it a magnificent amethyst necklace, beautifully set, with a diamond clasp of dazzling lustre. He put it on Coralie's neck, and dismissing the parents with a friendly gesture, "Go, good people," said he, "and have no more anxiety. Your daughter carries with her a sure guardian of the truth."

Coralie, flushed with pleasure, was hastily retreating, delighted at having escaped so easily, when Merlin called her back.

"In a year," said he, looking at her sternly, "I shall come for my necklace. Till that time I forbid you to take it off for a single instant: if you dare to do so, woe be unto you!"

"Oh, I ask nothing better than always to wear it,—it is so beautiful."

In order that you may know, I will tell you that this necklace was none other than the famous Necklace of Truth, so much talked of in ancient books, which unveiled every species of falsehood.

The day after Coralie returned home she was sent to school. As she had long been absent, all the little girls crowded round her, as always happens in such cases. There was a general cry of admiration at the sight of the necklace.

"Where did it come from?" and "Where did you get it?" was asked on all sides.

In those days, for any one to say that he had been to the enchanter Merlin's was to tell the whole story. Coralie took good care not to betray herself in this way.

"I was sick for a long time," said she, boldly; "and on my recovery, my parents gave me this beautiful necklace."

A loud cry rose from all at once. The diamonds of the clasp, which had shot forth so brilliant a light, had suddenly become dim, and were turned to coarse glass.

"Well, yes, I have been sick! What are you making such a fuss about?"

At this second falsehood, the amethysts in turn changed to ugly yellow stones. A new cry arose. Coralie, seeing all eyes fixed on her necklace, looked that way herself, and was struck with terror.

"I have been to the enchanter Merlin's," said she humbly, understanding from what direction the blow came, and not daring to persist in her falsehood.

Scarcely had she confessed the truth when the necklace recovered all its beauty; but the loud bursts of laughter that sounded around her mortified her to such a degree that she felt the need of saying something to retrieve her reputation.

"You do very wrong to laugh," said she, "for he treated us with the greatest possible respect. He sent his carriage to meet us at the next town, and you have no idea what a splendid carriage it was,—six white horses, pink satin cushions with gold tassels, to say nothing of the negro coachman with his hair powdered, and the three tall footmen behind! When we reached his palace, which is all of jasper and porphyry, he came to meet us at the vestibule, and led us to the dining-room, where stood a table covered with things that I will not name to you, because you never even heard speak of them. There was, in the first place—"

The laughter, which had been suppressed with great difficulty ever since she commenced this fine story, became at that moment so boisterous that she stopped in amazement; and casting her eyes once more on the unlucky necklace, she shuddered anew. At each detail that she had invented, the necklace had become longer and longer, until it already dragged on the ground.

"You are stretching the truth," cried the little girls.

"Well, I confess it: we went on foot, and only stayed five minutes."

The necklace instantly shrunk to its proper size.

"And the necklace — the necklace — where did it come from?"

"He gave it to me without saying a word; probabl—"

She had not time to finish. The fatal necklace grew shorter and shorter till it choked her terribly, and she gasped for want of breath.

"You are keeping back part of the truth," cried her schoolfellows.

She hastened to alter the broken words while she could still speak.

"He said — that I was — one of the greatest — liars — in the world."

Instantly freed from the pressure that was strangling her, she continued to cry with pain and mortification.

"That was why he gave me the necklace. He said that it was a guardian of the truth, and I have been a great fool to be proud of it. Now I am in a fine position!"

Her little companions had compassion on her grief; for they were good girls, and they reflected how they should feel in her place. You can imagine, indeed, that it was somewhat embarrassing for a girl to know that she could never more pervert the truth.

"You are very good," said one of them. "If I were in your place, I should soon send back the necklace: handsome as it is, it is a great deal too troublesome. What hinders you from taking it off?"

Poor Coralie was silent; but the stones began to dance up and down, and to make a terrible clatter.

"There is something that you have not told us," said the little girls, their merriment restored by this extraordinary dance.

"I like to wear it."

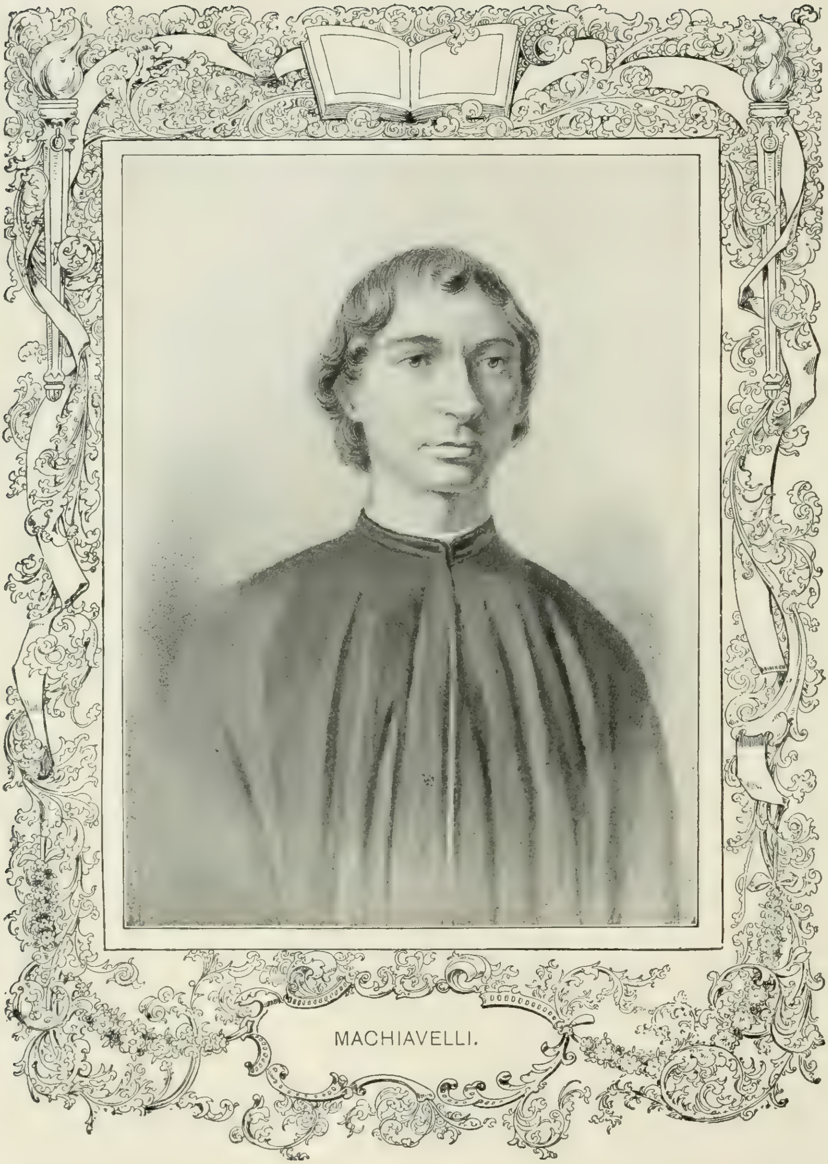
The diamonds and amethysts danced and clattered worse than ever.

"There is a reason which you are hiding from us."

"Well, since I can conceal nothing from you, he forbade me to take it off, under penalty of some great calamity."

You can imagine that with a companion of this kind, which turned dull whenever the wearer did not tell the truth, which grew longer whenever she added to it, which shrunk whenever she subtracted from it, and which danced and clattered whenever she was silent,—a companion, moreover, of which she could not rid herself,—it was impossible even for the most hardened liar not to keep closely to the truth. When Coralie once was fully convinced that falsehood was useless, and that it would be instantly discovered, it was not difficult for her to abandon it. The consequence was, that when she became accustomed always to tell the truth, she found herself so happy in it—she felt her conscience so light and her mind so calm—that she began to abhor falsehood for its own sake, and the necklace had nothing more to do. Long before the year had passed, therefore, Merlin came for his necklace, which he needed for another child that was addicted to lying, and which, thanks to his art, he knew was of no more use to Coralie.

No one can tell me what has become of this wonderful Necklace of Truth; but it is thought that Merlin's heirs hid it after his death, for fear of the ravages that it might cause on earth. You can imagine what a calamity it would be to many people—I do not speak only of children—if they were forced to wear it. Some travelers who have returned from Central Africa declare that they have seen it on the neck of a negro king, who knew not how to lie; but they have never been able to prove their words. Search is still being made for it, however; and if I were a little child in the habit of telling falsehoods, I should not feel quite sure that it might not some day be found again.



MACHIAVELLI.

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI

(1469-1527)

BY CHARLES P. NEILL

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI, perhaps the greatest prose writer of the Italian Renaissance, was born in Florence May 3d, 1469, and died there June 22d, 1527. He was of ancient and distinguished lineage on both his father's and his mother's side, and many of his more immediate ancestors had been honored by republican Florence with high offices of State. His father Bernardo was a respectable jurist, who to a moderate income from his profession added a small revenue from some landed possessions. His mother was a woman of culture, and a poet of some ability.

Of Niccolo's early life and education we know nothing. No trace of him remains previous to his twenty-sixth year. But of his times and the scenes amid which he grew up, we know much. It was the calm but demoralizing era of Lorenzo the Magnificent, when the sturdy Florentine burghers rested satisfied with magnificence in lieu of freedom, and, intoxicated with the spirit of a pagan renaissance, abandoned themselves to the refinements of pleasure and luxury;—when their streets had ceased for a while to re-echo with the clash of steel and the fierce shouts of contending factions, and resounded with the productions of Lorenzo's melodious but indecent Muse. Machiavelli was a true child of his time. He too was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance; and looked back, fascinated, on the ideals of that ancient world that was being revivified for the men of his day. But philosophy, letters, and art were not the only heritage that the bygone age had handed down; politics—the building of States and of empire—this also had engaged the minds of the men of that age, and it was this aspect of their activity that fired the imagination of the young Florentine. From his writings we know he was widely read in the Latin and Italian classics. But Virgil and Horace appealed to him less than Livy, and Dante the poet was less to him than Dante the politician: for he read his classics, not as others, to drink in their music or be led captive by their beauty, but to derive lessons in statecraft, and penetrate into the secrets of the successful empire-builders of the past. It is equally certain, from a study of his works, that he had not mastered Greek. Like Ariosto, Machiavelli was indebted for his superb literary technique solely to the study of the literature of his own nation.

With the expulsion of the Medici from Florence, Machiavelli, at the age of thirty, emerged from obscurity to play a most important rôle in the Florentine politics of the succeeding decade and a half. In 1498 he was elected secretary to the Ten of War and Peace,—a commission performing the functions of a ministry of war and of home affairs, and having in addition control of the Florentine diplomatic service. From 1498 to 1512 Machiavelli was a zealous, patriotic, and indefatigable servant of the republic. His energy was untiring, his activity ceaseless and many-sided. He conducted the voluminous diplomatic correspondence devolving upon his bureau, drew up memorials and plans in affairs of State for the use and guidance of the Ten, undertook the reorganization of the Florentine troops, and went himself on a constant succession of embassies, ranging in importance from those to petty Italian States up to those to the court of France and of the Emperor. He was by nature well adapted to the peculiar needs of the diplomacy of that day; and the training he received in that school must in turn have reacted on him to confirm his native bent, and accentuate it until it became the distinguishing characteristic of the man. His first lessons in politics and statecraft were derived from Livy's history of the not over-scrupulous Romans; and when he comes to take his lessons at first hand, it is in the midst of the intrigues of republican Florence, or at the court of a Caterina Sforza, or in the camp of a Cesare Borgia. Small wonder that his conception of politics should have omitted to take account of honesty and the moral law; and that he conceived "the idea of giving to politics an assured and scientific basis, treating them as having a proper and distinct value of their own, entirely apart from their moral value."

During this period of his political activity, we have a large number of State papers and private letters from his pen; and two works of literary cast have also come down to us. These are his 'Decennale': historic narratives, cast into poetic form, of Italian events. The first treats of the decade beginning 1494; and the second, an unfinished fragment, of the decade beginning 1504. They are written in easy *terzine;* and unfeigned sorrow for the miseries of Italy, torn by internal discord, alternates with cynical mockery and stinging wit. They are noteworthy as expressing the sentiment for a united Italy. A third literary work of this period has been lost: 'Le Maschere,' a satire modeled upon the comedies of Aristophanes.

When in 1512, after their long exile, the Medici returned to Florence in the train of her invader, Machiavelli, though not unwilling to serve the restored rulers, was dismissed from his office and banished for a year from the confines of the city. Later, on suspicion of being concerned in a plot against the Medici, he was thrown into prison and tortured. He was soon afterward included in a general pardon granted by the Cardinal de' Medici, then become Leo X. But notwithstanding Machiavelli's earnest and persistent efforts to win the good graces of the ruling family, he did not return to public life until 1525; and this interval of enforced leisure from affairs of State was the period of his literary activity. A number of comedies, minor poems, and short prose compositions did not rise above mediocrity. They were for the most part translations from the classics, or imitations; and the names are hardly worth recounting. But in one dramatic effort he rose to the stature of genius. His 'Mandragola' achieved a flattering success both at Rome and in Florence. It has been pronounced the finest comedy of the Italian stage, and Macaulay rated it as inferior only to the greatest of Molière's. In its form, its spontaneity, vivacity, and wit, it is not surpassed by Shakespeare; but it is a biting satire on religion and morality, with not even a hint of a moral to redeem it. Vice is made humorous, and virtue silly; its satire is "deep and murderous"; and its plot too obscene to be narrated. In it Machiavelli has harnessed Pegasus to a garbage cart.

His lesser prose works are — the 'Life of Castruccio Castracani,' a "politico-military romance" made up partly from incidents in the life of that hero, and partly from incidents taken from Diodorus Siculus's life of Agathocles, and concluding with a series of memorable sayings attributed to Castruccio, but taken from the apophthegms of Plutarch and Diogenes Laertius; and the 'Art of War,' a treatise anticipating much of our modern tactics, and inveighing against the mediæval system of mercenary troops of mail-clad men and horses. A more ambitious undertaking, and in fact his largest work, is the 'History of Florence.' At the suggestion of the Cardinal de' Medici, the directors of the studio of Florence commissioned Machiavelli to employ himself in writing a history of Florence, "from whatever period he might think fit to select, and either in the Latin or the Tuscan tongue, according to his taste." He was to receive one hundred florins a year for two years to enable him to pursue the work. He chose his native tongue; and revised and polished his work until it became a model of style, and in its best passages justifies his claim to the title of the best and most finished of Italian prose writers. He thus describes the luring of Giuliano de' Medici to his place of assassination: —

"This arrangement having been determined upon, they went into the church, where the Cardinal had already arrived with Lorenzo de' Medici. The church was crowded with people, and divine service had already commenced; but Giuliano had not yet come. Francesco dei Pazzi, therefore, together with Bernardo, who had been designated to kill Giuliano, went to his house, and by artful persuasion induced him to go to the church. It is really a noteworthy fact that so much hatred and the thoughts of so great an outrage could be concealed under so much resoluteness of heart, as was the case with Francesco and Bernardo; for on the way to church, and even after having entered it, they entertained him with merry jests and youthful chatter. And Francesco, even, under pretense of caressing him, felt him with his hands and pressed him in his arms, for the purpose of ascertaining whether he wore a cuirass or any other means of protection under his garments.»

But though Machiavelli had the historical style, he lacked historical perspective; he arranged his matter not according to objective value, but placed in the boldest relief those events that best lent support to his own theories of politics and statecraft. He makes his facts to be as he wishes them, rather than as he knows them to be. He wishes to throw contempt on mercenary troops, and though he knows an engagement to have been bloody, prefers for his description such a conclusion as this:—«In the tremendous defeat that was noised throughout Italy, no one perished excepting Ludovico degli Obizzi and two of his men, who being thrown from their horses were smothered in the mud.» To Machiavelli history was largely to be written as a *tendenz roman*,—manufactured to point a preconceived moral.

Though Machiavelli wrote history, poetry, and comedy, it is not by these he is remembered. The works that have made his name a synonym, and given it a place in every tongue, are the two works written almost in the first year of his retirement from political life. These are ‹The Prince› and the ‹Discourses on the First Ten Books of Titus Livius.› Each is a treatise on statecraft; together they form a complete and unified treatise, and represent an attempt to formulate inductively a science of politics. The ‹Discourses› study republican institutions, ‹The Prince› monarchical ones. The first is the more elementary, and would come first in logical arrangement. But in the writing of them Machiavelli had in view more than the foundation of a science of politics. He was anxious to win the favor of the Medici; and as these were not so much interested in how republics are best built up, he completed ‹The Prince› first, and sent it forth dedicated «to the magnificent Lorenzo, son of Piero de' Medici.»

In the ‹Discourses,› the author essays «a new science of statesmanship, based on the experience of human events and history.» In that day of worship of the ancient world, Machiavelli endeavors to draw men to a study of its politics as well as its art. In Livy he finds the field for this study.

«When we consider the general respect for antiquity, and how often — to say nothing of other examples — a great price is paid for some fragments of an antique statue which we are anxious to possess to ornament our houses with, or to give to artists who strive to imitate them in their own works; and when we see, on the other hand, the wonderful examples which the history of ancient kingdoms and republics presents to us, the prodigies of virtue and of wisdom displayed by the kings, captains, citizens, and legislators who have sacrificed themselves for their country: when we see these, I say, more admired than imitated, or so much neglected that not the least trace of this ancient virtue remains,— we cannot but be at the same time as much surprised as afflicted; the more so as in the differences which arise between citizens, or in the maladies to which they are subjected, we see these same people have recourse to the judgments and the remedies prescribed by the ancients. The civil laws are in fact nothing but the decisions given by their jurisconsults, and which, reduced to a system, direct our modern jurists in their decisions. And what is the science of medicine but the experience of ancient physicians, which their successors have taken for a guide? And yet to found a republic, maintain States, to govern a kingdom, organize an army, conduct a war, dispense justice, and extend empires, you will find neither prince nor republic, nor captain, nor citizen, who has recourse to the examples of antiquity!»

In his commentary on the course of Romulus in the founding of Rome, we find the keynote of Machiavelli's system of political science. His one aim is the building of a State; his one thought, how best to accomplish his aim. Means are therefore to be selected, and to be judged, solely as regards their effectiveness to the business in hand. Ordinary means are of course to be preferred; but extraordinary must be used when needed.

«Many will perhaps consider it an evil example that the founder of a civil society, as Romulus was, should first have killed his brother, and then have consented to the death of Titus Tatius, who had been elected to share the royal authority with him; from which it might be concluded that the citizens, according to the example of their prince, might, from ambition and the desire to rule, destroy those who attempt to oppose their authority. This opinion would be correct, if we do not take into consideration the object which Romulus had in view in committing that homicide. But we must assume, as a general rule, that it never or rarely happens that a republic or monarchy is well constituted, or its old institutions entirely reformed, unless it is done by only one individual; it is even necessary that he whose mind has conceived such a constitution should be alone in carrying it into effect. A sagacious legislator of a republic, therefore, whose object is to promote the public good and not his private interests, and who prefers his country to his own successors, should concentrate all authority in himself; and a wise mind will never censure any one for having employed any extraordinary means for the purpose of establishing a kingdom or constituting a republic. It is well that when the act accuses him, the result should excuse; and when the result is good, as in the case of Romulus, it will always absolve him from blame.»

In an equally scientific and concise manner he analyzes the methods of preventing factions in a republic.

> «We observe, from the example of the Roman consuls in restoring harmony between the patricians and plebeians of Ardea, the means for obtaining that object, which is none other than to kill the chiefs of the opposing factions. In fact, there are only three ways of accomplishing it: the one is to put the leaders to death, as the Romans did; or to banish them from the city; or to reconcile them to each other under a pledge not to offend again. Of these three ways, the last is the worst, being the least certain and effective.»

In 'The Prince,' a short treatise of twenty-six chapters, and making little more than a hundred octavo pages, Machiavelli gives more succinct and emphatic expression to the principles of his new political science. 'The Prince' is the best known of all his works. It is the one always connected with his name, and which has made his name famous. It was said of the poet Gray that no other man had walked down the aisle of fame with so small a book under his arm. It might be repeated as truly of Machiavelli. Men, he has said, «preferred infamy to oblivion, for at least infamy served to transmit their names to posterity.» Had he written 'The Prince' to escape oblivion, the fullest measure of his desire would have been attained. For the model of his prince, Machiavelli took Cesare Borgia, and cites him as an example worthy of imitation; and he has shared in the execration that posterity has heaped upon Borgia.

The fifteenth and eighteenth chapters of 'The Prince' contain a formulation of the principles that have brought down condemnation on their author.

> «The manner in which men live is so different from the way in which they ought to live, that he who leaves the common course for that which he ought to follow will find that it leads him to ruin rather than to safety. For a man who in all respects will carry out only his professions of good, will be apt to be ruined amongst so many who are evil. A prince therefore who desires to maintain himself, must learn to be not always good, but to be so or not as necessity may require. . . . For, all things considered, it will be found that some things that seem like virtue will lead you to ruin if you follow them; whilst others that apparently are vices will, if followed, result in your safety and well-being.»

And again:—

> «It must be evident to every one that it is more praiseworthy for a prince always to maintain good faith, and practice integrity rather than craft and deceit. And yet the experience of our own times has shown that those princes have achieved great things who made small account of good faith, and who understood by cunning to circumvent the intelligence of others; and that in

the end they got the better ot those whose actions were dictated by loyalty and good faith. You must know, therefore, that there are two ways of carrying on a contest: the one by law, and the other by force. The first is practiced by men, and the other by animals; and as the first is often insufficient, it becomes necessary to resort to the second.

«A prince then should know how to employ the nature of man, and that of the beast as well. . . . A prince should be a fox, to know the traps and snares; and a lion, to be able to frighten the wolves: for those who simply hold to the nature of the lion do not understand their business.

«A sagacious prince, then, cannot and should not fulfill his pledges when their observance is contrary to his interest, and when the causes that induced him to pledge his faith no longer exist. If men were all good, then indeed this precept would be bad; but as men are naturally bad, and will not observe their faith towards you, you must in the same way not observe yours towards them: and no prince ever yet lacked legitimate reasons with which to color his want of good faith. . . .

«It is not necessary, however, for a prince to possess all the above-mentioned qualities; but it is essential that he should at least seem to have them. I will even venture to say, that to have and to practice them constantly is pernicious, but to seem to have them is useful. For instance, a prince should seem to be merciful, faithful, humane, religious, and upright, and should even be so in reality; but he should have his mind so trained that, when occasion requires it, he may know how to change to the opposite. And it must be understood that a prince, and especially one who has but recently acquired his state, cannot perform all those things which cause men to be esteemed as good; he being often obliged, for the sake of maintaining his state, to act contrary to humanity, charity, and religion. And therefore it is necessary that he should have a versatile mind, capable of changing readily, according as the winds and changes bid him; and as has been said above, not to swerve from the good if possible, but to know how to resort to evil if necessity demands it.»

And yet in these same books we find expressions worthy of a moralist.

«All enterprises to be undertaken should be for the honor of God and the general good of the country.»

«In well-constituted governments, the citizens fear more to break their oaths than the laws; because they esteem the power of God more than that of men.»

«Even in war, but little glory is derived from any fraud that involves the breaking of a given pledge and of agreements made.»

«It is impossible to believe that either valor or anything praiseworthy can result from a dishonest education, or an impure and immodest mind.»

The strangest moral contradictions abound throughout 'The Prince,' as they do in all Machiavelli's writings. He is saint or devil according as you select your extracts from his writings. Macaulay has given us a perfect characterization of the man and his works.

«In all the writings which he gave to the public, and in all those which the research of editors has in the course of three centuries discovered: in his comedies, designed for the entertainment of the multitude; in his comments on Livy, intended for the perusal of the most enthusiastic patriots of Florence; in his ‹History,› inscribed to one of the most amiable and estimable of the popes; in his public dispatches; in his private memoranda,—the same obliquity of moral principle for which ‹The Prince› is so severely censured, is more or less discernible. We doubt whether it would be possible to find, in all the many volumes of his compositions, a single expression indicating that dissimulation and treachery had ever struck him as discreditable.

«After this, it may seem ridiculous to say that we are acquainted with few writings which exhibit so much elevation of sentiment, so pure and warm a zeal for the public good, or so just a view of the duties and rights of citizens, as those of Machiavelli. Yet so it is. And even from ‹The Prince› itself, we could select many passages in support of this remark. To a reader of our age and country, this inconsistency is at first perfectly bewildering. The whole man seems to be an enigma; a grotesque assemblage of incongruous qualities; selfishness and generosity, cruelty and benevolence, craft and simplicity, abject villainy and romantic heroism. One sentence is such as a veteran diplomatist would scarcely write in cipher for the direction of his most confidential spy; the next seems to be extracted from a theme composed by an ardent schoolboy on the death of Leonidas. An act of dexterous perfidy, and an act of patriotic self-devotion, call forth the same kind and the same degree of respectful admiration. The moral sensibility of the writer seems at once to be morbidly obtuse and morbidly acute. Two characters altogether dissimilar are united in him. They are not merely joined, but interwoven. They are the warp and the woof of his mind.»

In consequence of this, no writer has been more condemned or more praised than Machiavelli. Shakespeare, reflecting English thought, uses his name as the superlative for craft and murderous treachery. But later years have raised up defenders for him, and his rehabilitation is still going on. He has been lauded as «the noblest and purest of patriots»; and more ardent admirers could «even praise his generosity, nobility, and exquisite delicacy of mind, and go so far as to declare him an incomparable model of public and private virtue.» In 1787, after his dust had lain for nearly three centuries in an obscure tomb beside that of Michelangelo, a monument was erected above him, with the inscription given below.

TANTO NOMINI NULLUM PAR EULOGIUM

NICOLANO MACHIAVELLUS

[No eulogy could add aught to so great a name as that of Niccolo Machiavelli.]

In 1859 the government of his native Tuscany itself gave his works to the public in a complete edition. And in 1869 the Italian government enrolled him in its calendar of great ones; and placed above the door of the house in Florence in which he lived and died, a marble tablet, inscribed—

A NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI

Dell' Unità Nazionale Precursore audace e indovino
E d'Armi proprie e non aventizie primo Institutore e Maestro
L'Italia Una e Armata pose il 3 Maggio 1869
Il Quarto di Lui Centennario

[To Niccolo Machiavelli—the intrepid and prophetic Precursor of National Unity, and the first Institutor and Master of her own Armies in place of adventitious ones—United and Armed Italy places this on May 3d, 1869, his Fourth Centenary.]

His rehabilitation proceeds from two causes. Later research has shown that perhaps he only reflected his time; and his works breathe a passionate longing for that Italian unity which in our day has been realized. He may be worthy canonization as a national saint; but those who are more interested in the integrity of moral standards than in Italian unity will doubtless continue to refuse beatification to one who indeed knew the Roman *virtus*, but was insensible to the nature of virtue as understood by the followers of Christ. And no amount of research into the history of his age can make his principles less vicious in themselves. A better understanding of his day can only lessen the boldness of the relief in which he has heretofore stood out in history. He was probably no worse than many of his fellows. He only gave a scientific formulation to their practices. He dared openly to avow and justify the principles that their actions implied. They paid to virtue the court of hypocrisy, and like the Pharisee of the earlier time, preached righteousness and did evil; but Machiavelli was more daring, and when he served the devil, disdained to go about his business in the livery of heaven.

Charles P. Neill

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CARLO GALEAZZO, DUKE OF MILAN, 1476

From the ‹History of Florence›

Whilst the transactions between the King and the Pope were in progress, and those in Tuscany, in the manner we have related, an event of greater importance occurred in Lombardy. Cola Montana, a learned and ambitious man, taught the Latin language to the youth of the principal families in Milan. Either out of hatred to the character and manners of the duke, or from some other cause, he constantly deprecated the condition of those who live under a bad prince; calling those glorious and happy who had the good fortune to be born and live in a republic. He endeavored to show that the most celebrated men had been produced in republics, and not reared under princes; that the former cherish virtue, whilst the latter destroy it; the one deriving advantage from virtuous men, whilst the latter naturally fear them. The youths with whom he was most intimate were Giovanni Andrea Lampognano, Carlo Visconti, and Girolamo Olgiato. He frequently discussed with them the faults of their prince, and the wretched condition of those who were subject to him; and by constantly inculcating his principles, acquired such an ascendency over their minds as to induce them to bind themselves by oath to effect the duke's destruction, as soon as they became old enough to attempt it. Their minds being fully occupied with this design, which grew with their years, the duke's conduct and their own private injuries served to hasten its execution. Galeazzo was licentious and cruel; of both which vices he had given such repeated proofs that he became odious to all. . . . These private injuries increased the young men's desire for vengeance, and the deliverance of their country from so many evils; trusting that whenever they should succeed in destroying the duke, many of the nobility and all the people would rise in their defense. Being resolved upon their undertaking, they were often together; which, on account of their long intimacy, did not excite any suspicion. They frequently discussed the subject; and in order to familiarize their minds with the deed itself, they practiced striking each other in the breast and in the side with the sheathed daggers intended to be used for the purpose. On considering the most suitable time and place, the castle seemed insecure; during the chase, uncertain and dangerous; whilst going about the city for his own amusement, difficult if not impracticable; and at a banquet, of doubtful result. They therefore determined to kill him upon the occasion of some procession or public festivity, when there would be no doubt of his presence, and where they might under various pretexts assemble their friends. It was also resolved that if one of their number were prevented from attending, on any account whatever, the rest should put him to death in the midst of their armed enemies.

It was now the close of the year 1476,—near Christmas; and as it was customary for the duke to go upon St. Stephen's day, in great solemnity, to the church of that martyr, they considered this the most suitable opportunity for the execution of their design. Upon the morning of that day they ordered some of their most trusty friends and servants to arm, telling them they wished to go to the assistance of Giovanandrea, who, contrary to the wish of some of his neighbors, intended to turn a water-course into his estate; but that before they went they wished to take leave of the prince. They also assembled, under various pretenses, other friends and relatives; trusting that when the deed was accomplished, every one would join them in the completion of their enterprise. It was their intention, after the duke's death, to collect their followers together and proceed to those parts of the city where they imagined the plebeians would be most disposed to take arms against the duchess and the principal ministers of State: and they thought the people, on account of the famine which then prevailed, would easily be induced to follow them; for it was their design to give up the houses of Cecco Simonetta, Giovanni Botti, and Francesco Lucani,—all leading men in the government,—to be plundered, and by this means gain over the populace and restore liberty to the community. With these ideas, and with minds resolved upon their execution, Giovanandrea and the rest were early at the church, and heard mass together; after which Giovanandrea, turning to a statue of St. Ambrose, said, "O patron of our city! thou knowest our intention, and the end we would attain by so many dangers: favor our enterprise, and prove, by protecting the oppressed, that tyranny is offensive to thee."

To the duke, on the other hand, when intending to go to the church, many omens occurred of his approaching death; for in the morning, having put on a cuirass, as was his frequent custom, he immediately took it off again, either because it inconvenienced him or that he did not like its appearance. He then wished to hear mass in the castle; but found that the priest who officiated in the chapel had gone to St. Stephen's, and taken with him the sacred utensils. On this he desired the service to be performed by the Bishop of Como, who acquainted him with preventing circumstances. Thus, almost compelled, he determined to go to the church; but before his departure he caused his sons, Giovan Galeazzo and Ermes, to be brought to him, and embraced and kissed them several times, seeming reluctant to part with them. He then left the castle, and with the ambassadors of Ferrara and Mantua on either hand, proceeded to St. Stephen's.

The conspirators, to avoid exciting suspicion, and to escape the cold, which was very severe, had withdrawn to an apartment of the arch-priest, who was a friend of theirs; but hearing the duke's approach, they came into the church, Giovanandrea and Girolamo placing themselves upon the right hand of the entrance and Carlo on the left. Those who led the procession had already entered, and were followed by the duke, surrounded by such a multitude as is usual on similar occasions. The first attack was made by Lampognano and Girolamo; who, pretending to clear the way for the prince, came close to him, and grasping their daggers, which being short and sharp were concealed in the sleeves of their vests, struck at him. Lampognano gave him two wounds, one in the belly, the other in the throat. Girolamo struck him in the throat and breast. Carlo Visconti, being nearer the door, and the duke having passed, could not wound him in front; but with two strokes transpierced his shoulder and spine. These six wounds were inflicted so instantaneously that the duke had fallen before any one was aware of what had happened; and he expired, having only once ejaculated the name of the Virgin, as if imploring her assistance.

A great tumult immediately ensued; several swords were drawn; and as often happens in sudden emergencies, some fled from the church and others ran towards the scene of tumult, both without any definite motive or knowledge of what had occurred. Those, however, who were nearest the duke and had seen him slain, recognizing the murderers, pursued them. Giovanandrea, endeavoring to make his way out of the church, had to pass among the women, who being numerous, and according to their custom seated upon the ground, impeded his progress by their apparel; and being overtaken, he was killed by a Moor, one of the duke's footmen. Carlo was slain by those who were immediately around him. Girolamo Olgiato passed through the crowd, and got out of the church; but seeing his companions dead, and not knowing where else to go, he went home, where his father and brothers refused to receive him; his mother only, having compassion on her son, recommended him to a priest, an old friend of the family, who, disguising him in his own apparel, led him to his house. Here he remained two days, not without hope that some disturbance might arise in Milan which would contribute to his safety. This not occurring, and apprehensive that his hiding-place would be discovered, he endeavored to escape in disguise; but being observed, he was given over to justice, and disclosed all the particulars of the conspiracy. Girolamo was twenty-three years of age, and exhibited no less composure at his death than resolution in his previous conduct; for being stripped of his garments, and in the hands of the executioner, who stood by with the sword unsheathed ready to deprive him of life, he repeated the following words in the Latin tongue, in which he was well versed: «Mors acerba, fama perpetua, stabit vetus memoria facti.»*

The enterprise of these unfortunate young men was conducted with secrecy and executed with resolution; and they failed for want of the support of those whom they expected to rise in their defense. Let princes therefore learn to live so as to render themselves beloved and respected by their subjects, that none may have hope of safety after having destroyed them; and let others see how vain is the expectation which induces them to trust so much to the multitude as to believe that even when discontented, they will either embrace their cause or ward off their dangers. This event spread consternation all over Italy; but those which shortly afterwards occurred in Florence caused much more alarm, and terminated a peace of twelve years' continuance. Having commenced with blood and horror, they will have a melancholy and tearful conclusion.

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*«Death is bitter, but fame is eternal, and the memory of this deed shall long endure.»

HOW A PRINCE OUGHT TO AVOID FLATTERERS

From ‹The Prince›

I must not forget to mention one evil against which princes should ever be upon their guard, and which they cannot avoid except by the greatest prudence; and this evil is the flattery which reigns in every court. Men have so much self-love, and so good an opinion of themselves, that it is very difficult to steer clear of such contagion; and besides, in endeavoring to avoid it, they run the risk of being despised.

For princes have no other way of expelling flatterers than by showing that the truth will not offend. Yet if every one had the privilege of uttering his sentiments with impunity, what would become of the respect due to the majesty of the sovereign? A prudent prince should take a middle course, and make choice of some discreet men in his State, to whom alone he may give the liberty of telling him the truth on such subjects as he shall request information upon from them. He ought undoubtedly to interrogate them and hear their opinions upon every subject of importance, and determine afterwards according to his own judgment; conducting himself at all times in such a manner as to convince every one that the more freely they speak the more acceptable they will be. After which he should listen to nobody else, but proceed firmly and steadily in the execution of what he has determined.

A prince who acts otherwise is either bewildered by the adulation of flatterers, or loses all respect and consideration by the uncertain and wavering conduct he is obliged to pursue. This doctrine can be supported by an instance from the history of our own times. Father Luke said of the Emperor Maximilian, his master, now on the throne, that «he never took counsel of any person, and notwithstanding he never acted from an opinion of his own»; and in this he adopted a method diametrically opposite to that which I have proposed. For as this prince never intrusted his designs to any of his ministers, their suggestions were not made till the very moment when they should be executed; so that, pressed by the exigencies of the moment, and overwhelmed with obstacles and unforeseen difficulties, he was obliged to yield to whatever opinions his ministers might offer. Hence it happens, that what he does one day he is obliged to cancel the next;

and thus nobody can depend on his decisions, for it is impossible to know what will be his ultimate determination.

A prince ought to take the opinions of others in everything, but only at such times as it pleases himself, and not whenever they are obtruded upon him; so that no one shall presume to give him advice when he does not request it. He ought to be inquisitive, and listen with attention; and when he sees any one hesitate to tell him the full truth, he ought to evince the utmost displeasure at such conduct.

Those are much mistaken who imagine that a prince who listens to the counsel of others will be but little esteemed, and thought incapable of acting on his own judgment. It is an infallible rule that a prince who does not possess an intelligent mind of his own can never be well advised, unless he is entirely governed by the advice of an able minister, on whom he may repose the whole cares of government; but in this case he runs a great risk of being stripped of his authority by the very person to whom he has so indiscreetly confided his power. And if instead of one counselor he has several, how can he, ignorant and uninformed as he is, conciliate the various and opposite opinions of those ministers,— who are probably more intent on their own interests than those of the State, and that without his suspecting it?

Besides, men who are naturally wicked incline to good only when they are compelled to it; whence we may conclude that good counsel, come from what quarter it may, is owing entirely to the wisdom of the prince, and the wisdom of the prince does not arise from the goodness of the counsel.

EXHORTATION TO LORENZO DE' MEDICI TO DELIVER ITALY FROM FOREIGN DOMINATION

From closing chapter of ‹The Prince›

If it was needful that Israel should be in bondage to Egypt, to display the quality of Moses; that the Persians should be overwhelmed by the Medes, to bring out the greatness and the valor of Cyrus; that the Athenians should be dispersed, to make plain the superiority of Theseus,— so at present, to illuminate the grandeur of one Italian spirit, it was doubtless needful that Italy should be sunk to her present state,— a worse slavery than that of the Jews, more thoroughly trampled down than the

Persians, more scattered than the Athenians; without a head, without public order, conquered and stripped, lacerated, overrun by her foes, subjected to every form of spoliation.

And though from time to time there has emanated from some one a ray of hope that he was the one ordained by God to redeem Italy, yet we have seen how he was so brought to a standstill at the very height of his success that poor Italy still remained lifeless, so to speak, and waiting to see who might be sent to bind up her wounds, to end her despoilment,—the devastation of Lombardy, the plunder and ruinous taxation of the kingdom of Naples and of Tuscany,—and to heal the sores that have festered so long. You see how she prays to God that he may send her a champion to defend her from this cruelty, barbarity, and insolence. You see her eager to follow any standard, if only there is some one to uprear it. But there is no one at this time to whom she could look more hopefully than to your illustrious house, O magnificent Lorenzo! which, with its excellence and prudence, favored by God and the Church,—of which it is now the head,—could effectively begin her deliverance. . . .

You must not allow this opportunity to pass. Let Italy, after waiting so long, see her deliverer appear at last. And I cannot put in words with what affection he would be received in all the States which have suffered so long from this inundation of foreign enemies! with what thirst for vengeance, with what unwavering loyalty, with what devotion, and with what tears! What door would be closed to him? Who would refuse to obey him? What envy would dare to contest his place? What Italian would refuse him homage? This supremacy of foreign barbarians is a stench in the nostrils of all!

NORMAN MACLEOD

(1812–1872)

In the present century the Scottish Church has given to the world two sons of pre-eminent importance and influence: Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Norman Macleod. The names of these two men, simple clergymen of the simple Scottish Church, are familiar not only in Scotland and among Scotsmen all the world over, but among thousands also of English and Americans. With one only we have to do here: the famous Scottish minister and Queen's Chaplain who became so universally known and beloved in Scotland that he was rarely if ever alluded to by his full name, but simply as "Dr. Norman"—and even, in many localities, merely as "Norman." Norman Macleod was a notable man on account of his writings; a still more notable man on account of his preaching and influence; possibly more notable still as an ideal type of the Highlander from the Highland point of view; and above all, notable for his dominant and striking personality. It has been said, and perhaps truly, that no one has taken so strong a hold of the affections of his countrymen since Burns. Fine as are Dr. Macleod's writings,—notably 'The Reminiscences of a Highland Parish,' 'The Old Lieutenant,' 'The Starling,' and 'Wee Davie,'—we may look there in vain for adequate sources of this wide-spread and still sustained popularity. Fine as his literary gifts are, his supreme gift was that of an over-welling human sympathy, by which he made himself loved, from the poorest Highland crofters or the roughest Glasgow artisans to the Queen herself. This is fully brought out in the admirable Memoir written by his brother, Dr. Donald Macleod, the present editor of that well-known magazine, Good Words, which Dr. Norman began. The name of his childhood and his family, says Dr. Donald,—

> "was to all Scotland his title, as distinct as a Duke's,—Norman Macleod; sometimes the 'Norman' alone was enough. He was a Scottish minister, nothing more; incapable of any elevation to rank, bound to mediocrity of means by the mere fact of his profession, never to be bishop of anywhere, dean of anywhere, lord of anything, so long as life held him, yet everybody's fellow wherever he went: dear brother of the Glasgow workingmen in their grimy fustians; of the Ayrshire weavers in their cottages; dear friend of the sovereign on the throne. He had great eloquence, great talent, and many of the characteristics of genius; but above all, he was the most brotherly of men. It is doubtful whether his works will live an independent life after him:

rather, perhaps, it may be found that their popularity depended upon him and not upon them; and his personal claims must fade, as those who knew him follow him into the Unknown.»

And indeed there could be no better summary of Norman Macleod than this at once pious and just estimate by his brother.

He came not only of one of the most famous Highland clans, but of a branch noted throughout the West of Scotland for the stalwart and ever militant sons of the church which it has contributed from generation to generation. It is to this perpetuity of vocation, as well as to the transmission of family names, that a good deal of natural confusion is due in the instance of writers bearing Highland names, and of the Macleods in particular. «They're a' thieves, fishermen, or ministers,» as is said in the West; and however much or little truth there may be in the first, there is a certain obvious truth in the second, and a still more obvious truth in the third. Again and again it is stated that Dr. Norman Macleod — meaning this Norman — is the author of what is now the most famous song among the Highlanders, the 'Farewell to Fiunary'; a song which has become a Highland national lament. But this song was really written by Dr. Norman Macleod the elder; that is, the father of the Dr. Norman Macleod of whom we are now writing.

Norman Macleod was born on June 3d, 1812, in Campbelltown of Argyll. After his education for the church at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, he traveled for some time in Germany as private tutor. Some years after his ordainment to an Ayrshire parish, he visited Canada on ecclesiastical business. It was not till 1851 that he was translated to the church with which his name is so closely associated; namely, the Barony Charge in Glasgow. Three years after this, in 1854, he became one of her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland, and Dean of the Order of the Thistle. In 1860 he undertook the editorship of Good Words; and made this magazine, partly by his own writings and still more by his catholic and wise editorship, one of the greatest successes in periodical literature. Long before his death at the comparatively early age of sixty, he had become famous as the most eloquent and influential of the Scottish ministry; indeed, so great was his repute that hundreds of loyal Scots from America and Australia came yearly to Scotland, primarily with the desire to see and hear one whom many of them looked to as the most eminent Scot of his day. It was in his shrewdness of judgment, his swift and kindly tact, his endless fund of humor, and his sweet human sympathy, that the secret of his immense influence lay. But while it is by virtue of his personal qualities that even now he survives in the memory of his countrymen, there is in his writings much that is distinctive and beautiful. Probably 'The Reminiscences of a

Highland Parish' will long be read for their broad and fine sense of human life in all its ordinary aspects. This book, without any particular pretensions to style, is full of such kindly insight, such swift humor, and such broad sympathy, that it is unquestionably the most characteristic literary work of its author. Probably, among his few efforts in fiction, the story known as 'The Old Lieutenant and his Son' (unless it be 'The Starling') still remains the most popular. Curiously enough, although his sermons stirred all Scotland, there are few of them which in perusal at this late date have any specially moving quality, apart from their earnestness and native spiritual beauty. There is however one which stands out above the others, and is to this day familiar to thousands: the splendid sermon on 'War and Judgment,' which, at a crucial moment in the history of his country, Dr. Norman Macleod preached before the Queen at the little Highland church of Crathie.

The three extracts which follow adequately represent Dr. Macleod. The first exemplifies his narrative style. The second depicts those West Highlands which he loved so well and helped to make others love. The third is one of those little lyrics in lowland Scottish which live to this day in the memories of the people.

THE HOME-COMING

From 'The Old Lieutenant and his Son'

There lived in the old burgh one of that class termed "fools" to whom I have already alluded, who was called "daft Jock." Jock was lame, walked by the aid of a long staff, and generally had his head and shoulders covered up with an old coat. Babby had a peculiar aversion to Jock; why, it was difficult to discover, as her woman's heart was kindly disposed to all living things. Her regard was supposed to have been partially alienated from Jock from his always calling her "Wee Babbity," accompanying the designation with a loud and joyous laugh. Now, I have never yet met a human being who was not weak on a point of personal peculiarity which did not flatter them. It has been said that a woman will bear any amount of abuse that does not involve a slight upon her appearance. Men are equally susceptible of similar pain. A very tall or very fat hero will be calm while his deeds are criticized or his fame disparaged, but will resent with bitterness any marked allusion to his great longitude or latitude. Babby never could refuse charity to the needy, and Jock was sure of receiving something from her as the result of his weekly calls; but he never consigned a scrap of meat to his wallet without a preliminary battle. On the evening of the commemoration of the « Melampus » engagement, Babby was sitting by the fire watching a fowl which twirled from the string roasting for supper, and which dropped its unctuous lard on a number of potatoes that lay basking in the tin receiver below. A loud rap was heard at the back door; and to the question, « Who's there? » the reply was heard of « Babbity, open! Open, wee Babbity! Hee, hee, hee! »

« Gae wa wi' ye, ye daft cratur, » said Babby. « What right hae ye to disturb folk at this time o' nicht? I'll let loose the dog on you. »

Babby knew that Skye shared her dislike to Jock; as was evident from his bark when he rose, and with curled tail began snuffing at the foot of the door. Another knock, louder than before, made Babby start.

« My word, » she exclaimed, « but ye hae learned impudence! » And afraid of disturbing « the company, » she opened as much of the door as enabled her to see and rebuke Jock. « Hoo daur ye, Jock, to rap sae loud as that? »

« Open, wee, wee, wee Babbity! » said Jock.

« Ye big, big, big blackguard, I'll dae naething o' the kind, » said Babby as she shut the door. But the stick of the fool was suddenly interposed. « That beats a'! » said Babby: « what the sorrow d'ye want, Jock, to daur to presume — »

But to Babby's horror the door was forced open in the middle of her threat, and the fool entered, exclaiming, « I want a kiss, my wee, wee, bonnie Babbity! »

« Preserve us a'! » exclaimed Babby, questioning whether she should scream or fly, while the fool, turning his back to the light, seized her by both her wrists, and imprinted a kiss on her forehead.

« Skye! » half screamed Babby; but Skye was springing up, as if anxious to kiss Jock. Babby fell back on a chair, and catching a glimpse of the fool's face, she exclaimed, « O my darling, my darling! O Neddy, Neddy, Neddy! » Flinging off her cap, as she always did on occasions of great perplexity, she seized him by the hands, and then sunk back, almost fainting, in the chair.

« Silence, dear Babby! » said Ned, speaking in a whisper; « for I want to astonish the old couple. How glad I am to see you!

and they are all well, I know; and Freeman here, too!" Then seizing the dog, he clasped him to his heart, while the brute struggled with many an eager cry to kiss his old master's face.

Ned's impulse from the first was to rush into the parlor; but he was restrained by that strange desire which all have experienced in the immediate anticipation of some great joy,—to hold it from us, as a parent does a child, before we seize it and clasp it to our breast.

The small party, consisting of the captain, his wife, and Freeman, were sitting round the parlor fire; Mrs. Fleming sewing, and the others keeping up rather a dull conversation, as those who felt, though they did not acknowledge, the presence of *something* at their hearts which hindered their usual freedom and genial hilarity.

"Supper should be ready by this time," suggested the captain, just as the scene between Ned and Babby was taking place in the kitchen. "Babby and Skye seem busy: I shall ring, may I not?"

"If you please," said Mrs. Fleming; "but depend upon it, Babby will cause no unnecessary delays."

Babby speedily responded to the captain's ring. On entering the room she burst into a fit of laughing. Mrs. Fleming put down her work and looked at her servant as if she was mad.

"What *do* you mean, woman?" asked the captain with knit brows: "I never saw you behave so before."

"Maybe no. Ha! ha! ha!" said Babby; "but there's a queer man wishing to speak wi' ye." At this moment a violent ring was heard from the door-bell.

"A queer man—wishing to speak with me—at this hour," muttered the captain, as if in utter perplexity.

Babby had retired to the lobby, and was ensconced, with her apron in her mouth, in a corner near the kitchen. "You had better open the door yersel'," cried Babby, smothering her laughter.

The captain, more puzzled than ever, went to the door, and opening it was saluted with a gruff voice, saying, "I'm a poor sailor, sir,—and knows you're an old salt,—and have come to see you, sir."

"See me, sir! What do you want?" replied the captain gruffly, as one whose kindness some impostor hoped to benefit by.

"Wants nothing, sir," said the sailor, stepping near the captain.

A half-scream, half-laugh from Babby drew Mrs. Fleming and Freeman to the lobby.

"You want nothing? What brings you to disturb me at this hour of the night? Keep back, sir!"

"Well, sir, seeing as how I sailed with Old Cairney, I thought you would not refuse me a favor," replied the sailor in a hoarse voice.

"Don't dare, sir," said the captain, "to come into my house one step farther, till I know more about you."

"Now, captain, don't be angry; you know as how that great man Nelson expected every man to do his duty: all I want is just to shake Mrs. Fleming by the hand, and then I go; that is, if after that you want me for to go."

"Mrs. Fleming!" exclaimed the captain, with the indignation of a man who feels that the time has come for open war as against a house-breaker. "If you dare—"

But Mrs. Fleming, seeing the rising storm, passed her husband rapidly, and said to the supposed intruder, whom she assumed to be a tipsy sailor, "There is my hand, if that's all you want: go away now as you said, and don't breed any disturbance."

But the sailor threw his arms around his mother, and Babby rushed forward with a light; and then followed muffled cries of "Mother!" "Father!" "Ned!" "My own boy!" "God be praised!" until the lobby was emptied, and the parlor once more alive with as joyous and thankful hearts as ever met in "hamlet or in baron's ha'!"

HIGHLAND SCENERY

Her great delight was in the scenery of that West Highland country. Italy has its gorgeous beauty, and is a magnificent volume of poetry, history, and art, superb within and without, read by the light of golden sunsets. Switzerland is the most perfect combination of beauty and grandeur; from its uplands—with grass more green and closely shaven than an English park; umbrageous with orchards; musical with rivulets; tinkling with the bells of wandering cattle and flocks of goats; social with picturesque villages gathered round the chapel spires—up to the bare rocks and mighty cataracts of ice; until the eye rests on the peaks of alabaster snow, clear and sharp in the intense blue of the cloudless sky, which crown the whole marvelous picture with awful grandeur! Norway too has its peculiar glory of fiords worming their way like black water-snakes among gigantic mountains, lofty precipices, or primeval forests. But the scenery of the Western Highlands has a distinctive character of its own. It is not beauty, in spite of its knolls of birch and oak copse that fringe the mountain lochs and the innumerable bights and bays of pearly sand. Nor is it grandeur — although there is a wonderful vastness in its far-stretching landscapes of ocean meeting the horizon, or of hills beyond hills, in endless ridges, mingling afar with the upper sky. But in the sombre coloring of its mountains; in the silence of its untrodden valleys; in the extent of its bleak and undulating moors; in the sweep of its rocky corries; in the shifting mists and clouds that hang over its dark precipices: in all this kind of scenery, along with the wild traditions which ghost-like float around its ancient keeps, and live in the tales of its inhabitants, there is a glory and a sadness, most affecting to the imagination, and suggestive of a period of romance and song, of clanships and of feudal attachments, which, banished from the rest of Europe, took refuge and lingered long in those rocky fastnesses, before they "passed away forever on their dun wings from Morven."

MY LITTLE MAY

MY LITTLE May was like a lintie
    Glintin' 'mang the flowers o' spring;
  Like a lintie she was cantie,
    Like a lintie she could sing; —
Singing, milking in the gloamin',
  Singing, herding in the morn,
Singing 'mang the brackens roaming,
  Singing shearing yellow corn!
    Oh the bonnie dell and dingle,
      Oh the bonnie flowering glen,
    Oh the bonnie bleezin' ingle,
      Oh the bonnie but and ben!

Ilka body smiled that met her,
  Nane were glad that said fareweel;

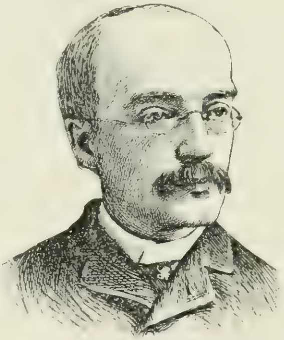
Never was a blyther, better,
Bonnier bairn, frae croon to heel!
Oh the bonnie dell and dingle,
Oh the bonnie flowering glen,
Oh the bonnie bleezin' ingle,
Oh the bonnie but and ben!

Blaw, wintry winds, blaw cauld and eerie,
Drive the sleet and drift the snaw;
May is sleeping, she was weary,
For her heart was broke in twa!
Oh wae the dell and dingle,
Oh wae the flowering glen;
Oh wae aboot the ingle,
Wae's me baith but and ben!

JOHN BACH McMASTER

(1852-)

The change in aim and method of the modern historian has kept pace with the development of the democratic idea. Where before, in the study and writing of history, the doings of rulers and courts and the working of governmental machinery have been the chief points of interest, to the exclusion of the everyday deeds and needs of the nation, the tendency to-day is to lay emphasis on the life of the people broadly viewed,—the development of the social organism in all its parts. The feeling behind this tendency is based on a conviction that the true vitality of a country depends upon the healthy growth and general welfare of the great mass of plain folk,—the working, struggling, wealth-producing people who make it up. The modern historian, in a word, makes man in the State, irrespective of class or position, his subject for sympathetic portrayal.


John Bach McMaster

This type of historian is represented by John Bach McMaster, whose 'History of the People of the United States' strives to give a picture of social rather than constitutional and political growth: those phases of American history have been treated ably by Adams, Schouler, and others. Professor McMaster, with admirable lucidity and simplicity of style, and always with an appeal to fact precluding the danger of the subjective writing of history to fit a theory, tells this vital story of the national evolution, and tells it as it has not been told before. The very title of his work defines its purpose. It is a history not of the United States, but of the people of the United States,—like Green's great 'History of the English People,' another work having the same ideal, the modern attitude. The period covered in Professor McMaster's plan is that reaching from the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 to the outbreak of the Civil War,—less than one hundred years, but a crucial time for the shaping of the country. The depiction of the formative time, the day of the pioneer and the settler,—of the crude beginnings of civilization,— engages his particular attention and receives his most careful treatment. An example is given in the selection chosen from his work, which gains warmth and picturesqueness in this way. The first volume of his work appeared in 1883; the fourth (bringing the account down to 1821) in 1895. Several volumes must be forthcoming to complete the study. Professor McMaster has allowed himself space and leisure in order to make an exhaustive survey of the field, and a synthetic presentation of the material. His history when finished will be of very great value. His preparation for it began in 1870, when he was a young student, and it will be his life work and monument.

John Bach McMaster was born in Brooklyn, June 29th, 1852; and received his education at the College of the City of New York, his graduation year being 1872. He taught a little, studied civil engineering, and in 1877 became instructor in that branch at Princeton. Thence he was called in 1883 to the University of Pennsylvania, to take the chair of American history, which he still holds. Professor McMaster is also an attractive essayist. His ‘Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters’ (1887) is an excellent piece of biography; and the volume of papers called ‘With the Fathers’ (1896) contains a series of historical portraits sound in scholarship and very readable in manner. In his insistence on the presenting of the unadorned truth, his dislike of pseudo-hero worship, Professor McMaster seems at times iconoclastic. But while he is not entirely free from prejudice, his intention is to give no false lights to the picture, and few historians have been broader minded and fairer.

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE IN 1800

From ‘A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War.’ D. Appleton & Co., 1885. Copyright 1885, by John Bach McMaster.

WHAT was then known as the far West was Kentucky, Ohio, and central New York. Into it the emigrants came streaming along either of two routes. Men from New England took the most northern, and went out by Albany and Troy to the great wilderness which lay along the Mohawk and the lakes. They came by tens of thousands from farms and villages, and represented every trade, every occupation, every walk in life, save one: none were seafarers. No whaler left his vessel; no seaman deserted his mess; no fisherman of Marblehead or Gloucester exchanged the dangers of a life on the ocean for the privations of a life in the West. Their fathers and their uncles had been fishermen before them, and their sons were to follow in their steps. Long before a lad could nib a quill, or make a pot-hook, or read half the precepts his primer contained, he knew the name of every brace and stay, every sail and part of a Grand Banker and a Chebacco, all the nautical terms, what line and hook should be used for catching halibut and what for mackerel and cod. If he ever learned to write, he did so at "writing-school," which, like singing-school, was held at night, and to which he came bringing his own dipped candle, his own paper, and his own pen. The candlestick was a scooped-out turnip, or a piece of board with a nail driven through it. His paper he ruled with a piece of lead, for the graphite lead-pencil was unknown. All he knew of theology, and much of his knowledge of reading and spelling, was gained with the help of the New England Primer. There is not, and there never was, a text-book so richly deserving a history as the Primer. The earliest mention of it in print now known is to be found in an almanac for the year 1691. The public are there informed that a second impression is "in press, and will suddenly be extant"; and will contain, among much else that is new, the verses John Rogers the Martyr made and left as a legacy to his children. When the second impression became extant, a rude cut of Rogers lashed to the stake, and while the flames burned fiercely, discoursing to his wife and nine small children, embellished the verses, as it has done in every one of the innumerable editions since struck off. The tone of the Primer is deeply religious. Two thirds of the four-and-twenty pictures placed before the couplets and triplets in rhyme, from

"In Adam's fall
We sinnèd all,"
to
"Zaccheus, he
Did climb a tree
Our Lord to see,"

represent Biblical incidents. Twelve "words of six syllables" are given in the spelling lesson. Five of them are — abomination, edification, humiliation, mortification, purification. More than half the book is made up of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, some of Watts's hymns, and the whole of that great Catechism which one hundred and twenty divines spent five years in preparing.

There too are Mr. Rogers's verses, and John Cotton's 'Spiritual Milk for American Babes'; exhortations not to cheat at play, not to lie, not to use ill words, not to call ill names, not to be a dunce, and to love school. The Primer ends with the famous dialogue between Christ, Youth, and the Devil.

Moved by pity and a wish to make smooth the rough path to learning, some kind soul prepared 'A Lottery-Book for Children.' The only difficulty in teaching children to read was, he thought, the difficulty of keeping their minds from roaming; and to «prevent this precipitancy» was the object of the 'Lottery-Book.' On one side of each leaf was a letter of the alphabet; on the other two pictures. As soon, he explained, as the child could speak, it should thrust a pin through the leaf from the side whereon the pictures were, at the letter on the other, and should continue to do this till at last the letter was pierced. Turning the leaf after each trial, the mind of the child would be fixed so often and so long on the letter that it would ever after be remembered.

The illustrations in the book are beneath those of a patent-medicine almanac, but are quite as good as any that can be found in children's books of that day. No child had then ever seen such specimens of the wood-engraver's and the printer's and the binder's arts as now, at the approach of every Christmas, issue from hundreds of presses. The covers of such chap-books were bits of wood, and the backs coarse leather. On the covers was sometimes a common blue paper, and sometimes a hideous wall-paper, adorned with horses and dogs, roosters and eagles, standing in marvelous attitudes on gilt or copper scrolls. The letterpress of none was specially illustrated, but the same cut was used again and again to express the most opposite ideas. A woman with a dog holding her train is now Vanity, and now Miss All-worthy going abroad to buy books for her brother and sister. A huge vessel with three masts is now a yacht, and now the ship in which Robinson Crusoe sailed from Hull. The virtuous woman that is a crown to her husband, and naughty Miss Kitty Bland, are one and the same. Master Friendly listening to the minister at church now heads a catechism, and now figures as Tommy Careless in the 'Adventures of a Week.' A man and woman feeding beggars become, in time, transformed into a servant introducing two misers to his mistress. But no creature played so many parts as a bird, which after being named an eagle, a cuckoo, and a kite, is called finally Noah's dove.

Mean and cheap as such chap-books were, the peddler who hawked them sold not one to the good wives of a fishing village. The women had not the money to buy with; the boys had not the disposition to read. Till he was nine, a lad did little more than watch the men pitch pennies in the road, listen to sea stories, and hurry, at the cry of "Rock him," "Squail him," to help his playmates pelt with stones some unoffending boy from a neighboring village. By the time he had seen his tenth birthday he was old enough not to be seasick, not to cry during a storm at sea, and to be of some use about a ship; and went on his first trip to the Banks. The skipper and the crew called him "cut-tail"; for he received no money save for the fish he caught, and each one he caught was marked by snipping a piece from the tail. After an apprenticeship of three or four years the "cut-tail" became a "header," stood upon the same footing as the "sharesmen," and learned all the duties which a "splitter" and a "salter" must perform. A crew numbered eight; four were "sharesmen" and four were apprentices; went twice a year to the Banks, and stayed each time from three to five months.

Men who had passed through such a training were under no temptation to travel westward. They took no interest, they bore no part in the great exodus. They still continued to make their trips and bring home their "fares"; while hosts of New-Englanders poured into New York, opening the valleys, founding cities, and turning struggling hamlets into villages of no mean kind. Catskill, in 1792, numbered ten dwellings and owned one vessel of sixty tons. In 1800 there were in the place one hundred and fifty-six houses, two ships, a schooner, and eight sloops of one hundred tons each, all owned there and employed in carrying produce to New York. Six hundred and twenty-four bushels of wheat were brought to the Catskill market in 1792. Forty-six thousand one hundred and sixty-four bushels came in 1800. On a single day in 1801 the merchants bought four thousand one hundred and eight bushels of wheat, and the same day eight hundred loaded sleighs came into the village by the western road. In 1790 a fringe of clearings ran along the western shore of Lake Champlain to the northern border, and pushed out through the broad valley between the Adirondacks and the Catskills to Seneca and Cayuga Lakes. In 1800 the Adirondack region was wholly surrounded. The emigrants had passed Oneida Lake, had passed Oswego, and skirting the shores of Ontario and the banks of the St. Lawrence, had joined with those on Lake Champlain. Some had gone down the valleys of the Delaware and Susquehanna to the southern border of the State. The front of emigration was far beyond Elmira and Bath. Just before it went the speculators, the land-jobbers, the men afflicted with what in derision was called «terraphobia.» They formed companies and bought millions of acres. They went singly and purchased whole townships as fast as the surveyors could locate; buying on trust and selling for wheat, for lumber, for whatever the land could yield or the settler give. Nor was the pioneer less infatuated. An irresistible longing drove him westward, and still westward, till some Indian scalped him, or till hunger, want, bad food, and exposure broke him down, and the dreaded Genesee fever swept him away. The moment such a man had built a log cabin, cleared an acre, girdled the trees, and sowed a handful of grain, he was impatient to be once more moving. He had no peace till his little farm was sold, and he had plunged into the forest to seek a new and temporary home. The purchaser in time would make a few improvements, clear a few more acres, plant a little more grain, and then in turn sell and hurry westward. After him came the founders of villages and towns, who, when the cabins about them numbered ten, felt crowded and likewise moved away. Travelers through the Genesee valley tell us they could find no man who had not in this way changed his abode at least six times. The hardships which these people endured is beyond description. Their poverty was extreme. Nothing was so scarce as food; many a wayfarer was turned from their doors with the solemn assurance that they had not enough for themselves. The only window in many a cabin was a hole in the roof for the smoke to pass through. In the winter the snow beat through the chinks and sifted under the door, till it was heaped up about the sleepers on the floor before the fire. . . .

Beyond the Blue Ridge everything was most primitive. Half the roads were «traces» and blazed. More than half the houses, even in the settlements, were log cabins. When a stranger came to such a place to stay, the men built him a cabin and made the building an occasion for sport. The trees felled, four corner-men were elected to notch the logs; and while they were busy the others ran races, wrestled, played leap-frog, kicked the hat, fought, gouged, gambled, drank, did everything then considered an amusement. After the notching was finished the raising took but a few hours. Many a time the cabin was built, roofed, the door and window cut out, and the owner moved in, before sundown. The chinks were stopped with chips and smeared with mud. The chimney was of logs, coated with mud six inches thick. The table and the benches, the bedstead and the door, were such as could be made with an axe, an auger, and a saw. A rest for the rifle and some pegs for clothes completed the fittings.

The clothing of a man was in summer a wool hat, a blue linsey hunting-shirt with a cape, a belt with a gayly colored fringe, deerskin or linsey pantaloons, and moccasins and shoepacks of tanned leather. Fur hats were not common. A boot was rarely to be seen. In winter, a striped linsey vest and a white blanket coat were added. If the coat had buttons — and it seldom had — they were made by covering slices of a cork with bits of blanket. Food which he did not obtain by his rifle and his traps he purchased by barter. Corn was the staple; and no mills being near, it was pounded between two stones or rubbed on a grater. Pork cost him twelve cents a pound, and salt four. Dry fish was a luxury, and brought twenty cents a pound. Sugar was often as high as forty. When he went to a settlement he spent his time at the billiard-table, or in the "keg grocery" playing Loo or "Finger in Danger," to determine who should pay for the whisky consumed. Pious men were terrified at the drunkenness, the vice, the gambling, the brutal fights, the gouging, the needless duels they beheld on every hand. Already the Kentucky boatmen had become more dreaded than the Indians. "A Kentuc" in 1800 had much the same meaning that "a cowboy" has now. He was the most reckless, fearless, law-despising of men. A common description of him was half horse, half alligator, tipped with snapping-turtle.

On a sudden this community, which the preachers had often called Satan's stronghold, underwent a moral awakening such as this world had never beheld.

Two young men began the great work in the summer of 1799. They were brothers, preachers, and on their way across the pine barrens to Ohio, but turned aside to be present at a sacramental solemnity on Red River. The people were accustomed to gather at such times on a Friday, and by praying, singing, and hearing sermons, prepare themselves for the reception of the sacrament on Sunday. At the Red River meeting the brothers were asked to preach, and one did so with astonishing fervor. As he spoke, the people were deeply moved; tears ran streaming down their faces, and one, a woman far in the rear of the house, broke through order and began to shout. For two hours after the regular preachers had gone, the crowd lingered and were loath to depart. While they tarried, one of the brothers was irresistibly impelled to speak. He rose and told them that he felt called to preach, that he could not be silent. The words which then fell from his lips roused the people before him « to a pungent sense of sin.» Again and again the woman shouted, and would not be silent. He started to go to her. The crowd begged him to turn back. Something within him urged him on, and he went through the house shouting and exhorting and praising God. In a moment the floor, to use his own words, «was covered with the slain.» Their cries for mercy were terrible to hear. Some found forgiveness, but many went away «spiritually wounded» and suffering unutterable agony of soul. Nothing could allay the excitement. Every settlement along the Green River and the Cumberland was full of religious fervor. Men fitted their wagons with beds and provisions, and traveled fifty miles to camp upon the ground and hear him preach. The idea was new; hundreds adopted it, and camp-meetings began. There was now no longer any excuse to stay away from preaching. Neither distance, nor lack of houses, nor scarcity of food, nor daily occupations prevailed. Led by curiosity, by excitement, by religious zeal, families of every Protestant denomination — Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians — hurried to the camp-ground. Crops were left half gathered; every kind of work was left undone; cabins were deserted; in large settlements there did not remain one soul. The first regular general camp-meeting was held at the Gasper River Church, in July, 1800; but the rage spread, and a dozen encampments followed in quick succession. Camp-meeting was always in the forest near some little church, which served as the preachers' lodge. At one end of a clearing was a rude stage, and before it the stumps and trunks of hewn trees, on which the listeners sat. About the clearing were the tents and wagons ranged in rows like streets. The praying, the preaching, the exhorting would sometimes last for seven days, and be prolonged every day until darkness had begun to give way to light. Nor were the ministers the only exhorters. Men and women, nay, even children took part. At Cane Ridge a little girl of seven sat upon the shoulder of a man and preached to the multitude till she sank exhausted on her bearer's head. At Indian Creek a lad of twelve mounted a stump and exhorted till he grew weak, whereupon two men upheld him, and he continued till speech was impossible. A score of sinners fell prostrate before him.

At no time was the "falling exercise" so prevalent as at night. Nothing was then wanting that could strike terror into minds weak, timid, and harassed. The red glare of the camp-fires reflected from hundreds of tents and wagons; the dense blackness of the flickering shadows, the darkness of the surrounding forest, made still more terrible by the groans and screams of the "spiritually wounded," who had fled to it for comfort; the entreaty of the preachers; the sobs and shrieks of the downcast still walking through the dark valley of the Shadow of Death; the shouts and songs of praise from the happy ones who had crossed the Delectable Mountains, had gone on through the fogs of the Enchanted Ground, and entered the land of Beulah, were too much for those over whose minds and bodies lively imaginations held full sway. The heart swelled, the nerves gave way, the hands and feet grew cold, and motionless and speechless they fell headlong to the ground. In a moment crowds gathered about them to pray and shout. Some lay still as death. Some passed through frightful twitchings of face and limb. At Cabin Creek so many fell, that lest the multitude should tread on them, they were carried to the meeting-house and laid in rows on the floor. At Cane Ridge the number was three thousand.

The recollection of that famous meeting is still preserved in Kentucky, where, not many years since, old men could be found whose mothers had carried them to the camp-ground as infants, and had left them at the roots of trees and behind logs while the preaching and exhorting continued. Cane Ridge meeting-house stood on a well-shaded, well-watered spot, seven miles from the town of Paris. There a great space had been cleared, a preacher's stand put up, and a huge tent stretched to shelter the crowd from the sun and rain. But it did not cover the twentieth part of the people who came. Every road that led to the ground is described to have presented for several days an almost unbroken line of wagons, horses, and men. One who saw the meeting when it had just begun wrote home to Philadelphia that wagons covered an area as large as that between Market Street and Chestnut, Second and Third. Another, who counted them, declared they numbered eleven hundred and forty-five. Seven hundred and fifty lead tokens, stamped with the letters A or B, were given by the Baptists to communicants; and there were still upward of four hundred who received none. Old soldiers who were present, and claimed to know something of the art of estimating the numbers of masses of men, put down those encamped at the Cane Ridge meeting as twenty thousand souls. The excitement surpassed anything that had been known. Men who came to scoff remained to preach. All day and all night the crowd swarmed to and fro from preacher to preacher, singing, shouting, laughing, now rushing off to listen to some new exhorter who had climbed upon a stump, now gathering around some unfortunate, who in their peculiar language was "spiritually slain." Soon men and women fell in such numbers that it became impossible for the multitude to move about without trampling them, and they were hurried to the meeting-house. At no time was the floor less than half covered. Some lay quiet, unable to move or speak. Some talked but could not move. Some beat the floor with their heels. Some, shrieking in agony, bounded about, it is said, like a live fish out of water. Many lay down and rolled over and over for hours at a time. Others rushed wildly over the stumps and benches, and then plunged, shouting "Lost! Lost!" into the forest.

As the meetings grew more and more frequent, this nervous excitement assumed new and more terrible forms. One was known as jerking; another, as the barking exercise; a third, as the Holy Laugh. "The jerks" began in the head and spread rapidly to the feet. The head would be thrown from side to side so swiftly that the features would be blotted out and the hair made to snap. When the body was affected, the sufferer was hurled over hindrances that came in his way, and finally dashed on the ground to bounce about like a ball. At camp-meetings in the far South, saplings were cut off breast-high and left "for the people to jerk by." One who visited such a camp-ground declares that about the roots of from fifty to one hundred saplings the earth was kicked up "as by a horse stamping flies." There only the lukewarm, the lazy, the half-hearted, the indolent professor was afflicted. Pious men, and scoffing physicians who sought to get the jerks that they might speculate upon them, were not touched. But the scoffer did not always escape. Not a professor of religion within the region of the great revival but had heard or could tell of some great conversion by special act of God. One disbeliever, it was reported, while cursing and swearing, had been crushed by a tree falling on him at the Cane Ridge meeting. Another was said to have mounted his horse to ride away, when the jerks seized him, pulled his feet from the stirrups, and flung him on the ground, whence he rose a Christian man. A lad who feigned sickness, kept from church, and lay abed, was dragged out and dashed against the wall till he betook himself to prayer. When peace was restored to him, he passed out into his father's tan-yard to unhair a hide. Instantly the knife left his hand, and he was drawn over logs and hurled against trees and fences till he began to pray in serious earnest. A foolish woman who went to see the jerks was herself soon rolling in the mud. Scores of such stories passed from mouth to mouth, and may now be read in the lives and narratives of the preachers. The community seemed demented. From the nerves and muscles the disorder passed to the mind. Men dreamed dreams and saw visions, nay, fancied themselves dogs, went down on all fours, and barked till they grew hoarse. It was no uncommon sight to behold numbers of them gathered about a tree, barking, yelping, "treeing the Devil." Two years later, when much of the excitement of the great revival had gone down, falling and jerking gave way to hysterics. During the most earnest preaching and exhorting, even sincere professors of religion would on a sudden burst into loud laughter; others, unable to resist, would follow, and soon the assembled multitude would join in. This was the "Holy Laugh," and became, after 1803, a recognized part of worship.

EFFECTS OF THE EMBARGO OF 1807

From a ‹History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War.› D. Appleton & Co., 1885. Copyright 1885, by John Bach McMaster.

Paralysis seized on the business of the coast towns and began to spread inward. Ships were dismantled and left half loaded at the wharves. Crews were discharged. The sound of the caulking-hammer was no longer heard in the ship-yards. The sail-lofts were deserted, the rope-walks were closed; the cartmen had nothing to do. In a twinkling the price of every domestic commodity went down, and the price of every foreign commodity went up. But no wages were earned, no business was done, and money almost ceased to circulate. . . .

The federal revenues fell from sixteen millions to a few thousands. . . . The value of the shipping embargoed has been estimated at fifty millions; and as the net earnings were twenty-five per cent., twelve and a half millions more were lost to the country through the enforced idleness of the vessels. From an estimate made at the time, it appears that one hundred thousand men were believed to have been out of work for one year. They earned from forty cents to one dollar and thirty-three cents per day. Assuming a dollar as the average rate of daily wages, the loss to the laboring class was in round numbers thirty-six millions of dollars. On an average, thirty millions had been invested annually in the purchase of foreign and domestic produce. As this great sum was now seeking investment which could not be found, its owners were deprived not only of their profits, but of two millions of interest besides. . . .

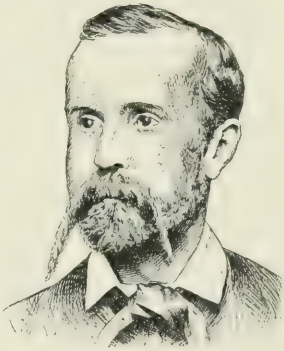
Unable to bear the strain, thousands on thousands went to the wall. The newspapers were full of insolvent-debtor notices. All over the country the court-house doors, the tavern doors, the post-offices, the cross-road posts, were covered with advertisements of sheriffs' sales. In the cities the jails were not large enough to hold the debtors. At New York during 1809 thirteen hundred men were imprisoned for no other crime than being ruined by the embargo. A traveler who saw the city in this day of distress assures us that it looked like a town ravaged by pestilence. The counting-houses were shut or advertised to let. The coffee-houses were almost empty. The streets along the water-side were almost deserted. The ships were dismantled; their decks were cleared, their hatches were battened down. Not a box, not a cask, not a barrel, not a bale was to be seen on the wharves, where the grass had begun to grow luxuriantly. A year later, in this same city, eleven hundred and fifty men were confined for debts under twenty-five dollars, and were clothed by the Humane Society.

EMERICH MADÁCH

(1823–1864)

BY GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT

HUNGARY is a favorite land of the Muses. Romance, ardent sentiment, and a certain mystic fervor give to her poetry an exquisite charm. A thrill of fire and passion vibrates in her songs and melodies. Her folk-lore and ancient traditions teem with rich Oriental imagery and beautiful conceptions. These ancient gems have in the present century received a fresh setting at the hands of the literary artists, who have borne witness to the unabated vigor of this people "barbarously grand." Of the modern school, Petöfi the lyric poet and Madách the dramatic are the most popular poets of Hungary.



EMERICH MADÁCH

Madách Imre (for the family name comes first in Hungarian) was born in Alsó Sztregova, Hungary, January 21st, 1823; and died in his native town October 5th, 1864. Of his life little need be told. He was notary, orator, and journalist; at an early age he wrote a number of essays on natural science, archæology, and æsthetics. He wrote lyric as well as dramatic poetry; but it is chiefly through his two dramatic poems, 'Moses' and 'The Tragedy of Man,' written almost simultaneously in 1860, that he is best known. An edition of his collected writings, in three volumes, was issued by Paul Gyulai in Budapest, 1880. His masterpiece, 'The Tragedy of Man,' has been rendered into German no less than five times; the latest version, by Julius Lechner von der Lech (Leipzig, 1888, with a preface by Maurice Jókai), being the most felicitous. Alexander Fischer gave a splendid *résumé* of this powerful drama in Sacher-Masoch's periodical, Auf der Höhe (Vol. xvi., 1885), — the only analysis of it in any language except Hungarian. Though it is too philosophical and contemplative in character, and not intended for the stage, its first production, which took place in September 1883, created an immense sensation both in Austria and Hungary.

To English readers, Madách is a total stranger. His name is scarcely ever found in any encyclopædia or biographical dictionary;

and strangely enough, no attempt has been thus far made to give even a selection from this latter-day Milton of Hungary.

It is not here intended to explain the origin and inner development of this fascinating drama, nor to draw elaborate parallels between its author and his predecessors in other lands. Such a comparative critical study would be interesting as showing the spiritual kinship between master minds, centuries distant from one another, whose sympathies are in direct touch with our own ideals and life problems.

Madách will plead his own cause effectively enough. To him, however, who in reading the ‹Tragedy of Man› involuntarily makes such comparisons, and might be led unjustly to question the author's originality, the graceful adage *Grosse Geister treffen sich* (Great minds meet) will serve as an answer. He should rather say, with true artistic estimate, that the shading in the one landscape of a higher life helps to set off the vivid and brilliant coloring in the other; so that the whole, viewed side by side, presents a series of wondrous harmonies. Madách imbibed, no doubt, from foreign sources. He was familiar with ‹Paradise Lost,› and with the now obsolete but once much-lauded epic, ‹La Semaine› (The Week), of Milton's French predecessor Du Bartas; Alfieri's tramelogedia, ‹Abele,› and Gesner's ‹Death of Abel,› as well as Byron's ‹Mystery of Cain,› may also have come to his notice; Goethe's ‹Faust› appears more than once, and may be recognized in any incognito. Yet we cannot say with certainty that any one of these masterpieces influenced his own work, any more than Milton inspired the great German bard. We might as justly tax him with drawing upon Hebrew tradition for the entire plot of his drama, beginning with the fourth scene; for strangely enough, Adam's experiences with his mentor and Nemesis, Lucifer, are foreshadowed in the very same manner in a quaint legend of the Jewish Rabbis, told nearly twenty centuries ago. The comparative study of literature will reveal other facts equally amazing. It is of course self-evident that the morbid pessimism which rings its vague alarms throughout the book is that of Ecclesiastes, whose *vanitas vanitatum* is the key to his doleful plaint.

> «I applied my heart to seek and to search out by wisdom concerning all that is done under heaven: it is a sore travail that God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith. I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and behold, all is vanity and a striving after wind. . . . And I applied my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also was a striving after wind. For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.» (Eccl. i. 12–18.)

This is the leading theme, and Lessing's soulful simile of the ideal, the grand *morale:* — «If God held truth in his right hand,» says he, «and in his left the mere striving after truth, bidding me choose between the two, I would reverently bow to his left and say, ‘Give but the impulse; truth is for thee alone!’»

Thus, after traversing many lands the world over; after plunging into every pleasure and being steeped in every vice; after passions human and divine have had their sway over his spirit,—Adam concedes to Lucifer that the world of ideals is illusory, existing only in fancy, thriving but in our own souls, nourished by sentiment, and supersensitive to the touch of grosser things. And yet the echo which answers his sad pleadings, as he cries out disheartened—

> «O sacred poetry, hast thou then
> Quite forsaken this prosy world of ours?»

is a wholly unexpected one in the grand *finale.* It teaches the doctrine of eternal hope, as the great Hebrew pessimist Koheleth summed it up, when only the Hellenic intellect reigned supreme and the Hellenic heart was cold:—

> «I have decreed, O man—strive ye and trust!»

The ideal conquers in the end, should life and love not fail. Poetry and sentiment transform even this valley of the shadow of death into a Paradise regained. It is a song of the ideals in which salvation lies; and the words of the Lord with which the poem closes are, «Struggle and trust.»

George Alexander Kohut

FROM THE ‘TRAGEDY OF MAN’

SEVENTH SCENE

Scene: An open square in Constantinople. A few citizens lounging about. In the centre the palace of the Patriarch; to the right a cloister; to the left a grove. Adam *as Tancred, in the prime of life, is seen advancing at the head of returning Crusaders, accompanied by other knights, with colors flying and drums beating;* Lucifer *as his armor-bearer. Evening, then night.*

FIRST CITIZEN— Behold, there comes another horde of heathen;
Oh, flee and double-bar the doors, lest they
Again the whim to plunder feel!
Second Citizen—Hide ye the women: but too well
Knows this rebel the joys of the seraglio.

First Citizen — And our wives the rights of the conqueror.
Adam — Hold! hold! why scatter in such haste?
Do ye not see the holy sign aloft
That makes us brothers in humanity
And companions to one goal? —
We bore the light of our faith, the law
Of love, into Asia's wilds,
That the savage millions there
Where our Savior's cradle stood
Might share sweet salvation's boon.
Know ye not this brotherly love?
First Citizen — Full many a time through honeyed words
Swift harm befell our homes.

[*They disperse.*]

Adam [*to the knights*] —
Behold, this is the accursed result
When scheming vagabonds
The sacred symbol flaunt,
And flattering the passions of the mob,
Presume unasked to lead.—
Fellow knights! Until our swords
To honor fair, to praise of God,
To women's guard, to bravery,
Be sanctified,— are we in duty bound
This demon foul in constant check to hold,
That in spite of godless inclination,
He great and noble deeds may do.
Lucifer — That sounds well. But, Tancred, what if the people
Do but spurn thy leadership?
Adam — Where spirit is, is also victory.
I'll crush them to the earth!
Lucifer — And should spirit with them alike abide,
Wilt thou descend to them?
Adam — Why descend?
Is it not nobler to lift them up to me?
To yield for lack of fighters
The foremost place in battle, were
As unworthy as to reject a comrade
In envy of his share of victory.
Lucifer — Alack! how the grand idea has come to naught
For which the martyrs of the circus fought!
Is this the freedom of equality?
A wondrous brotherhood were that!

Adam— Oh, cease thy scorn! Think not that I misprize
Christianity's exalted precepts.
My being yearns for them alone!
Whoever hath the spark divine may strive;
And him who upward toils to us
With joy we surely will receive.
A sword-cut lifts him to our ranks.
But guard we must our ranks with jealous eye
Against the still fermenting chaos here.
Would that our time were already near!
For only then can we be quite redeemed
When every barrier falls — when all is pure.
And were he who set this universe in motion
Not himself the great and mighty God,
I must needs doubt the dawn of such a day.
Ye have seen, O friends, how we have been received:
Orphaned amidst the tumult of the town,
Naught now remains save in yonder grove
A tent to pitch, as we were wont among the infidels,
Till better times shall come. Go; I follow soon.
Every knight stands sponsor for his men.

[*The Crusaders pitch their tent.*]

Lucifer— What a pity that thy spirit's lofty flight
Even now begets such sorry fruit;
Red without, within already rotten!
Adam— Stop!
Hast thou no longer faith in lofty thought?
Lucifer— What boots it thee if I believe,
When thine own race doth doubt?
This knighthood which thou hast placed
As lighthouse amid ocean's waves,
Will yet die out, or half collapse,
And make the sailor's course even more fearful
Than before, when no light shone before his way.
What lives to-day and blessing works,
Dies with time; the spirit takes wing
And the carcass but remains, to breathe
Murderous miasmas into the fresher life
Which round him buds. Behold, thus
Survive from bygone times our old ideals.
Adam— Until our ranks dissolve, its sacred teachings
Will have had effect upon the public mind.
I fear no danger then.

Lucifer — The holy teachings! They are your curse indeed,
When ye approach them unawares,
For ye turn, sharpen, split, and smooth
Them o'er so long, till they your phantoms
Or your chains become.
And though reason cannot grasp exact ideas,
Yet ye presumptuous men do always seek
To forge them — to your harm.
Look thou upon this sword! It may by a hair's-breadth
Longer be or shorter, and yet remains the same
In substance. The door is opened thus to endless speculation;
For where is there limit pre-imposed?
'Tis true your feelings soon perceive the right
When change in greater things sets in.—
But why speak and myself exert? Speech
Is wearisome. Turn thou, survey the field thyself.

Adam — Friends, my troops are tired and shelter crave.
In the Capital of Christendom they will
Perchance not crave in vain.

Third Citizen —
The question is, whether as heretics
Ye're not worse than infidels! . . .

Adam — I stand aghast! But see — what prince
Approaches from afar, so haughtily defiant?

Lucifer — The Patriarch — successor to the Apostles.

Adam — And this barefoot, dirty mob
Which follows with malicious joy
In the captive's wake,
Feigning humility?

Lucifer — They are monks, Christian cynics.

Adam — I saw not such among my native hills.

Lucifer — You'll see them yet. Slowly, slowly
Spreads the curse of leprosy;
But beware how you dare insult
This people, so absolute in virtue and
Hence so hard to reconcile.

Adam — What virtue could adorn such folk as this?

Lucifer — Their worth is abnegation, poverty,
As practiced first by the Master on the Cross.

Adam — He saved a world by such humility;
While these cowards, like rebels,
Do but blaspheme the name of God,
In that they despise his gift.

Who 'gainst gnats the weapons same would draw
That in the bear hunt he is wont to use
Is a fool.

Lucifer— But if they in pious zeal, perchance,
Mistake the gnats for monstrous bears,
Have they then not the right to drive
To the very gates of hell
Those who life enjoy? . . .

Adam [*facing the Patriarch*]—
Father, we're battling for the Holy Grave,
And wearied from the way which we have come,
To rest within these walls we are denied.
Thou hast power here: help thou our cause.

Patriarch—
My son, I have just now no time for petty things.
God's glory and my people's weal
Call higher aims now forth. I must away
To judge the heretics; who, like poisonous weeds,
Do grow and multiply, and whom hell
With force renewed upon us throws,
Even though we constant try with fire and sword
To root them out.
But if indeed ye be true Christian knights,
Why seek the Moor so far remote?
Here lurks a yet more dangerous foe.
Scale ye their walls, level them to the ground,
And spare ye neither woman, child, nor hoary head.

Adam— The innocent! O father, this cannot be thy wish!

Patriarch—
Innocent is the serpent, too, while yet of tender growth
Or after its fangs are shed.
Yet sparest thou the snake?

Adam— It must, in faith, have been a grievous sin
Which could such wrath from Christian love evoke.

Patriarch—
O my son! not he shows love who feeds the flesh,
But he who leadeth back the erring soul,
At point of sword,—or e'en through leaping flames
If needs must be,—to Him who said:
Not peace but war do I proclaim!
That wicked sect interprets false
The mystic Trinity. . . .

Monks— Death upon them all!
There burns the funeral pile.

Adam— My friend, give up the iota, pray:
Your inspired valor in fighting
For the Savior's grave will be
More fitting sacrifice than this.

An Old Heretic—
Satan, tempt us not! We'll bleed
For our true faith where God ordains.

One of the Monks—
Ha, renegade! thou boastest of true faith? . . .

Patriarch—
Too long have we tarried here: away with them
To the funeral pyre, in honor of God!

The Old Heretic—
In honor of God? Thou spakest well, O knave!
In honor of God are we indeed your prey.
Ye are strong, and can enforce your will
As ye may please. But whether ye have acted rightly
Heaven alone will judge. Even now is weighed,
At every hour, your vile career of crime.
New champions shall from our blood arise;
The idea lives triumphant on; and coming centuries
Shall the light reflect of flames that blaze to-day.
Friends, go we to our glorious martyrdom!

The Heretics [*chanting in chorus*]—
My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?
Why art thou so far from helping me
And from the words of my roaring?
O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou
Hearest not; and in the night season,
And am not silent. But thou art holy!
(Psalm xxii.)

Monks [*breaking in*]—
Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me;
Fight against them that fight against me;
Take hold of shield and buckler and stand up for mine help;
Draw out also the spear, and stop the way
Against them that persecute me.
(Psalm xxxv.)

[*In the interim the Patriarch and the procession go by. The monks with tracts mingle among the Crusaders.*]

Lucifer— Why silent thus and horrified?
Dost hold this to be a tragedy?
Consider it a comedy, and 'twill make thee laugh.

Adam— Nay, spare thy banter now! Can one
For a mere iota go firmly thus to death?
What then is the lofty and sublime?
Lucifer— That which to others may seem droll.
Only a hair divides these two ideas;
A voice in the heart alone may judge betwixt them,
And the mysterious judge is sympathy,
Which, blindly, at one time deifies,
Then with brutal scorn condemns to death.
Adam— Why must my eyes be witness of these varied sins?
The subtleties of proud science, and of sophistry!
That deadly poison wondrously so sipped
From the sweetest, gayest, freshest flowers?
I knew this flower once in the budding time
Of our oppressed faith. Where is the wanton hand
That ruthlessly destroyed it?
Lucifer— The wanton hand is victory,
Which wide-spread once, a thousand wishes wakes,
Danger allies, and martyrs makes,
And strength endues;
'Tis there among the heretics.
Adam— Verily, I'd cast away my sword and turn me
To my northern home, where, in the glades
Of the shadowy woods primeval,
Stern manliness, true artlessness yet dwell,
And the rancor of this smooth-tongued age defy.
I would return but for a voice that lisps
The constant message in my ears,
That I alone am called to re-create this world.
Lucifer— Love's labor lost; for unaided thou canst
Ne'er prevail against the ruling spirit of the age.
The course of time is a mighty stream,—
It buries thee or bears thee;
Nor canst thou hope to guide it,
But only swim adrift the tide.
Who in history immortal shine,
And wield uncommon power,
Knew well the time in which they lived,
Yet did not themselves the thought create.
Not because the cock crows does day dawn,
But the cock crows with the dawn of day;
Yonder those who, fettered, fly to face
The terrors of a death of martyrdom,
See scarce a step ahead.

The thought but just conceived dawns in their midst
In the throes of death they hail so joyfully,—
The thought which by a care-free posterity
Will be inhaled with the air they breathe.
But leave thou this theme! Glance toward thy tent:
What unclean monks stroll about there?
What trade they drive, what speeches make
And gestures wild, insane?
Let's nearer draw, and hearken!

A Monk in the centre of a crowd of Crusaders—
Buy ye, brave warriors; neglect ye not
This manual of penance:
'Twill clear all doubt of conscience;
You'll learn therein much weighty mystery:
How many years in hell will burn
Each murderer, thief, and ravisher,
And he who doth our doctrines spurn;
It tells ye what the rich may buy
For a score or more of *solidi;*
And the poor for three alone
May swift obtain salvation's boon;
Whilst even he, to be quite fair,
Who such a sum cannot well spare,
May for a thousand lashes, mind,
Salvation bring upon his kind.
Buy ye, buy ye, this precious book!

The Crusaders—
Here, father, here, give us a copy too!

Adam— Infamous trader, and still more wicked patrons,
Draw ye the sword and end this foul traffic!

Lucifer [*confused*]—
I beg your pardon. This monk has long my partner been.
Not so deeply do I this world despise;
When praise of God soared high,
My homage also rose aloft,
Whilst thine remained becalmed. . . .

Adam— Help me, O Lucifer! Away, away from here!
Lead back my future into past,
That I my fate no longer see,
Nor view a fruitless strife. Pray let me think
If wisdom is to thwart my destiny!

Lucifer— Awake then, Adam,—thy dream is o'er.

FIFTEENTH SCENE

Scene: A garden of palms. Adam, *young again, enters from his bower; still half asleep, he looks about in astonishment.* Lucifer *stands in the middle of the scene. It is a radiant day.*

ADAM — Ye weird scenes and haggard forms,
How have ye left me lone!
Joys and smiles greet now my path,
As once of yore before my heart was broken.
Lucifer — O boastful man, is it thy wish, perchance,
That Nature for thy sake her law should change,—
A star appoint to mark thy loss,
Or shake the earth because a worm has died?
Adam — Have I dreamed, or am I dreaming still?
And is our life aught but a dream at last
Which makes an inanimate mass to live
But for a moment, then lets it fade forever?
Oh why, why this brief glimpse of consciousness,
Only to view the terrors of annihilation?
Lucifer — Thou mournest? Only cowards bend
Their necks to yoke, and unresisting stand
When yet the blow may be averted.
But unmurmuring doth the strong man
Decipher the mystic runes eternal
Of his destiny, caring but to know
If he himself can thrive beneath their doom.
The might of Fate controls the world's great course;
Thou art but a tool and blindly onward driven.
Adam — Nay, nay, thou liest! for the will of man is free;
That at least I've well deserved,
And for it have resigned my Paradise!
My phantom dreams have taught me much;
Full many a madness have I left behind,
And now 'tis mine to choose another path.
Lucifer — Ay, if forgetting and eternal hope
Were not to destiny so closely wed.
The one doth heal thy bleeding wounds,
The other closely screens abysmal depths,
And gives new courage, saying,—
Rash hundreds found a grave therein,
Thou shalt be the first safely to leap it o'er.
Hast thou not, scholar, full oft beheld
The many freaks and whims among

The parasites that brood and breed
In cats and owls only,
But must pass in mice their earliest stage
Of slow development?
Not just the one or other mouse
Predestined is the claw to feel
Of cat or owl; who cautious is
May even both avoid, and keep
In ripe old age his nest and house.
A relentless hand doth yet provide
Just such a number for his foes
As its presence here on earth
Ages hence insures.
Nor is the human being bound,
And yet the race wears chains.
Zeal carries thee like a flood along:
To-day for this, for that to-morrow,
The funeral pyres will their victims claim,
And of scoffers there will be no lack;
While he who registers the count
Will be in wonder lost, that wanton fate
Should have maintained such rare consistency
In making, matching, marring,
In virtue, faith, and sin and death,
In suicide and lunacy.

Adam— Hold! An inspiration fires my brain;
I may then thee, Almighty God, defy.
Should fate but cry to life a thousand halts,
I'd laugh serene and die, should I so please.
Am I not lone and single in this world?
Before me frowns that cliff, beneath whose base
Yawns the dark abysmal gulf.
One leap, the final scene, and I shall cry—
Farewell, the farce at last is ended!

[*Adam approaches the cliff, as Eve appears.*]

Lucifer— Ended! What simple-minded phrases!
Is not each moment end and
Beginning too? Alas! and but for this
Hast thou surveyed millennial years to come?

Eve— I pray thee, Adam, why didst steal off from me?
Thy last cold kiss still chills my heart;
And even now, sorrow or anger sits
Upon thy brow; I shrink from thee!

Adam [*going on*] —
Why follow me? Why dog my footsteps?
The ruler of creation, man,
Has weightier things to do
Than waste in sportive love his days.
Woman understands not; is a burden only.
[*Softening*] —
Oh, why didst thou not longer slumber?
Far harder now the sacrifice will be
That I for future ages offer must.

Eve — Shouldst hear me, lord, 'twill easier be:
What doubtful was, is now assured,—
The future.

Adam — How now?

Eve — The hope my lips thus fain would lisp
Will lift the cloud and clear thy brow.
Come then a little nearer, pray!
O Adam, hear: I am a mother.

Adam [*sinking upon his knee*] —
Thou hast conquered me, O Lord!
Behold, in the dust I lie.
Without thee as against thee I strive in vain;
Thou mayest raise me up or strike me down,—
I bare my heart and soul before thee.

God [*appearing, surrounded by angels*] —
Adam, rise, and be thou not cast down.
Behold, I take thee back to me,
Reconciled by my saving grace.

Lucifer [*aside*] —
Family scenes are not my specialty.
They may affect the heart,
But the mind shrinks from such monotony;
Methinks I'll slink away. [*About to go.*

God — Lucifer! I'll have a word with thee,— remain!
And thou, my son, confess what troubles thee.

Adam — Fearful images haunted me, O Lord,
And what was true therein I cannot tell;
Intrust to me, I beg, I supplicate,
The mystery of all my future state.
Is there naught else besides this narrow life
Which, becoming clarified like wine,
Thou mayest spill with every whim of thine,
And dust may drink it?
Or didst thou mean the soul for higher things?

Will further toil and forward stride my kind,
Still growing nobler, till we perfection find
Near thine almighty Throne?
Or drudge to death like some blind treadmill-horse
Without the hope of ever changing course?
Doth noble striving meet with just reward,
When he who for ideals gives his blood
Is mocked at by a soulless throng?
Enlighten me; grateful will I bear my lot:
I can but win by such exchange,
For this suspense is hell.

God— Seek not to solve the mystery
Which Godly grace and sense benign
Hath screened from human sight.
If thou couldst see that transient is
The soul's sojourn upon this world,
And that it upward soars
To life unending, in the great beyond,—
Sorrow would no virtue be.
If dust absorbed thy soul alike,
What would spur thee on to thought?
Who would prompt thee to resign
Thy grosser joys for virtue fine?
Whilst now, though burdened with life,
Thy future beckons from afar,
Shimmering through the clouds
And lifting thee to higher spheres.
And should, at times, this pride thy heart inflame,
Thy span of life will soon control thy pace,
And nobleness and virtue reign supreme.

Lucifer [*laughing derisively*]—
Verily, glory floods the paths you tread,
Since greatness, virtue, are to lead thee on.
Two words which only pass in blessed deed
When superstition, ignorance, and prejudice
Keep constant guard and company.—
Why did I ever seek to work out great ideas
Through man, of dust and sunbeams formed,
So dwarfed in knowledge, in blind error so gigantic?

Adam— Cease thy scorn, O Lucifer! cease thy scorn!
I saw full well thy wisdom's edifice,
Wherein my heart felt only chilled;
But, gracious God, who shall sustain me now
And lead me onward in the paths of right,

Since thou didst withdraw the hand that guided me,
Before I tasted fruit of idle knowledge?
God— Strong is thine arm, full thy heart of lofty thoughts;
The field is boundless where thou seed shouldst sow.
Give thou but heed! A voice shall ceaseless call thee back,
Or constant speed thee on:
Follow its lead. And if at times
This heavenly sound be hushed in midst the whirl
Of thine eventful years, the purer soul
Of woman, unselfish, pure, and gentle,
Will surely hear it, and thrilled by woman's love,
Thy soul shall soar in Poetry and Song!
And by thy side she loyally will watch,
Mounted on these cherubim,
In sorrow pale or rosy joy,
A cheering, soothing genius.
Thou too, O Lucifer, a link but art
In my wide universe; so labor on!
Thy frosty knowledge and thy mad denial
Will cause, like yeast, the mind to effervesce.
E'en though it turns him from the beaten track,
It matters not. He'll soon return;
But endless shall thy penance be,
Since thou art ever doomed to see
How beauty buds and virtue sprouts
From the seed thou wouldst have spoiled.

Chorus of Angels

Choice between the good and evil,
Wondrous thought, sublime decision!
Still to know that thou art shielded
By a gracious God's provision.

For the right, then, be thou steadfast,
Though thou labor without meed;
Thy reward shall be the knowledge
Thou hast done a noble deed.

Greatness grows in goodness only;
Shame will keep the good man just,
And the fear of shame uplifts him,
While the mean man crawls in dust.

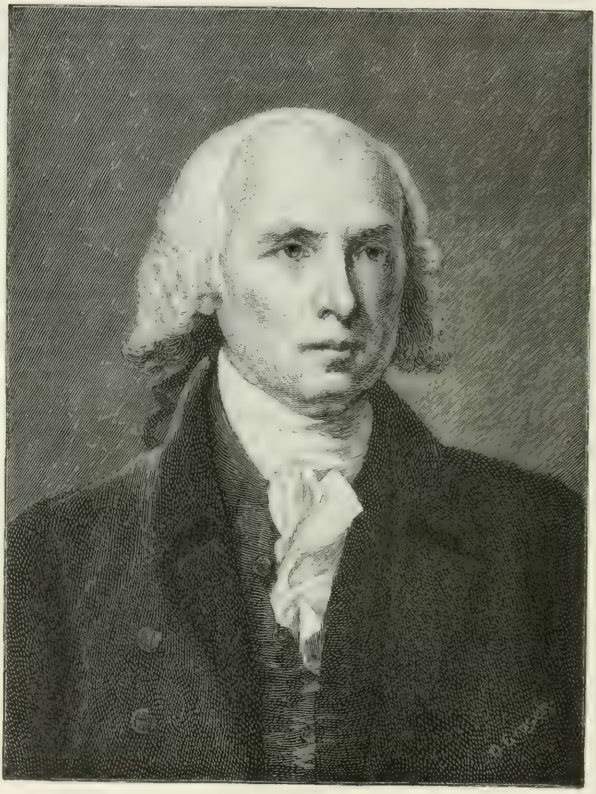
But when treading paths exalted,
This blind error cherish not,—

That the glory thou achievest
   Adds to God's a single jot:

For he needs not thy assistance
   To accomplish his designs;
Be thou thankful if he calls thee
   And a task to thee assigns.

Eve— Praise be to God, I understand this song.
Adam—I divine the message and submit to its decree.
Ah, could I only the distant end foresee!
God— I have ordained, O man,—
Struggle thou and trust!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by G. A. Kohut.



JAMES MADISON.

JAMES MADISON

(1751-1836)

The writings of James Madison were designed to serve the ends of practical politics. Yet, despite the absence of a literary motive, they possess qualities which entitle them to a permanent place in American literature. Madison's papers in the Federalist, for example, are models of political essay-writing.

James Madison was the son of a wealthy planter of Orange County, Virginia, and was born at Port Conway, March 16th, 1751. He was graduated at Princeton in 1772. Two years later, at the age of twenty-three, he was appointed a member of the Committee of Public Safety for Orange County; and thenceforward, with a few unimportant interruptions, took an active part in politics until 1817, when, at the close of his second term as President of the United States, he retired permanently from public life.

His first notable publication was a paper entitled ‘A Memorial and Remonstrance,’ addressed to the General Assembly of Virginia. It appeared in 1785, and was directed against a bill providing for a tax “for the support of teachers of the Christian religion,” the vote on which in the Legislature he had with difficulty been able to postpone. Copies of the paper were distributed throughout the State, with the result that in the next election religious freedom was made a test question. In the session of the Legislature which followed the election the obnoxious bill was defeated, and in place thereof was enacted the bill establishing religious freedom offered by Jefferson seven years before. The Religious Freedom Act disestablished the Episcopal Church in Virginia, and abolished religious tests for public office.

Madison's chief work both as a constructive statesman and as a publicist was done in connection with the Constitutional Convention of 1787. The epithet “Father of the Constitution,” sometimes applied to him, is not undeserved, inasmuch as he was the author of the leading features of that instrument. In common with others, he had for some time seen the impossibility of maintaining an effective government under the Articles of Confederation. With the thoroughness characteristic of his nature, he had made a study of ancient and modern confederacies,— including, as his notes show, the Lycian, the Amphictyonic, the Achæan, the Helvetic, the Belgic, and the German,— with a view to discovering the proper remedy for the defects in the Articles of Confederation. Before the convention met, he laid before his colleagues of the Virginia delegation the outlines of the scheme of government that was presented to the convention as the «Virginia plan.» This plan was introduced at the beginning of the convention by Edmund Randolph, who, by virtue of his office as governor of Virginia, was regarded as the member most fit to speak for the delegation; but its chief supporter in the debate which followed was Madison. The fundamental defect of the government created by the Articles of Confederation was that it operated on States only, not upon individuals. The delegates to the Continental Congress were envoys from sovereign States rather than members of a legislative body. They might deliberate and advise, but had no means of enforcing their decisions. Thus they were empowered to determine the share of the expenses of the general government which each State should pay, but were unable to coerce a delinquent State. The Virginia plan contemplated a government essentially the same as that created by the Constitution; with this difference, that it provided for representation according to population, both in the upper and in the lower house of the legislature. The hand of Madison is also seen in some of the provisions of the Constitution which were not contained in the Virginia plan. Thus, for instance, he was the author of the famous compromise in accordance with which, for purposes of direct taxation and of representation, five slaves were counted as three persons.

During the convention Madison kept a journal of its debates, which forms the chief authority for the deliberations of that historic body. This journal, together with his notes on the proceedings of the Continental Congress from November 1782 to February 1783, was purchased by the government after his death; both have been published by order of Congress under the title of 'The Madison Papers.' It may here be noted also that the remainder of his writings, including his correspondence, speeches, etc., from 1769 to 1836, have been published by the government in a separate work, entitled 'Writings of James Madison.'

After the adjournment of the convention Madison devoted his energies toward securing the ratification of the Constitution. He not only successfully opposed the eloquence and prestige of Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee in the Virginia ratifying convention, but also wrote with Hamilton and Jay that series of essays, appearing originally in certain New York newspapers, which has been preserved in book form under the title of 'The Federalist'; and which, though intended primarily to influence the action of the extremely doubtful State of New York, served to reinforce the arguments of the advocates of ratification in other States also.

‘The Federalist’ is composed of eighty-five essays; of which, according to the memorandum made by Madison, he wrote twenty-nine, Hamilton fifty-one, and Jay five,—one or two being written jointly. It discussed the utility of the proposed union, the inefficiency of the existing Confederation, the necessity of a government at least equally energetic with the one proposed, the conformity of the Constitution to the true principles of republican government, its analogy to the State constitutions, and the additional security which its adoption would give to liberty and property. Madison's papers defined republican government, and surveyed the powers vested in the Union, the relations between the Federal and State governments, the distribution of power among the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government, and the structure of the legislative department; taking up in conjunction with the last-mentioned subject most of the vital questions, both theoretical and practical, connected with representative institutions.

Madison wrote in the style that prevailed at the close of the eighteenth century. His language, while occasionally involved and heavy with orotund Latin derivatives, is rhythmical, dignified, and impressive. His writings have no imagination, wit, or humor; but the absence of these qualities is atoned for by clearness, sincerity, and aptness of illustration. Possessed of depth and genuineness of feeling coupled with an extraordinary power of logical exposition, he was considered by Jefferson, some years after the adoption of the Constitution, to be the only writer in the Republican party capable of opposing Alexander Hamilton, the Federalist "colossus of debate."

At the opening of the First Congress, Madison took his seat in the House of Representatives,—the influence of Henry and the Anti-Federalists in the Virginia State Legislature having prevented his election to the Senate. In the differentiation of parties occasioned by Hamilton's nationalizing financial policy, Madison allied himself with the Republicans and became the leader of the opposition in the House. His change of attitude from that of an extreme nationalist to that of an extreme States-rights man was no doubt due in large part to the influence of his friend and intimate Thomas Jefferson. No two documents can be more dissimilar than the Virginia plan, which would have invested Congress with a veto on State legislation, and the famous Virginia Resolutions of 1789 and 1799, of which Madison was the author. However, his inconsistency was perhaps more apparent than real; for having once given in his adhesion to the Constitution, it was perfectly logical to desire a strict construction of that instrument to preserve the balance struck in it between the State and Federal governments.

On the inauguration of Jefferson as President in 1801, Madison accepted the Secretaryship of State. It was while holding this office that he wrote the pamphlet ‹An Examination of the British Doctrine which Subjects to Capture a Neutral Trade not Open in Time of Peace.› At the close of Jefferson's second term, March 4th, 1809, Madison became President. He had been to his predecessor an able and efficient lieutenant. He was, however, a scholar rather than a man of action; and it was his misfortune that his administration fell in a period which required more than ordinary talents of leadership, and those of a different stamp from his own. His conduct of the War of 1812 was weak and hesitating, and added nothing to the glory of his previous career. He retired at the expiration of his second term in 1817 to Montpelier, his country seat in Virginia, where he died June 28th, 1836.

FROM ‹THE FEDERALIST›

An Objection Drawn from the Extent of Country Answered

We have seen the necessity of the Union, as our bulwark against foreign danger; as the conservator of peace among ourselves; as the guardian of our commerce, and other common interests; as the only substitute for those military establishments which have subverted the liberties of the Old World; and as the proper antidote for the diseases of faction, which have proved fatal to other popular governments, and of which alarming symptoms have been betrayed by our own. All that remains, within this branch of our inquiries, is to take notice of an objection that may be drawn from the great extent of country which the Union embraces. A few observations on this subject will be the more proper, as it is perceived that the adversaries of the new Constitution are availing themselves of a prevailing prejudice with regard to the practicable sphere of republican administration, in order to supply, by imaginary difficulties, the want of those solid objections which they endeavor in vain to find.

The error which limits republican government to a narrow district has been unfolded and refuted in preceding papers. I remark here only, that it seems to owe its rise and prevalence chiefly to the confounding of a republic with a democracy, and applying to the former, reasonings drawn from the nature of the latter. The true distinction between these forms was also adverted to on a former occasion. It is, that in a democracy the people meet and exercise the government in person; in a republic they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents. A democracy, consequently, must be confined to a small spot. A republic may be extended over a large region.

To this accidental source of the error may be added the artifice of some celebrated authors whose writings have had a great share in forming the modern standard of political opinions. Being subjects either of an absolute or limited monarchy, they have endeavored to heighten the advantages or palliate the evils of those forms, by placing in comparison with them the vices and defects of the republican; and by citing, as specimens of the latter, the turbulent democracies of ancient Greece and modern Italy. Under the confusion of names, it has been an easy task to transfer to a republic, observations applicable to a democracy only; and among others, the observation that it can never be established but among a small number of people, living within a small compass of territory.

Such a fallacy may have been the less perceived, as most of the popular governments of antiquity were of the democratic species; and even in modern Europe, to which we owe the great principle of representation, no example is seen of a government wholly popular and founded at the same time wholly on that principle. If Europe has the merit of discovering this great mechanical power in government, by the simple agency of which the will of the largest political body may be concentred, and its force directed to any object which the public good requires, America can claim the merit of making the discovery the basis of unmixed and extensive republics. It is only to be lamented, that any of her citizens should wish to deprive her of the additional merit of displaying its full efficacy in the establishment of the comprehensive system now under her consideration.

As the natural limit of a democracy is that distance from the central point which will just permit the most remote citizens to assemble as often as their public functions demand, and will include no greater number than can join in those functions, so the natural limit of a republic is that distance from the centre which will barely allow the representatives of the people to meet as often as may be necessary for the administration of public affairs. Can it be said that the limits of the United States exceed this distance? It will not be said by those who recollect that the Atlantic coast is the longest side of the Union; that during the term of thirteen years, the representatives of the States have been almost continually assembled; and that the members from the most distant States are not chargeable with greater intermissions of attendance than those from the States in the neighborhood of Congress.

That we may form a juster estimate with regard to this interesting subject, let us resort to the actual dimensions of the Union. The limits, as fixed by the treaty of peace, are — on the east the Atlantic, on the south the latitude of thirty-one degrees, on the west the Mississippi, and on the north an irregular line running in some instances beyond the forty-fifth degree, in others falling as low as the forty-second. The southern shore of Lake Erie lies below that latitude. Computing the distance between the thirty-first and forty-fifth degrees, it amounts to nine hundred and seventy-three common miles; computing it from thirty-one to forty-two degrees, to seven hundred and sixty-four miles and a half. Taking the mean for the distance, the amount will be eight hundred and sixty-eight miles and three fourths. The mean distance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi does not probably exceed seven hundred and fifty miles. On a comparison of this extent with that of several countries in Europe, the practicability of rendering our system commensurate to it appears to be demonstrable. It is not a great deal larger than Germany, where a diet representing the whole empire is continually assembled; or than Poland before the late dismemberment, where another national diet was the depository of the supreme power. Passing by France and Spain, we find that in Great Britain, inferior as it may be in size, the representatives of the northern extremity of the island have as far to travel to the national council as will be required of those of the most remote parts of the Union.

Favorable as this view of the subject may be, some observations remain which will place it in a light still more satisfactory.

In the first place, it is to be remembered that the general government is not to be charged with the whole power of making and administering laws: its jurisdiction is limited to certain enumerated objects, which concern all the members of the republic, but which are not to be attained by the separate provisions of any. The subordinate governments, which can extend their care to all those other objects which can be separately provided for, will retain their due authority and activity. Were it proposed by the plan of the convention to abolish the governments of the particular States, its adversaries would have some ground for their objection; though it would not be difficult to show that if they were abolished, the general government would be compelled, by the principle of self-preservation, to reinstate them in their proper jurisdiction.

A second observation to be made is, that the immediate object of the Federal Constitution is to secure the union of the thirteen primitive States, which we know to be practicable; and to add to them such other States as may arise in their own bosoms, or in their neighborhoods, which we cannot doubt to be equally practicable. The arrangements that may be necessary for those angles and fractions of our territory which lie on our northwestern frontier must be left to those whom further discoveries and experience will render more equal to the task.

Let it be remarked, in the third place, that the intercourse throughout the Union will be daily facilitated by new improvements. Roads will everywhere be shortened, and kept in better order; accommodations for travelers will be multiplied and meliorated; an interior navigation on our eastern side will be opened throughout, or nearly throughout, the whole extent of the thirteen States. The communication between the western and Atlantic districts, and between different parts of each, will be rendered more and more easy by those numerous canals with which the beneficence of nature has intersected our country, and which art finds it so little difficult to connect and complete.

A fourth and still more important consideration is, that as almost every State will on one side or other be a frontier, and will thus find, in a regard to its safety, an inducement to make some sacrifices for the sake of general protection, so the States which lie at the greatest distance from the heart of the union, and which of course may partake least of the ordinary circulation of its benefits, will be at the same time immediately contiguous to foreign nations, and will consequently stand, on particular occasions, in greatest need of its strength and resources. It may be inconvenient for Georgia, or the States forming our western or northeastern borders, to send their representatives to the seat of government; but they would find it more so to struggle alone against an invading enemy, or even to support alone the whole expense of those precautions which may be dictated by the neighborhood of continual danger. If they should derive less benefit therefore from the union, in some respects, than the less distant States, they will derive greater benefit from it in other respects; and thus the proper equilibrium will be maintained throughout.

I submit to you, my fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense which has so often marked your decisions will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you. Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many chords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice which petulantly tells you that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen: shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys. The kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defense of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness.

But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the Revolution for which a precedent could not be discovered,—no government established of which an exact model did not present itself,—the people of the United States might at this moment have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must at best have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America,—happily, we trust, for the whole human race,—they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new modeled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide.

INTERFERENCE TO QUELL DOMESTIC INSURRECTION

From ‹The Federalist›

At first view, it might seem not to square with the republican theory to suppose either that a majority have not the right, or that a minority will have the force, to subvert a government; and consequently, that the federal interposition can never be required but when it would be improper. But theoretic reasoning, in this as in most other cases, must be qualified by the lessons of practice. Why may not illicit combinations, for purposes of violence, be formed as well by a majority of a State, especially a small State, as by a majority of a county or a district of the same State; and if the authority of the State ought in the latter case to protect the local magistracy, ought not the Federal authority, in the former, to support the State authority? Besides, there are certain parts of the State constitutions which are so interwoven with the federal Constitution, that a violent blow cannot be given to the one without communicating the wound to the other. Insurrections in a State will rarely induce a federal interposition, unless the number concerned in them bear some proportion to the friends of government. It will be much better that the violence in such cases should be repressed by the superintending power, than that the majority should be left to maintain their cause by a bloody and obstinate contest. The existence of a right to interpose will generally prevent the necessity of exerting it.

Is it true that force and right are necessarily on the same side in republican governments? May not the minor party possess such a superiority of pecuniary resources, of military talents and experience, or of secret succors from foreign powers, as will render it superior also in an appeal to the sword? May not a more compact and advantageous position turn the scale on the same side, against a superior number so situated as to be less capable of a prompt and collected exertion of its strength? Nothing can be more chimerical than to imagine that in a trial of actual force, victory may be calculated by the rules which prevail in a census of the inhabitants, or which determine the event of an election! May it not happen, in fine, that the minority of *citizens* may become a majority of *persons*, by the accession of alien residents, of a casual concourse of adventurers, or of those whom the constitution of the State has not admitted to the rights of suffrage? I take no notice of an unhappy species of population abounding in some of the States, who, during the calm of regular government, are sunk below the level of men; but who, in the tempestuous scenes of civil violence, may emerge into the human character, and give a superiority of strength to any party with which they may associate themselves.

In cases where it may be doubtful on which side justice lies, what better umpires could be desired by two violent factions, flying to arms and tearing a State to pieces, than the representatives of confederate States not heated by the local flame? To the impartiality of judges they would unite the affection of friends. Happy would it be if such a remedy for its infirmities could be enjoyed by all free governments; if a project equally effectual could be established for the universal peace of mankind!

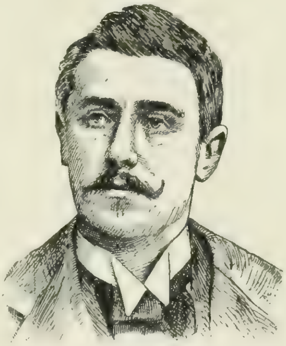
Should it be asked, what is to be the redress for an insurrection pervading all the States, and comprising a superiority of the entire force, though not a constitutional right,—the answer must be that such a case, as it would be without the compass of human remedies, so it is fortunately not within the compass of human probability; and that it is a sufficient recommendation of the federal Constitution, that it diminishes the risk of a calamity for which no possible constitution can provide a cure.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

(1864–)

BY WILLIAM SHARP

One of the most remarkable, one of the most widely known of the younger writers of the day, Maurice Maeterlinck, is still little more than a name to the majority of people, even among those who nominally follow closely every new expression of the contemporary spirit. Some, following the example of his ultra-enthusiastic French pioneer, M. Octave Mirbeau, have made for him the high claim of genius; others have gone to the opposite extreme, and denied his possession of any qualities save a morbid fantasy in drama, or of a mystical intensity in spiritual philosophy.



Maurice Maeterlinck

That Maurice Maeterlinck is in every sense of the word a most notable personality in contemporary literature is not to be denied; whether we like or dislike his peculiar methods in the dramatic presentation of his vision of life, or understand or sympathize with his uncompromising position as a mystic of the kindred of Swedenborg, Jakob Boehme, or that Ruysbroeck of whom he has been the modern interpreter. It is undeniable, now, that the great vogue prophesied for the Maeterlinckian drama has not been fulfilled. Possibly the day may come when the Drame Intime may have a public following to justify the hopes of those who believe in it; but that time has not come yet. Meanwhile, we have to be content with dramas of the mind enacted against mental tapestries, so to say, or with shifting backgrounds among the dream vistas and perspectives of the mind. For although several of M. Maeterlinck's poetic plays have been set upon the stage,—rather as puppet plays than in the sense commonly meant,—their success has been one of curiosity rather than of conviction. Even the most impressive has seemed much less so when subjected to the conditions of stage representation; and it is almost impossible to understand how certain of them could avoid exciting that sense of incongruity which is fatal to a keen impression of verisimilitude. Even compositions so decorative as 'The Seven Princesses,' or that strange drama 'The Blind,' are infinitely more impressive when read than when seen; and this because they are, like all else of Maeterlinck's, merely the embodiment in words, and in a pseudo-dramatic formula, of spiritual allegories or dreams. There were many who thought that his short drama 'The Intruder' more than stood the test of stage representation. I have seen 'L'Intruse' twice, and given with all the skill and interpretative sympathy possible, both in Paris and London; and yet I have not for a moment found in its stage representation anything to approach the convincing and intimate appeal, so simple and yet so subtle and weird, afforded in the perusal of the original.

We have, however, no longer to consider Maurice Maeterlinck merely as a dramatist, or perhaps I should say as a writer in dramatic form. He began as a poet, and as a writer of a very strange piece of fiction; and now, and for some time past, his work has been that of a spiritual interpreter, of an essayist, and of a mystic.

Mooris Mäterlinck — for it was not till he was of age that he adopted the Gallicized «Maurice Maeterlinck» — was born in Flanders, and is himself racially as well as mentally and spiritually a Fleming of the Flemings. He has all the physical endurance, the rough bodily type, of his countrymen; but he has also their quiet intensity of feeling, their sense of dream and mystery. His earliest influences in literature were French and English: the French of writers such as Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, the English of writers such as Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists. When, as little more than a youth, he went to Paris, it was mainly in the hope of discipleship to the great Villiers. It was while in Paris that he wrote one of his earliest and to this day one of his most remarkable productions, the short story entitled 'The Massacre of the Innocents,' — a study so remarkable that it at once attracted the attention of the few who closely follow every new manifestation of literary talent. In this strange tale, Maeterlinck has attempted to depict the Biblical story after the manner of those Dutch and Flemish painters who represented with unflinching contemporary realism all their scenes based upon Scriptural episodes — that is to say, who represented every scene, however Oriental or remote, in accordance with Dutch or Flemish customs, habits, dress, etc. This short story, however, appeared in an obscure and long since defunct French periodical; and little notice was taken of it till some years later, when the present writer drew attention to it as the first production of its by that time distinguished author. Since then it has been admirably translated, and has appeared in an American edition.

But the first actual book which Maurice Maeterlinck published was a volume of poems entitled ‘Serres Chaudes,’ — a title which we might idiomatically render as ‘Hot-house Blooms.’ These poems are interesting, and we can clearly discern in them the same mental outlook and habit of mind the author exhibits in his maturer prose writings; but they have not in any marked degree the lyric quality, as a poet's work must have; and for all that there are poetical and imaginative lines and verses, they suggest rather the work of a rare and imaginative mind controlling itself to expression in this manner, than of one who yields to it out of imperious and impulsive need. In some respects we find a curious return to this first book in Maurice Maeterlinck's latest; — for although ‘Le Trésor des Humbles’ is a volume of mystical essays, and deals with other themes than those chiefly broached in ‘Serres Chaudes,’ there is a remarkable spiritual affinity between them. It is impossible to understand this strange and powerful writer if one does not approach him on his mystical side. It is not necessary for the reader to follow him in his brooding hours with Ruysbroeck, or even to listen to what he has to say on the subject of Novalis and other German mystics; but his subtle analytical study of Emerson, and above all, those spiritual essays of his (entitled in English ‘The Treasure of the Humble’), should be carefully studied. This last-named book has shared the fate of all works of the kind; that is to say, it has been ignored by the great majority of the reading public, it has been sneered at by an ever fretful and supercilious band of critics, and has been received with deep gladness and gratitude by the few who welcome with joy any true glad tidings of the spiritual life. Among these essays, two should in particular be read: those entitled ‘The Deeper Life’ and ‘The Inner Beauty.’ The last-named, indeed, is really a quintessential essay. Just as a certain monotony of detail characterizes Maeterlinck's dramas, so a repetitive diffuseness mars these prose essays of his. Beautiful thoughts and phrases are to be found throughout the whole of ‘The Treasure of the Humble’; but after all, the essay entitled ‘The Inner Beauty’ comprises his whole spiritual philosophy. When we turn to Maurice Maeterlinck the dramatist, we find him the supreme voice in modern Belgian literature. As a poet he is far surpassed by Émile Verhaeren — who is indeed one of the finest poets now living in any country; and as a writer of prose he has many rivals, and some who have a distinction, grace, and power altogether beyond what he has himself displayed. But as a dramatist — that is, an imaginative artist working in dramatic form — he holds a unique and altogether remarkable place.

In one of his early poems he exclaims: “Mon âme! — Oh, mon âme vraiment trop à l'abri!” — (My soul! — Oh, truly my soul dwells too much in the shadow!) And it is this dwelling in the shadow which is the dominant characteristic of Maurice Maeterlinck. In 'The Princess Maleine,' in 'The Seven Princesses,' in 'Pélléas and Mélisande,' in 'The Intruder,' and 'The Blind,'—in one and all of these, to his latest production, he hardly ever moves out of the shadow of a strange and affecting imaginative gloom. He too might with the Spanish writer, Emilia Pardo Bazán, exclaim: «Enter with me into the dark zone of the human soul!» It is rather, with him, the twilight zone. He loves to haunt the shadowy ways where night and day concur,—those shadowy ways wherein human actions and thoughts are still real, but are invested with a light or a shadow either strange or fantastic. His method is a simple one; but it is that kind of simplicity which involves a subtle and artistic mind. Often he relies upon words as abstractions, in order to convey the impression that is in his own mind; and this accounts for the bewilderment which some of his characteristic mannerisms cause to many readers. Where they see simple repetition, a vain and perhaps childish monotony, Maeterlinck is really endeavoring to emphasize the impression he seeks to convey, by dwelling upon certain images, accentuating certain words, evoking certain mental melodies or rhythms full of a certain subtle suggestion of their own.

Much has been said and written about this new form in contemporary dramatic literature. It is a form strangely seductive, if obviously perilous. It has possibly a remarkable future—coming, as it has done, at a time when our most eager spirits are solicitous of a wider scope in expression, for a further opening-up of alluring vistas through the ever blossoming wilderness of art. It may well be that Maeterlinck's chief service here will prove rather to be that of a pioneer—of a pioneer who has directed into new channels the stream which threatened to stagnate in the shallows of insincere convention.

Maeterlinck was guided to the formula with which his name has become so identified, primarily through the influence of his friend Charles van Lerberghe, the author of 'Les Flaireurs.' The short dramatic episode entitled 'Les Flaireurs' occupies itself with a single incident: the death of an old peasant woman, by night, in a lonely cottage in a remote district, with no companion save her girlish grandchild. Almost from the outset the reader guesses what the nocturnal voices indicate. The ruse of the dramatist is almost childishly simple, if its process of development be regarded in detail. The impressiveness lies greatly in the cumulative effect. A night of storm, the rain lashing at the windows, the appalling darkness without, the wan candle-glow within, a terrified and bewildered child, a dying and delirious old woman, an ominous oft-repeated knocking at the door, a hoarse voice without, changeful but always menacing, mocking or muttering an obscure and horrible message: this interwrought, again and again represented, austerely tragic by-play — from one point of view, merely the material for tragedy — is a profoundly impressive work of art. It is perhaps all the more so from the fact that it relies to some extent upon certain venerable and even outworn conventionalities. The midnight hour, storm, mysterious sounds, the howl of a dog — we are familiar with all these «properties.» They do not now move us. Sheridan Le Fanu, or Fitzjames O'Brien, or R. L. Stevenson, can create for us an inward terror far beyond the half-simulated creep with which we read the conventional bogy-story. That Charles van Lerberghe should so impress us by the simplest and most familiar stage tricks points to his genuine artistry, to his essential masterhood. The literary conjurer would fain deceive us by sleight of hand; the literary artist persuades us by sleight of mind.

Van Lerberghe is neither romanticist nor realist, as these vague and often identical terms are understood abroad. He works realistically in the sphere of the imaginary. If it were not that his aim, as that of Maeterlinck, is to bring into literature a new form of the *drame intime*, with meanwhile the adventitious aid of nominal stage accessories, one might almost think that 'Les Flaireurs' was meant for stage representation. It would be impossible, however, thus. Imagine the incongruity of the opening of this drama with its subject:—

> «*Orchestral music. Funeral march. Roll of muffled drums. A blast of a horn in the distance. Roll of drums. A short psalmodic motive for the organ.* REPEATED KNOCKS, HEAVY AND DULL. *Curtain.*»

What have orchestral music and rolling of drums, and a psalmodic motive for the organ, to do with an old peasant woman dying in a cottage? For that stage of the imagination from which many of us derive a keener pleasure than from that of any theatre, there is perhaps nothing incongruous here. The effect sought to be produced is a psychic one; and if produced, the end is gained, and the means of no moment. It is only from this standpoint that we can view aright the work of Van Lerberghe, Maeterlinck, and Auguste Jenart. 'Les Flaireurs' is wholly unsuitable for the actual stage,— as unsuitable as 'L'Intruse,' or 'Les Aveugles,' or 'Les Sept Princesses,' or 'Le Barbare.' Each needs to be enacted in the shadow-haunted glade of the imagination, in order to be understood aright. Under the lime-light their terror becomes folly, their poetry rhetoric, their tragic significance impotent commonplace; their atmosphere of mystery, the common air of the squalidly apparent; their impressiveness a cause of mocking.

While in Maurice Maeterlinck we certainly encounter one of the most interesting figures in contemporary letters, it is not so easy to arrive at a definite opinion as to whether he is really a dominant force.

There are many who believe that the author of 'La Princesse Maleine'—and of many striking productions which have succeeded it—will attain to that high mastery which makes a writer a voice for all men, and not merely an arresting echo for his own hour, his own time, among his own people. Certainly his début was significant, remarkable. Yet in France, where his reputation was made, he is already looked upon as a waning force. Any new work by him is regarded with interest, with appreciation and sympathy perhaps, but not with that excited anticipation with which formerly it was greeted. For ourselves, we cannot estimate him otherwise than by his actual achievement. Has the author of 'La Princesse Maleine,' 'L'Intruse,' and 'Les Aveugles'—his earliest and most discussed works—fulfilled himself in 'Pélléas et Mélisande' and the successors of that moving drama? His admirers declared that in this last-named play we should find him at his best and most mature. But 'Pélléas and Mélisande' has not stood the test.

Yet I do not think 'Pélléas et Mélisande' is—what so many claim for it—Maeterlinck's Sedan. All the same it is, at best, "a faithful failure." I believe he will give us still better work; work as distinctive as his two masterpieces, 'L'Intruse' and 'Les Aveugles,' but with a wider range of sympathy, more genial an insight, an apprehension and technical achievement more masterly still. Indeed, in 'Tintagiles' and his latest productions, he has to a large extent fulfilled the wonderful imaginative beauty with which he charmed us in 'Les Sept Princesses.' Still, even here it is rather the dream-record of a dreamer than the actual outlook on life of a creative mind.

Finally, what we have to bear in mind meanwhile is that Maurice Maeterlinck is possibly the pioneer of a new method coming into literature. We must not look too closely, whether in praise or blame, to those treasured formulas of his, of which so much has been said. What is inessential in these he will doubtless unlearn; what is essential he will probably develop. For it is not in the accidents of his dramatic expression that so fine an artist as Maeterlinck is an original writer, but in that quality of insight which is his own, that phrasing, that atmosphere.

William Sharp

FROM ‹THE DEATH OF TINTAGILES›

The Plays of Maurice Maeterlinck, Second Series. Translated by Richard Hovey. Copyright 1896, by Stone & Kimball.

Scene: At the top of a hill overlooking the castle. Enter Ygraine, *holding* Tintagiles *by the hand.*

YGRAINE — Thy first night will be troubled, Tintagiles. Already the sea howls about us; and the trees are moaning. It is late. The moon is just setting behind the poplars that stifle the palace. We are alone, perhaps, for all that here we have to live on guard. There seems to be a watch set for the approach of the slightest happiness. I said to myself one day, in the very depths of my soul,— and God himself could hardly hear it,— I said to myself one day I should be happy. There needed nothing further: in a little while our old father died, and both our brothers vanished without a single human being able since to tell us where they are. Now I am all alone, with my poor sister and thee, my little Tintagiles; and I have no faith in the future. Come here; sit on my knee. Kiss me first: and put thy little arms there, all the way around my neck; perhaps they will not be able to undo them. Rememberest thou the time when it was I that carried thee at night when bedtime came; and when thou fearedst the shadows of my lamp in the long windowless corridors?— I felt my soul tremble upon my lips when I saw thee, suddenly, this morning. I thought thee so far away, and so secure. Who was it made thee come here?

Tintagiles — I do not know, little sister.

Ygraine — Thou dost not know any longer what was said?

Tintagiles — They said I had to leave.

Ygraine — But why hadst thou to leave?

Tintagiles — Because it was the Queen's will.

Ygraine — They did not say why it was her will?— I am sure they said many things.

Tintagiles — I heard nothing, little sister.

Ygraine — When they spoke among themselves, what did they say?

Tintagiles — They spoke in a low voice, little sister.

Ygraine — All the time?

Tintagiles — All the time, sister Ygraine; except when they looked at me.

Ygraine — They did not speak of the Queen?

Tintagiles— They said she was never seen, sister Ygraine.

Ygraine— And those who were with thee, on the bridge of the ship, said nothing?

Tintagiles— They minded nothing but the wind and the sails, sister Ygraine.

Ygraine— Ah! that does not astonish me, my child.

Tintagiles— They left me all alone, little sister.

Ygraine— Listen, Tintagiles, I will tell thee what I know.

Tintagiles— What dost thou know, sister Ygraine?

Ygraine— Not much, my child. My sister and I have crept along here, since our birth, without daring to understand a whit of all that happens. For a long while, indeed, I lived like a blind woman on this island; and it all seemed natural to me. I saw no other events than the flying of a bird, the trembling of a leaf, the opening of a rose. There reigned such a silence that the falling of a ripe fruit in the park called faces to the windows. And no one seemed to have the least suspicion; but one night I learned there must be something else. I would have fled, and could not. Hast thou understood what I have said?

Tintagiles— Yes, yes, little sister: I understand whatever you will.

Ygraine— Well, then, let us speak no more of things that are not known. Thou seest yonder, behind the dead trees that poison the horizon — thou seest the castle yonder, in the depth of the valley?

Tintagiles— That which is so black, sister Ygraine?

Ygraine— It is black indeed. It is at the very depth of an amphitheatre of shadows. We have to live there. It might have been built on the summit of the great mountains that surround it. The mountains are blue all day. We should have breathed. We should have seen the sea and the meadows on the other side of the rocks. But they preferred to put it in the depth of the valley; and the very air does not go down so low. It is falling in ruins, and nobody bewares. The walls are cracking; you would say it was dissolving in the shadows. There is only one tower unassailed by the weather. It is enormous; and the house never comes out of its shadow.

Tintagiles— There is something shining, sister Ygraine. See, see, the great red windows!

Ygraine— They are those of the tower, Tintagiles: they are the only ones where you will see light; it is there the throne of the Queen is set.

Tintagiles—I shall not see the Queen?

Ygraine—No one can see her.

Tintagiles—Why can't one see her?

Ygraine—Come nearer, Tintagiles. Not a bird nor a blade of grass must hear us.

Tintagiles—There is no grass, little sister. [*A silence.*]—What does the Queen do?

Ygraine—No one knows, my child. She does not show herself. She lives there, all alone in her tower; and they that serve her do not go out by day. She is very old; she is the mother of our mother; and she would reign alone. She is jealous and suspicious, and they say that she is mad. She fears lest some one rise into her place, and it was doubtless because of that fear that she had thee brought hither. Her orders are carried out no one knows how. She never comes down; and all the doors of the tower are closed night and day. I never caught a glimpse of her; but others have seen her, it seems, in the past, when she was young.

Tintagiles—Is she very ugly, sister Ygraine?

Ygraine—They say she is not beautiful, and that she is growing huge. But they that have seen her dare never speak of it. Who knows, indeed, if they have seen her? She has a power not to be understood; and we live here with a great unpitying weight upon our souls. Thou must not be frightened beyond measure, nor have bad dreams; we shall watch over thee, my little Tintagiles, and no evil will be able to reach thee: but do not go far from me, your sister Bellangère, nor our old master Aglovale.

Tintagiles—Not from Aglovale either, sister Ygraine?

Ygraine—Not from Aglovale either. He loves us.

Tintagiles—He is so old, little sister!

Ygraine—He is old, but very wise. He is the only friend we have left; and he knows many things. It is strange; she has made thee come hither without letting any one know. I do not know what there is in my heart. I was sorry and glad to know thou wert so far away, beyond the sea. And now—I was astonished. I went out this morning to see if the sun was rising over the mountains; and it is thou I see upon the threshold. I knew thee at once.

Tintagiles—No, no, little sister: it was I that laughed first.

Ygraine—I could not laugh at once. Thou wilt understand. It is time, Tintagiles, and the wind is growing black upon the sea. Kiss me harder, again, again, before thou standest upright. Thou knowest not how we love. Give me thy little hand. I shall guard it well; and we will go back into the sickening castle. [*Exeunt.*

Scene: An apartment in the castle. Aglovale *and* Ygraine *discovered. Enter* Bellangère.

Bellangère — Where is Tintagiles?

Ygraine — Here; do not speak too loud. He sleeps in the other room. He seems a little pale, a little ailing too. He was tired by the journey and the long sea-voyage. Or else the atmosphere of the castle has startled his little soul. He cried for no cause. I rocked him to sleep on my knees; come, see. He sleeps in our bed. He sleeps very gravely, with one hand on his forehead, like a little sad king.

Bellangère [*bursting suddenly into tears*] — My sister! my sister! my poor sister!

Ygraine — What is the matter?

Bellangère — I dare not say what I know, and I am not sure that I know anything, and yet I heard that which one could not hear —

Ygraine — What didst thou hear?

Bellangère — I was passing near the corridors of the tower —

Ygraine — Ah!

Bellangère — A door there was ajar. I pushed it very softly. I went in.

Ygraine — In where?

Bellangère — I had never seen the place. There were other corridors lighted with lamps; then low galleries that had no outlet. I knew it was forbidden to go on. I was afraid, and I was going to return upon my steps, when I heard a sound of voices one could hardly hear.

Ygraine — It must have been the handmaids of the Queen: they dwell at the foot of the tower.

Bellangère — I do not know just what it was. There must have been more than one door between us; and the voices came to me like the voice of some one who was being smothered. I drew as near as I could. I am not sure of anything, but I think they spoke of a child that came to-day and of a crown of gold. They seemed to be laughing.

Ygraine — They laughed?

Bellangère — Yes, I think they laughed, unless they were weeping, or unless it was something I did not understand; for it was hard to hear, and their voices were sweet. They seemed to echo in a crowd under the arches. They spoke of the child the Queen would see. They will probably come up this evening.

Ygraine — What? this evening?

Bellangère — Yes, yes, I think so.

Ygraine — They spoke no one's name?

Bellangère — They spoke of a child, of a very little child.

Ygraine — There is no other child.

Bellangère — They raised their voices a little at that moment, because one of them had said the day seemed not yet come.

Ygraine — I know what that means; it is not the first time they have issued from the tower. I knew well why she made him come; but I could not believe she would hasten so! We shall see; we are three, and we have time.

Bellangère — What wilt thou do?

Ygraine — I do not know yet what I shall do, but I will astonish her. Do you know how you tremble? I will tell you —

Bellangère — What?

Ygraine — She shall not take him without trouble.

Bellangère — We are alone, sister Ygraine.

Ygraine — Ah! it is true, we are alone! There is but one remedy, the one with which we have always succeeded! Let us wait upon our knees as the other times. Perhaps she will have pity! She allows herself to be disarmed by tears. We must grant her all she asks us; haply she will smile; and she is wont to spare all those who kneel. She has been there for years in her huge tower, devouring our beloved, and none, not one, has dared to strike her in the face. She is there, upon our souls, like the stone of a tomb, and no one dare put forth his arm. In the time when there were men here, they feared too, and fell upon their faces. To-day it is the woman's turn: we shall see. It is time to rise at last. We know not upon what her power rests, and I will live no longer in the shadow of her tower. Go — go, both of you, and leave me more alone still, if you tremble too. I shall await her.

Bellangère — Sister, I do not know what must be done; but I stay with thee.

Aglovale — I too stay, my daughter. For a long time my soul has been restless. You are going to try. We have tried more than once.

Ygraine — You have tried — you too?

Aglovale — They have all tried. But at the last moment they have lost their strength. You will see, you too. Should she order me to come up to her this very night, I should clasp both my hands without a word; and my tired feet would climb the stair, without delay and without haste, well as I know no one comes down again with open eyes. I have no more courage against her. Our hands are of no use and reach no one. They are not the hands we need, and all is useless. But I would help you, because you hope. Shut the doors, my child. Wake Tintagiles; encircle him with your little naked arms and take him on your knees. We have no other defense.

THE INNER BEAUTY

From ‹The Treasure of the Humble›

There is nothing in the whole world that can vie with the soul in its eagerness for beauty, or in the ready power wherewith it adopts beauty unto itself. There is nothing in the world capable of such spontaneous uplifting, of such speedy ennoblement; nothing that offers more scrupulous obedience to the pure and noble commands it receives. There is nothing in the world that yields deeper submission to the empire of a thought that is loftier than other thoughts. And on this earth of ours there are but few souls that can withstand the dominion of the soul that has suffered itself to become beautiful.

In all truth might it be said that beauty is the unique aliment of our soul; for in all places does it search for beauty, and it perishes not of hunger even in the most degraded of lives. For indeed nothing of beauty can pass by and be altogether unperceived. Perhaps does it never pass by save only in our unconsciousness: but its action is no less puissant in gloom of night than by light of day; the joy it procures may be less tangible, but other difference there is none. Look at the most ordinary of men, at a time when a little beauty has contrived to steal into their darkness. They have come together, it matters not where, and for no special reason; but no sooner are they assembled than their very first thought would seem to be to close the great doors of life. Yet has each one of them, when alone, more than once lived in accord with his soul. He has loved perhaps, of a surety he has suffered. Inevitably must he too have heard the « sounds that come from the distant country of Splendor and Terror » ; and many an evening has he bowed down in silence before laws that are deeper than the sea. And yet when these men are assembled, it is with the basest of things that they love to debauch themselves. They have a strange indescribable fear of beauty; and as their number increases, so does this fear become greater, resembling indeed their dread of silence or of a verity that is too pure. And so true is this, that were one of them to have done something heroic in the course of the day, he would ascribe wretched motives to his conduct, thereby endeavoring to find excuses for it, and these motives would lie readily to his hand in that lower region where he and his fellows were assembled. And yet listen: a proud and lofty word has been spoken, a word that has in a measure undammed the springs of life. For one instant has a soul dared to reveal itself, even such as it is in love and sorrow, such as it is in face of death and in the solitude that dwells around the stars of night. Disquiet prevails; on some faces there is astonishment, others smile. But have you never felt at moments such as those how unanimous is the fervor wherewith every soul admires, and how unspeakably even the very feeblest, from the remotest depths of its dungeon, approves the word it has recognized as akin to itself? For they have all suddenly sprung to life again in the primitive and normal atmosphere that is their own; and could you but hearken with angels' ears, I doubt not but you would hear mightiest applause in that kingdom of amazing radiance wherein the souls do dwell. Do you not think that even the most timid of them would take courage unto themselves were but similar words to be spoken every evening? Do you not think that men would live purer lives? And yet though the word come not again, still will something momentous have happened, that must leave still more momentous trace behind. Every evening will its sisters recognize the soul that pronounced the word; and henceforth, be the conversation never so trivial, its mere presence will, I know not how, add thereto something of majesty. Whatever else betide, there has been a change that we cannot determine. No longer will such absolute power be vested in the baser side of things, and henceforth even the most terror-stricken of souls will know that there is somewhere a place of refuge.

Certain it is that the natural and primitive relationship of soul to soul is a relationship of beauty. For beauty is the only language of our soul; none other is known to it. It has no other life, it can produce nothing else, in nothing else can it take interest. And therefore it is that the most oppressed, nay, the most degraded of souls,—if it may truly be said that a soul can be degraded,—immediately hail with acclamation every thought, every word or deed, that is great and beautiful. Beauty is the only element wherewith the soul is organically connected, and it has no other standard or judgment. This is brought home to us at every moment of our life, and is no less evident to the man by whom beauty may more than once have been denied, than to him who is ever seeking it in his heart. Should a day come when you stand in profoundest need of another's sympathy, would you go to him who was wont to greet the passage of beauty with a sneering smile? Would you go to him whose shake of the head had sullied a generous action or a mere impulse that was pure? Even though perhaps you had been of those who commended him, you would none the less, when it was truth that knocked at your door, turn to the man who had known how to prostrate himself and love. In its very depths had your soul passed its judgment; and it is this silent and unerring judgment that will rise to the surface, after thirty years perhaps, and send you towards a sister who shall be more truly you than you are yourself, for that she has been nearer to beauty.

There needs but so little to encourage beauty in our soul; so little to awaken the slumbering angels; or perhaps is there no need of awakening,—it is enough that we lull them not to sleep. It requires more effort to fall, perhaps, than to rise. Can we, without putting constraint upon ourselves, confine our thoughts to every-day things at times when the sea stretches before us and we are face to face with the night? And what soul is there but knows that it is ever confronting the sea, ever in presence of an eternal night? Did we but dread beauty less, it would come about that naught else in life would be visible; for in reality it is beauty that underlies everything, it is beauty alone that exists. There is no soul but is conscious of this; none that is not in readiness; but where are those that hide not their beauty? And yet must one of them «begin.» Why not dare to be the one to «begin»? The others are all watching eagerly around us like little children in front of a marvelous palace. They press upon the threshold, whispering to each other and peering through every crevice; but there is not one who dares put his shoulder to the door. They are all waiting for some grown-up person to come and fling it open. But hardly ever does such a one pass by.

And yet what is needed to become the grown-up person for whom they lie in wait? So little! The soul is not exacting. A thought that is almost beautiful — a thought that you speak not, but that you cherish within you at this moment — will irradiate you as though you were a transparent vase. They will see it, and their greeting to you will be very different than had you been meditating how best to deceive your brother. We are surprised when certain men tell us that they have never come across real ugliness, that they cannot conceive that a soul can be base. Yet need there be no cause for surprise. These men had «begun.» They themselves had been the first to be beautiful, and had therefore attracted all the beauty that passed by, as a light-house attracts the vessels from the four corners of the horizon. Some there are who complain of women, for instance; never dreaming that the first time a man meets a woman, a single word or thought that denies the beautiful or profound will be enough to poison forever *his existence* in her soul. «For my part,» said a sage to me one day, «I have never come across a single woman who did not bring to me something that was great.» He was great himself first of all; therein lay his secret. There is one thing only that the soul can never forgive: it is to have been compelled to behold, or share, or pass close to an ugly action, word, or thought. It cannot forgive, for forgiveness here were but the denial of itself. And yet with the generality of men, ingenuity, strength, and skill do but imply that the soul must first of all be banished from their life, and that every impulse that lies too deep must be carefully brushed aside. Even in love do they act thus; and therefore it is that the woman, who is so much nearer the truth, can scarcely ever live a moment of the true life with them. It is as though men dreaded the contact of their soul, and were anxious to keep its beauty at immeasurable distance. Whereas, on the contrary, we should endeavor to move in advance of ourselves. If at this moment you think or say something that is too beautiful to be true in you—if you have but endeavored to think or say it to-day, on the morrow it will be true. We must try to be more beautiful than ourselves; we shall never distance our soul. We can never err when it is question of silent or hidden beauty. Besides, so long as the spring within us be limpid, it matters but little whether error there be or not. But do any of us ever dream of making the slightest unseen effort? And yet in the domain where we are, everything is effective; for that, everything is waiting. All the doors are unlocked; we have but to push them open, and the palace is full of manacled queens. A single word will very often suffice to clear the mountain of refuse. Why not have the courage to meet a base question with a noble answer? Do you imagine it would pass quite unnoticed, or merely arouse surprise? Do you not think it would be more akin to the discourse that would naturally be held between two souls? We know not where it may give encouragement, where freedom. Even he who rejects your words will in spite of himself have taken a step towards the beauty that is within him. Nothing of beauty dies without having purified something, nor can aught of beauty be lost. Let us not be afraid of sowing it along the road. It may remain there for weeks or years: but like the diamond, it cannot dissolve, and finally there will pass by some one whom its glitter will attract; he will pick it up and go his way rejoicing. Then why keep back a lofty, beautiful word, for that you doubt whether others will understand? An instant of higher goodness was impending over you: why hinder its coming, even though you believe not that those about you will profit thereby? What if you are among men of the valley: is that sufficient reason for checking the instinctive movement of your soul towards the mountain peaks? Does darkness rob deep feeling of its power? Have the blind naught but their eyes wherewith to distinguish those who love them from those who love them not? Can the beauty not exist that is not understood? and is there not in every man something that does understand, in regions far beyond what he seems to understand,—far beyond, too, what he believes he understands? "Even to the very wretchedest of all," said to me one day the loftiest-minded creature it has ever been my happiness to know,—"even to the very wretchedest of all, I never have the courage to say anything in reply that is ugly or mediocre.» I have for a long time followed that man's life, and have seen the inexplicable power he exercised over the most obscure, the most unapproachable, the blindest, even the most rebellious of souls. For no tongue can tell the power of a soul that strives to live in an atmosphere of beauty, and is actively beautiful in itself. And indeed, is it not the quality of this activity that renders a life either miserable or divine?

If we could but probe to the root of things, it might well be discovered that it is by the strength of some souls that are beautiful that others are sustained in life. Is it not the idea we each form of certain chosen ones that constitutes the only living, effective morality? But in this idea how much is there of the soul that is chosen, how much of him who chooses? Do not these things blend very mysteriously, and does not this ideal morality lie infinitely deeper than the morality of the most beautiful books? A far-reaching influence exists therein whose limits it is indeed difficult to define, and a fountain of strength whereat we all of us drink many times a day. Would not any weakness in one of those creatures whom you thought perfect, and loved in the region of beauty, at once lessen your confidence in the universal greatness of things, and would your admiration for them not suffer?

And again, I doubt whether anything in the world can beautify a soul more spontaneously, more naturally, than the knowledge that somewhere in its neighborhood there exists a pure and noble being whom it can unreservedly love. When the soul has veritably drawn near to such a being, beauty is no longer a lovely, lifeless thing that one exhibits to the stranger; for it suddenly takes unto itself an imperious existence, and its activity becomes so natural as to be henceforth irresistible. Wherefore you will do well to think it over; for none are alone, and those who are good must watch.

Plotinus, in the eighth book of the fifth 'Ennead,' after speaking of the beauty that is «intelligible,»—*i. e.*, Divine,—concludes thus: «As regards ourselves, we are beautiful when we belong to ourselves, and ugly when we lower ourselves to our inferior nature. Also are we beautiful when we know ourselves, and ugly when we have no such knowledge.» Bear it in mind, however, that here we are on the mountains, where not to know oneself means far more than mere ignorance of what takes place within us at moments of jealousy or love, fear or envy, happiness or unhappiness. Here not to know oneself means to be unconscious of all the divine that throbs in man. As we wander from the gods within us, so does ugliness enwrap us; as we discover them, so do we become more beautiful. But it is only by revealing the divine that is in us that we may discover the divine in others. Needs must one god beckon to another; and no signal is so imperceptible but they will every one of them respond. It cannot be said too often, that be the crevice never so small, it will yet suffice for all the waters of heaven to pour into our soul. Every cup is stretched out to the unknown spring, and we are in a region where none think of aught but beauty. If we could ask of an angel what it is that our souls do in the shadow, I believe the angel would answer, after having looked for many years perhaps, and seen far more than the things the soul seems to do in the eyes of men, "They transform into beauty all the little things that are given to them." Ah! we must admit that the human soul is possessed of singular courage! Resignedly does it labor, its whole life long, in the darkness whither most of us relegate it, where it is spoken to by none. There, never complaining, does it do all that in its power lies, striving to tear from out the pebbles we fling to it the nucleus of eternal light that peradventure they contain. And in the midst of its work it is ever lying in wait for the moment when it may show to a sister who is more tenderly cared for, or who chances to be nearer, the treasures it has so toilfully amassed. But thousands of existences there are that no sister visits; thousands of existences wherein life has infused such timidity into the soul that it departs without saying a word, without even once having been able to deck itself with the humblest jewels of its humble crown.

And yet, in spite of all, does it watch over everything from out its invisible heaven. It warns and loves, it admires, attracts, repels. At every fresh event does it rise to the surface, where it lingers till it be thrust down again, being looked upon as wearisome and insane. It wanders to and fro, like Cassandra at the gates of the Atrides. It is ever giving utterance to words of shadowy truth, but there are none to listen. When we raise our eyes, it yearns for a ray of sun or star that it may weave into a thought, or haply an impulse, which shall be unconscious and very pure. And if our eyes bring it nothing, still will it know how to turn its pitiful disillusion into something ineffable, that it will conceal even till its death. When we love, how eagerly does it drink in the light from behind the closed door! — keen with expectation, it yet wastes not a minute, and the light that steals through the apertures becomes beauty and truth to the soul. But if the door open not, (and how many lives are there wherein it does open?) it will go back into its prison, and its regret will perhaps be a loftier verity that shall never be seen; — for we are now in the region of transformations whereof none may speak; and though nothing born this side of the door can be lost, yet does it never mingle with our life.

I said just now that the soul changed into beauty the little things we gave to it. It would even seem, the more we think of it, that the soul has no other reason for existence, and that all its activity is consumed in amassing, at the depths of us, a treasure of indescribable beauty. Might not everything naturally turn into beauty were we not unceasingly interrupting the arduous labors of our soul? Does not evil itself become precious so soon as it has gathered therefrom the deep-lying diamond of repentance? The acts of injustice whereof you have been guilty, the tears you have caused to flow, will not these end too by becoming so much radiance and love in your soul? Have you ever cast your eyes into this kingdom of purifying flame that is within you? Perhaps a great wrong may have been done you to-day, the act itself being mean and disheartening, the mode of action of the basest, and ugliness wrapped you round as your tears fell. But let some years elapse,— then give one look into your soul, and tell me whether, beneath the recollection of that act, you see not something that is already purer than thought: an indescribable, unnamable force that has naught in common with the forces of this world; a mysterious inexhaustible spring of the other life, whereat you may drink for the rest of your days. And yet will you have rendered no assistance to the untiring queen; other thoughts will have filled your mind, and it will be without your knowledge that the act will have been purified in the silence of your being, and will have flown into the precious waters that lie in the great reservoir of truth and beauty, which, unlike the shallower reservoir of true or beautiful thoughts, has an ever ruffled surface, and remains for all time out of reach of the breath of life. Emerson tells us that there is not an act or event in our life but sooner or later casts off its outer shell, and bewilders us by its sudden flight, from the very depths of us, on high into the empyrean. And this is true to a far greater extent than Emerson had foreseen; for the further we advance in these regions, the diviner are the spheres we discover.

We can form no adequate conception of what this silent activity of the souls that surround us may really mean. Perhaps you have spoken a pure word to one of your fellows, by whom it has not been understood. You look upon it as lost, and dismiss it from your mind. But one day, peradventure, the word comes up again extraordinarily transformed, and revealing the unexpected fruit it has borne in the darkness; then silence once more falls over all. But it matters not; we have learned that nothing can be lost in the soul, and that even to the very pettiest there come moments of splendor. It is unmistakably borne home to us that even the unhappiest and the most destitute of men have at the depths of their being, and in spite of themselves, a treasure of beauty that they cannot despoil. They have but to acquire the habit of dipping into this treasure. It suffices not that beauty should keep solitary festival in life; it has to become a festival of every day. There needs no great effort to be admitted into the ranks of those "whose eyes no longer behold earth in flower, and sky in glory, in infinitesimal fragments, but indeed in sublime masses"; — and I speak here of flowers and sky that are purer and more lasting than those that we behold. Thousands of channels there are through which the beauty of our soul may sail even unto our thoughts. Above all is there the wonderful central channel of love.

Is it not in love that are found the purest elements of beauty that we can offer to the soul? Some there are who do thus in beauty love each other. And to love thus means that, little by little, the sense of ugliness is lost; that one's eyes are closed to all the littlenesses of life, to all but the freshness and virginity of the very humblest of souls. Loving thus, we have no longer even the need to forgive. Loving thus, we can no longer have anything to conceal, for that the ever present soul transforms all things into beauty. It is to behold evil in so far only as it purifies indulgence, and teaches us no longer to confound the sinner with his sin. Loving thus, do we raise on high within ourselves all those about us who have attained an eminence where failure has become impossible; heights whence a paltry action has so far to fall, that touching earth it is compelled to yield up its diamond soul. It is to transform, though all unconsciously, the feeblest intention that hovers about us into illimitable movement.

It is to summon all that is beautiful in earth, heaven, or soul, to the banquet of love. Loving thus, we do indeed exist before our fellows as we exist before God. It means that the least gesture will call forth the presence of the soul with all its treasure. No longer is there need of death, disaster, or tears, for that the soul shall appear: a smile suffices. Loving thus, we perceive truth in happiness as profoundly as some of the heroes perceived it in the radiance of greatest sorrow. It means that the beauty that turns into love is undistinguishable from the love that turns into beauty. It means to be able no longer to tell where the ray of a star leaves off and the kiss of an ordinary thought begins. It means to have come so near to God that the angels possess us. Loving thus, the same soul will have been so beautified by us all that it will become little by little the «unique angel» mentioned by Swedenborg. It means that each day will reveal to us a new beauty in that mysterious angel, and that we shall walk together in a goodness that shall ever become more and more living, loftier and loftier. For there exists also a lifeless beauty made up of the past alone; but the veritable love renders the past useless, and its approach creates a boundless future of goodness, without disaster and without tears. To love thus is but to free one's soul, and to become as beautiful as the soul thus freed. «If, in the emotion that this spectacle cannot fail to awaken in thee,» says the great Plotinus, when dealing with kindred matters,— and of all the intellects known to me, that of Plotinus draws the nearest to the divine,— «if, in the emotion that this spectacle cannot fail to awaken in thee, thou proclaimest not that it is beautiful; and if, plunging thine eyes into thyself, thou dost not then feel the charm of beauty,— it is in vain that, thy disposition being such, thou shouldst seek the intelligible beauty; for thou wouldst seek it only with that which is ugly and impure. Therefore it is that the discourse we hold here is not addressed to all men. But if thou hast recognized beauty within thyself, see that thou rise to the recollection of the intelligible beauty.»

FROM ‹THE TRAGICAL IN DAILY LIFE›

In ‹The Treasure of the Humble›

There is a tragic element in the life of every day that is far more real, far more penetrating, far more akin to the true self that is in us than the tragedy that lies in great adventure. . . .

Is it beyond the mark to say that the true tragic element, normal, deep-rooted, and universal,—that the true tragic element of life only begins at the moment when so-called adventures, sorrows, and dangers have disappeared? Is the arm of happiness not longer than that of sorrow, and do not certain of its attributes draw nearer to the soul? Must we indeed roar like the Atridæ, before the Eternal God will reveal himself in our life? and is he never by our side at times when the air is calm, and the lamp burns on unflickering? . . . Are there not elements of deeper gravity and stability in happiness, in a single moment of repose, than in the whirlwind of passion? Is it not then that we at last behold the march of time—ay, and of many another on-stealing besides, more secret still—is it not then that the hours rush forward? Are not deeper chords set vibrating by all these things than by the dagger-stroke of conventional drama? Is it not at the very moment when a man believes himself secure from bodily death that the strange and silent tragedy of the being and the immensities does indeed raise its curtain on the stage? Is it while I flee before a naked sword that my existence touches its most interesting point? Is life always at its sublimest in a kiss? Are there not other moments, when one hears purer voices that do not fade away so soon? Does the soul only flower on nights of storm? Hitherto, doubtless, this belief has prevailed. It is only the life of violence, the life of bygone days, that is perceived by nearly all our tragic writers; and truly may one say that anachronism dominates the stage, and that dramatic art dates back as many years as the art of sculpture. . . .

To the tragic author, as to the mediocre painter who still lingers over historical pictures, it is only the violence of the anecdote that appeals; and in his representation thereof does the entire interest of his work consist. And he imagines, forsooth, that we shall delight in witnessing the very same acts that brought joy to the hearts of the barbarians, with whom murder, outrage, and treachery were matters of daily occurrence. Whereas it is far away from bloodshed, battle-cry, and sword-thrust that the lives of most of us flow on; and men's tears are silent to-day, and invisible, and almost spiritual.

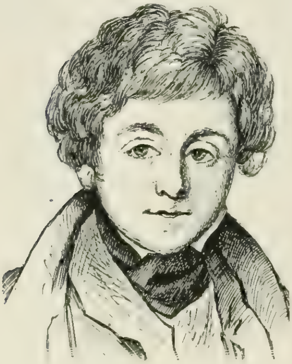
Indeed, when I go to a theatre, I feel as though I were spending a few hours with my ancestors, who conceived life as something that was primitive, arid, and brutal; but this conception of theirs scarcely even lingers in my memory, and surely it is not one that I can share. I am shown a deceived husband killing his wife, a woman poisoning her lover, a son avenging his father, a father slaughtering his children, children putting their father to death, murdered kings, ravished virgins, imprisoned citizens — in a word, all the sublimity of tradition, but alas, how superficial and material! Blood, surface-tears, and death! What can I learn from creatures who have but one fixed idea, and who have no time to live, for that there is a rival, or a mistress, whom it behoves them to put to death? . . .

I admire Othello, but he does not appear to me to live the august daily life of a Hamlet, who has the time to live, inasmuch as he does not act. Othello is admirably jealous. But is it not perhaps an ancient error to imagine that it is at the moments when this passion, or others of equal violence, possesses us, that we live our truest lives? I have grown to believe that an old man, seated in his arm-chair, waiting patiently, with his lamp beside him; giving unconscious ear to all the eternal laws that reign about his house; interpreting, without comprehending, the silence of doors and windows and the quivering voice of the light; submitting with bent head to the presence of his soul and his destiny, — an old man, who conceives not that all the powers of this world, like so many heedful servants, are mingling and keeping vigil in his room, who suspects not that the very sun itself is supporting in space the little table against which he leans, or that every star in heaven and every fibre of the soul are directly concerned in the movement of an eyelid that closes, or a thought that springs to birth, — I have grown to believe that he, motionless as he is, does yet live in reality a deeper, more human, and more universal life than the lover who strangles his mistress, the captain who conquers in battle, or "the husband who avenges his honor."

DR. WILLIAM MAGINN

(1793-1842)

Blackwood was astonished one day by the intrusion of a wild Irishman from Cork into the publishing house of the staid Scotch magazine. With much warmth and an exaggerated brogue the stranger demanded to know the identity of one Ralph Tuckett Scott, who had been printing things in the periodical. Of course he was not told, and was very coldly treated; but Mr. Blackwood was much delighted at last to find in the person of his guest the original of his valued and popular Irish contributor, who taking this odd method disclosed the personality and name of William Maginn, a young schoolmaster who had begun to write over the name of Crossman, and afterwards assumed several other pseudonyms before he settled upon the famous "Sir Morgan O'Doherty."



Dr. William Maginn

Born in the city of Cork, July 10th, 1793, William Maginn may be said to have taken in learning with his mother's milk. His father conducted an academy for boys in the Irish Athens, as Cork was then called; and the future editor of Fraser's Magazine was prepared for and entered Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of ten. He was graduated at fourteen; and so extraordinary was his mind that he was master not only of the classics but of most of the languages of modern Europe, including of course his own ancestral Gaelic. When his father died, William, then twenty years of age, took charge of the academy in Marlborough Street, and in 1817 took his degree of LL. D. at Trinity College. In the following year he made his way into the field of letters. When he went to London in 1824, his reputation as a brilliant writer was well established and enduring. He had married in 1817 the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Bullen, rector of Kanturk.

Immediately upon his removal to London, he was engaged by Theodore Hook as editor of John Bull. In 1827 he boldly published a broad and witty satire on Scott's historical novels. He was assistant editor of the Evening Standard upon its institution, a position which he held for years at a salary of £400. These years he said afterwards were the happiest of his life. He was a sturdy Irishman, and proud of his country; and he had what is often an Irishman's strongest weakness,—he was a spendthrift. His appreciation of his relations toward creditors was embodied in the phrase "They put something in a book." Little wonder then that his last years were wretched and bailiff-haunted. The sketch of Captain Brandon in the debtors' prison, in 'Pendennis,' is said to have been taken from this period of Maginn's life.

Before this sad time, though, came a long era of prosperity, and the days of the uncrowned sovereignty of letters as editor of Fraser's Magazine. This periodical was started as a rival to Blackwood's because Maginn had fallen out with the publishers of that magazine. The first number appeared February 1st, 1830; and before the year was out it was not only a great financial success, but had upon its staff the best of all the English writers. The attachment between Dr. Maginn and Letitia E. Landon began in this time; and was, though innocent enough, a sad experience for them both,—torturing Maginn through the jealousy of his wife, and sending "L. E. L." to an uncongenial marriage, and death by prussic acid in the exile of the West Coast of Africa. Released from the Fleet by the Insolvency Act in 1842, broken in health and spirit, Maginn went to the village of Walton-on-Thames, where he died from consumption, penniless and almost starving, on the 21st of August of that year. Sir Robert Peel had procured for him from the Crown a gift of £100; but he died without knowledge of the scanty gratuity.

SAINT PATRICK

A fig for St. Denis of France,
He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;
A fig for St. George and his lance,
Which spitted a heathenish dragon;
And the saints of the Welshman or Scot
Are a couple of pitiful pipers,
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
Compared with the patron of swipers,
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle
On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;
The steamboat he beat to a mile,
Which mighty good sailing was counted:

Says he, «The salt water, I think,
Has made me most bloodily thirsty;
So bring me a flagon of drink,
To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye,—
Of drink that is fit for a saint.»

He preached then with wonderful force,
The ignorant natives a-teaching;
With a pint he washed down his discourse,
«For,» says he, «I detest your dry preaching.»
The people, with wonderment struck
At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaimed, «We're for you, my old buck,
And we pitch our blind gods to the Devil,
Who dwells in hot water below.»

This ended, our worshipful spoon
Went to visit an elegant fellow,
Whose practice each cool afternoon
Was to get most delightfully mellow.
That day, with a black-jack of beer,
It chanced he was treating a party:
Says the saint, «This good day, do you hear,
I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty,
So give me a pull at the pot.»

The pewter he lifted in sport
(Believe me, I tell you no fable);
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then planted it full on the table.
«A miracle!» every one said,
And they all took a haul at the stingo:
They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo!
The pot still frothed over the brim.

Next day quoth his host, «'Tis a fast,
But I've naught in my larder but mutton;
And on Fridays who'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton?»
Says Pat, «Cease your nonsense, I beg;
What you tell me is nothing but gammon:
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon!»
And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes in a manner most antic
He marched to the County Mayo,
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
Hence not to use water for drink
The people of Ireland determine;
With mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. Patrick had filled it with vermin,
And vipers, and other such stuff.

Oh, he was an elegant blade
As you'd meet from Fair Head to Kilcrumper;
And though under the sod he is laid,
Yet here goes his health in a bumper!
I wish he was here, that my glass
He might by art magic replenish;
But as he is not, why, alas!
My ditty must come to a finish—
Because all the liquor is out!

SONG OF THE SEA

«Woe to us when we lose the watery wall!»—Timothy Tickler.

If e'er that dreadful hour should come—but God avert the day!—
When England's glorious flag must bend, and yield old Ocean's sway;
When foreign ships shall o'er that deep, where she is empress, lord;
When the cross of red from boltsprit-head is hewn by foreign sword;
When foreign foot her quarter-deck with proud stride treads along;
When her peaceful ships meet haughty check from hail of foreign tongue:
One prayer, one only prayer is mine,—that ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

If ever other prince than ours wield sceptre o'er that main,
Where Howard, Blake, and Frobisher the Armada smote of Spain;
Where Blake, in Cromwell's iron sway, swept tempest-like the seas,
From North to South, from East to West, resistless as the breeze;
Where Russell bent great Louis's power, which bent before to none,
And crushed his arm of naval strength, and dimmed his Rising Sun:
One prayer, one only prayer is mine,—that ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

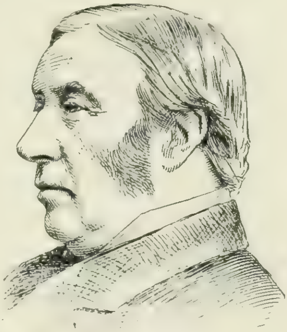
If ever other keel than ours triumphant plow that brine,
Where Rodney met the Count de Grasse, and broke the Frenchman's line;
Where Howe upon the first of June met the Jacobins in fight,
And with old England's loud huzzas broke down their godless might;
Where Jervis at St. Vincent's felled the Spaniards' lofty tiers,
Where Duncan won at Camperdown, and Exmouth at Algiers:
One prayer, one only prayer is mine,—that ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

But oh! what agony it were, when we should think on thee,
The flower of all the Admirals that ever trod the sea!
I shall not name thy honored name; but if the white-cliffed Isle
Which reared the Lion of the deep, the Hero of the Nile,—
Him who 'neath Copenhagen's self o'erthrew the faithless Dane,
Who died at glorious Trafalgar, o'ervanquished France and Spain,—
Should yield her power, one prayer is mine,—that ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY

(1839–)

JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY is conspicuous among contemporary Greek scholars and historians for devoting himself less to the study of the golden age of the Greek intellect than to the post-Alexandrian period, when the union of Greece with the Orient produced the Hellenistic world. It is in this highly colored, essentially modern world of decadent Greek energy that Professor Mahaffy is most at home, and in which he finds the greatest number of parallels to the civilization of his own day. He is disposed indeed to link England and Ireland, through their political life, to the Athens and Sparta of the third century before Christ, and to find precedents in the Grecian republics for democratic conditions in the United States. In the opening chapter of his ‘Greek Life and Thought,’ after dwelling upon the hostile attitude of Sparta and Athens towards the Macedonian government, he adds, «But we are quite accustomed in our own day to this Home-Rule and Separatist spirit.»



J. P. MAHAFFY

It is this intimate manner of approaching a far-off theme that gives to Professor Mahaffy's work much of its interest. He is continually translating ancient history into the terms of modern life. «Let us save ancient history,» he writes, «from its dreary fate in the hands of the dry antiquarian, the narrow scholar; and while we utilize all his research and all his learning, let us make the acts and lives of older men speak across the chasm of centuries and claim kindred with the men and motives of to-day. For this and this only is to write history in the full and real sense.»

Whatever the merits of his scholarship, Professor Mahaffy has adhered closely to his ideal of a historian. He has a thorough grasp upon the spirit of that period for which he has the keenest appreciation, and which he is able to present to his readers with the greatest clearness and vividness of color and outline. It is true, doubtless, as he says, that the exclusive attention paid by modern scholars to the age of spotless Atticism has overshadowed that Oriental-Hellenistic world which rose after Alexander sank. The majority of persons know little of that rich life of decaying arts and flourishing philosophies, and strangely modern political and social conditions, which had its centres in Alexandria and Antioch. It is of this that Professor Mahaffy writes familiarly in his 'Greek Life and Thought,' and in his 'Greek World under Roman Sway.' He succeeds in throwing a great deal of light upon this period of history; less perhaps through sheer force of scholarship than through his happy faculty of finding a family relationship in the poets, philosophers, statesmen, and kings of a long-dead world. What he may lose as a «pure scholar» he thus gains as a historian.

In his classical researches, he has profited greatly by his acquaintance with German investigations in this field. Although of Irish parentage, he was born in Switzerland in 1839, and the roots of his education were fixed in the soil of German scholarship. His subsequent residence at Trinity College, Dublin, as professor of ancient history, has by no means weaned him from his earlier educational influences. He attaches the utmost importance to the thorough-going spirit of the German Grecians. He makes constant use of their discoveries. Nevertheless Professor Mahaffy is more of a sympathetic Irish historian or historical essayist than a strict Greek scholar after the German pattern. He is at his best when he is writing of the social side of Hellenistic life. His 'Greek Life and Thought,' his 'Greek World under Roman Sway,' his 'Survey of Greek Civilization,' his 'Social Life in Greece,' show keen insight into the conditions which governed the surface appearances of a world whose colors have not yet faded. This world of Oriental sensuousness wedded to Greek intelligence, this world which began with Demosthenes and Alexander and ended with Nero and St. John, seems to Professor Mahaffy a more perfect prototype of the modern world than the purer Attic civilization which preceded it, or the civilization of Imperial Rome which followed it.

Like the majority of modern Greek scholars, Professor Mahaffy has engaged in antiquarian research upon the soil of Greece itself. His 'Rambles and Studies in Greece,' a work of conversational charm, shows not a little poetical feeling for the memories that haunt the living sepulchre of a great dead race.

Other works of Professor Mahaffy include 'Problems in Greek History,' 'Prolegomena to Ancient History,' 'Lectures on Primitive Civilization,' 'The Story of Alexander's Empire,' 'Old Greek Life,' and the 'History of Classical Greek Literature.' His value as a historian and student of Greek life lies mainly in his power of suggestion, and in his original and fearless treatment of subjects usually approached with the dreary deference of self-conscious scholarship. His revelation of the same human nature linking the world of two thousand years ago to the world of the present day, has earned for his Greek studies deserved popularity.

CHILDHOOD IN ANCIENT LIFE

From ‹Old Greek Education›

We find in Homer, especially in the Iliad, indications of the plainest kind that Greek babies were like the babies of modern Europe: equally troublesome, equally delightful to their parents, equally uninteresting to the rest of society. The famous scene in the sixth book of the Iliad, when Hector's infant, Astyanax, screams at the sight of his father's waving crest, and the hero lays his helmet on the ground that he may laugh and weep over the child; the love and tenderness of Andromache, and her pathetic laments in the twenty-second book,—are familiar to all. She foresees the hardships and unkindnesses to her orphan boy, "who was wont upon his father's knees to eat the purest marrow and the rich fat of sheep, and when sleep came upon him, and he ceased his childish play, he would lie in the arms of his nurse, on a soft cushion, satisfied with every comfort." So again, a protecting goddess is compared to a mother keeping the flies from her sleeping infant; and a pertinacious friend, to a little girl who, running beside her mother, begs to be taken up, holding her mother's dress and delaying her, and with tearful eyes keeps looking up till the mother denies her no longer. These are only stray references, and yet they speak no less clearly than if we had asked for an express answer to a direct inquiry. So we have the hesitation of the murderers sent to make away with the infant Cypselus, who had been foretold to portend danger to the Corinthian Herods of that day. The smile of the baby unmans — or should we rather say unbrutes? — the first ruffian, and so the task is passed on from man to man. This story in Herodotus is a sort of natural Greek parallel to the great Shakespearean scene, where another child sways his intended torturer with an eloquence more conscious and explicit, but not perhaps more powerful, than the radiant smile of the Greek baby. Thus Euripides, the great master of pathos, represents Iphigenia bringing her infant brother Orestes to plead for her, with that unconsciousness of sorrow which pierces us to the heart more than the most affecting rhetoric. In modern art a little child playing about its dead mother, and waiting with contentment for her awaking, is perhaps the most powerful appeal to human compassion which we are able to conceive.

On the other hand, the troubles of infancy were then as now very great. We do not indeed hear of croup, or teething, or measles, or whooping-cough. But these are occasional matters, and count as nothing beside the inexorable tyranny of a sleepless baby. For then as now, mothers and nurses had a strong prejudice in favor of carrying about restless children, and so soothing them to sleep. The unpractical Plato requires that in his fabulous Republic two or three stout nurses shall be in readiness to carry about each child; because children, like gamecocks, gain spirit and endurance by this treatment! What they really gain is a gigantic power of torturing their mothers. Most children can readily be taught to sleep in a bed, or even in an arm-chair, but an infant once accustomed to being carried about will insist upon it; and so it came that Greek husbands were obliged to relegate their wives to another sleeping-room, where the nightly squalling of the furious infant might not disturb the master as well as the mistress of the house. But the Greek gentleman was able to make good his damaged rest by a midday siesta, and so required but little sleep at night. The modern father in northern Europe, with his whole day's work and waking, is therefore in a more disadvantageous position.

Of course very fashionable people kept nurses; and it was the highest tone at Athens to have a Spartan nurse for the infant, just as an English nurse is sought out among foreign noblesse. We are told that these women made the child hardier, that they used less swathing and bandaging, and allowed free play for the limbs; and this, like all the Spartan physical training, was approved of and admired by the rest of the Greek public, though its imitation was never suggested save in the unpractical speculations of Plato.

Whether they also approved of a diet of marrow and mutton suet, which Homer, in the passage just cited, considers the luxury of princes, does not appear. As Homer was the Greek Bible,— an inspired book containing perfect wisdom on all things, human and divine,— there must have been many orthodox parents who followed his prescription. But we hear no approval or censure of such diet. Possibly marrow may have represented our cod-liver oil in strengthening delicate infants. But as the Homeric men fed far more exclusively on meat than their historical successors, some vegetable substitute, such as olive oil, must have been in use later on. Even within our memory, mutton suet boiled in milk was commonly recommended by physicians for the delicacy now treated by cod-liver oil. The supposed strengthening of children by air and exposure, or by early neglect of their comforts, was as fashionable at Sparta as it is with many modern theorists; and it probably led in both cases to the same result,—the extinction of the weak and delicate. These theorists parade the cases of survival of stout children—that is, their exceptional soundness—as the effect of this harsh treatment, and so satisfy themselves that experience confirms their views. Now with the Spartans this was logical enough; for as they professed and desired nothing but physical results, as they despised intellectual qualities and esteemed obedience to be the highest of moral ones, they were perhaps justified in their proceeding. So thoroughly did they advocate the production of healthy citizens for military purposes, that they were quite content that the sickly should die. In fact, in the case of obviously weak and deformed infants, they did not hesitate to expose them in the most brutal sense,—not to cold and draughts, but to the wild beasts in the mountains.

This brings us to the first shocking contrast between the Greek treatment of children and ours. We cannot really doubt, from the free use of the idea in Greek tragedies, in the comedies of ordinary life, and in theories of political economy, that the exposing of new-born children was not only sanctioned by public feeling, but actually practiced throughout Greece. Various motives combined to justify or to extenuate this practice. In the first place, the infant was regarded as the property of its parents, indeed of its father, to an extent inconceivable to most modern Europeans. The State only, whose claim overrode all other considerations, had a right for public reasons to interfere with the dispositions of a father. Individual human life had not attained what may be called the exaggerated value derived from sundry superstitions, which remains even after those superstitions have decayed. And moreover, in many Greek States, the contempt for commercial pursuits, and the want of outlet for practical energy, made the supporting of large families cumbersome, or the subdivision of patrimonies excessive. Hence the prudence or the selfishness of parents did not hesitate to use an escape which modern civilization condemns as not only criminal but as horribly cruel. How little even the noblest Greek theorists felt this objection appears from the fact that Plato, the Attic Moses, sanctions infanticide under certain circumstances or in another form, in his ideal State. In the genteel comedy it is often mentioned as a somewhat painful necessity, but enjoined by prudence. Nowhere does the agony of the mother's heart reach us through their literature, save in one illustration used by the Platonic Socrates, where he compares the anger of his pupils, when first confuted out of their prejudices, to the fury of a young mother deprived of her first infant. There is something horrible in the very allusion, as if in after life Attic mothers became hardened to this treatment. We must suppose the exposing of female infants to have been not uncommon, until the just retribution of barrenness fell upon the nation, and the population dwindled away by a strange atrophy.

In the many family suits argued by the Attic orators, we do not (I believe) find a case in which a large family of children is concerned. Four appears a larger number than the average. Marriages between relations as close as uncle and niece, and even half-brothers and sisters, were not uncommon; but the researches of modern science have removed the grounds for believing that this practice would tend to diminish the race. It would certainly increase any pre-existing tendency to hereditary disease; yet we do not hear of infantile diseases any more than we hear of delicate infants. Plagues and epidemics were common enough; but as already observed, we do not hear of measles, or whooping-cough, or scarlatina, or any of the other constant persecutors of our nurseries.

As the learning of foreign languages was quite beneath the notions of the Greek gentleman, who rather expected all barbarians to learn *his* language, the habit of employing foreign nurses, so useful and even necessary to good modern education, was well-nigh unknown. It would have been thought a great misfortune to any Hellenic child to be brought up speaking Thracian or Egyptian. Accordingly foreign slave attendants, with their strange accent and rude manners, were not allowed to take charge of children till they were able to go to school and had learned their mother tongue perfectly.

But the women's apartments, in which children were kept for the first few years, are closed so completely to us that we can but conjecture a few things about the life and care of Greek babies. A few late epigrams tell the grief of parents bereaved of their infants. Beyond this, classical literature affords us no light. The backwardness in culture of Greek women leads us to suspect that then, as now, Greek babies were more often spoilt than is the case among the serious northern nations. The term "Spartan mother" is, however, still proverbial; and no doubt in that exceptional State, discipline was so universal and so highly esteemed that it penetrated even to the nursery. But in the rest of Greece, we may conceive the young child arriving at his schoolboy age more willful and headstrong than most of our more watched and worried infants. Archytas the philosopher earned special credit for inventing the rattle, and saving much damage to household furniture by occupying children with this toy.

The external circumstances determining a Greek boy's education were somewhat different from ours. We must remember that all old Greek life — except in rare cases, such as that of Elis, of which we know nothing — was distinctly *town life;* and so, naturally, Greek schooling was day-schooling, from which the children returned to the care of their parents. To hand over boys, far less girls, to the charge of a boarding-school, was perfectly unknown, and would no doubt have been gravely censured. Orphans were placed under the care of their nearest male relative, even when their education was provided (as it was in some cases) by the State. Again, as regards the age of going to school, it would naturally be early, seeing that the day-schools may well include infants of tender age, and that in Greek households neither father nor mother was often able or disposed to undertake the education of the children. Indeed, we find it universal that even the knowledge of the letters and reading were obtained from a schoolmaster. All these circumstances would point to an early beginning of Greek school life; whereas, on the other hand, the small number of subjects required in those days, the absence from the programme of various languages, of most exact sciences, and of general history and geography, made it unnecessary to begin so early, or work so hard, as our unfortunate children have to do. Above all, there were no competitive examinations, except in athletics and music. The Greeks never thought of promoting a man for «dead knowledge,» but for his living grasp of science or of life.

Owing to these causes, we find the theorists discussing, as they now do, the expediency of waiting till the age of seven before beginning serious education: some advising it, others recommending easy and half-playing lessons from an earlier period. And then, as now, we find the same curious silence on the really important fact that the exact number of years a child has lived is nothing to the point in question; and that while one child may be too young at seven to commence work, many more may be distinctively too old.

At all events, we may assume in parents the same varieties of over-anxiety, of over-indulgence, of nervousness, and of carelessness, about their children; and so it doubtless came to pass that there was in many cases a gap between infancy and school life which was spent in playing and doing mischief. This may be fairly inferred, not only from such anecdotes as that of Alcibiades playing with his fellows in the street, evidently without the protection of any pedagogue, but also from the large nomenclature of boys' games preserved to us in the glossaries of later grammarians.

These games are quite distinct from the regular exercises in the palæstra. We have only general descriptions of them, and these either by Greek scholiasts or by modern philologists. But in spite of the sad want of practical knowledge of games shown by both, the instincts of boyhood are so uniform that we can often frame a very distinct idea of the sort of amusement popular among Greek children. For young boys, games can hardly consist of anything else than either the practicing of some bodily dexterity, such as hopping on one foot higher or longer than is easy, or throwing further with a stone; or else some imitation of war, such as snowballing, or pulling a rope across a line, or pursuing under fixed conditions; or lastly, the practice of some mechanical ingenuity, such as whipping a top or shooting with marbles. So far as climate or mechanical inventions have not altered our little boys' games, we find all these principles represented in Greek games. There was the hobby or cock horse (*kálamon*, *parabênai*); standing or hopping on one leg (*askōliázein*), which, as the word *askos* implies, was attempted on a skin bottle filled with liquid and greased; blindman's buff (*chalkê muîa*, literally «brazen fly»), in which the boy cried, «I am hunting a brazen fly," and the rest answered, "You will not catch it;" games of hide-and-seek, of taking and releasing prisoners, of fool in the middle, of playing at king: in fact, there is probably no simple child's game now known which was not then in use.

A few more details may, however, be interesting. There was a game called *kyndalismós* [Drive the peg], in which the *kyndalon* was a peg of wood with a heavy end sharpened, which boys sought to strike into a softened place in the earth so that it stood upright and knocked out the peg of a rival. This reminds us of the peg-top splitting which still goes on in our streets. Another, called *ostrakínda*, consisted of tossing an oyster shell in the air, of which one side was blackened or moistened and called night, the other, day,— or sun and rain. The boys were divided into two sides with these names; and according as their side of the shell turned up, they pursued and took prisoners their adversaries. On the other hand, *epostrakismós* was making a shell skip along the surface of water by a horizontal throw, and winning by the greatest number of skips. *Eis ōmillan* [At strife], though a general expression for any contest, was specially applied to tossing a knuckle-bone or smooth stone so as to lie in the centre of a fixed circle, and to disturb those which were already in good positions. This was also done into a small hole (*trópa*). They seem to have shot dried beans from their fingers as we do marbles. They spun coins on their edge (*chalkismós*) [game of coppers].

Here are two games not perhaps so universal nowadays: *pentalithízein* [Fives, Jackstones] was a technical word for tossing up five pebbles or astragali, and receiving them so as to make them lie on the back of the hand. *Mēlolónthē*, or the beetle game, consists in flying a beetle by a long thread, and guiding him like a kite; but by way of improvement they attached a waxed splinter, lighted, to his tail,— and this cruelty is now practiced, according to a good authority (Papasliotis), in Greece, and has even been known to cause serious fires. Tops were known under various names (*bembix*, *strómbos*, *stróbilos*), one of them certainly a humming-top. So were hoops (*trochoí*).

Ball-playing was ancient and diffused, even among the Homeric heroes. But as it was found very fashionable and carefully practiced by both Mexicans and Peruvians at the time of the conquest, it is probably common to all civilized races. We have no details left us of complicated games with balls; and the mere throwing them up and catching them one from the other, with some rhythmic motion, is hardly worth all the poetic fervor shown about this game by the Greeks. But possibly the musical and dancing accompaniments were very important, in the case of grown people and in historical times. Pollux, however,—our main authority for most of these games,—in one place distinctly describes both football and hand-ball. "The names," he says, "of games with balls are—*epískyros*, *phainínda*, *apórraxis*, *ouranía*. The first is played by two even sides, who draw a line in the centre which they call *skyros*, on which they place the ball. They draw two other lines behind each side; and those who first reach the ball throw it (*rhíptousin*) over the opponents, whose duty it is to catch it and return it, until one side drives the other back over their goal line." Though Pollux makes no mention of kicking, this game is evidently our football in substance. He proceeds: "*Phainínda* was called either from Phainindes, the first discoverer, or from *phenakízein* [to play tricks]," etc.,—we need not follow his etymologies; "and *apórraxis* consists of making a ball bound off the ground, and sending it against a wall, counting the number of hops according as it was returned." And as if to make the anticipations of our games more curiously complete, there is cited from the history of Manuel, by the Byzantine Cinnamus (A. D. 1200), a clear description of the Canadian lacrosse, a sort of hockey played with racquets:—

> "Certain youths, divided equally, leave in a level place, which they have before prepared and measured, a ball made of leather, about the size of an apple, and rush at it, as if it were a prize lying in the middle, from their fixed starting-point [a goal]. Each of them has in his right hand a racquet (*rhábdon*) [wand, staff] of suitable length, ending in a sort of flat bend, the middle of which is occupied by gut strings dried by seasoning, and plaited together in net fashion. Each side strives to be the first to bring it to the opposite end of the ground from that allotted to them. Whenever the ball is driven by the racquets (*rhábdoi*) to the end of the ground, it counts as a victory."

Two games which were not confined to children—and which are not widely diffused, though they exist among us—are the use of astragali, or knuckle-bones of animals, cut so nearly square as to serve for dice; and with these children threw for luck, the highest throw (sixes) being accounted the best. In later Greek art, representations of Eros and other youthful figures engaged with astragali are frequent. It is to be feared that this game was an introduction to dice-playing, which was so common, and so often abused that among the few specimens of ancient dice remaining, there are some false and some which were evidently loaded. The other game to which I allude is the Italian *morra*, the guessing instantaneously how many fingers are thrown up by the player and his adversary. It is surprising how fond southern men and boys still are of this simple game, chiefly however for gambling purposes.

There was tossing in a blanket, walking on stilts, swinging, leap-frog, and many other similar plays, which are ill understood and worse explained by the learned, and of no importance to us, save as proving the general similarity of the life of little boys then and now.

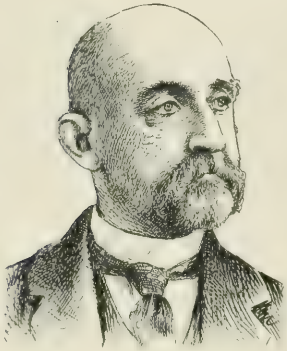
We know nothing about the condition of little girls of the same age, except that they specially indulged in ball-playing. Like our own children, the girls probably joined to a lesser degree in the boys' games, and only so far as they could be carried on within doors, in the court of the house. There are graceful representations of their swinging and practicing our see-saw. Dolls they had in plenty, and doll-making (of clay) was quite a special trade at Athens. In more than one instance we have found in children's graves their favorite dolls, which sorrowing parents laid with them as a sort of keepsake in the tomb.

Most unfortunately there is hardly a word left of the nursery rhymes, and of the folk-lore, which are very much more interesting than the physical amusements of children. Yet we know that such popular songs existed in plenty; we know too, from the early fame of Æsop's fables, from the myths so readily invented and exquisitely told by Plato, that here we have lost a real fund of beautiful and stimulating children's stories. And of course, here too the general character of such stories throughout the human race was preserved.

ALFRED THAYER MAHAN

(1840–)

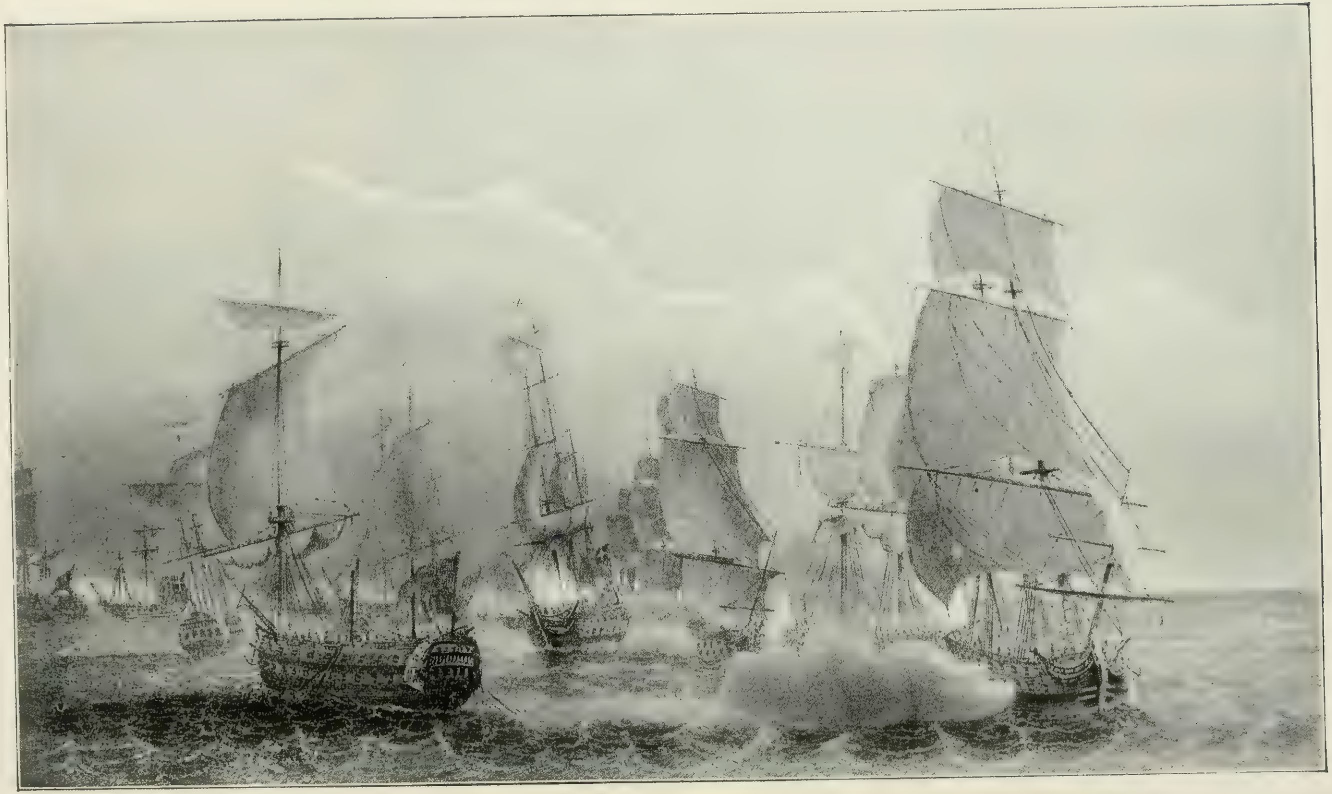
The power of genius to discover new relations between familiar facts is strikingly exemplified in Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan's studies of the influence of sea power upon history. The data cited in his works are common literary property; but the conclusions drawn from them are a distinct contribution to historical science. Captain Mahan is the first writer to demonstrate the determining force which maritime strength has exercised upon the fortunes of individual nations, and consequently upon the course of general history; and in that field of work he is yet alone.



Alfred T. Mahan

Technically, one of his representative works, the 'Influence of Sea Power upon History,' is but a naval history of Europe from the restoration of the Stuarts to the end of the American Revolution. But the freedom with which it digresses on general questions of naval policy and strategy, the attention which it pays to the relation of cause and effect between maritime events and international politics, and the author's literary method of treatment, place this work outside the class of strictly professional writings, and entitle it already to be regarded as an American classic.

The contents of Captain Mahan's great studies of naval history were originally given forth in a course of lectures delivered before the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island; and Captain Mahan's prime object, in establishing the thesis that maritime strength is a determining factor in the prosperity of nations, was to reinforce his argument that the future interests of the United States require a departure from the traditional American policy of neglect of naval-military affairs. Captain Mahan has maintained that, as openings to immigration and enterprise in North America and Australia diminish, a demand will arise for a more settled government in the disordered semi-barbarous States of Central and South America. He lays down the proposition that stability of institutions is necessary to commercial intercourse; and that a demand for such stability can hardly



SHIPS OF FIRST AMERICAN NAVY

be met without the intervention of interested civilized nations. Thus international complications may be fairly anticipated; and the date of their advent will be precipitated by the completion of a canal through the Central-American isthmus. The strategic conditions of the Mediterranean will be reproduced in the Caribbean Sea, and in the international struggle for the control of the new highway of commerce the United States will have the advantage of geographical position. He points out that the carrying trade of the United States is at present insignificant, only because the opening of the West since the Civil War has made maritime undertakings less profitable than the development of the internal resources of the country. It is thus shown to be merely a question of time when American capital will again seek the ocean; and Captain Mahan urges that the United States should seek to guard the interests of the future by building up a strong military navy, and fortifying harbors commanding the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea.

Captain Mahan's biography is simple and professional. He was born September 27th, 1840. A graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, he served in the Union navy as a lieutenant throughout the Civil War, and was president of the Naval War College from 1886 to 1889 and from 1890 to 1893. He has been a voluminous writer on his peculiar subject or its closely kindred topics. Besides the work already mentioned, his writings include 'The Gulf and Inland Waters' (1883); 'Life of Admiral Farragut' (1892); and 'Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire' (1892), a continuation of the 'Influence of Sea Power upon History.' He is not a brilliant stylist, but possesses a clear and solid literary technique; and even in dealing with naval science as well as naval episodes, he holds the attention with the serious merits of a descriptive historian.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CRUISERS AND OF STRONG FLEETS IN WAR

From 'The Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660–1783.' Copyright 1890, by Captain A. T. Mahan. Reprinted by permission of the author, and of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

The English, notwithstanding their heavy loss in the Four Days' Battle, were at sea again within two months, much to the surprise of the Dutch; and on the 4th of August another severe fight was fought off the North Foreland, ending in the complete defeat of the latter, who retired to their own coasts. The English followed, and effected an entrance into one of the Dutch harbors, where they destroyed a large fleet of merchantmen as well as a town of some importance. Toward the end of 1666 both sides [England and Holland] were tired of the war, which was doing great harm to trade, and weakening both navies to the advantage of the growing sea power of France. Negotiations looking toward peace were opened; but Charles II., ill disposed to the United Provinces, confident that the growing pretensions of Louis XIV. to the Spanish Netherlands would break up the existing alliance between Holland and France, and relying also upon the severe reverses suffered at sea by the Dutch, was exacting and haughty in his demands. To justify and maintain this line of conduct he should have kept up his fleet, the prestige of which had been so advanced by its victories. Instead of that, poverty, the result of extravagance and of his home policy, led him to permit it to decline; ships in large numbers were laid up; and he readily adopted an opinion which chimed in with his penury, and which, as it has had advocates at all periods of sea history, should be noted and condemned here. This opinion, warmly opposed by Monk, was:—

> "That as the Dutch were chiefly supported by trade, as the supply of their navy depended upon trade, and as experience showed, nothing provoked the people so much as injuring their trade, his Majesty should therefore apply himself to this, which would effectually humble them, at the same time that it would less exhaust the English than fitting out such mighty fleets as had hitherto kept the sea every summer. . . . Upon these motives the King took a fatal resolution of laying up his great ships, and keeping only a few frigates on the cruise."

In consequence of this economical theory of carrying on a war, the Grand Pensionary of Holland, De Witt, who had the year before caused soundings of the Thames to be made, sent into the river, under De Ruyter, a force of sixty or seventy ships of the line, which on the 14th of June, 1667, went up as high as Gravesend, destroying ships at Chatham and in the Medway, and taking possession of Sheerness. The light of the fires could be seen from London; and the Dutch fleet remained in possession of the mouth of the river until the end of the month. Under this blow, following as it did upon the great plague and the great fire of London, Charles consented to peace, which was signed July 31st, 1667, and is known as the Peace of Breda. The most lasting result of the war was the transfer of New York and

New Jersey to England, thus joining her northern and southern colonies in North America.

Before going on again with the general course of the history of the times, it will be well to consider for a moment the theory which worked so disastrously for England in 1667; that, namely, of maintaining a sea war mainly by preying upon the enemy's commerce. This plan, which involves only the maintenance of a few swift cruisers and can be backed by the spirit of greed in a nation, fitting out privateers without direct expense to the State, possesses the specious attractions which economy always presents. The great injury done to the wealth and prosperity of the enemy is also undeniable; and although to some extent his merchant ships can shelter themselves ignobly under a foreign flag while the war lasts, this *guerre de course*, as the French call it,— this commerce-destroying, to use our own phrase,— must, if in itself successful, greatly embarrass the foreign government and distress its people. Such a war, however, cannot stand alone: it must be *supported*, to use the military phrase; unsubstantial and evanescent in itself, it cannot reach far from its base. That base must be either home ports or else some solid outpost of the national power on the shore or the sea; a distant dependency or a powerful fleet. Failing such support, the cruiser can only dash out hurriedly a short distance from home; and its blows, though painful, cannot be fatal. It was not the policy of 1667, but Cromwell's powerful fleets of ships of the line in 1652, that shut the Dutch merchantmen in their ports and caused the grass to grow in the streets of Amsterdam. When, instructed by the suffering of that time, the Dutch kept large fleets afloat through two exhausting wars, though their commerce suffered greatly, they bore up the burden of the strife against England and France united. Forty years later, Louis XIV. was driven by exhaustion to the policy adopted by Charles II. through parsimony. Then were the days of the great French privateers,— Jean Bart, Forbin, Duguay-Trouin, Du Casse, and others. The regular fleets of the French navy were practically withdrawn from the ocean during the great War of the Spanish Succession (1702–1712). The French naval historian says: —

> "Unable to renew the naval armaments, Louis XIV. increased the number of cruisers upon the more frequented seas, especially the Channel and the German Ocean [not far from home, it will be noticed].

In these different spots the cruisers were always in a position to intercept or hinder the movements of transports laden with troops, and of the numerous convoys carrying supplies of all kinds. In these seas, in the centre of the commercial and political world, there is always work for cruisers. Notwithstanding the difficulties they met, owing to the absence of large friendly fleets, they served advantageously the cause of the two peoples [French and Spanish]. These cruisers, in the face of the Anglo-Dutch power, needed good luck, boldness, and skill. These three conditions were not lacking to our seamen; but then, what chiefs and what captains they had!"

The English historian, on the other hand, while admitting how severely the people and commerce of England suffered from the cruisers, bitterly reflecting at times upon the administration, yet refers over and over again to the increasing prosperity of the whole country, and especially of its commercial part. In the preceding war, on the contrary, from 1689 to 1697, when France sent great fleets to sea and disputed the supremacy of the ocean, how different the result! The same English writer says of that time:—

"With respect to our trade, it is certain that we suffered infinitely more, not merely than the French, for that was to be expected from the greater number of our merchant ships, but than we ever did in any former war. . . . This proceeded in great measure from the vigilance of the French, who carried on the war in a piratical way. It is out of all doubt that, taking all together, our traffic suffered excessively; our merchants were many of them ruined."

Macaulay says of this period: "During many months of 1693 the English trade with the Mediterranean had been interrupted almost entirely. There was no chance that a merchantman from London or Amsterdam would, if unprotected, reach the Pillars of Hercules without being boarded by a French privateer; and the protection of armed vessels was not easily obtained." Why? Because the vessels of England's navy were occupied watching the French navy, and this diversion of them from the cruisers and privateers constituted the support which a commerce-destroying war must have. A French historian, speaking of the same period in England (1696), says: "The state of the finances was deplorable: money was scarce, maritime insurance thirty per cent., the Navigation Act was virtually suspended, and the English shipping reduced to the necessity of sailing under the Swedish and Danish flags." Half a century later the French government was again reduced, by long neglect of the navy, to a cruising warfare. With what results? First, the French historian says: "From June 1756 to June 1760, French privateers captured from the English more than twenty-five hundred merchantmen. In 1761, though France had not, so to speak, a single ship of the line at sea, and though the English had taken two hundred and forty of our privateers, their comrades still took eight hundred and twelve vessels. But," he goes on to say, "the prodigious growth of the English shipping explains the number of these prizes." In other words, the suffering involved to England in such numerous captures, which must have caused great individual injury and discontent, did not really prevent the growing prosperity of the State and of the community at large. The English naval historian, speaking of the same period, says: "While the commerce of France was nearly destroyed, the trading fleet of England covered the seas. Every year her commerce was increasing; the money which the war carried out was returned by the produce of her industry. Eight thousand merchant vessels were employed by the English merchants." And again, summing up the results of the war, after stating the immense amount of specie brought into the kingdom by foreign conquests, he says: "The trade of England increased gradually every year; and such a scene of national prosperity, while waging a long, bloody, and costly war, was never before shown by any people in the world."

On the other hand, the historian of the French navy, speaking of an earlier phase of the same wars, says: "The English fleets, having nothing to resist them, swept the seas. Our privateers and single cruisers, having no fleet to keep down the abundance of their enemies, ran short careers. Twenty thousand French seamen lay in English prisons. When, on the other hand, in the War of the American Revolution, France resumed the policy of Colbert and of the early reign of Louis XIV., and kept large battle fleets afloat, the same result again followed as in the days of Tourville." "For the first time," says the Annual Register, forgetting or ignorant of the experience of 1693, and remembering only the glories of the later wars, "English merchant ships were driven to take refuge under foreign flags." Finally, in quitting this part of the subject, it may be remarked that in the Island of Martinique the French had a powerful distant dependency upon which to base a cruising warfare; and during the Seven Years'

War, as afterward during the First Empire, it, with Guadaloupe, was the refuge of numerous privateers. "The records of the English admiralty raise the losses of the English in the West Indies during the first years of the Seven Years' War to fourteen hundred merchantmen taken or destroyed." The English fleet was therefore directed against the islands, both of which fell, involving a loss to the trade of France greater than all the depredations of her cruisers on the English commerce, besides breaking up the system; but in the war of 1778 the great fleets protected the islands, which were not even threatened at any time.

So far we have been viewing the effect of a purely cruising warfare, not based upon powerful squadrons, only upon that particular part of the enemy's strength against which it is theoretically directed,— upon his commerce and general wealth, upon the sinews of war. The evidence seems to show that even for its own special ends such a mode of war is inconclusive,— worrying but not deadly; it might almost be said that it causes needless suffering. What, however, is the effect of this policy upon the general ends of the war, to which it is one of the means and to which it is subsidiary? How, again, does it react upon the people that practice it? As the historical evidences will come up in detail from time to time, it need here only be summarized.

The result to England in the days of Charles II. has been seen,— her coast insulted, her shipping burned almost within sight of her capital. In the War of the Spanish Succession, when the control of Spain was the military object, while the French depended upon a cruising war against commerce, the navies of England and Holland, unopposed, guarded the coasts of the peninsula, blocked the port of Toulon, forced the French succors to cross the Pyrenees, and by keeping open the sea highway, neutralized the geographical nearness of France to the seat of war. Their fleets seized Gibraltar, Barcelona, and Minorca; and co-operating with the Austrian army, failed by little of reducing Toulon. In the Seven Years' War the English fleets seized, or aided in seizing, all the most valuable colonies of France and Spain, and made frequent descents on the French coast.

The War of the American Revolution affords no lesson, the fleets being nearly equal. The next most striking instance to Americans is the War of 1812. Everybody knows how our privateers swarmed over the seas; and that from the smallness of our navy the war was essentially, indeed solely, a cruising war. Except upon the lakes, it is doubtful if more than two of our ships at any time acted together. The injury done to English commerce, thus unexpectedly attacked by a distant foe which had been undervalued, may be fully conceded; but on the one hand, the American cruisers were powerfully supported by the French fleet, which, being assembled in larger or smaller bodies in the many ports under the Emperor's control from Antwerp to Venice, tied the fleets of England to blockade duty; and on the other hand, when the fall of the Emperor released them, our coasts were insulted in every direction, the Chesapeake entered and controlled, its shores wasted, the Potomac ascended, and Washington burned. The Northern frontier was kept in a state of alarm, though there, squadrons absolutely weak but relatively strong sustained the general defense; while in the South the Mississippi was entered unopposed, and New Orleans barely saved. When negotiations for peace were opened, the bearing of the English toward the American envoys was not that of men who felt their country to be threatened with an unbearable evil.

The late Civil War, with the cruises of the Alabama and Sumter and their consorts, revived the tradition of commerce-destroying. In so far as this is one means to a general end, and is based upon a navy otherwise powerful, it is well; but we need not expect to see the feats of those ships repeated in the face of a great sea power. In the first place, those cruises were powerfully supported by the determination of the United States to blockade, not only the chief centres of Southern trade, but every inlet of the coast, thus leaving few ships available for pursuit; in the second place, had there been ten of those cruisers where there was one, they would not have stopped the incursion in Southern waters of the Union fleet, which penetrated to every point accessible from the sea; and in the third place, the undeniable injury, direct and indirect, inflicted upon individuals and upon one branch of the nation's industry (and how high that shipping industry stands in the writer's estimation need not be repeated), did not in the least influence or retard the event of the war. Such injuries, unaccompanied by others, are more irritating than weakening. On the other hand, will any refuse to admit that the work of the great Union fleets powerfully modified and hastened an end which was probably inevitable in any case? As a sea power the South then occupied the place of France in the wars we have been considering, while the situation of the North resembled that of England; and as in France, the sufferers in the Confederacy were not a class, but the government and the nation at large.

It is not the taking of individual ships or convoys, be they few or many, that strikes down the money power of a nation: it is the possession of that overbearing power on the sea which drives the enemy's flag from it, or allows it to appear only as a fugitive; and which, by controlling the great common, closes the highways by which commerce moves to and from the enemy's shores. This overbearing power can only be exercised by great navies; and by them (on the broad sea) less efficiently now than in the days when the neutral flag had not its present immunity. It is not unlikely that in the event of a war between maritime nations, an attempt may be made by the one having a great sea power, and wishing to break down its enemy's commerce, to interpret the phrase "effective blockade" in the manner that best suits its interests at the time; to assert that the speed and disposal of its ships make the blockade effective at much greater distances and with fewer ships than formerly. The determination of such a question will depend, not upon the weaker belligerent, but upon neutral powers: it will raise the issue between belligerent and neutral rights; and if the belligerent have a vastly overpowering navy he may carry his point,—just as England, when possessing the mastery of the seas, long refused to admit the doctrine of the neutral flag covering the goods.

MOSES MAIMONIDES

(1135-1204)

BY RABBI GOTTHEIL

"The conclusion of the whole matter is, Go either to the right, my heart, or go to the left; but believe all that Rabbi Moses ben Maimon has believed,—the last of the Gaonim [religious teachers] in time, but the first in rank." In such manner did the most celebrated Jewish poet in Provence voice in his quaint way the veneration with which the Jewish Aristotle of Cordova was regarded. For well-nigh four hundred years, the descendants of Isaac had lived in the Spanish Peninsula the larger life opened up to them by the sons of Ishmael. They had with ardor cultivated their spiritual possessions — the only ones they had been able to save — as they passed through shipwreck and all manner of ill fortune from the fair lands of the East. The height of their spiritual fortune was manifested in this second Moses, whom they did not scruple to compare with the first bearer of that name.

Abu Amram Musa ibn Ibrahim Ubeid Allah, as his full Arabic name ran, was born in the city of Cordova, "the Mecca of the West," on March 30th, 1135. His father was learned in Talmudic lore; and from him the young student must have gotten his strong love of knowledge. At an early period he developed a taste for the exact sciences and for philosophy. He read with zeal not only the works of the Mohammedan scholastics, but also those of the Greek philosophers in such dress as they had been made accessible by their Arabian translators. In this way his mind, which by nature ran in logical and systematic grooves, was strengthened in its bent; and he acquired that distaste for mysticism and vagueness which is so characteristic of his literary labors. He went so far as to abhor poetry, the best of which he declared to be false, since it was founded upon pure invention — and this too in a land which had produced such noble expressions of the Hebrew and Arab Muse.

It is strange that this man, whose character was that of a sage, and who was revered for his person as well as for his books, should have led such an unquiet life, and have written his works so full of erudition with the staff of the wanderer in his hand. For his peaceful studies were rudely disturbed in his thirteenth year by the invasion of the Almohades, or Mohammedan Unitarians, from Africa. They not only captured Cordova, but set up a form of religious persecution which happily is not always characteristic of Islamic piety. Maimonides's father wandered to Almeria on the coast; and then (1159) straight into the lion's jaws at Fez in Africa,—a line of conduct hardly intelligible in one who had fled for the better exercise of the dictates of conscience. So pressing did the importunities of the Almohad fanatics become, that together with his family Maimonides was compelled to don the turban, and to live for several years the life of an Arabic Marrano. This blot upon his fair fame — if blot it be — he tried to excuse in two treatises, which may be looked upon as his «apologia pro vita sua»: one on the subject of conversion in general (1160), and another addressed to his co-religionists in Southern Arabia on the coming of the Messiah. But the position was an untenable one; and in 1165 we find Maimonides again on the road, reaching Accho, Jerusalem, Hebron, and finally Egypt. Under the milder rule of the Ayyubite Caliphs, no suppression of his belief was necessary. Maimonides settled with his brother in old Cairo or Fostat; gaining his daily pittance, first as a jeweler, and then in the practice of medicine; the while he continued in the study of philosophy and the elaboration of the great works upon which his fame reposes. In 1177 he was recognized as the head of the Jewish community of Egypt, and soon afterwards was placed upon the list of court physicians to Saladin. He breathed his last on December 13th, 1204, and his body was taken to Tiberias for burial.

Perhaps no fairer presentation of the principles and practices of Rabbinical Judaism can be cited than that contained in the three chief works of Maimonides. His clear-cut mind gathered the various threads which Jewish theology and life had spun since the closing of the Biblical canon, and wove them into such a fabric that a new period may fitly be said to have been ushered in. The Mishnah had become the law-book of the Diaspora: in it was to be found the system of ordinances and practices which had been developed up to the second century A. D. In the scholastic discussions in which the Jewish schoolmen had indulged their wit and their ingenuity, much of its plain meaning had become obscured. At the age of twenty-three Maimonides commenced to work upon a commentary to this Mishnah, which took him seven years to complete. It was written in Arabic, and very fitly called 'The Illumination'; for here the philosophic training of its author was brought to bear upon the dry legal mass, and to give it life as well as light. The induction of philosophy into law is seen to even more peculiar advantage in his Mishnah Tōrāh (Repeated Law). The scholastic discussions upon the Mishnah had in the sixth century been put into writing, and had become that vast medley of thought, that kaleidoscope of schoolroom life, which is known by the name of Talmud. Based upon the slender framework of the Mishnah, the vast edifice had been built up with so little plan and symmetry that its various ramifications could only be followed with the greatest difficulty and with infinite exertion. In turn, the Talmud had supplanted the Mishnah as the rule of life and the directive of religious observance. Even before the time of Maimonides, scholars had tried their hand at putting order into this great chaos; but none of their efforts had proved satisfactory. For ten years Maimonides worked and produced this digest, in which he arranged in scientific order all the material which a Jewish jurist and theologian might be called upon to use. Though this digest was received with delight by the Jews of Spain, many were found who looked upon Maimonides's work as an attempt to crystallize into unchangeable law the fluctuating streams of tradition. The same objection was made to his attempt to formulate into a creed the purely theological ideas of the Judaism of his day. His 'Thirteen Articles' brought on a war of strong opposition; and though in the end, the fame of their author conquered a place for them even in the Synagogue Ritual, they were never accepted by the entire Jewry. They remained the presentation of an individual scholar.

But his chief philosophical work, his 'Guide of the Perplexed' (Dalālat al Hāïrīn), carried him still further; and for centuries fairly divided the Jewish camp into two parties. The battle between the Maimonists and anti-Maimonists waged fiercely in Spain and Provence. The bitterness of the strife is represented in the two inscriptions which were placed upon his tombstone. The first read:—

«Here lies a man, and still a man;
If thou wert a man, angels of heaven
Must have overshadowed thy mother.»

This was effaced and a second one placed in its stead:—

«Here lies Moses Maimuni, the excommunicated heretic.»

In the 'Guide of the Perplexed' Maimonides has also produced a work which was «epoch-making» in Jewish philosophy. It is the best attempt ever made by a Jew to combine philosophy with theology. Aristotle was known to Maimonides through Al-Farābi and Ibn Sînâ (Avicenna); and he is convinced that the Stagyrite is to be followed in certain things, as he is that the Bible must be followed in others. In fact, there can be no divergence between the two; for both have the same end in view,—to prove the existence of God. The aim of metaphysics is to perfect man intellectually; the same aim is at the core of Talmudic Judaism. Reason and revelation must speak the same language; and by a peculiar kind of subtle exegesis — which provoked much opposition, as it seemed to do violence to the plain wording — he is able to find his philosophical ideas in the text of the Bible. But he is careful to limit his acquiescence in Aristotle's teaching to things which occur below the sphere of the moon. He was afraid of coming into contact with the foundations of religious belief, and of having to deny the existence of wonders. The Bible teaches that matter was created, and the arguments advanced in favor of both the Platonic and Aristotelian views he looks upon as insufficient. The Jewish belief that God brought into existence not only the form but also the matter of the world, Maimonides looks upon much as an article of faith. The same is true of the belief in a resurrection. He adduces so little proof for this dogma that the people of his day were ready to charge him with heresy.

Maimonides is able to present twenty-five ontological arguments for his belief in the existence, unity, and incorporeality of God. What strikes one most is the almost colorless conception of the Deity at which he arrives. In his endeavor to remove the slightest shadow of corporeality in this conception, he is finally led to deny that any positive attributes can be posited of God. Such attributes would only be «accidentia»; and any such «accidentia» would limit the idea of oneness. Even attributes which would merely show the relation of the Divine Being to other beings are excluded; because he is so far removed from things non-Divine, as to make all comparison impossible. Even existence, when spoken of in regard to him, is not an attribute. In his school language, the «essentia» of God involves his «existentia.» We have therefore to rely entirely upon negative attributes in trying to get a clear concept of the Deity.

If the Deity is so far removed, how then is he to act upon the world? Maimonides supposes that this medium is to be found in the world of the spheres. Of these spheres there are nine: «the all-encompassing sphere, that of the fixed stars, and those of the seven planets.» Each sphere is presided over by an intelligence which is its motive power. These intelligences are called angels, in the Bible. The highest intelligence is immaterial. It is the *noûs poiētikós*, the ever-active intellect. It is the power which gives form to all things, and makes that which was potential really existent. «Prophecy is an emanation sent forth by the Divine Being through the medium of the active intellect, in the first instance to man's rational faculty and then to his imaginative faculty. The lower grade of prophecy comes by means of dreams, the higher through visions accorded the prophet in a waking condition. The symbolical actions of the prophets are nothing more than states of the soul.» High above all the prophets Maimonides places Moses, to whom he attributes a special power, by means of which the active intellect worked upon him without the mediation of the imagination.

The psychological parts of the 'Guide' present in a Jewish garb the Peripatetic philosophy as expounded by Alexander of Aphrodisia. Reason exists in the powers of the soul, but only potentially as latent reason (*noûs húlikos*). It has the power to assimilate immaterial forms which come from the active reason. It thus becomes acquired or developed reason (*noûs epíktētos*); and by still further assimilation it becomes gradually an entity separable from the body, so that at death it can live on unattached to the body.

In ethics Maimonides is a strong partisan of the doctrine of the freedom of the will. No one moves him, no one drives him to certain actions. He can choose, according to his own inner vision, the way on which he wishes to walk. Nor does this doctrine involve any limitation of the Divine power, as this freedom is fully predetermined by the Deity. But Maimonides must have felt the difficulty of squaring the doctrine of the freedom of the will with that of the omniscience of God; for he intrenches himself behind the statement that the knowledge of God is so far removed from human knowledge as to make all comparison impossible. Again, in true Aristotelian style, Maimonides holds that those actions are to be considered virtuous which follow the golden mean between the extremes of too much and too little. The really wise man will always choose this road; and such wisdom can be learned; by continued practice it can become part of man's nature. He is most truly virtuous who has reached this eminence, and who has eliminated from his own being even the desire to do wrong.

The daring with which Maimonides treated many portions of Jewish theology did not fail to show its effect immediately after the publication of the 'Guide.' His rationalistic notions about revelation, his allegorizing interpretation of Scripture, his apparent want of complete faith in the doctrine of resurrection, produced among the Jews a violent reaction against all philosophical inquiry, which lasted down to the times of the French Revolution. Even non-Jews looked askance at his system. Abd al-Latīf, an orthodox Mohammedan, considered the 'Guide' «a bad book, which is calculated to undermine the principles of religion through the very means which are apparently designed to strengthen them»; and in Catholic Spain the writings of «Moyses hijo de Maymon Egipnachus» were ordered to be burned. In Montpellier and in Paris, his own Jewish opponents, not content with having gotten an edict against the use of the master's writings, obtained the aid of the Church (for the 'Guide' had been translated into Latin in the thirteenth century), and had it publicly consigned to the flames. But all this was only further evidence of the power which Maimonides wielded. The Karaites copied it; the Kabbalah even tried to claim it as its own. Many who were not of the House of Israel, as Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, acknowledged the debt they owed the Spanish Rabbi; and Spinoza, though in many places an opponent, shows clearly how carefully he had studied the 'Guide of the Perplexed.'

Gustav Gottheil

EXTRACT FROM MAIMONIDES'S WILL

Fear the Lord, but love him also; for fear only restrains a man from sin, while love stimulates him to good. . . .

Accustom yourselves to habitual goodness; for a man's character is what habit makes it. . . . The perfection of the body is a necessary antecedent to the perfection of the soul; for health is the key that unlocks the inner chamber. When I bid you attend to your bodily and moral welfare, my object is to open for you the gates of heaven. . . . Measure your words; for the more your words, the more your errors. Ask for explanations of what you do not understand; but let it be done at a fitting moment and in fitting language. . . . Speak in refined language, in clear utterance and gentle voice. Speak aptly to the subject, as one who wishes to learn and to find the truth, not as one whose aim is to quarrel and to conquer. . . . Learn in your youth, when your food is prepared by others, while heart is still free and unincumbered with cares, ere the memory is weakened. For the time will come when you will be willing to learn but will be unable. Even if you be able, you will labor much for little result; for your heart will lag behind your lips, and when it does keep pace, it will soon forget. . . . If you find in the Law or the Prophets or the Sages a hard saying which you cannot understand, which appears subversive of some principle of the religion, or altogether absurd, stand fast by your faith, and attribute the fault to your own want of intelligence. Despise not your religion because you are unable to understand one difficult matter. . . . Love truth and uprightness,—the ornaments of the soul,—and cleave to them; prosperity so obtained is built on a sure rock. Keep firmly to your word; let not a legal contract or witness be more binding than your verbal promise even privately made. Disdain reservation and subterfuges, sharp practices and evasions. Woe to him who builds his house thereon! . . . Bring near those that are far off; humble yourselves to the lowly and show them the light of your countenance. In your joys make the desolate share, but put no one to the blush by your gifts. . . . I have seen the white become black, the low brought still lower, families driven into exile, princes deposed from their high estate, cities ruined, assemblies dispersed, all on account of quarrelsomeness. Glory in forbearance, for in that is true strength and victory. . . . Speech, which distinguishes man from beasts, was a loving gift, which man uses best in thinking, and thanking and praising God. Ungraceful should we be to return evil for good, and to utter slanders or falsehoods. . . . Eat not excessively or ravenously. Work before you eat, and rest afterwards. From a man's behavior at a public meal you can discern his character. Often have I returned hungry and thirsty to my house, because I was afraid when I saw the disgraceful conduct of those around me. . . . The total abstinence from wine is good, but I will not lay this on you as an injunction. Yet break wine's power with water, and drink it for nourishment, not for mere enjoyment. . . . At gambling the player always loses. Even if he wins money, he is weaving a spider's web round himself. . . . Dress as well as your means will allow, but spend on your food less than you can afford. . . . Honor your wives, for they are your honor. Withhold not discipline from them, and let them not rule over you.

FROM THE ‹GUIDE OF THE PERPLEXED›

A Proof of the Unity of God

It has been demonstrated by proof that the whole existing world is one organic body, all parts of which are connected together; also, that the influences of the spheres above pervade the earthly substance and prepare it for its forms. Hence it is impossible to assume that one deity be engaged in forming one part, and another deity in forming another part, of that organic body of which all parts are closely connected together. A duality could only be imagined in this way: either that at one time the one deity is active, the other at another time; or that both act simultaneously, nothing being done except by both together. The first hypothesis is certainly absurd, for many reasons: if at the time the one deity be active the other could also be active, there is no reason why one deity should then act and the other not; if on the other hand it be impossible for the one deity to act when the other is at work, there must be some other cause [besides these deities] which [at a certain time] enables the one to act and disables the other. [Such difference would not be caused by time,] since time is without change, and the object of the action likewise remains one and the same organic whole. Besides, if two deities existed in this way, both would be subject to the relations of time, since their actions would depend on time; they would also in the moment of acting pass from potentiality to actuality, and require an agent for such transition; their essence would besides include possibility [of existence]. It is equally absurd to assume that both together produce everything in existence, and that neither of them does anything alone; for when a number of forces must be united for a certain result, none of these forces acts of its own accord, and none is by itself the immediate cause of that result, but their union is the immediate cause. It has furthermore been proved that the action of the Absolute cannot be due to a [an external] cause. The union is also an act which presupposes a cause effecting that union, and if that cause be one, it is undoubtedly God; but if it also consists of a number of separate forces, a cause is required for the combination of these forces, as in the first case. Finally, one simple being must be arrived at, that is the cause of the existence of the universe, which is one whole; it would make no difference whether we assumed that the First Cause had produced the universe by *creatio ex nihilo*, or whether the universe co-existed with the First Cause. It is thus clear how we can prove the Unity of God from the fact that this universe is one whole.

AN ARGUMENT CONCERNING THE INCORPOREALITY OF GOD

EVERY corporeal object is composed of matter and form (Prop. xxii.); every compound of these two elements requires an agent for effecting their combination. Besides, it is evident that a body is divisible and has dimensions; a body is thus undoubtedly subject to accidents. Consequently nothing corporeal can be a unity, because everything corporeal is either divisible or a compound, — that is to say, it can logically be analyzed into two elements; for a body can only be said to be a certain body when the distinguishing element is added to the corporeal substratum, and must therefore include two elements: but it has been proved that the Absolute admits of no dualism whatever.

Among those who believe in the existence of God, there are found three different theories as regards the question whether the universe is eternal or not.

First Theory.— Those who follow the Law of Moses our teacher hold that the whole universe (*i. e.*, everything except God) has been brought by him into existence out of non-existence. In the beginning God alone existed, and nothing else; neither angels, nor spheres, nor the things that are contained within the spheres existed. He then produced from nothing all existing things such as they are, by his will and desire. Even time itself is among the things created; for time depends on motion,— *i. e.*, on an accident in things which move,— and the things upon whose motion time depends are themselves created beings, which have passed from non-existence into existence. We say that God existed before the creation of the universe, although the verb «existed» appears to imply the notion of time; we also believe that he existed an infinite space of time before the universe was created: but in these cases we do not mean time in its true sense. We only use the term to signify something analogous or similar to time. For time is undoubtedly an accident, and according to our opinion, one of the created accidents, like blackness and whiteness; it is not a quality, but an accident connected with motion. This must be clear to all who understand what Aristotle has said on time and its real existence.

Second Theory.— The theory of all philosophers whose opinions and works are known to us is this: It is impossible to assume that God produced anything from nothing, or that he reduces anything to nothing; that is to say, it is impossible that an object consisting of matter and form should be produced when that matter is absolutely absent, or that it should be destroyed in such a manner that that matter be absolutely no longer in existence. To say of God that he can produce a thing from nothing or reduce a thing to nothing is, according to the opinion of these philosophers, the same as if we were to say that he could cause one substance to have at the same time two opposite properties, or produce another being like himself, or change himself into a body, or produce a square the diagonal of which should be equal to its side, or similar impossibilities. The philosophers thus believe that it is no defect in the Supreme Being that he does not produce impossibilities, for the nature of that which is impossible is constant; it does not depend on the action of an agent, and for this reason it cannot be changed. Similarly there is, according to them, no defect in the greatness of God when he is unable to produce a thing from nothing, because they consider this as one of the impossibilities. They therefore assume that a certain substance has coexisted with God from eternity, in such a manner that neither God existed without that substance nor the latter without God. But they do not hold that the existence of that substance equals in rank that of God; for God is the cause of that existence, and the substance is in the same relation to God as the clay is to the potter, or the iron to the smith: God can do with it what he pleases; at one time he forms of it heaven and earth, at another time he forms some other thing. Those who hold this view also assume that the heavens are transient; that they came into existence though not from nothing, and may cease to exist although they cannot be reduced to nothing. They are transient in the same manner as the individuals among living beings, which are produced from some existing substance that remains in existence. The process of genesis and destruction is, in the case of the heavens, the same as in that of earthly beings.

Third Theory.—Viz., that of Aristotle, his followers and commentators. Aristotle maintains, like the adherents of the second theory, that a corporeal object cannot be produced without a corporeal substance. He goes further, however, and contends that the heavens are indestructible. For he holds that the universe in its totality has never been different, nor will it ever change: the heavens, which form the permanent element in the universe, and are not subject to genesis and destruction, have always been so; time and motion are eternal, permanent, and have neither beginning nor end; the sublunary world, which includes the transient elements, has always been the same, because the *materia prima* is itself eternal, and merely combines successively with different forms,— when one form is removed another is assumed. This whole arrangement, therefore, both above and here below, is never disturbed or interrupted; and nothing is produced contrary to the laws or the ordinary course of Nature. He further says— though not in the same terms — that he considers it impossible for God to change his will or conceive a new desire; that God produced this universe in its totality by his will, but not from nothing. Aristotle finds it as impossible to assume that God changes his will or conceives a new desire as to believe that he is non-existing or that his essence is changeable. Hence it follows that this universe has always been the same in the past, and will be the same eternally.

The Object of Law

The general object of the Law is twofold: the well-being of the soul and the well-being of the body. The well-being of the soul is promoted by correct opinions communicated to the people according to their capacity. Some of these opinions are therefore imparted in a plain form, others allegorically; because certain opinions are in their plain form too strong for the capacity of the common people. The well-being of the body is established by a proper management of the relations in which we live one to another. This we can attain in two ways: first by removing all violence from our midst; that is to say, that we do not do every one as he pleases, desires, and is able to do, but every one of us does that which contributes towards the common welfare. Secondly, by teaching every one of us such good morals as must produce a good social state.

Of these two objects, the former — the well-being of the soul, or the communication of correct opinions — comes undoubtedly first in rank; but the other — the well-being of the body, the government of the State, and the establishment of the best possible relations among men — is anterior in nature and time. The latter object is required first; it is also treated [in the Law] most carefully and most minutely, because the well-being of the soul can only be obtained after that of the body has been secured.

For it has always been found that man has a double perfection: the first perfection is that of the body, and the second perfection is that of the soul. The first consists in the most healthy condition of his material relations, and this is only possible when man has all his wants supplied as they arise: if he has his food and other things needful for his body,—*e.g.*, shelter, bath, and the like. But one man alone cannot procure all this; it is impossible for a single man to obtain this comfort; it is only possible in society, since man, as is well known, is by nature social.

The second perfection of man consists in his becoming an actually intelligent being; *i.e.*, when he knows about the things in existence all that a person perfectly developed is capable of knowing. This second perfection certainly does not include any action or good conduct, but only knowledge, which is arrived at by speculation or established by research.

It is clear that the second and superior kind of perfection can only be attained when the first perfection has been acquired; for a person that is suffering from great hunger, thirst, heat, or cold, cannot grasp an idea even if communicated by others, much less can he arrive at it by his own reasoning. But when a person is in possession of the first perfection, then he may possibly acquire the second perfection, which is undoubtedly of a superior kind, and is alone the source of eternal life. The true Law, which as we said is one, and beside which there is no other Law,—viz., the Law of our teacher Moses,—has for its purpose to give us the twofold perfection. It aims first at the establishment of good mutual relations among men, by removing injustice and creating the noblest feelings. In this way the people in every land are enabled to stay and continue in one condition, and every one can acquire his first perfection. Secondly, it seeks to train us in faith, and to impart correct and true opinions when the intellect is sufficiently developed. Scripture clearly mentions the twofold perfection, and tells us that its acquisition is the object of all Divine commandments. *Cf.* "And the Lord commanded us to do all these statutes, to fear the Lord our God, for our good always, that he might preserve us alive this day" (Deut. vi. 24). Here the second perfection is first mentioned because it is of greater importance; being, as we have shown, the ultimate aim of man's existence. This perfection is expressed in the phrase "for our good always." You know the interpretation of our sages: "'that it may be well with thee' (ibid., xxii. 7),—namely, in the world that is all good; 'and thou mayest prolong thy days' (ibid.),—*i. e.*, in the world that is all eternal." In the same sense I explain the words "for our good always" to mean "that we may come into the world that is all good and eternal, where we may live permanently"; and the words "that he might preserve us alive this day" I explain as referring to our first and temporal existence, to that of our body, which cannot be in a perfect and good condition except by the co-operation of society, as has been shown by us.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD

After a man has acquired the true knowledge of God, it must be his aim to surrender his whole being to him and to have his heart constantly filled with longing after him. Our intellectual power, which emanates directly from God, joins us to him. You have it in your power to strengthen that bond, or to weaken it until it breaks. It will be strengthened if you love God above all other things, and weakened if you prefer other things to him. All religious acts, such as the reading of Scripture, praying, and performing of ordinances, are only means to fill our mind with the thought of God and free it from worldliness. If however we pray with the motion of our lips and our face toward the wall, but think all the while of our business; read the Law, and think of the building of our house; perform ceremonies with our limbs only, whilst our hearts are far from God,—then there is no difference between these acts and the digging of the ground or the hewing of wood.

SUPERFLUOUS THINGS

The soul, when accustomed to superfluous things, acquires a strong habit of desiring others which are neither necessary for the preservation of the individual nor for that of the species. This desire is without limit; whilst things which are necessary are few and restricted within certain bounds. Lay this well to heart, reflect on it again and again: that which is superfluous is without end, and therefore the desire for it also without limit. Thus you desire to have your vessels of silver, but gold vessels are still better; others have even vessels studded with sapphires, emeralds, or rubies. Those therefore who are ignorant of this truth, that the desire for superfluous things is without limit, are constantly in trouble and pain. They expose themselves to great dangers by sea voyages or in the service of kings. When they thus meet with the consequences of their course, they complain of the judgments of God; they go so far as to say that God's power is insufficient, because he has given to this universe the properties which they imagine cause these evils.

Evil Things Contrasted with Good Things

Men frequently think that the evils in the world are more numerous than the good things; many sayings and songs of the nations dwell on this idea. They say that the good is found only exceptionally, whilst evil things are numerous and lasting. The origin of this error is to be found in the circumstance that men judge of the whole universe by examining one single person, believing that the world exists for that one person only. If anything happens to him contrary to his expectation, forthwith they conclude that the whole universe is evil. All mankind at present in existence form only an infinitesimal portion of the permanent universe. It is of great advantage that man should know his station. Numerous evils to which persons are exposed are due to the defects existing in the persons themselves. We seek relief from our own faults; we suffer from evils which we inflict on ourselves; and we ascribe them to God, who is far from connected with them. As Solomon explained it, « The foolishness of man perverteth his way, and his heart fretteth against the Lord » (Prov. xix. 3).

Thought of Sins

There is a well-known saying of our sages: « The thoughts about committing a sin are a greater evil than the sin itself. » I can offer a good explanation of this strange dictum. When a person is disobedient, this is due to certain accidents connected with the corporal element in his constitution; for man sins only by his animal nature, whereas thinking is a faculty connected with his higher and essential being. A person who thinks sinful thoughts, sins therefore by means of the nobler portion of his self; just as he who causes an ignorant slave to work unjustly, commits a lesser wrong than he who forces a free man or a prince to do menial labor. That which forms the true nature of man, with all its properties and powers, should only be employed in suitable work,— in endeavoring to join higher beings,— and not to sink to the condition of lower creatures.

Low Speech Condemned

You know we condemn lowness of speech, and justly so; for the gift of speech is peculiar to man, and a boon which God granted to him, that he may be distinguished from the rest of living creatures. This gift, therefore, which God gave us in order to enable us to perfect ourselves, to learn and to teach, must not be employed in doing that which is for us most degrading and disgraceful. We must not imitate the songs and tales of ignorant and lascivious people. It may be suitable to them, but it is not fit for those who are told — "And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation" (Ex. xix. 6).

Control Bodily Desires

Man must have control over all bodily desires. He must reduce them as much as possible, and only retain of them as much as is indispensable. His aim must be the aim of man, as man; viz., the formation and perfection of ideas, and nothing else. The best and the sublimest among them is the idea which man forms of God, angels, and the rest of the creation, according to his capacity. Such men are always with God, and of them it is said: "Ye are princes, and all of you are children of the Most High." When man possesses a good sound body, that does not overpower nor disturb the equilibrium within him, he possesses a Divine gift. A good constitution facilitates the rule of the soul over the body; but it is not impossible to conquer a bad constitution by training, and make it subservient to man's ultimate destiny.

The Moral Equipoise

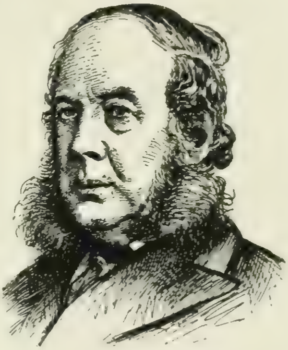
It is true that many pious men in ages gone by have broken the universal rule, to select the just mean in all the actions of life; at times they went to extremes. Thus they fasted often, watched through the nights, abstained from flesh and wine, wore sackcloth, lived among the rocks, and wandered in the deserts. They did this, however, only when they considered it necessary to restore their disturbed moral equipoise; or to avoid, in the midst of men, temptations which at times were too strong for them. These abnegations were for them means to an end, and they forsook them as soon as that end was attained. Thoughtless men, however, regarded castigations as holy in themselves, and imitated them without thinking of the intentions of their examples. They thought thereby to reach perfection and to approach to God. The fools! as if God hated the body and took pleasure in its destruction. They did not consider how many sicknesses of soul their actions caused. They are to be compared to such as take dangerous medicines because they have seen that experienced physicians have saved many a one from death with them; so they ruin themselves. This is the meaning of the cry of the Prophet Jeremiah: "Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people and go from them."

SIR HENRY MAINE

(1822–1888)

BY D. MACG. MEANS

Henry James Sumner Maine was born near Leighton on August 15th, 1822, and passed his first years in Jersey; afterward removing to England, where he was brought up exclusively by his mother, a woman of superior talents. In 1829 he was entered by his godfather — Dr. Sumner, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury — at Christ's Hospital, and in 1840 went as one of its exhibitioners to Pembroke College, Cambridge. From the very beginning his career was brilliant; and after carrying off nearly all the academic honors, he was made Regius Professor of Civil Law at the early age of twenty-five. In spite of a feeble constitution, which made his life a prolonged struggle with illness, his voice was always notably strong, and is described by one of his early hearers as like a silver bell. His appearance was striking, indicating the sensitive nervous energy of which he was full. Such were his spirits and disposition that he was a charming companion, but it was hard to draw him away from his reading. This became eventually prodigious in extent, his power of seizing on the essence of books and passing over what was immaterial being very remarkable.



Sir Henry Maine

In 1847 he married his cousin, Jane Maine; and as it became necessary to provide for new responsibilities, he took up the law as a profession, and was called to the bar in 1850. Like so many other great Englishmen of modern times, he devoted much time to writing for the press, his first efforts appearing in the Morning Chronicle. He wrote for the first number of the Saturday Review, and is said to have suggested its name. His contributions were very numerous; and were especially valued by the editor, John Douglas Cook, although the present Lord Salisbury, Sir William Harcourt, Goldwin Smith, Sir James Stephen, Walter Bagehot, and other able writers were coadjutors. He practiced a little at the common-law bar; but his health did not permit him to go regularly on circuit, and he soon went over to the equity branch of the profession. In 1852 the Inns of Court appointed him reader in Roman law; and in 1861 the results of this lectureship were given to the world in the publication of ‹Ancient Law.›

This splendid work made an epoch in the history of the study of law. It is the finest example of the comparative method which the present generation has seen. Some of its conclusions have been proved erroneous by later scholars, but the value of the book remains unimpaired. Apart from its graces of style, its peculiar success was due to the author's power of re-creating the past; of introducing the reader, as it were, to his own ancestors many centuries removed, engaged in the actual transaction of legal business. It was altogether fitting that one who had shown such distinguished capacity for understanding the thoughts and customs of primitive peoples should be chosen as an administrator of the Indian Empire; and in 1862 Maine accepted the law membership in the council of the Governor-General —the office previously filled by Macaulay. Perhaps nowhere in the world is so good work done with so little publicity as in such positions as this. It is inconceivable that any one except a historian or a specialist should read Maine's Indian papers, and yet no one can take them up without being struck with their high quality. So far as intelligent government is concerned, there is no comparison between a benevolent despot like Maine and a representative chosen by popular suffrage.

On his return from India in 1869, Maine became professor of jurisprudence at Oxford; and showed the results of his Indian experiences in the lectures published in 1871, under the title ‹Village Communities.› In 1875 he brought out the ‹Early History of Institutions.› He became a member of the Indian Council, and resigning his Oxford professorship, was chosen master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge; numberless other honors being showered on him. In 1883 the last of the series of works begun with ‹Ancient Law› appeared,—‹Dissertations on Early Law and Custom.› This was followed in 1885 by ‹Popular Government,› a work especially interesting to Americans as criticizing their form of government from the aristocratical point of view. In 1887 Maine succeeded Sir William Harcourt as professor of international law at Cambridge; but delivered only one course of lectures, which were published after his death without his final revision. He died February 3d, 1888, of apoplexy, leaving a widow and two sons, one of whom died soon after his father. A memoir of his life was prepared by Sir M. E. Grant Duff, with a selection of his Indian speeches and minutes, and published in this country in 1892 by Henry Holt & Co. It contains a fine photograph from Dickinson's portrait,—enough evidence of itself to explain the mastery which the English race has come to exercise over so large a part of the earth.

Maine's style was distinguished by lucidity and elegance. He has been justly compared with Montesquieu; but the progress of knowledge gave him the advantage of more accurate scholarship. He applied the theory of evolution to the development of human institutions; yet no sentence ever written by him has been so often quoted as that which recognized the immobility of the masses of mankind: «Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin.» In spite of his wonderful powers of almost intuitive generalization, and of brilliant expression, he had not the temperament of a poetical enthusiast. He was noted for his caution in his career as a statesman, and the same quality marked all his work. As Sir F. Pollock said, he forged a new and lasting bond between jurisprudence and anthropology, and made jurisprudence a study of the living growth of human society through all its stages. But those who are capable of appreciating his work in India will perhaps consider it his greatest achievement; for no man has done so much to determine what Indian law should be, and thus to shape the institutions of untold millions of human beings.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MODERN LAWS OF REAL PROPERTY

From Essay on ‹The Effects of Observation of India on Modern European Thought,› in ‹Village Communities in the East and West›

WHENEVER a corner is lifted up of the veil which hides from us the primitive condition of mankind, even of such parts of it as we know to have been destined to civilization, there are two positions, now very familiar to us, which seem to be signally falsified by all we are permitted to see: All men are brothers, and All men are equal. The scene before us is rather that which the animal world presents to the mental eye of those who have the courage to bring home to themselves the facts answering to the memorable theory of Natural Selection. Each fierce little community is perpetually at war with its neighbor, tribe with tribe, village with village. The never-ceasing attacks of the strong on the weak end in the manner expressed by the monotonous formula which so often recurs in the pages of Thucydides,—"They put the men to the sword; the women and children they sold into slavery." Yet even amid all this cruelty and carnage, we find the germs of ideas which have spread over the world. There is still a place and a sense in which men are brothers and equals. The universal belligerency is the belligerency of one total group, tribe, or village, with another; but in the interior of the groups the regimen is one not of conflict and confusion, but rather of ultra-legality. The men who composed the primitive communities believed themselves to be kinsmen in the most literal sense of the word; and surprising as it may seem, there are a multitude of indications that in one stage of thought they must have regarded themselves as equals. When these primitive bodies first make their appearance as land-owners, as claiming an exclusive enjoyment in a definite area of land, not only do their shares of the soil appear to have been originally equal, but a number of contrivances survive for preserving the equality, of which the most frequent is the periodical redistribution of the tribal domain. The facts collected suggest one conclusion, which may be now considered as almost proved to demonstration. Property in land, as we understand it,—that is, several ownership, ownership by individuals or by groups not larger than families,—is a more modern institution than joint property or co-ownership; that is, ownership in common by large groups of men originally kinsmen, and still, wherever they are found (and they are still found over a great part of the world), believing or assuming themselves to be, in some sense, of kin to one another. Gradually, and probably under the influence of a great variety of causes, the institution familiar to us, individual property in land, has arisen from the dissolution of the ancient co-ownership.

There are other conclusions from modern inquiry which ought to be stated less confidently, and several of them only in negative form. Thus, wherever we can observe the primitive groups still surviving to our day, we find that competition has very feeble play in their domestic transactions; competition, that is, in exchange and in the acquisition of property. This phenomenon, with several others, suggests that competition, that prodigious social force of which the action is measured by political economy, is of relatively modern origin. Just as the conceptions of human brotherhood, and in a less degree of human equality, appear to have passed beyond the limits of the primitive communities and to have spread themselves in a highly diluted form over the mass of mankind,— so, on the other hand, competition in exchange seems to be the universal belligerency of the ancient world which has penetrated into the interior of the ancient groups of blood relatives. It is the regulated private war of ancient society gradually broken up into indistinguishable atoms. So far as property in land is concerned, unrestricted competition in purchase and exchange has a far more limited field of action, even at this moment, than an Englishman or an American would suppose. The view of land as merchantable property, exchangeable like a horse or an ox, seems to be not only modern but even now distinctively Western. It is most unreservedly accepted in the United States; with little less reserve in England and France; but as we proceed through Eastern Europe it fades gradually away, until in Asia it is wholly lost.

I cannot do more than hint at other conclusions which are suggested by recent investigation. We may lay down, I think at least provisionally, that in the beginning of the history of ownership there was no such broad distinction as we now commonly draw between political and proprietary power, — between the power which gives the right to tax and the power which confers the right to exact rent. It would seem as if the greater forms of landed property now existing represented political sovereignty in a condition of decay, while the small property of most of the world has grown — not exclusively, as has been vulgarly supposed hitherto, out of the precarious possessions of servile classes, but — out of the indissoluble association of the status of freeman with a share in the land of the community to which he belonged. I think, again, that it is possible we may have to revise our ideas of the relative antiquity of the objects of enjoyment which we call movables and immovables, real property and personal property. Doubtless the great bulk of movables came into existence after land had begun to be appropriated by groups of men; but there is now much reason for suspecting that some of these commodities were severally owned before this appropriation, and that they exercised great influence in dissolving the primitive collective ownership.

It is unavoidable that positions like these, stated as they can only be stated here, should appear to some paradoxical, to others unimportant. There are a few, perhaps, who may conceive a suspicion that if property as we now understand it — that is, several property — be shown to be more modern not only than the human race (which was long ago assumed), but than ownership in common (which is only beginning to be suspected), some advantage may be gained by those assailants of the institution itself whose doctrines from time to time cause a panic in modern Continental society. I do not myself think so. It is not the business of the scientific historical inquirer to assert good or evil of any particular institution. He deals with its existence and development, not with its expediency. But one conclusion he may properly draw from the facts bearing on the subject before us. Nobody is at liberty to attack several property and to say at the same time that he values civilization. The history of the two cannot be disentangled. Civilization is nothing more than a name for the old order of the Aryan world, dissolved but perpetually reconstituting itself under a vast variety of solvent influences, of which infinitely the most powerful have been those which have slowly, and in some parts of the world much less perfectly than others, substituted several property for collective ownership.

IMPORTANCE OF A KNOWLEDGE OF ROMAN LAW: AND THE EFFECT OF THE CODE NAPOLÉON

From ‹Roman Law and Legal Education,› in ‹Village Communities in the East and West›

If it were worth our while to inquire narrowly into the causes which have led of late years to the revival of interest in the Roman civil law, we should probably end in attributing its increasing popularity rather to some incidental glimpses of its value, which have been gained by the English practitioner in the course of legal business, than to any widely diffused or far reaching appreciation of its importance as an instrument of knowledge. It is most certain that the higher the point of jurisprudence which has to be dealt with, the more signal is always the assistance derived by the English lawyer from Roman law; and the higher the mind employed upon the question, the more unqualified is its admiration of the system by which its perplexities have been disentangled. But the grounds upon which the study of Roman jurisprudence is to be defended are by no means such as to be intelligible only to the subtlest intellects, nor do they await the occurrence of recondite points of law in order to disclose themselves. It is believed that the soundness of many of them will be recognized as soon as they are stated; and to these it is proposed to call attention in the present essay.

The historical connection between the Roman jurisprudence and our own appears to be now looked upon as furnishing one very strong reason for increased attention to the civil law of Rome. The fact, of course, is not now to be questioned. The vulgar belief that the English common law was indigenous in all its parts was always so easily refuted, by the most superficial comparison of the text of Bracton and Fleta with the 'Corpus Juris,' that the honesty of the historians who countenanced it can only be defended by alleging the violence of their prejudices; and now that the great accumulation of fragments of ante-Justinianean compendia, and the discovery of the MS. of Gaius, have increased our acquaintance with the Roman law in the only form in which it can have penetrated into Britain, the suspicion of a partial earlier filiation amounts almost to a certainty. The fact of such a filiation has necessarily the highest interest for the legal antiquarian, and it is of value besides for its effect on some of the coarser prepossessions of English lawyers. But too much importance should not be attached to it. It has ever been the case in England that every intellectual importation we have received has been instantly colored by the peculiarities of our national habits and spirit. A foreign jurisprudence interpreted by the old English common-lawyers would soon cease to be foreign, and the Roman law would lose its distinctive character with even greater rapidity than any other set of institutions. It will be easily understood that a system like the laws of Rome, distinguished above all others for its symmetry and its close correspondence with fundamental rules, would be effectually metamorphosed by a very slight distortion of its parts, or by the omission of one or two governing principles. Even though, therefore, it be true—and true it certainly is—that texts of Roman law have been worked at all points into the foundations of our jurisprudence, it does not follow from that fact that our knowledge of English law would be materially improved by the study of the 'Corpus Juris'; and besides, if too much stress be laid on the historical connection between the systems, it will be apt to encourage one of the most serious errors into which the inquirer into the philosophy of law can fall. It is not because our own jurisprudence and that of Rome were *once* alike that they ought to be studied together; it is because they *will be* alike. It is because all laws, however dissimilar in their infancy, tend to resemble each other in their maturity; and because we in England are slowly, and perhaps unconsciously or unwillingly, but still steadily and certainly, accustoming ourselves to the same modes of legal thought, and to the same conceptions of legal principle, to which the Roman jurisconsults had attained after centuries of accumulated experience and unwearied cultivation.

The attempt, however, to explain at length why the flux and change which our law is visibly undergoing furnish the strongest reasons for studying a body of rules so mature and so highly refined as that contained in the 'Corpus Juris,' would be nearly the same thing as endeavoring to settle the relation of the Roman law to the science of jurisprudence; and that inquiry, from its great length and difficulty, it would be obviously absurd to prosecute within the limits of an essay like the present. But there is a set of considerations of a different nature, and equally forcible in their way, which cannot be too strongly impressed on all who have the control of legal or general education. The point which they tend to establish is this: the immensity of the ignorance to which we are condemned by ignorance of Roman law. It may be doubted whether even the best educated men in England can fully realize how vastly important an element is Roman law in the general mass of human knowledge, and how largely it enters into and pervades and modifies all products of human thought which are not exclusively English. Before we endeavor to give some distant idea of the extent to which this is true, we must remind the reader that the Roman law is not a system of cases, like our own. It is a system of which the nature may, for practical purposes though inadequately, be described by saying that it consists of principles, and of express written rules. In England, the labor of the lawyer is to extract from the precedents a formula, which while covering *them* will also cover the state of facts to be adjudicated upon; and the task of rival advocates is, from the same precedents or others to elicit different formulas of equal apparent applicability. Now, in Roman law no such use is made of precedents. The 'Corpus Juris,' as may be seen at a glance, contains a great number of what our English lawyers would term cases; but then they are in no respect sources of rules — they are instances of their application. They are, as it were, problems solved by authority in order to throw light on the rule, and to point out how it should be manipulated and applied. How it was that the Roman law came to assume this form so much sooner and more completely than our own, is a question full of interest, and it is one of the first to which the student should address himself; but though the prejudices of an Englishman will probably figure to him a jurisprudence thus constituted as, to say the least, anomalous, it is nevertheless quite as readily conceived, and quite as natural to the constitution of our own system. In proof of this, it may be remarked that the English common law was clearly conceived by its earliest expositors as wearing something of this character. It was regarded as existing *somewhere* in the form of a symmetrical body of express rules, adjusted to definite principles. The knowledge of the system, however, in its full amplitude and proportions, was supposed to be confined to the breasts of the judges and the lay public, and the mass of the legal profession were only permitted to discern its canons intertwined with the facts of adjudged cases. Many traces of this ancient theory remain in the language of our judgments and forensic arguments; and among them we may perhaps place the singular use of the word "principle" in the sense of a legal proposition elicited from the precedents by comparison and induction.

The proper business of a Roman jurisconsult was therefore confined to the interpretation and application of express written rules; processes which must of course be to some extent employed by the professors of every system of laws — of our own among others, when we attempt to deal with statute law. But the great space which they filled at Rome has no counterpart in English practice; and becoming, as they did, the principal exercise of a class of men characterized as a whole by extraordinary subtlety and patience, and in individual cases by extraordinary genius, they were the means of producing results which the English practitioner wants centuries of attaining. We who speak without shame — occasionally with something like pride — of our ill success in construing statutes, have at our hand nothing distantly resembling the appliances which the Roman jurisprudence supplies, partly by definite canons and partly by appropriate examples, for the understanding and management of written law. It would not be doing more than justice to the methods of interpretation invented by the Roman lawyers, if we were to compare the power which they give over their subject-matter to the advantage which the geometrician derives from mathematical analysis in discussing the relations of space. By each of these helps, difficulties almost insuperable become insignificant, and processes nearly interminable are shortened to a tolerable compass. The parallel might be carried still further, and we might insist on the special habit of mind which either class of mental exercise induces. Most certainly nothing can be more peculiar, special, and distinct than the bias of thought, the modes of reasoning, and the habits of illustration, which are given by a training in the Roman law. No tension of mind or length of study which even distantly resembles the labor of mastering English jurisprudence is necessary to enable the student to realize these peculiarities of mental view; but still they cannot be acquired without some effort, and the question is, whether the effort which they demand brings with it sufficient reward. We can only answer by endeavoring to point out that they pervade whole departments of thought and inquiry of which some knowledge is essential to every lawyer, and to every man of decent cultivation. . . .

It may be confidently asserted, that if the English lawyer only attached himself to the study of Roman law long enough to master the technical phraseology and to realize the leading legal conceptions of the 'Corpus Juris,' he would approach those questions of foreign law to which our courts have repeatedly to address themselves, with an advantage which no mere professional acumen acquired by the exclusive practice of our own jurisprudence could ever confer on him. The steady multiplication of legal systems borrowing the entire phraseology, adopting the principles, and appropriating the greater part of the rules, of Roman jurisprudence, is one of the most singular phenomena of our day, and far more worthy of attention than the most showy manifestations of social progress. This gradual approach of Continental Europe to a uniformity of municipal law dates unquestionably from the first French Revolution. Although Europe, as is well known, formerly comprised a number of countries and provinces which governed themselves by the written Roman law, interpolated with feudal observances, there does not seem to be any evidence that the institutions of these localities enjoyed any vogue or favor beyond their boundaries. Indeed, in the earlier part of the last century, there may be traced among the educated men of the Continent something of a feeling in favor of English law; a feeling proceeding, it is to be feared, rather from the general enthusiasm for English political institutions which was then prevalent, than founded on any very accurate acquaintance with the rules of our jurisprudence. Certainly, as respects France in particular, there were no visible symptoms of any general preference for the institutions of the *pays de droit écrit* as opposed to the provinces in which customary law was observed. But then came the French Revolution, and brought with it the necessity of preparing a general code for France one and indivisible. Little is known of the special training through which the true authors of this work had passed; but in the form which it ultimately assumed, when published as the Code Napoléon, it may be described without great inaccuracy as a compendium of the rules of Roman law then practiced in France, cleared of all feudal admixture; such rules, however, being in all cases taken with the extensions given to them and the interpretations put upon them by one or two eminent French jurists, and particularly by Pothier. The French conquests planted this body of laws over the whole extent of the French empire, and the kingdoms immediately dependent upon it; and it is incontestable that it took root with extraordinary quickness and tenacity. The highest tribute to the French codes is their great and lasting popularity with the people, the lay public, of the countries into which they have been introduced. How much weight ought to be attached to this symptom, our own experience should teach us; which surely shows us how thoroughly indifferent in general is the mass of the public to the particular rules of civil life by which it may be governed, and how extremely superficial are even the most energetic movements in favor of the amendment of the law. At the fall of the Bonapartist empire in 1815, most of the restored governments had the strongest desire to expel the intrusive jurisprudence which had substituted itself for the ancient customs of the land. It was found, however, that the people prized it as the most precious of possessions: the attempt to subvert it was persevered in in very few instances, and in most of them the French codes were restored after a brief abeyance. And not only has the observance of these laws been confirmed in almost all the countries which ever enjoyed them, but they have made their way into numerous other communities, and occasionally in the teeth of the most formidable political obstacles. So steady, indeed, and so resistless has been the diffusion of this Romanized jurisprudence, either in its original or in a slightly modified form, that the civil law of the whole Continent is clearly destined to be absorbed and lost in it. It is, too, we should add, a very vulgar error to suppose that the civil part of the codes has only been found suited to a society so peculiarly constituted as that of France. With alterations and additions, mostly directed to the enlargement of the testamentary power on one side and to the conservation of entails and primogeniture on the other, they have been admitted into countries whose social condition is as unlike that of France as is possible to conceive.

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