


NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE



TRENT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

1875
-15312

803

Library of the world's
Best Literature

1.37



Etatis vir qui no
habet in consilio
in piorum: et in
via peccatorum no
stetit et in cathedra
presidentie no sedit.
Sed in lege domini
voluntas eius: et

in lege eius meditabitur die ac nocte.

Et erit tanquam lignum quod plantatum
est iuxta aquam: quod fructum
suum non dabit in tempore suo.

Et folium eius non defluet: et omnia quae
annue faciet prosperabuntur.

Non sic ipse sicut lignum quae
prociat ventus a facie terre.

Deus non relinquit iniquum in iudicio: neque
peccatores in consilio iustorum.

Quoniam non timet dominus viam iustorum: iter
iniquorum peribit.

Mare fremuerunt gentes: et populi

BRITISH MUSEUM

A LIBRARY OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

PAGE FROM PSALTER.

This fine specimen of a portion of a page from a psalter shows the progress and completeness of the style of illumination previously illustrated by a page from the poems of Lydgate. It is a superb example of the period; the marked difference between the style of this ornamentation and that containing the poems of Lydgate consists in the more profuse branching out of its ornaments from the upright bar or ground work and so forming a deep and continuous border which, though irregular in its outline, has a certain symmetry that produces a balance of relative parts and forms a complete frame for the whole text of the page. The miniature in the initial letter, characteristic of manuscripts of this age, represents David playing his harp.

University Edition

A LIBRARY OF THE
WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

ANCIENT AND MODERN

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

EDITOR

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE
GEORGE HENRY WARNER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FORTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. XXXVII.

NEW YORK
THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY
MDCCCXCVII

PN6013 .d. 26

v. 37

University Edition

LIMITED TO ONE THOUSAND COPIES

No. 41

Copyright, 1896, by
R. S. PEALE AND J. A. HILL
All rights reserved

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

- CRAWFORD H. TOY, A. M., LL. D.,
Professor of Hebrew, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, Cambridge, Mass.
- THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, LL. D., L. H. D.,
Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of
YALE UNIVERSITY, New Haven, Conn.
- WILLIAM M. SLOANE, PH. D., L. H. D.,
Professor of History and Political Science,
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, Princeton, N. J.
- BRANDER MATTHEWS, A. M., LL. B.,
Professor of Literature, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, New York City.
- JAMES B. ANGELL, LL. D.,
President of the UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- WILLARD FISKE, A. M., PH. D.,
Late Professor of the Germanic and Scandinavian Languages
and Literatures, CORNELL UNIVERSITY, Ithaca, N. Y.
- EDWARD S. HOLDEN, A. M., LL. D.,
Director of the Lick Observatory, and Astronomer,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, Berkeley, Cal.
- ALCÉE FORTIER, Lit. D.,
Professor of the Romance Languages,
TULANE UNIVERSITY, New Orleans, La.
- WILLIAM P. TRENT, M. A.,
Dean of the Department of Arts and Sciences, and Professor of
English and History,
UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, Sewanee, Tenn.
- PAUL SHOREY, PH. D.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Literature,
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill.
- WILLIAM T. HARRIS, LL. D.,
United States Commissioner of Education,
BUREAU OF EDUCATION, Washington, D. C.
- MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, A. M., LL. D.,
Professor of Literature in the
CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, Washington, D. C.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOL. XXXVII

	LIVED	PAGE
OCTAVE THANET	1860 ?-	14733
The Missionary Sheriff		
CELIA THAXTER	1836-1894	14760
Sorrow	Impatience	
Seaward	In Death's Despite	
The Sandpiper	Wild Geese	
The Watch of Boon Island	In Autumn	
THEOCRITUS	Third Century B. C.	14769
BY J. W. MACKAIL		
The Song of Thyrsis	Viol and Flute	
The Love of Simætha (Second Idyl)	The Sinking of the Pleiad	
The Songs of the Reapers (Tenth Idyl)	Idyl VII.—The Harvest Feast	
To Apollo and the Muses	The Song of Lycidas	
Heaven on Earth	The Song of Simichidas	
	The Festival of Adonis	
	The Psalm of Adonis	
THEOGNIS	Sixth and Fifth (?) Centuries B. C.	14789
The Beloved Youth Gains Fame from the Poet's Songs		
Worldly Wisdom		
"Desert a Beggar Born"		
A Savage Prayer		
ANDRÉ THEURIET	1833-	14795
The Bretonne ('Stories of Every-day Life')		
An Easter Story (same)		

	LIVED	PAGE
AUGUSTIN THIERRY	1795-1856	14803

BY FREDERIC LOLIÉE

- The True History of Jacques Bonhomme, from Authentic Documents ('Historical Essays')
- The Battle of Hastings ('History of the Conquest of England by the Normans')
- The Story of Fortunatus ('Historical Essays and Narratives of the Merovingian Era')

ADOLPHE THIERS	1797-1877	14821
----------------	-----------	-------

BY ADOLPHE COHN

- Why the Revolution Came ('History of the French Revolution')
- The Revolutionary War in Western France (same)
- The Height of the Terror (same)
- The Policy of Napoleon in Egypt (same)
- Napoleon's Address to his Army After the Disaster of Aboukir (same)

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS	1854-	14845
----------------------	-------	-------

- | | |
|--------|-------------------------|
| Syrinx | Cybele and her Children |
| Lethe | The Grasshopper |
| Sunset | Winter Sleep |

JAMES THOMSON	1700-1748	14851
---------------	-----------	-------

- Rule Britannia! (Masque of 'Alfred')
- April Rain ('The Seasons'—Spring)
- The Lost Caravan ('The Seasons'—Summer)
- The Inundation ('The Seasons'—Autumn)
- The First Snow ('The Seasons'—Winter)
- The Sheep-Washing ('The Seasons'—Summer)
- The Castle of Indolence ('The Castle of Indolence')

JAMES THOMSON	1834-1882	14865
---------------	-----------	-------

- From 'The City of Dreadful Night'
- From 'Art'

	LIVED	PAGE
HENRY D. THOREAU	1817-1862	14871

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

Inspiration	Work and Pay ('Walden')
The Fisher's Boy	Solitude (same)
Smoke	The Bean Field (same)
Walking ('Excursions')	

THUCYDIDES	471?-400? B. C.	14909
------------	-----------------	-------

BY HERBERT WEIR SMYTH

The Night Attack on Plataea ('History')
Pericles's Memorial Oration over the Athenian Dead of the First Campaign (same)
Reflections on Revolution
The Final Struggle in the Harbor of Syracuse

ALBIUS TIBULLUS	54?-19? B. C.	14930
-----------------	---------------	-------

BY G. M. WHICHER

On the Pleasures of a Country Life
Written in Sickness at Coreyra
The Rural Deities
Love in the Country
To Cerinthus, on his Birthday

JOHANN LUDWIG TIECK	1773-1853	14941
The Fair-Haired Eckbert		

HENRY TIMROD	1829-1867	14961
Spring Sonnet		

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE	1805-1859	14965
Education of Young Women in the United States ('Democracy in America')		
Political Association (same)		
Cause of Legislative Instability in America (same)		
Tyranny of the Majority (same)		
Power Exercised by the Majority in America upon Opinion (same)		

	LIVED	PAGE
<i>ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE—Continued:</i>		
Dangers from Omnipotence of the Majority ('Democracy in America')		
France under the Rule of the Middle Class ('Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville')		
LYOF TOLSTOY	1828-	14985
BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS		
Anna's Illness ('Anna Karénina')		
Anna and her Son (same)		
Anna Kills Herself (same)		
At Borodino ('War and Peace')		
ANTHONY TROLLOPE	1815-1882	15031
BY JANE GROSVENOR COOKE		
War ('Barchester Towers')		
The Bishop of Barchester is Crushed ('The Last Chronicle of Barset')		
The Moral Responsibility of the Novelist ('Autobiography')		
IVAN TURGENEFF	1818-1883	15057
BY HENRY JAMES		
The Death of Bazarov ('Fathers and Children')		
Lavretsky ('A House of Gentlefolk')		
The District Doctor ('A Sportman's Sketches')		
Byezhin Prairie (same)		
The Singers (same)		
A Living Relic (same)		
MOSES COIT TYLER	1835-	15131
Early Verse-Writing in New England ('A History of American Literature')		
The Declaration of Independence ('The Literary History of the American Revolution')		
JOHN TYNDALL	1820-1893	15141
The Matterhorn ('Hours of Exercise in the Alps')		
The Claims of Science ('Belfast Address')		

	LIVED	PAGE
TYRTÆUS, ARCHILOCHUS, AND THEIR SUCCESSORS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF GREEK LYRIC	700-500 B. C.	15161

BY H. RUSHTON FAIRCLOUGH

Tyrtæus: Marching Song; Elegy
 Mimnermus: Old Age
 Archilochus: Epigrams; Faith; On Equanimity
 Callistratus: On Harmodius and Aristogeiton
 Hybrias: Soldiers' Song
 Spring Song of the Rhodian Children
 Ibycus: Love
 Bacchylides: Wine and Love; Pæan to Peace

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND	1787-1862	15185
----------------------	-----------	-------

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

The Shepherd's Song on the Lord's Day	The Serenade To —
The Luck of Edenhall	The Sunken Crown
The Minstrel's Curse	A Mother's Grave-
Entertainment	The Chapel
The Mountain Boy	The Smithying of Sigfrid's
The Castle by the Sea	Sword
The Passage	Ichabod: the Glory has De-
The Nun	parted

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS	1853-	15199
------------------------	-------	-------

BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP

The Belle of the Village Store ('Señorito Octavio')
 Maria's Way to Perfection ('Marta y Maria')
 A Friendly Argument in the Café de la Marina ('El Cuarto Poder')
 Venturita Wins Away her Sister's Lover (same)

JUAN VALERA	1827-	15220
-------------	-------	-------

BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP

Youth and Crabbed Age ('Pepita Ximenez')
 Pepita's Appearance at the Garden Party (same)
 A Noonday Apparition in the Glen (same)
 The Evenings at Pepita's Tertulia (same)

	LIVED	PAGE
JUAN VALERA — <i>Continued</i> :		
Pepita's Eyes ('Pepita Ximenez')		
The Struggle Between the Interests of Heaven and Earth (same)		
How Young Don Fadrique was Persuaded to Dance ('Com- mander Mendoza')		
HENRY VAN DYKE	1852--	15237
Little Rivers ('Little Rivers')		
The Malady of Modern Doubt ('The Gospel for an Age of Doubt')		
An Angler's Wish		
Tennyson		
The Veery		
GIORGIO VASARI	1512-1574	15248
Raphael Sanzio ('Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects')		
HENRY VAUGHAN	1621-1695	15257
The Retreat	The Revival	
The Ornament	Retirement	
They are All Gone	The Palm-Tree	

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XXXVII

	PAGE
Page from a Psalter (Colored Plate)	Frontispiece
"The First Snow" (Photogravure)	14857
Henry D. Thoreau (Portrait)	14871
Thucydides	14909
Lyof Tolstoy	14985
"The Deanery" Winchester (Photogravure)	15035
Ivan Turgeneff (Portrait)	15057
John Tyndall (Portrait)	15141
The Matterhorn (Photogravure)	15142
Johann Ludwig Uhland (Portrait)	15185
"The Castle by the Sea" (Photogravure)	15192
"Raphael as a Young Man" (Photogravure)	15250

VIGNETTE PORTRAITS

Octave Thanet	James Thomson
Celia Thaxter	Albius Tibullus
Theocrites	Johann Ludwig Tieck
André Theuriet	Alexis de Tocqueville
Augustin Thierry	Anthony Trollope
Adolphe Thiers	Moses Coit Tyler
Edith Matilda Thomas	Henry Van Dyke
	Giorgio Vasari

OCTAVE THANET

(1860?—)

THE Arkansas and other stories of the South and West by Octave Thanet—known in private life as Miss Alice French—are part of the vital contribution to sectional American literature. She belongs with those writers in the United States who are studying with insight and sympathy varied types of humanity; and while producing good literature, are drawing East and West, North and South together, by making them better known to each other. Miss French's stories are skillful in workmanship, warm with humanity, and very dramatic in conception and handling. She is a realist in the best sense; basing her fiction on close observation and understanding of the characters she creates. She is doing for a certain part of the Southwest what no previous author has done so well.

Although Arkansas is her favorite study ground, and Iowa is her present home, Miss French was born about 1860 at Andover, Massachusetts; and comes of an old New England family, which traces back to Massachusetts Bay colonists. Her father went West for his health, and settled in Davenport, Iowa; keeping in touch with the East, however, by annual visits to the Massachusetts coast and sojourns in Boston. Alice was graduated at Andover Academy. Her early tastes in reading were historical, and she began by writing on social and economic themes. Her first story to attract attention was 'The Bishop's Vagabond,' in the Atlantic Monthly; a South Carolina watering-place sketch, which contains a salient bit of characterization humorously presented, yet with strong undercurrents of pathos and tragedy, and which proved the forerunner of many which revealed to her and her public the true scope and nature of her powers.

Miss French passes her winters on her plantation, Clover Bend, on the Black River, in Arkansas; and it is there that she has made the careful studies of the native life upon which her tales are based. The scenery, the characters, and even the incidents, in some of her



OCTAVE THANET

fiction, are direct transcripts of what she has seen and heard, idealized by the artist touch. The pseudonym "Octave Thanet" is in derivation a curious composite: the first of the two names is that of a school room-mate, the second was discovered on the side of a passing freight-car.

Miss French's first collection of short stories was 'Knitters in the Sun' (1884): and it has been followed by 'Expiation,' a novel (1890); 'Otto the Knight, and other Trans-Mississippi Stories' (1891); 'We All,' another novel (1891); 'Stories of a Western Town' (1893); 'An Adventure in Photography,' a practical treatise on amateur picture-taking (1893); and 'The Missionary Sheriff,' in which the West instead of the Southwest is depicted,—the tales being laid in Iowa and Illinois. The author's growth, from the lurid massing of horrors in 'Expiation,'—an Arkansas war-tale of the most grewsome sort,—to the later short stories, with their artistic restraint and fine sense of balanced comedy and tragedy, has been steady in the direction of an assured command of her material. Her fiction as a whole furnishes an admirably vivid interpretation of a very individual and interesting kind of American life. Dialect, character, and scenery are put before the reader with force and truth; and while interest is aroused by the fresh *locale*, it is held by the writer's power in story-making, and in dramatic situations. When she shifts the scene from Arkansas to Iowa, as in the title-story, 'The Missionary Sheriff,'—one of her most enjoyable character studies,—she displays the same effective qualities. She deals with the main motives and passions of plain men and women. Miss French is strongest in the short story; that medium affords her talent its best expression. She is at once accurate and picturesque in her descriptions. The land of the canebrake and the cypress swamp, of the poor white, the decayed planter and the negro, the Western town with its crude energy and strongly marked types, are painted in a way to make it all real; yet a fine romanticism colors Miss French's work: she has faith in the good in rough, uncouth folk; she finds nobler traits masking in unexpected quarters. Her interest in the great practical problems that concern her country is illustrated in the series of 'Stories of Capital and Labor,' which at the present writing stand for her latest work. Her fiction thus satisfies the desire for truth in the literal sense, and for that higher truth which is just as true and much more inspiring.

THE MISSIONARY SHERIFF

From 'The Missionary Sheriff.' Copyright 1897, by Harper & Brothers

SHERIFF WICKLIFF leaned out of his office window, the better to watch the boy soldiers march down the street. The huge pile of stone that is the presumed home of Justice for the county, stands in the same yard with the old yellow stone jail. The court-house is ornate and imposing, although a hundred active chimneys daub its eaves and carvings; but the jail is as plain as a sledge-hammer. Yet during Sheriff Wickliff's administration, while Joe Raker kept jail and Mrs. Raker was matron, window-gardens brightened the grim walls all summer, and chrysanthemums and roses blazoned the black bars in winter.

Above the jail the street is a pretty street, with trim cottages and lawns and gardens; below, the sky-lines dwindle ignobly into shabby one and two story wooden shops devoted to the humbler handicrafts. It is not a street favored by processions: only the little soldiers of the Orphans' Home Company would choose to tramp over its unkempt macadam. Good reason they had, too; since thus they passed the sheriff's office, and it was the sheriff who had given most of the money for their uniforms, and their drums and fifes outright.

A voice at the sheriff's elbow caused him to turn.

"Well, Amos," said his deputy with Western familiarity, "getting the interest on your money?"

Wickliff smiled as he unbent his great frame: he was six feet two inches in height, with bones and thews to match his stature. A stiff black mustache, curving about his mouth and lifting as he smiled, made his white teeth look the whiter. One of the upper teeth was crooked. That angle had come in an ugly fight (when he was a special officer and detective) in the Chicago stock-yards; he having to hold a mob at bay, single-handed, to save the life of a wounded policeman. The scar seaming his jaw and neck belonged to the time that he captured a notorious gang of train robbers. He brought the robbers in—that is, he brought their bodies; and "That scar was worth three thousand dollars to me," he was wont to say. In point of fact it was worth more; because he had invested the money so advantageously, that thanks to it and the savings which he had been able to add, in spite of his free hand, he was now become a man of property. The

sheriff's high cheek-bones, straight hair (black as a dead coal), and narrow black eyes, were the arguments for a general belief that an Indian ancestor lurked somewhere in the foliage of his genealogical tree. All that people really knew about him was that his mother died when he was a baby, and his father about the same time was killed in battle, leaving their only child to drift from one reluctant protector to another, until he brought up in the Soldiers' Orphans' Home of the State. If the sheriff's eyes were Indian, Indians may have very gentle eyes. He turned them now on the deputy with a smile.

"Well, Joe, what's up?" said he.

"The lightning-rod feller wants to see you as soon as you come back to the jail, he says. And here's something he dropped as he was going to his room. Don't look much like it could be *his* mother. Must have prigged it."

The sheriff examined the photograph,—an ordinary cabinet card. The portrait was that of a woman, pictured with the relentless frankness of a rural photographer's camera. Every sad line in the plain elderly face, every wrinkle in the ill-fitting silk gown, showed with a brutal distinctness, and somehow made the picture more pathetic. The woman's hair was gray and thin; her eyes, which were dark, looked straight forward, and seemed to meet the sheriff's gaze. They had no especial beauty of form; but they, as well as the mouth, had an expression of wistful kindness that fixed his eyes on them for a full minute. He sighed as he dropped his hand. Then he observed that there was writing on the reverse side of the carte, and lifted it again to read.

In a neat cramped hand was written:—

"FEB. 21, 1889.

"To Eddy, from Mother.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Wickliff put the carte in his pocket.

"That's just the kind of mother I'd like to have," said he: "awful nice and good, and not so fine she'd be ashamed of me. And to think of *him*."

"He's an awful slick one," assented the deputy cordially. "Two years we've been ayfter him. New games all the time; but the lightning-rods ain't in it with this last scheme,—working

hissself off as a Methodist parson on the road to a job, and stopping all night, and then the runaway couple happening in, and that poor farmer and his wife so excited and interested, and of course they'd witness and sign the certificate: wisht I'd seen them when they found out!"

"They gave 'em cake and some currant wine, too."

"That's just like women. Say, I didn't think the girl was much to brag on for looks—"

"Got a kinder way with her, though," Wickliff struck in. "Depend on it, Joseph, the most dangerous of them all are the homely girls with a way to them. A man's off his guard with them: he's sorry for them not being pretty, and being so nice and humble; and before he knows it they're winding him round their finger."

"I didn't know you was so much of a philosopher, Amos," said the deputy, admiring him.

"It ain't me, Joe: it's the business. Being a philosopher, I take it, ain't much more than seeing things with the paint off; and there's nothing like being a detective to get the paint off. It's a great business for keeping a man straight, too, seeing the consequences of wickedness so constantly,—especially fool wickedness that gets found out. Well, Joe, if this lady"—touching his breast pocket—"is that guy's mother, I'm awful sorry for her, for I know she tried to train him right. I'll go over and find out, I guess."

So saying, and quite unconscious of the approving looks of his subordinate (for he was a simple-minded, modest man, who only spoke out of the fullness of his heart), the sheriff walked over to the jail.

The corridor into which the cells of the unconvicted prisoners opened was rather full to-day. As the sheriff entered, every one greeted him,—even the sullen-browed man talking with a sobbing woman through the bars,—and every one smiled. He nodded to all, but only spoke to the visitor. He said, "I guess he didn't do it this time, Lizzie; he won't be in long."

"That's what I been tellin' her," growled the man, "and she won't believe me; I told her I promised you—"

"And God A'mighty bless you, sheriff, for what you done!" the woman wailed. The sheriff had some ado to escape from her benedictions politely; but he got away, and knocked at the door of the last cell on the tier. The inmate opened the door himself.

He was a small man, who was still wearing the clerical habit of his last criminal masquerade; and his face carried out the suggestion of his costume, being an actor's face, not only in the clean-shaven cheeks and lips, but in the flexibility of the features and the unconscious alertness of gaze. He was fair of skin, and his light-brown hair was worn off his head at the temples. His eyes were fine, well shaped, of a beautiful violet color and an extremely pleasant expression. He looked like a mere boy across the room in the shadow; but as he advanced, certain deep lines about his mouth displayed themselves and raised his age. The sunlight showed that he was thin; he was haggard the instant he ceased to smile. With a very good manner he greeted the sheriff, to whom he proffered the sole chair of the apartment.

"Guess the bed will hold me," said the sheriff, testing his words by sitting down on the white-covered iron bedstead. "Well, I hear you wanted to see me."

"Yes, sir. I want to get my money that you took away from me."

"Well, I guess you can't have it." The sheriff spoke with a smile, but his black eyes narrowed a little. "I guess the court will have to decide first if that ain't old man Goodrich's money that you got from the note he supposed was a marriage certificate. I guess you'd better not put any hopes on that money, Mr. Paisley.—Wasn't that the name you gave me?"

"Paisley 'll do," said the other man indifferently. "What became of my friend?"

"The sheriff of Hardin County wanted the man; and the lady—well, the lady is here boarding with me."

"Going to squeal?"

"Going to tell all she knows."

Paisley's hand went up to his mouth; he changed color. "It's like her," he muttered; "oh, it's just like her!" And he added a villainous epithet.

"None of that talk," said Wickliff.

The man had jumped up and was pacing his narrow space, fighting against a climbing rage. "You see," he cried, unable to contain himself,— "you see, what makes me so mad is now I've got to get my mother to help me: and I'd rather take a licking!"

"I should think you would," said Wickliff dryly. "Say, this your mother?" He handed him the photograph, the written side upward.

"It came in a Bible," explained Paisley with an embarrassed air.

"Your mother rich?"

"She can raise the money."

"Meaning, I expect, that she can mortgage her house and lot. Look here, Smith, this ain't the first time your ma has sent you money; but if I was you I'd have the last time *stay* the last. She don't look equal to much more hard work."

"My name's Paisley, if you please," returned the prisoner stolidly; "and I can take care of my own mother. If she's lent me money I have paid it back. This is only for bail, to deposit—"

"There is the chance," interrupted Wickliff, "of your skipping. Now I tell you, I like the looks of your mother, and I don't mean she shall run any risks. So if you do get money from her, I shall personally look out you don't forfeit your bail. Besides, court is in session now, so the chances are you wouldn't more than get the money before it would be your turn. See?"

"Anyhow I've got to have a lawyer."

"Can't see why, young feller. I'll give you a straight tip. There ain't enough law in Iowa to get you out of this scrape. We've got the cinch on you, and there ain't any possible squirming out."

"So you say;"—the sneer was a little forced;—"I've heard of your game before. Nice kind officers, ready to advise a man and pump him dry, and witness against him afterwards. I ain't that kind of a sucker, Mr. Sheriff."

"Nor I ain't that kind of an officer, Mr. Smith. You'd ought to know about my reputation by this time."

"They say you're square," the prisoner admitted: "but you ain't so stuck on me as to care a damn whether I go over the road; expect you'd want to send me for the trouble I've given you;"—and he grinned. "Well, what *are* you after?"

"Helping your mother, young feller. I had a mother myself."

"It ain't uncommon."

"Maybe a mother like mine—and yours—is, though."

The prisoner's eyes traveled down to the face on the carte. "That's right," he said, with another ring in his voice. "I wouldn't mind half so much if I could keep my going to the pen from her. She's never found out about me."

"How much family you got?" said Wickliff thoughtfully.

"Just a mother. I ain't married. There was a girl, my sister—good sort too, 'nough better 'n me. She used to be a clerk in the store,—typewriter, bookkeeper, general utility, you know. My position in the first place; and when I—well—resigned, they gave it to her. She helped mother buy the place. Two years ago she died. You may believe me or not, but I would have gone back home then and run straight if it hadn't been for Mame. I would, by—! I had five hundred dollars then, and I was going back to give every damned cent of it to ma, tell her to put it into the bakery—"

"That how she makes a living?"

"Yes—little two-by-four bakery;—oh, I'm giving you straight goods;—makes pies and cakes and bread,—good, too, you bet: makes it herself. Ruth Graves, who lives round the corner, comes in and helps—keeps the books, and tends shop busy times; tends the oven too, I guess. She was a great friend of Ellie's—and mine. She's a real good girl. Well, I didn't get mother's letters till it was too late, and I felt bad; I had a mind to go right down to Fairport and go in with ma. That— *She* stopped it. Got me off on a tear somehow, and by the time I was sober again the money was 'most all gone. I sent what was left off to ma, and I went on the road again myself. But she's the devil."

"That the time you hit her?"

The prisoner nodded. "Oughtn't to, of course. Wasn't brought up that way. My father was a Methodist preacher, and a good one. But I tell you the coons that say you never must hit a woman don't know anything about that sort of woman: there ain't nothing on earth so infernally exasperating as a woman. They can make you worse than forty men."

It was the sheriff's turn to nod; which he did gravely, with even a glimmer of sympathy in his mien.

"Well, she never forgave you," said he: "she's had it in for you since."

"And she knows I won't squeal, 'cause I'd have to give poor Ben away," said the prisoner: "but I tell you, sheriff, she was at the bottom of the deviltry every time; and she managed to bag the best part of the swag too."

"I daresay. Well, to come back to business: the question with you is how to keep these here misfortunes of yours from your mother, ain't it?"

"Of course."

"Well, the best plan for you is to plead guilty, showing you don't mean to give the court any more trouble. Tell the judge you are sick of your life, and going to quit. You are, ain't you?" the sheriff concluded simply; and the swindler, after an instant's hesitation, answered:—

"Damned if I won't, if I can get a job!"

"Well, that admitted"—the sheriff smoothed his big knees gently as he talked, his mild attentive eyes fixed on the prisoner's nervous presence—"that admitted, best plan is for you to plead guilty; and maybe we can fix it so's you will be sentenced to jail instead of the pen. Then we can keep it from your mother easy. Write her you've got a job here in this town, and have your letters sent to my care. I'll get you something to do. She'll never suspect that you are the notorious Ned Paisley. And it ain't likely you go home often enough to make not going awkward."

"I haven't been home in four years. But see here: how long am I likely to get?"

The sheriff looked at him,—at the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes and narrow chest, all so cruelly declared in the sunshine,—and unconsciously he modulated his voice when he spoke.

"I wouldn't worry about that, if I was you. You need a rest. You are run down pretty low. You ain't rugged enough for the life you've been leading."

The prisoner's eyes strayed past the grating to the green hills and the pleasant gardens, where some children were playing. The sheriff did not move. There was as little sensibility in his impassive mask as in a wooden Indian's; but behind the trained apathy was a real compassion. He was thinking: "The boy don't look like he had a year's life in him. I bet he knows it himself. And when he stares that way out of the window he's thinking he ain't never going to be foot-loose in the sun again. Kinder tough, I call it."

The young man's eyes suddenly met his. "Well, it's no great matter, I guess," said he. "I'll do it. But I can't for the life of me make out why you are taking so much trouble".

He was surprised at Wickliff's reply. It was, "Come on downstairs with me, and I'll show you."

"You mean it?"

"Yes; go ahead."

"You want my parole not to cut and run?"

"Just as you like about that. Better not try any fooling."

The prisoner uttered a short laugh, glancing from his own puny limbs to the magnificent muscles of the officer.

"Straight ahead, after you're out of the corridor, down-stairs, and turn to the right," said Wickliff.

Silently the prisoner followed his directions, and when they had descended the stairs and turned to the right, the sheriff's hand pushed beneath his elbow, and opened the door before them. "My rooms," said Wickliff. "Being a single man, it's handier for me living in the jail." The rooms were furnished with the unchastened gorgeousness of a Pullman sleeper; the brilliant hues of a Brussels carpet on the floor, blue plush at the windows and on the chairs. The walls were hung with the most expensive gilt paper that the town could furnish (after all, it was a modest price per roll), and against the gold, photographs of the district judges assumed a sinister dignity. There was also a photograph of the court-house, and one of the jail, and a model in bas-relief of the capitol at Des Moines; but more prominent than any of these were two portraits opposite the windows. They were oil paintings, elaborately framed; and they had cost so much that the sheriff rested happily content that they must be well painted. Certainly the artist had not recorded impressions; rather he seemed to have worked with a microscope, not slighting an eyelash. One of the portraits was that of a stiff and stern young man in a soldier's uniform. He was dark, and had eyes and features like the sheriff. The other was the portrait of a young girl. In the original daguerreotype from which the artist worked, the face was comely, if not pretty, and the innocence in the eyes and the timid smile made it winning. The artist had enlarged the eyes and made the mouth smaller, and bestowed (with the most amiable intentions) a complexion of hectic brilliancy; but there still remained, in spite of paint, a flicker of the old touching expression. Between the two canvases hung a framed letter. It was labeled in bold Roman script, "Letter of Capt. R. T. Manley"; and a glance showed the reader that it was the description of a battle, to a friend. One sentence was underlined: "We also lost Private A. T. Wickliff, killed in the charge,—a good man, who could always be depended on to do his duty."

The sheriff guided his bewildered visitor opposite these portraits, and lifted his hand above the other's shoulder. "You see them?" said he. "They're *my* father and mother. You see that letter? It was wrote by my father's old captain and sent to me. What he says about my father is everything that I know. But it's enough. He was 'a good man, who could always be depended on to do his duty.' You can't say no more of the President of the United States. I've had a pretty tough time of it in my own life, as a man's got to have who takes up my line; but I've tried to live so my father needn't be ashamed of me. That other picture is my mother. I don't know nothing about her, nothing at all; and I don't need to—except those eyes of hers. There's a look someway about your mother's eyes like mine. Maybe it's only the look one good woman has like another; but whatever it is, your mother made me think of mine. She's the kind of mother I'd like to have; and if I can help it, she shan't know her son's in the penitentiary. Now come on back."

As silently as he had gone, the prisoner followed the sheriff back to his cell. "Good-by, Paisley," said the sheriff at the door.

"Good-by, sir; I'm much obliged," said the prisoner. Not another word was said.

That evening, however, good Mrs. Raker told the sheriff that to her mind, if ever a man was struck with death, that new young fellow was; and he had been crying too,—his eyes were all red.

"He needs to cry," was all the comfort that the kind soul received from the sheriff,—the cold remark being accompanied by what his familiars called his Indian scowl.

Nevertheless, he did his utmost for the prisoner as a quiet intercessor, and his merciful prophecy was accomplished: Edgar S. Paisley was permitted to serve out his sentence in the jail instead of the State prison. His state of health had something to do with the judge's clemency; and the sheriff could not but suspect that in his own phrase, "Paisley played his cough and his hollow cheeks for all they were worth."

"But that's natural," he observed to Raker, "and he's doing it partially for the old lady. Well, I'll try to give her a quiet spell."

"Yes," Raker responds dubiously, "but he'll be at his old games the minute he gits out."

"You don't suppose"—the sheriff speaks with a certain embarrassment—"you don't suppose there'd be any chance of really reforming him, so as he'd stick?—he ain't likely to live long."

"Nah," says the unbelieving deputy: "he's a deal too slick to be reformed."

The sheriff's pucker of his black brows, and his slow nod, might have meant anything. Really he was saying to himself (Amos was a dogged fellow): "Don't care; I'm going to try. I am sure ma would want me to. I ain't a very hefty missionary; but if there is such a thing as clubbing a man half-way decent,—and I think there is,—I'll get him that way. Poor old lady, she looked so unhappy!"

During the trial Paisley was too excited and dejected to write to his mother. But the day after he received his sentence the sheriff found him finishing a large sheet of foolscap.

It contained a detailed and vivid description of the reasons why he had left a mythical grocery firm, and described with considerable humor the mythical boarding-house where he was waiting for something to turn up. It was very well done, and he expected a smile from the sheriff. The red mottled his pale cheeks when Wickliff, with his blackest frown, tore the letter into pieces, which he stuffed into his pocket.

"You take a damned ungentlemanly advantage of your position," fumed Paisley.

"I shall take more advantage of it if you give me any sass," returned Wickliff calmly. "Now set down and listen." Paisley, after one helpless glare, did sit down. "I believe you fairly revel in lying. I don't. That's where we differ. I think lies are always liable to come home to roost; and I like to have the flock as small as possible. Now you write that you are here, and you're helping *me*. You ain't getting much wages, but they will be enough to keep you: these hard times any job is better than none. And you can add that you don't want any money from her. Your other letter sorter squints like you did. You can say you are boarding with a very nice lady,—that's Mrs. Raker,—everything very clean, and the table plain but abundant. Address you in care of Sheriff Amos T. Wickliff. How's that?"

Paisley's anger had ebbed away. Either from policy or some other motive, he was laughing now. "It's not nearly so interesting in a literary point of view, you know," said he; "but I guess it will be easier not to have so many things to remember.

And you're right: I didn't mean to hint for money, but it did look like it."

"He did mean to hint," thought the sheriff; "but he's got some sense." The letter finally submitted was a masterpiece in its way. This time the sheriff smiled, though grimly. He also gave Paisley a cigar.

Regularly the letters to Mrs. Smith were submitted to Wickliff. Raker never thought of reading them. The replies came with a pathetic promptness. "That's from your ma," said Wickliff when the first letter came;—Paisley was at the jail ledgers in the sheriff's room, as it happened, directly beneath the portraits;—"you better read it first."

Paisley read it twice; then he turned and handed it to the sheriff with a half apology. "My mother talks a good deal better than she writes. Women are naturally interested in petty things, you know. Besides, I used to be fond of the old dog; that's why she writes so much about him."

"I have a dog myself," growled the sheriff. "Your mother writes a beautiful letter." His eyes were already traveling down the cheap thin note-paper, folded at the top. "I know," Mrs. Smith wrote, in her stiff, careful hand,— "I know you will feel bad, Eddy, to hear that dear old Rowdy is gone. Your letter came the night before he died. Ruth was over, and I read it out loud to her; and when I came to that part where you sent your love to him, it seemed like he understood, he wagged his tail so knowing. You know how fond of you he always was. All that evening he played round more than usual,—and I'm so glad we both petted him, for in the morning we found him stiff and cold on the landing of the stairs, in his favorite place. I don't think he could have suffered any, he looked so peaceful. Ruth and I made a grave for him in the garden, under the white-rose tree. Ruth dugged the grave, and she painted a Kennedy's-cracker box, and we wrapped him up in white cotton cloth. I cried, and Ruth cried too, when we laid him away. Somehow it made me long so much more to see you. If I sent you the money, don't you think you could come home for Christmas? Wouldn't your employer let you if he knew your mother had not seen you for four years, and you are all the child she has got? But I don't want you to neglect your business."

The few words of affection that followed were not written so firmly as the rest. The sheriff would not read them; he handed

the letter back to Paisley, and turned his Indian scowl on the back of the latter's shapely head.

Paisley was staring at the columns of the page before him. "Rowdy was my dog when I was courting Ruth," he said. "I was engaged to her once. I suppose mother thinks of that. Poor Rowdy! the night I ran away he followed me, and I had to whip him back."

"Oh, you ran away?"

"Oh, yes: the old story. Trusted clerk. Meant to return the money. It wasn't very much. But it about cleaned mother out. Then she started the bakery."

"You pay your ma back?"

"Yes, I did."

"That's a lie."

"What do you ask a man such questions for, then? Do you think it's pleasant admitting what a dirty dog you've been? Oh, damn you!"

"You do see it then," said the sheriff in a very pleasant, gentle tone: "that's one good thing. For you have *got* to reform, Ned: I'm going to give your mother a decent boy. Well, what happened then? Girl throw you over?"

"Why, I ran straight for a while," said Paisley, furtively wiping first one eye and then the other with a finger; "there wasn't any scandal. Ruth stuck by me, and a married sister of hers (who didn't know) got her husband to give me a place. I was doing all right, and—and sending home money to ma, and I would have been all right now, if—if—I hadn't met Mame, and she made a crazy fool of me. Then Ruth shook me. Oh, I ain't blaming her! It was hearing about Mame. But after that I just went a-flying to the devil. Now you know why I wanted to see Mame."

"You wanted to kill her," said the sheriff, "or you think you did. But you couldn't: she'd have talked you over. Still, I thought I wouldn't risk it. You know she's gone now?"

"I supposed she'd be, now the trial's over." In a minute he added, "I'm glad I didn't touch her: mother would have had to know that. Look here: how am I going to get over that invitation?"

"I'll trust you for that lie," said Wickliff, sauntering off.

Paisley wrote that he would not take his mother's money. When he could come home on his own money he would gladly.

He wrote a long affectionate letter, which the sheriff read, and handed back with the dry comment, "That will do, I guess."

But he gave Paisley a brier-wood pipe and a pound of Yale Mixture that afternoon.

The correspondence threw some side-lights on Paisley's past.

"You've got to write your ma every week," announced Wickliff when the day came round.

"Why, I haven't written once a month."

"Probably not; but you have got to write once a week now. Your mother'll get used to it. I should think you'd be glad to do the only thing you can for the mother that's worked her fingers off for you."

"I *am* glad," said Paisley sullenly.

He never made any further demur. He wrote very good letters; and more and more, as the time passed, he grew interested in the correspondence. Meanwhile he began to acquire (quite unsuspected by the sheriff) a queer respect for that personage. The sheriff was popular among the prisoners: perhaps the general sentiment was voiced by one of them, who exclaimed one day after his visit, "Well, I never did see a man as had killed so many men put on so little airs!"

Paisley began his acquaintance with a contempt for the slow-moving intellect that he attributed to his sluggish-looking captor. He felt the superiority of his own better education. It was grateful to his vanity to sneer in secret at Wickliff's slips in grammar or information. And presently he had opportunity to indulge his humor in this respect; for Wickliff began lending him books. The jail library, as a rule, was managed by Mrs. Raker. She was, she used to say, "a great reader," and dearly loved "a nice story that made you cry all the way through and ended right." Her taste was catholic in fiction (she never read anything else), and her favorites were Mrs. Southworth, Charles Dickens, and Walter Scott. The sheriff's own reading seldom strayed beyond the daily papers; but with the aid of a legal friend, he had selected some standard biographies and histories to add to the singular conglomeration of fiction and religion sent to the jail by a charitable public. On Paisley's request for reading, the sheriff went to Mrs. Raker. She promptly pulled 'Ishmael Worth, or Out of the Depths,' from the shelf. "It's beautiful," says she; "and when he gits through with that he can have the 'Pickwick Papers' to cheer him up. Only I kinder hate to lend that book

to the prisoners: there's so much about good eatin' in it, it makes 'em dissatisfied with the table."

"He's got to have something improving too," says the sheriff. "I guess the history of the United States will do: you've read the others, and know they're all right. I'll run through this."

He told Paisley the next morning that he had sat up almost all night reading,—he was so afraid that enough of the thirteen States wouldn't ratify the Constitution. This was only one of the artless comments that tickled Paisley. Yet he soon began to notice the sheriff's keenness of observation, and a kind of work-a-day sense that served him well. He fell to wondering, during those long nights when his cough kept him awake, whether his own brilliant and subtle ingenuity had done as much for him. He could hardly tell the moment of its beginning, but he began to value the approval of this big, ignorant, clumsy, strong man.

Insensibly he grew to thinking of conduct more in the sheriff's fashion; and his letters not only reflected the change in his moral point of view,—they began to have more and more to say of the sheriff. Very soon the mother began to be pathetically thankful to this good friend of her boy, whose habits were so correct, whose influence so admirable. In her grateful happiness over the frequent letters and their affection, were revealed the unexpressed fears that had tortured her for years. She asked for Wickliff's picture. Paisley did not know that the sheriff had a photograph taken on purpose. Mrs. Smith pronounced him "a handsome man." To be sure, the unscarred side of his face was taken. "He looks firm, too," wrote the poor mother, whose own boy had never known how to be firm: "I think he must be a Daniel."

"A which?" exclaimed the puzzled Daniel.

"Didn't you ever go to Sunday school? Don't you know the verses,—

"Dare to be a Daniel;
Dare to make a stand'?"

The sheriff's reply was enigmatical. It was: "Well, to think of you having such a mother as that!"

"I don't deserve her, that's a fact," said Paisley, with his flippant air. "And yet, would you believe it, I used to be the model boy of the Sunday school. Won all the prizes. Ma's got them in a drawer."

"Daresay. They thought you were a awful good boy, because you always kept your face clean, and brushed your hair without being told to, and learned your lessons quick, and always said 'Yes'm' and 'No'm,' and when you got into a scrape lied out of it, and picked up bad habits as easy and quiet as a long-haired dog catches fleas. Oh, I know your sort of model boy! We had 'em at the Orphans' Home: I've taken their lickings too."

Paisley's thin face was scarlet before the speech was finished. "Some of that is true," said he; "but at least I never hit a fellow when he was down."

The sheriff narrowed his eyes in a way that he had when thinking; he put both hands in his pockets and contemplated Paisley's irritation. "Well, young feller, you have some reason to talk that way to me," said he. "The fact is, I was mad at you, thinking about your mother. I—I respect that lady very highly."

Paisley forced a feeble smile over his "So do I."

But after this episode the sheriff's manner visibly softened to the young man. He told Raker that there were good spots in Paisley.

"Yes, he's mighty slick," said Raker.

Thanksgiving-time, a box from his mother came to the prisoner, and among the pies and cakes was an especial pie for Mr. Wickliff, "From his affectionate old friend, Rebecca Smith."

The sheriff spent fully two hours communing with a large new 'Manual of Etiquette and Correspondence'; then he submitted a letter to Paisley. Paisley read:—

Dear Madam:

Your favor (of the pie) of the 24th inst. is received, and I beg you to accept my sincere and warm thanks. Ned is an efficient clerk, and his habits are very correct. We are reading history in our leisure hours. We have read Fiske's 'Constitutional History of the United States,' and two volumes of Macaulay's 'History of England.' Both very interesting books. I think that Judge Jeffreys was the meanest and worst judge I ever heard of. My early education was not as extensive as I could wish, and I am very glad of the valuable assistance which I receive from your son. He is doing well, and sends his love. Hoping, my dear madam, to be able to see you and thank you personally for your very kind and welcome gift, I am, with respect,

Very Truly Yours,

AMOS T. WICKLIFF.

Paisley read the letter soberly. In fact, another feeling destroyed any inclination to smile over the unusual pomp of Wickliff's style. "That's out of sight!" he declared. "It will please the old lady to the ground. Say, I take it very kindly of you, Mr. Wickliff, to write about me that way."

"I had a book to help me," confessed the flattered sheriff. "And—say, Paisley, when you are writing about me to your ma, you better say Wickliff, or Amos. Mr. Wickliff sounds kinder stiff. I'll understand."

The letter that the sheriff received in return, he did not show to Paisley. He read it with a knitted brow; and more than once he brushed his hand across his eyes. When he finished it he drew a long sigh, and walked up to his mother's portrait. "She says she prays for me every night, ma,"—he spoke under his breath, and reverently. "Ma, I simply have *got* to save that boy for her, haven't I?"

That evening Paisley rather timidly approached a subject which he had tried twice before to broach, but his courage had failed him. "You said something, Mr. Wickliff, of paying me a little extra for what I do,—keeping the books, and so forth. Would you mind telling me what it will be? I—I'd like to send a Christmas present to my mother."

"That's right," said the sheriff heartily. "I was thinking what would suit her. How's a nice black dress, and a bill pinned to it to pay for making it up?"

"But I never—"

"You can pay me when you get out."

"Do you think I'll ever get out?" Paisley's fine eyes were fixed on Wickliff as he spoke, with a sudden wistful eagerness. He had never alluded to his health before; yet it had steadily failed. Now he would not let Amos answer: he may have flinched from any confirmation of his own fears; he took the word hastily. "Anyhow, you'll risk my turning out a bad investment. But you'll do a damned kind action to my mother; and if I'm a rip, she's a saint."

"*Sure*," said the sheriff. "Say, do you think she'd mind my sending her a hymn-book and a few flowers?"

Thus it came to pass that the tiny bakery window, one Christmas day, showed such a crimson glory of roses as the village had never seen; and the widow Smith, bowing her shabby black bonnet on the pew rail, gave thanks and tears for a happy Christmas, and prayed for her son's friend. She prayed for her son also,

that he might "be kept good." She felt that her prayer would be answered. God knows; perhaps it was. That night before she went to bed she wrote to Edgar and to Amos. "I am writing to both my boys," she said to Amos, "for I feel like *you* were my dear son too."

When Amos answered this letter he did not consult the 'Manual.' It was one day in January, early in the month, that he received the first bit of encouragement for his missionary work palpable enough to display to the scoffer Raker. Yet it was not a great thing either; only this: Paisley (already half an hour at work in the sheriff's room) stopped, fished from his sleeve a piece of note-paper folded into the measure of a knife-blade, and offered it to the sheriff.

"See what Mame sent me," said he; "just read it."

There was a page of it, the purport being that the writer had done what she had through jealousy, which she knew now was unfounded; she was suffering indescribable agonies from remorse: and to prove she meant what she said, if her darling Ned would forgive her, she would get him out before a week was over. If he agreed he was to be at his window at six o'clock Wednesday night. The day was Thursday.

"How did you get this?" asked Amos. "Do you mind telling?"

"Not the least. It came in a coat. From Barber & Glasson's. The one Mrs. Raker picked out for me, and it was sent up from the store. She got at it somehow, I suppose."

"But how did you get word where to look?"

Paisley grinned. "Mame was here, visiting that fellow who was taken up for smashing a window, and pretended he was so hungry he had to have a meal in jail. Mame put him up to it, so she could come. She gave me the tip where to look then."

"I see. I got on to some of those signals once. Well, did you show yourself Wednesday?"

"Not much!" He hesitated, and did not look at the sheriff, scrawling initials on the blotting-pad with his pen. "Did you really think, Mr. Wickliff, after all you've done for me—and my mother—I would go back on you and get you into trouble for that—"

"S-sh! Don't call names!" Wickliff looked apprehensively at the picture of his mother. "Why didn't you give me this before?"

"Because you weren't here till this morning. I wasn't going to give it to Raker."

"What do you suppose she's after?"

"Oh, she's got some big scheme on foot, and she needs me to work it. I'm sick of her. I'm sick of the whole thing. I want to run straight. I want to be the man my poor mother thinks I am."

"And I want to help you, Ned," cried the sheriff. For the first time he caught the other's hand and wrung it.

"I guess the Lord wants to help me too," said Paisley in a queer dry tone.

"Why—yes—of course he wants to help all of us," said the sheriff, embarrassed. Then he frowned, and his voice roughened as he asked, "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," said Paisley smiling; "you've always known it. It's been getting worse lately. I guess I caught cold. Some mornings I have to stop two or three times when I dress myself, I have such fits of coughing."

"Why didn't you tell, and go to the hospital?"

"I wanted to come down here. It's so pleasant down here."

"Good—" The sheriff reined his tongue in time, and only said, "Look here: you've got to see a doctor!"

Therefore the encouragement to the missionary work was embittered by divers conflicting feelings. Even Raker was disturbed when the doctor announced that Paisley had pneumonia.

"Double pneumonia and a slim chance, of course," gloomed Raker. "Always so. Can't have a man git useful and be a little decent, but he's got to die! Why couldn't it 'a' been that tramp tried to set the jail afire?"

"What I'm a-thinking of is his poor ma, who used to write him such beautiful letters," said Mrs. Raker, wiping her kind eyes. "They was so attached. Never a week he didn't write her."

"It's his mother I'm thinking of, too," said the sheriff with a groan: "she'll be wanting to come and see him, and how in—" He swallowed an agitated oath, and paced the floor, his hands clasped behind him, his lip under his teeth, and his blackest Indian scowl on his brow,—plain signs to all who knew him that he was fighting his way through some mental thicket.

But he had never looked gentler than he looked an hour later, as he stepped softly into Paisley's cell. Mrs. Raker was holding

a foaming glass to the sick man's lips. "There; take another sup of the good nog," she said coaxingly, as one talks to a child.

"No, thank you, ma'am," said Paisley. "Queer how I've thought so often how I'd like the taste of whisky again on my tongue, and now I can have all I want, I don't care a hooter!"

His voice was rasped in the chords, and he caught his breath between his sentences. Forty-eight hours had made an ugly alteration in his face: the eyes were glassy, the features had shrunk in an indescribable, ghastly way, and the fair skin was of a yellowish pallor, with livid circles about the eyes and the open mouth.

Wickliff greeted him, assuming his ordinary manner. They shook hands.

"There's one thing, Mr. Wickliff," said Paisley: "you'll keep this from my mother. She'd worry like blazes, and want to come here."

There was a photograph on the table, propped up by books; the sheriff's hand was on it, and he moved it unconsciously: "To Eddy, from Mother. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee—" Wickliff cleared his throat. "Well, I don't know, Ned," he said cheerfully: "maybe that would be a good thing;—kind of brace you up and make you get well quicker."

Mrs. Raker noticed nothing in his voice; but Paisley rolled his eyes on the impassive face in a strange, quivering, searching look; then he closed them and feebly turned his head.

"Don't you want me to telegraph? Don't you want to see her?"

Some throb of excitement gave Paisley the strength to lift himself up on the pillows. "What do you want to rile me all up for?" His voice was almost a scream. "Want to see her? It's the only thing in this damned fool world I do want! But I can't have her know: it would kill her to know. You must make up some lie about its being diphtheria and awful sudden, and no time for her to come, and have me all out of the way before she gets here. You've been awful good to me, and you can do anything you like: it's the last I'll bother you—don't let her find out!"

"For the land's sake!" sniffed Mrs. Raker, in tears—"don't she know?"

"No, ma'am, she don't; and she never will, either," said the sheriff. "There, Ned, boy, you lay right down. I'll fix it. And you shall see her too. I'll fix it."

"Yes, he'll fix it. Amos will fix it. Don't you worry," sobbed Mrs. Raker, who had not the least idea how the sheriff could arrange matters, but was just as confident that he would as if the future were unrolled before her gaze.

The prisoner breathed a long deep sigh of relief, and patted the strong hand at his shoulder. And Amos gently laid him back on the pillows.

Before nightfall Paisley was lying in Amos Wickliff's own bed, while Amos, at his side, was critically surveying both chamber and parlor under half-closed eyelids. He was trying to see them with the eyes of the elderly widow of a Methodist minister.

"Hum—yes!" The result of the survey was, on the whole, satisfactory. "All nice, high-toned, first-class pictures. Nothing to shock a lady. Liquors all put away, 'cept what's needed for him. Pops all put away, so she won't be finding one and be killing herself, thinking it's not loaded. My bed moved in here comfortable for him, because he thought it was such a pleasant room, poor boy. Another bed in my room for her. Bath-room next door, hot and cold water. Little gas stove. Trained nurse who doesn't know anything, and so can't tell. Thinks it's my friend Smith. *Is there anything else?*"

At this moment the white counterpane on the bed stirred.

"Well, Ned?" said Wickliff.

"It's—nice!" said Paisley.

"That's right. Now you get a firm grip on what I'm going to say,—such a grip you won't lose it, even if you get out of your head a little."

"I won't," said Paisley.

"All right. You're not Paisley any more. You're Ned Smith. I've had you moved here into my rooms because your boarding-place wasn't so good. Everybody here understands, and has got their story ready. The nurse thinks you're my friend Smith. You are, too, and you are to call me Amos. The telegram's gone. 'S-sh!—what a way to do!"—for Paisley was crying. "Ain't I her boy too?"

One weak place remained in the fortress that Amos had builded against prying eyes and chattering tongues. He had

searched in vain for "Mame." There was no especial reason, except pure hatred and malice, to dread her going to Paisley's mother; but the sheriff had enough knowledge of Mame's kind to take these qualities into account.

From the time that Wickliff promised him that he should have his mother, Paisley seemed to be freed from every misgiving. He was too ill to talk much, and much of the time he was miserably occupied with his own suffering; yet often during the night and day before she came he would lift his still beautiful eyes to Mrs. Raker's, and say, "It's to-morrow night ma comes, isn't it?" To which the soft-hearted woman would sometimes answer, "Yes, son," and sometimes only work her chin, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Once she so far forgot the presence of the gifted professional nurse that she sniffed aloud; whereupon that personage administered a scorching tonic, in the guise of a glance, and poor Mrs. Raker went out of the room and cried.

He must have kept some reckoning of the time, for the next day he varied his question. He said, "It's to-day she's coming, isn't it?" As the day wore on, the customary change of his disease came: he was relieved of his worst pain; he thought that he was better. So thought Mrs. Raker and the sheriff. The doctor and the nurse maintained their inscrutable professional calm. At ten o'clock the sheriff (who had been gone for a half-hour) softly opened the door. The sick man instantly roused. He half sat up. "I know," he exclaimed: "it's ma. Ma's come!"

The nurse rose, ready to protect her patient.

There entered a little, black-robed, gray-haired woman, who glided swift as a thought to the bedside, and gathered the worn young head to her breast. "My boy, my dear, good boy!" she said under her breath, so low the nurse did not hear her; she only heard her say, "Now you must get well."

"Oh, I *am* glad, ma!" said the sick man.

After that the nurse was well content with them all. They obeyed her implicitly. It was she rather than Mrs. Raker who observed that Mr. Smith's mother was not alone, but accompanied by a slim, fair, brown-eyed young woman, who lingered in the background, and would fain have not spoken to the invalid at all had she not been gently pushed forward by the mother, with the words, "And Ruth came too, Eddy!"

"Thank you, Ruth: I knew that you wouldn't let ma come alone," said Ned feebly.

The young woman had opened her lips. Now they closed. She looked at him compassionately. "Surely not, Ned," she said.

But why, wondered the nurse, who was observant,—it was her trade to observe,—why did she look at him so intently, and with such a shocked pity?

Ned did not express much,—the sick, especially the very sick, cannot; but whenever he waked in the night, and saw his mother bending over him, he smiled happily, and she would answer his thought. "Yes, my boy; my dear, good boy," she would say.

And the sheriff in his dim corner thought sadly that the ruined life would always be saved for her now, and her son would be her good boy forever. Yet he muttered to himself, "I suppose the Lord is helping me out, and I ought to feel obliged, but I'm hanged if I wouldn't rather take the chances and have the boy get well!"

But he knew all the time that there was no hope for Ned's life. He lived three days after his mother came. The day before his death, he was alone for a short time with the sheriff, and asked him to be good to his mother. "Ruth will be good to her too," he said; "but last night I dreamed Mame was chasing mother, and it scared me. You won't let her get at mother, will you?"

"Of course I won't," said the sheriff: "we're watching your mother every minute; and if that woman comes here, Raker has orders to clap her in jail. And I will always look out for your ma, Ned, and she never shall know."

"That's good," said Ned, in his feeble voice. "I'll tell you something. I always wanted to be good, but I was always bad; but I believe I would have been decent if I'd lived, because I'd have kept close to you. You'll be good to ma—and to Ruth!"

The sheriff thought that he had drifted away and did not hear the answer, but in a few moments he opened his eyes and said brightly, "Thank you, Amos." It was the first time that he had used the other man's Christian name.

"Yes, Ned," said the sheriff.

Next morning at daybreak he died. His mother was with him. Just before he went to sleep his mind wandered a little. He fancied that he was a little boy, and that he was sick, and wanted to say his prayers to his mother. "But I'm so sick I

can't get out of bed," said he. "God won't mind my saying them in bed, will he?" Then he folded his hands, and reverently repeated the childish rhyme; and so fell into a peaceful sleep, which deepened into peace. In this wise, perhaps, were answered many prayers.

Amos made all the arrangements the next day. He said that they were going home from Fairport on the day following, but he managed to conclude all the necessary legal formalities in time to take the evening train. Once on the train, and his companions in their sections, he drew a long breath.

"It may not have been Mame that I saw," he said, taking out his cigar-case on the way to the smoking-room: "it was merely a glimpse—she in a buggy, me on foot; and it may be she wouldn't do a thing, or think the game worth blackmail: but I don't propose to run any chances in this deal. Hullo—excuse me, miss!"

The last words were uttered aloud to Ruth Graves, who had touched him on the arm. He had a distinct admiration for this young woman, founded on the grounds that she cried very quietly, that she never was underfoot, and that she was so unobtrusively kind to Mrs. Smith.

"Anything I can do?" he began with genuine willingness.

She motioned him to take a seat. "Mrs. Smith is safe in her section," she said: "it isn't that. I wanted to speak to you. Mr. Wickliff, Ned told me how it was. He said he couldn't die lying to everybody, and he wanted me to know how good you were. I am perfectly safe, Mr. Wickliff," as a look of annoyance puckered the sheriff's brow. "He told me there was a woman who might some time try to make money out of his mother if she could find her, and I was to watch. Mr. Wickliff, was she rather tall and slim, with a fine figure?"

"Yes—dark-complected rather, and has a thin face and a largish nose."

"And one of her eyes is a little droopy, and she has a gold filling in her front tooth?—Mr. Wickliff, that woman got on this train."

"She did, did she?" said the sheriff, showing no surprise. "Well, my dear young lady, I'm very much obliged to you. I will attend to the matter. Mrs. Smith shan't be disturbed."

"Thank you," said the young woman: "that's all. Good-night!"

"You might know that girl had had a business education," the sheriff mused: "says what she's got to say, and moves on. Poor Ned! Poor Ned!"

Ruth went to her section, but she did not undress. She sat behind the curtains, peering through the opening at Mrs. Smith's section opposite, or at the lower berth next hers, which was occupied by the sheriff. The curtains were drawn there also, and presently she saw him disappear by sections into their shelter. Then his shoes were pushed partially into the aisle. Empty shoes. She waited: it could not be that he was really going to sleep. But the minutes crept by; a half-hour passed: no sign of life behind his curtains. An hour passed. At the farther end of the car the curtains parted, and a young woman slipped out of her berth. She was dark and not handsome; but an elegant shape and a modish gown made her attractive-looking. One of her eyelids drooped a little.

She walked down the aisle and paused before Mrs. Smith's section, Ruth holding her breath. She looked at the big shoes on the floor, her lip curling. Then she took the curtains of Mrs. Smith's section in both hands and put her head in.

"I must stop her!" thought Ruth. But she did not spring out. The sheriff, fully dressed, was beside the woman, and an arm of iron deliberately turned her round.

"The game's up, Mamie," said Wickliff.

She made no noise, only looked at him.

"What are you going to do?" said she, with perfect composure.

"Arrest you if you make a racket, talk to you if you don't. Go into that seat." He indicated a seat in the rear, and she took it without a word. He sat near the aisle; she was by the window.

"I suppose you mean to sit here all night," she remarked scornfully.

"Not at all," said he; "just to the next place. Then you'll get out."

"Oh, will I?"

"You will. Either you will get out and go about your business, or you will get out and be taken to jail."

"We're smart. What for?"

"For inciting prisoners to escape."

"Ned's dead," with a sneer.

"Yes, he's dead, and"—he watched her narrowly, although he seemed absorbed in buttoning his coat—"they say he haunts his old cell, as if he'd lost something. Maybe it's the letter you folded up small enough to go in the seam of a coat. I've got that." He saw that she was watching him in turn, and that she was nervous. "Ned's dead, poor fellow, true enough; but—the girl at Barber & Glasson's ain't dead."

She began to fumble with her gloves, peeling them off and rolling them into balls. He thought to himself that the chances were that she was superstitious.

"Look here," he said, sharply: "have an end of this nonsense. You get off at the next place, and never bother that old lady again, or—I will have you arrested, and you can try for yourself whether Ned's cell is haunted."

For a brief space they eyed each other, she in an access of impotent rage, he stolid as the carving of the seat. The car shivered; the great wheels moved more slowly. "Decide," said he: not imperatively—dryly; without emotion of any sort. He kept his mild eyes on her.

"It wasn't his mother I meant to tell; it was that girl—that *nice* girl he wanted to marry—"

"You make me tired," said the sheriff. "Are you going, or am I to make a scene and take you? I don't care much."

She slipped her hand behind her into her pocket.

The sheriff laughed and grasped one wrist.

"I don't want to talk to the country fools," she snapped.

"This way," said the sheriff, guiding her. The train had stopped. She laughed as he politely handed her off the platform; the next moment the wheels were turning again and she was gone. He never saw her again.

The porter came out to stand by his side in the vestibule, watching the lights of the station race away and the darkling winter fields fly past. The sheriff was well known to him; he nodded an eager acquiescence to the officer's request: "If those ladies in 8 and 9 ask you any questions, just tell them it was a crazy woman getting the wrong section, and I took care of her."

Within the car a desolate mother wept the long night through, yet thanked God amid her tears for her son's last good days; and did not dream of the blacker sorrow that had menaced her and had been hurled aside.

CELIA THAXTER

(1836-1894)

THE poetry of Celia Thaxter suggests the happy results for literature when a poetic nature draws inspiration from some imaginative stimulus, and lets that inspiration dominate without confusing or weakening it with others. With Mrs. Thaxter such a stimulus was the sea. It was on the northern sea-coast of New England that she lived, knew joy and sorrow, and wrote out of her heart experiences. Her verse reflects the impressions upon a sensitive soul of the sea-birds and the island blooms, of the glory and



CELIA THAXTER

tragedy of the illimitable ocean, and the overarch of the more illimitable sky; while the drama of human existence, interwoven of good and ill, is always present, lending pathos to the beauty of nature, and imbuing with a tender melancholy the tonic of sea air and free communion with fair created things.

Celia Leighton was born June 29th, 1836, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Her father was a disappointed politician who became keeper of the White Island Light, Isles of Shoals; so that Celia grew up companioned by sea and sky. In her maturity she established her residence upon Appledore

Island, one of the Isles of Shoals. There she married Levi Lincoln Thaxter in 1851; and for many years she wrote poetry, painted, enjoyed music, tended her garden; and at last, on August 26th, 1894, passed away, having won a distinct reputation as a singer of sincerity, charm, and power. When Lowell, as editor of the *Atlantic*, printed her first poem, 'Landlocked,' he recognized hers as a new voice, not an echo. 'The Sandpiper' is as well known and loved as any verse written by an American woman. In the finest of Mrs. Thaxter's lyrics, felicitous description, a deep human sympathy, and sense of the dramatic are to be noted. Her verse is strong as well as sweet; it can be objective and have narrative interest, as well as be purely lyrical. Its movement and vigor preserve it from weakness or sentimentality. The didactic and moral creep in at

times to the injury of the work as art, but this is only occasionally a defect. There is in much of Mrs. Thaxter's poetry an undertone of sadness,—easily explained by events in the poet's life, for she was not unacquainted with grief. In poems like 'The Watch of Boon Island' or 'The Tryst,' her sense of the gloom and doom of life comes boldly out. She was naturally, however, of a buoyant, sanguine temperament, and the mood of faith and hope prevails in her verse. The love of the sea and the love of flowers were passions with her; music was dear to her heart, and as a motive it is found in some of her loveliest poems,—'Beethoven,' 'Schumann's Sonata in A Minor,' and others. She was widely receptive to the arts. She wrote charming prose, but it is as a singer that she will survive in American literature.

Mrs. Thaxter's first volume of poems appeared in 1872; the next year, 'Among the Isles of Shoals,' a prose history with autobiographic touches, was published. 'Driftweed' (1879), 'Poems for Children' (1884), 'The Cruise of The Mystery, and Other Poems' (1886), and 'An Island Garden,' a prose diary of her Appledore life, printed in a beautiful illustrated edition in the year of her death, complete the list of this genuine singer's works.

[The following poems of Celia Thaxter are copyrighted, and are reprinted here by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.]

SORROW

UPON my lips she laid her touch divine,
 And merry speech and careless laughter died;
 She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
 And would not be denied.

I saw the West Wind loose his cloudlets white
 In flocks, careering through the April sky;
 I could not sing, though joy was at its height,
 For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away;
 A mist was lightly drawn across the stars:
 She broke my quiet dream,—I heard her say,
 "Behold your prison bars!

"Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul;
 This beauty of the world in which you live,
 The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,—
 That, I alone can give."

I heard, and shrank away from her afraid:
 But still she held me, and would still abide;
 Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,
 With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening star," she said,
 "Beyond the changing splendors of the day;
 Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,—
 Accept, and bid me stay!"

I turned and clasped her close with sudden strength;
 And slowly, sweetly, I became aware
 Within my arms God's angel stood at length,
 White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,
 Beyond the changing splendors of the day,—
 Knowing the pain He sends more precious far,
 More beautiful than they.

SEAWARD

To ———

How long it seems since that mild April night,
 When, leaning from the window, you and I
 Heard, clearly ringing from the shadowy bight,
 The loon's unearthly cry!

Southwest the wind blew, million little waves
 Ran rippling round the point in mellow tune;
 But mournful, like the voice of one who raves,
 That laughter of the loon!

We called to him, while blindly through the haze
 Uprose the meagre moon behind us, slow,—
 So dim the fleet of boats we scarce could trace,
 Moored lightly just below.

We called, and lo, he answered! Half in fear
 We sent the note back. Echoing rock and bay
 Made melancholy music far and near,
 Sadly it died away.

That schooner, you remember? Flying ghost!
 Her canvas catching every wandering beam,
 Aerial, noiseless, past the glimmering coast
 She glided like a dream.

Would we were leaning from your window now,
 Together calling to the eerie loon,
 The fresh wind blowing care from either brow,
 This sumptuous night of June!

So many sighs load this sweet inland air,
 'Tis hard to breathe, nor can we find relief:
 However lightly touched, we all must share
 This nobleness of grief.

But sighs are spent before they reach your ear;
 Vaguely they mingle with the water's rune.
 No sadder sound salutes you than the clear,
 Wild laughter of the loon.

THE SANDPIPER

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I;
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
 The wild waves reach their hands for it,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
 As up and down the beach we flit,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Scud black and swift across the sky;
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white light-houses high.
 Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery;
 He has no thought of any wrong;
 He scans me with a fearless eye:
 Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?

My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky:
 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

THE WATCH OF BOON ISLAND

THEY crossed the lonely and lamenting sea;
 Its moaning seemed but singing. "Wilt thou dare,"
 He asked her, "brave the loneliness with me?"
 "What loneliness," she said, "if thou art there?"

Afar and cold on the horizon's rim
 Loomed the tall light-house, like a ghostly sign;
 They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim,—
 A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

They gained the barren rock, and made their home
 Among the wild waves and the sea-birds wild;
 The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,
 But in each other's eyes they looked and smiled.

Aloft the light-house sent its warnings wide,
 Fed by their faithful hands; and ships in sight
 With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
 "Look, clear and steady burns Boon Island light!"

And while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,
 "Shine far and through the dark, sweet light," they cried;
 "Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
 To waiting love,—wife, mother, sister, bride!"

No tempest shook their calm, though many a storm
 Tore the vexed ocean into furious spray;
 No chill could find them in their Eden warm,
 And gently Time lapsed onward day by day.

Said I no chill could find them? There is one
 Whose awful footfalls everywhere are known,
 With echoing sobs, who chills the summer sun,
 And turns the happy heart of youth to stone;

Inexorable Death, a silent guest
 At every hearth, before whose footsteps flee

All joys; who rules the earth, and without rest
Roams the vast shuddering spaces of the sea.

Death found them; turned his face and passed her by,
But laid a finger on her lover's lips,
And there was silence. Then the storm ran high,
And tossed and troubled sore the distant ships.

Nay, who shall speak the terrors of the night,
The speechless sorrow, the supreme despair?
Still like a ghost she trimmed the waning light,
Dragging her slow weight up the winding stair.

With more than oil the saving lamp she fed,
While lashed to madness the wild sea she heard;
She kept her awful vigil with the dead,
And God's sweet pity still she ministered.

O sailors, hailing loud the cheerful beam,
Piercing so far the tumult of the dark,
A radiant star of hope,—you could not dream
What misery there sat cherishing that spark!

Three times the night, too terrible to bear,
Descended, shrouded in the storm. At last
The sun rose clear and still on her despair,
And all her striving to the winds she cast,

And bowed her head and let the light die out,
For the wide sea lay calm as her dead love.
When evening fell, from the far land, in doubt,
Vainly to find that faithful star men strove.

Sailors and landsmen look, and women's eyes,
For pity ready, search in vain the night,
And wondering neighbor unto neighbor cries,
"Now what, think you, can ail Boon Island light?"

Out from the coast toward her high tower they sailed;
They found her watching, silent, by her dead,
A shadowy woman, who nor wept nor wailed,
But answered what they spake, till all was said.

They bore the dead and living both away.
With anguish time seemed powerless to destroy
She turned, and backward gazed across the bay,—
Lost in the sad sea lay her rose of joy.

IMPATIENCE

ONLY to follow you, dearest, only to find you!
 Only to feel for one instant the touch of your hand;
 Only to tell you once of the love you left behind you,—
 To say the world without you is like a desert of sand;

That the flowers have lost their perfume, the rose its splendor,
 And the charm of nature is lost in a dull eclipse;
 That joy went out with the glance of your eyes so tender,
 And beauty passed with the lovely smile on your lips.

I did not dream it was you who kindled the morning,
 And folded the evening purple in peace so sweet;
 But you took the whole world's rapture without a warning,
 And left me naught save the print of your patient feet.

I count the days and the hours that hold us asunder;
 I long for Death's friendly hand which shall rend in twain,
 With the glorious lightning flash and the golden thunder,
 These clouds of the earth, and give me my own again!

IN DEATH'S DESPITE

WHITHER departs the perfume of the rose?
 Into what life dies music's golden sound?
 Year after year life's long procession goes
 To hide itself beneath the senseless ground.

Upon the grave's inexorable brink
 Amazed with loss the human creature stands:
 Vainly he tries to reason or to think,
 Left with his aching heart and empty hands;
 He calls his lost in vain. In sorrow drowned,
 Darkness and silence all his sense confound.

Till in Death's roll-call stern he hears his name,
 In turn he follows and is lost to sight;
 Though comforted by love and crowned by fame,
 He hears the summons dread no man may slight.
 Sweetly and clear upon his quiet grave
 The birds shall sing, unmindful of his dust;
 Softly in turn the long green grass shall wave
 Over his fallen head. In turn he must
 Submit to be forgotten, like the rest,
 Though high the heart that beat within his breast.

The rose falls, and the music's sound is gone;
 Dear voices cease, and clasp of loving hands;
 Alone we stand when the brief day is done,
 Searching with saddened eyes earth's darkening lands.
 Worthless as is the lightest fallen leaf
 We seem; yet constant as the night's first star
 Kindles our deathless hope, and from our grief
 Is born the trust no misery can mar,
 That Love shall lift us all despair above,
 Shall conquer death,—yea, Love, and only Love!

WILD GEESE

A FAR, strange sound through the night,
 A dauntless and resolute cry,
 Clear in the tempest's despite,
 Ringing so wild and so high!

Darkness and tumult and dread,
 Rain and the battling of gales,
 Yet cleaving the storm overhead,
 The wedge of the wild geese sails:

Pushing their perilous way,
 Buffeted, beaten, and vexed;
 Steadfast by night and by day,
 Weary, but never perplexed;

Sure that the land of their hope
 Waits beyond tempest and dread,
 Sure that the dark where they grope
 Shall glow with the morning red!

Clangor that pierces the storm
 Dropped from the gloom of the sky!
 I sit by my hearth-fire warm
 And thrill to that purposeful cry.

Strong as a challenge sent out,
 Rousing the timorous heart
 To battle with fear and with doubt,
 Courageously bearing its part.

O birds in the wild, wild sky!
 Would I could so follow God's way
 Through darkness, unquestioning why,
 With only one thought—to obey!

IN AUTUMN

THE aster by the brook is dead,
And quenched the golden-rod's brief fire;
The maple's last red leaf is shed,
And dumb the birds' sweet choir.

'Tis life's November, too. How swift
The narrowing days speed, one by one!
How pale the waning sunbeams sift
Through clouds of gray and dun!

And as we lose our wistful hold
On warmth and loveliness and youth,
And shudder at the dark and cold,
Our souls cry out for Truth.

No more mirage, O Heavenly Powers,
To mock our sight with shows so fair!
We question of the solemn hours
That lead us swiftly — "Where?"

We hunger for our lost — in vain!
We lift our close-clasped hands above,
And pray God's pity on our pain,
And trust the Eternal Love.

THEOCRITUS

(THIRD CENTURY B. C.)

BY J. W. MACKAIL

THE great age of Greek poetry had drawn to an end long before the extinction of Greek freedom by the Macedonian conquest. The epic, the lyric, and the drama had been successively brought to perfection before the close of the period which is famous in history as the age of Pericles. A century followed in which intellectual interest was absorbed in the conquest of the new and fascinating art of prose. But an age of great prose has to pay the price of being prosaic. In the hundred years between Pericles and Alexander, poetry dried up at its fountains, and became more and more an academic art based on older models. Fifty years later, when prose itself had been struck with the same academic languor, Greek poetry put forth its last and not its least lovely and delicate blossom in the pastorals of Theocritus.



THEOCRITUS

The time was one of great learning and refined luxury. Greek culture, following the conquests of Alexander, had spread in a broad shallow tide over the whole of the countries fringing the Eastern Mediterranean. The wealth of the East flowed into Europe through Egypt and Syria. At the other end of the Greek world, the States of the larger Greece across the seas were in fierce competition with Carthage for the control of the immense commerce of Sicily. The guidance of public affairs had, in the new epoch of trained professional armies, passed into the hands of a small hierarchy of military administrators. Politics, for so long the single absorbing passion of the Greek cities, were ceasing to exist. Relieved from the long strain of political excitement, men's minds fell back on Nature and Art as the two great springs of life. They had hardly realized till then what treasures each had to offer; nor perhaps is it easy for us to realize how entirely the life of ancient Greece is colored, to our eyes, by a sentiment which only arose when that life was becoming absorbed in other forms. To see the

beauty of nature afresh through a medium of enriched artistic tradition was the last task achieved by the Alexandrian poets; when, with a pathetic insincerity, they turned back to the simple life they had left so long behind, sought a new refinement in rusticity, and lavished all their ornament on the portraiture of the plowmen, shepherds, or fishermen, who were already well on their way towards becoming the serf-population of the Roman Empire.

As to the life of Theocritus, the first and by far the most eminent of the Greek pastoral poets, nothing is known beyond what may be gathered from the allusions in his poems. He was a Syracusan by birth. The idyls show intimate knowledge not only of Eastern Sicily, but of the fringe of Greek States on the coast of southern Italy. But his literary education was acquired, and a considerable part of his life spent, at the court of Alexandria, which then, under the enlightened despotism of Ptolemy II., was the intellectual and artistic centre of the Greek world. In later life he probably returned to Syracuse; and the sixteenth idyl, addressed to King Hiero soon after his accession to the throne in B. C. 270, gives the only approximately certain date among his poems. Before Hiero's long reign ended, the axis of the world had shifted, and Ennius and Plautus were writing at Rome.

The poems,—which have come down to us in substantial integrity from a collection of the pastoral poets formed some fifty years after the death of Theocritus,—while they vary much in subject and manner, have a common quality which was well understood by the critics who gave them the name of *Idyllia*. The name, which seems to have been coined for this specific purpose, is a diminutive formed from a word which, originally signifying visible form or shape, took in later Greek (like its Latin equivalent *species*) the senses of physical beauty, of particular form, and (by a curious late reversion from the abstract to the concrete) of any rare and costly kind of merchandise,—the sense preserved to the present day in the English word *spices*. The book of idyls might be thought of, then, as a collection of select masterpieces of workmanship on a small scale; a casket of finely wrought jewels, one might say (like the “*Émaux et Camées*” of a modern poet), or of spices remarkable for their rarity and richness. They were sharply distinguished on the one hand, by their small scale, from the larger traditional forms of poetry headed by the epic; on the other by their lavish and intricate ornament, from the class of minor poetry known as the epigram, the essence of which was a studied and grave simplicity. The pastoral is only one form out of several which the idyl may take; and in fact the Theocritean idyls include, besides the pastorals, specimens of at least four other manners: the epic idyl, in which a single incident or episode from one of the heroic subjects is told separately and with great elaboration; the dramatic idyl, in which the same method of treatment is

applied to a scene from a comedy; the lyric idyl, where (as in Shakespeare's sonnets) the poet speaks in his own person, but in the enriched idyllic manner; and the occasional idyl, of which one charming specimen survives in the poem Theocritus wrote to go with the present of an ivory spindle to his friend Theuigenis,—the wife of a celebrated physician of the time, and the happy mistress of one of those lovely and peaceful Greek homes which gathered up in themselves all that was best in the ancient world.

It is however on the pure pastoral that the main fame of Theocritus rests: and his shepherds, fishermen, and country girls, studied directly from nature and yet moving in an atmosphere of highly idealized art, have remained ever since the model for pastoral poets; for his own successors in Greek poetry, for Virgil and the Latins, and through Virgil for the literature of more modern Europe. To trace, even in bare outline, the history of the pastoral since Theocritus, would be out of place here; but it is important to remember that Theocritus not only invented but perfected it, and that later variations on his method involved no substantial change,—with the exception of that unhappy craze for allegory from which Virgil is not wholly free, and which deforms so much of the poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

From this allegorical tendency the Greek temper—and Theocritus, though a Sicilian writing in Egypt, is still a Greek—was instinctively averse. The Greek purity of line is as dominant in him as in Homer or Sophocles; and it is this quality which gives the idyls poetical value even when their subject is coarse or trifling. For the full appreciation of what is meant by the Greek pastoral, the first idyl, the 'Thyrsis,' may be taken as a canon. It includes in itself the whole range of the idyllic feeling, in language whose movement and grace are without a fault. Though it is the first known instance of a pastoral poem, the "bucolic Muse" is spoken of as already a familiar thing; and indeed long preparation must have been required before the note struck in the first line—nay, in the first word—could be struck with such clear certainty. "Sweet and low" (so we may render the effect of that untranslatable opening cadence), the new Muse, with flushed serious face and bright blown hair, comes from the abandoned haunts of an older world in Thessaly or Arcadia; and on the slopes of Ætna, among pine and oak, where the Dorian water gushes through rocky lawns, finds a new and lovelier home. The morning freshness of the mountains mingles with the clear sad vision that she brings with her from older Greece. "To-morrow I will sing to you still sweeter," are the last words of Thyrsis: so Greek poetry might have said when yet in its youth; but the goatherd bids him sing, with the melancholy encouragement, "since thou wilt not keep a song where the Dark Realm brings forgetfulness."

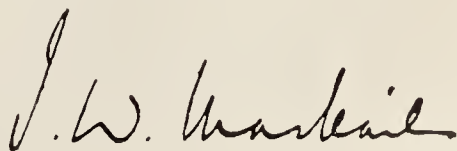
This graver note however only comes as an undertone; while the delicate beauty of the world to still unclouded senses fills the idyls throughout. "Light and sweet," says Theocritus once of poetry in his own person,—“light and sweet it is, but not easy to find.” More especially is this so when the idyls touch on the deeper emotions. In two instances Theocritus, keeping all the while this light sweet touch, has given to love in two of its most intense phases an expression all but unequaled in the ancient world. The story of the fiery growth of love, told by the deserted girl of the second idyl all alone in the flooding moonlight, still comes as fresh to us as a tale of to-day; and even more remarkable is the strange half-mystical passion of the twelfth idyl (called ‘Aïtes,’ or ‘The Passionate Pilgrim’ as we might render the word into Elizabethan English),—with its extraordinary likenesses in thought and expression to the Shakespearean sonnets, and the sense throughout it, as in the sonnets, of the immortality that verse alone gives.

These two poems are the type of one side of the Theocritean idyl; the other, and one equally permanent in its truth and beauty, is represented by the descriptive poems of country life, with their frank realism and keen delight in simple country pleasures. In the stifling streets of Alexandria, Theocritus must have turned back with a sort of passion to the fresh hill-pastures he had known as a boy, with the blue sea gleaming far down through the chestnut woods. There lay his true home; and in one idyl, by a beautiful intricacy of imagination, he heightens the remembrance of a summer day spent in that beautiful country-side by a dream of two wanderers,—one among polar snows, one far among the rocks of the burning Soudan, where the Nile lies sunk beyond the northern horizon. The songs of the reapers in the eleventh idyl are genuine folk-poetry,—such as was already sung in Greek harvest-fields in the heroic age, and continues to this day in the less sophisticated parts of modern Greece. The rustic banter of the fourth, where the scene is in southern Italy, has in it the germs not only of the artificial Latin eclogue, but of the provincial comedy native to all parts of Italy. The fourteenth—even more remarkable in its truth to nature—is, with all its poetical charm, almost a literal transcript of a piece of that dull life of the Greek peasant-proprietary which kept driving its young men into drink or into the army; while the speech and manners of the same social class in the great towns are drawn with as light and sure a touch in the fifteenth idyl, the celebrated ‘Adoniasusæ,’—the brilliant sketch of the “bank holiday” spent by two Syracusan women settled in Alexandria.

Such was the external world in which Theocritus moved. The inner world of his poetry, by which his final value has to be estimated, can only reveal itself through the poems themselves; but a

few notes of his style may be pointed out to indicate his relation on the one hand to the earlier Greek classics, on the other to a more modern and romantic art. Amid all the richness of his ornament, it retains the inimitable Greek simplicity,—that quality which so often makes translations from the Greek seem bare and cold. But the romantic sense of beauty, in which he is the precursor of Virgil and the Latins, is something which on the whole is new: and new too is a certain keenness of perception towards delicate or evanescent phases of nature, shown sometimes in single phrases like the “sea-green dawn,” in which he anticipates Shelley; sometimes in a wonderfully expanded Tennysonian simile; and habitually in the remarkable faculty of composition and selection which give a perennial freshness and charm to his landscapes. And together with this natural romanticism, as we may call it, is the literary romanticism which he shares with the other Alexandrian poets. The idyls addressed to Hiero and Ptolemy give a vivid picture of the position which literature held at this period, in the enormously enlarged world where “the rain from heaven makes the wheat-fields grow on ten thousand continents.” Satiety had followed over-production: “Homer is enough,” became the cry of critics; and to many it seemed better (in the phrase Tennyson borrowed from Theocritus) “to be born to labor and the mattock-hardened hand” than to woo further the Muses, who sat now “with heads sunk on chill nerveless knees.” To bring a new flush into these worn faces; to renew, if but for a little, the brightness of poetry and the joy of song; to kindle a light at which Virgil should fire the torch for the world to follow,—this was the achievement of Theocritus: nor is it without fitness that the bucolic hexameter, the lovely and fragile metre of the idyls, should be a modification of the same verse in which Homer had embodied the morning glory of the Greek spirit. “With a backward look even of five hundred courses of the sun,” the idyls close, in lingering cadences, the golden age of poetry which opened with the Iliad.

The selections which follow are chosen with the view of giving the spirit of the idyls in its most heightened form. The ‘Adoniazusæ,’ one of the most interesting and certainly the most unique in its realism, is omitted, as easily accessible to modern readers in the essay on ‘Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment,’ in Matthew Arnold’s ‘Essays in Criticism’; and a few of the most characteristic of the Theocritean epigrams are added to show his mastery of a peculiarly Greek form of poetry which is distinct from the idyllic.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. W. Mackail". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background.

THE SONG OF THYRSIS

BEGIN, *ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!*

Thyrsis of Ætna am I, and this is the voice of Thyrsis. Where, ah! where were ye when Daphnis was languishing; ye Nymphs, where were ye? By Peneus's beautiful dells, or by dells of Pindus? for surely ye dwelt not by the great stream of the river Anapus, nor on the watch-tower of Ætna, nor by the sacred water of Acis.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

For him the jackals, for him the wolves did cry; for him did even the lion out of the forest lament. Kine and bulls by his feet right many, and heifers plenty, with the young calves, bewailed him.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Came Hermes first from the hill, and said, "Daphnis, who is it that torments thee; child, whom dost thou love with so great desire?" The neatherds came, and the shepherds; the goatherds came: all they asked what ailed him. Came also Priapus,—

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

And said: "Unhappy Daphnis, wherefore dost thou languish, while for thee the maiden by all the fountains, through all the glades, is fleeting in search of thee? Ah! thou art too laggard a lover, and thou nothing availst! A neatherd wert thou named, and now thou art like the goatherd:

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"For the goatherd, when he marks the young goats at their pastime, looks on with yearning eyes, and fain would be even as they; and thou, when thou beholdest the laughter of maidens, dost gaze with yearning eyes, for that thou dost not join their dances."

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Yct these the herdsman answered not again, but he bare his bitter love to the end; yea, to the fated end he bare it.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Ay, but she too came, the sweetly smiling Cypris; craftily smiling she came, yet keeping her heavy anger: and she spake,

saying: "Daphnis, methinks thou didst boast that wouldst throw Love a fall: nay, is it not thyself that hast been thrown by grievous Love?"

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

But to her Daphnis answered again: "Implacable Cypris, Cypris terrible, Cypris of mortals detested, already dost thou deem that my latest sun has set; nay, Daphnis even in Hades shall prove great sorrow to Love.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Where it is told how the herdsman with Cypris— Get thee to Ida, get thee to Anchises! There are oak-trees—here only galingale blows; here sweetly hum the bees about the hives!

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Thine Adonis, too, is in his bloom; for he herds the sheep and slays the hares, and he chases all the wild beasts. Nay, go and confront Diomedes again, and say 'The herdsman Daphnis I conquered: do thou join battle with me.'

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Ye wolves, ye jackals, and ye bears in the mountain caves, farewell! The herdsman Daphnis ye never shall see again, no more in the dells, no more in the groves, no more in the woodlands. Farewell, Arethusa; ye rivers, good-night, that pour down Thymbris your beautiful waters.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"That Daphnis am I who here do herd the kine, Daphnis who water here the bulls and calves.

"O Pan, Pan! whether thou art on the high hills of Lycæus, or rangest mighty Mænalus, haste hither to the Sicilian isle! Leave the tomb of Helice, leave that high cairn of the son of Lycaon, which seems wondrous fair, even in the eyes of the blessed.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

"Come hither, my prince, and take this fair pipe, honey-breathed with wax-topped joints; and well it fits thy lip: for verily I, even I, by Love am now haled to Hades.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

“Now violets bear, ye brambles; ye thorns, bear violets; and let fair narcissus bloom on the boughs of juniper! Let all things with all be confounded;—from pines let men gather pears, for Daphnis is dying! Let the stag drag down the hounds, let owls from the hills contend in song with the nightingales.”

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

So Daphnis spake, and ended; but fain would Aphrodite have given him back to life. Nay, spun was all the thread that the Fates assigned; and Daphnis went down into the stream. The whirling wave closed over the man the Muses loved, the man not hated of the nymphs.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

Translation of Andrew Lang.

THE LOVE OF SIMÆTHA

From the Second Idyl

DELPHIS troubled me, and I against Delphis am burning this laurel; and even as it crackles loudly when it has caught the flame, and suddenly is burned up, and we see not even the dust thereof,—lo, even thus may the flesh of Delphis waste in the burning!

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Even as I melt this wax, with the god to aid, so speedily may he by love be molten, the Myndian Delphis! And as whirls this brazen wheel, so restless, under Aphrodite's spell, may he turn and turn about my doors.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Three times do I pour libation, and thrice, my Lady Moon, I speak this spell:—Be it with a friend that he lingers, be it with a leman he lies, may he as clean forget them as Theseus, of old, in Dia—so legends tell—did utterly forget the fair-tressed Ariadne.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Coltsfoot is an Arcadian weed that maddens, on the hills, the young stallions and fleet-footed mares. Ah! even as these may

I see Delphis; and to this house of mine may he speed like a madman, leaving the bright palæstra.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

This fringe from his cloak Delphis lost; that now I shred and cast into the cruel flame. Ah, ah, thou torturing Love, why clingest thou to me like a leech of the fen, and drainest all the black blood from my body?

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Lo, I will crush an eft, and a venomous draught to-morrow I will bring thee!

But now, Thestylis, take these magic herbs and secretly smear the juice on the jambs of his gate (whereat, even now, my heart is captive, though nothing he recks of me), and spit and whisper, "'Tis the bones of Delphis that I smear." . . .

The Thracian servant of Theucharidas—my nurse that is but lately dead, and who then dwelt at our doors—besought me and implored me to come and see the show. And I went with her, wretched woman that I am, clad about in a fair and sweeping linen stole, over which I had thrown the holiday dress of Clearrista.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Lo! I was now come to the mid-point of the highway, near the dwelling of Lycon, and there I saw Delphis and Eudamippus walking together. Their beards were more golden than the golden flower of the ivy; their breasts (they coming fresh from the glorious wrestler's toil) were brighter of sheen than thyself, Selene!

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Even as I looked I loved, loved madly, and all my heart was wounded, woe is me! and my beauty began to wane. No more heed took I of that show, and how I came home I know not; but some parching fever utterly overthrew me, and I lay abed ten days and ten nights.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

THE SONGS OF THE REAPERS

From the Tenth Idyl

BATTUS—Ye Muses Pierian, sing ye with me the slender maiden; for whatsoever ye do but touch, ye goddesses, ye make wholly fair.

They all call thee a *gipsy*, gracious Bombyca, and *lean*, and *sunburnt*; 'tis only I that call thee *honey-pale*.

Yea, and the violet is swart, and swart the lettered hyacinth, but yet these flowers are chosen the first in garlands.

The goat runs after cytissus, the wolf pursues the goat, the crane follows the plow, but I am wild for love of thee.

Would it were mine, all the wealth whereof once Cræsus was lord, as men tell! Then images of us twain, all in gold, should be dedicated to Aphrodite,—thou with thy flute, and a rose, yea, or an apple, and I in fair attire, and new shoon of Amyclæ on both my feet.

Ah, gracious Bombyca, thy feet are fashioned like carven ivory; thy voice is drowsy sweet; and thy ways, I cannot tell of them! . . .

Demeter, rich in fruit, and rich in grain, may this corn be easy to win, and fruitful exceedingly!

Bind, ye bandsters, the sheaves, lest the wayfarer should cry, "Men of straw were the workers here, ay, and their hire was wasted!"

See that the cut stubble faces the North wind, or the West: 'tis thus the grain waxes richest.

They that thresh corn should shun the noonday sleep; at noon the chaff parts easiest from the straw.

As for the reapers, let them begin when the crested lark is waking, and cease when he sleeps, but take holiday in the heat.

Lads, the frog has a jolly life; he is not cumbered about a butler to his drink, for he has liquor by him unstinted!

Boil the lentils better, thou miserly steward; take heed lest thou chop thy fingers, when thou'rt splitting cumin-seed.

Translation of Andrew Lang.

[The four following extracts are from 'Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology,' edited by J. W. Mackail.]

TO APOLLO AND THE MUSES

THESE dewy roses and yonder close-curled wild tnyme are laid before the maidens of Helicon, and the dark-leaved laurels before thee, Pythian Healer, since the Delphic rock made this thine ornament; and this white-horned he-goat shall stain your altar, who nibbles the tip of the terebinth shoot.

HEAVEN ON EARTH

THIS is not the common Cyprian; revere the goddess, and name her the Heavenly, the dedication of holy Chrysogone in the house of Amphicles, with whom she had children and life together: and ever it was better with them year by year, who began with thy worship, O mistress; for mortals who serve the gods are the better off themselves.

VIOL AND FLUTE

WILT thou for the Muses' sake play me somewhat of sweet on thy twin flutes? and I lifting the harp will begin to make music on the strings; and Daphnis the neatherd will mingle enchantment with tunable breath of the wax-bound pipe; and thus standing nigh within the fringed cavern mouth, let us rob sleep from Pan, the lord of the goats.

THE SINKING OF THE PLEIAD

OMAN, be sparing of life, neither go on seafaring beyond the time; even so the life of man is not long. Miserable Cleonicus, yet thou didst hasten to come to fair Thasos, a merchantman out of hollow Syria, O merchant Cleonicus; but hard on the sinking of the Pleiad as thou journeyedst over the sea, as the Pleiad sank so didst thou.

IDYL VII

THE HARVEST FEAST

[The poet, making his way through the noonday heat with two friends to a harvest feast, meets the goatherd Lycidas. To humor the poet, Lycidas sings a love song of his own; and the other replies with verses about the passion of Aratus, the famous writer of didactic verse. After a courteous parting from Lycidas, the poet and his two friends repair to the orchard, where meter is being gratified with the first-fruits of harvest and vintaging.]

In this idyl, Theocritus, speaking of himself by the name of Simichidas, alludes to his teachers in poetry, and perhaps to some of the literary quarrels of the time.

The scene is in the isle of Cos. G. Hermann fancied that the scene was in Lucania; and Mr. W. R. Paton thinks he can identify the places named, by the aid of inscriptions (*Classical Review*, ii. 8, 265). See also Rayet, *Mémoire sur l'Île de Cos*, page 18, Paris, 1876.]

IT FELL upon a time when Eucritus and I were walking from the city to the Hales water, and Amyntas was the third in our company. The harvest feast of Deo was then being held by Phrasidemus and Antigenes, two sons of Lycopeus (if aught there be of noble and old descent), whose lineage dates from Clytia, and Chalcon himself—Chalcon, beneath whose foot the fountain sprang, the well of Buriné. He set his knee stoutly against the rock, and straightway by the spring poplars and elm-trees showed a shadowy glade; arched overhead they grew, and pleached with leaves of green. We had not yet reached the mid-point of the way, nor was the tomb of Brasilas yet risen upon our sight, when—thanks be to the Muses—we met a certain wayfarer, the best of men, a Cydonian. Lycidas was his name, a goatherd was he, nor could any that saw him have taken him for other than he was, for all about him bespoke the goatherd. Stripped from the roughest of he-goats was the tawny skin he wore on his shoulders, the smell of rennet clinging to it still; and about his breast an old cloak was buckled with a plaited belt, and in his right hand he carried a crooked staff of wild olive: and quietly he accosted me, with a smile, a twinkling eye, and a laugh still on his lips:—

“Simichidas, whither, pray, through the noon dost thou trail thy feet, when even the very lizard on the rough stone wall is sleeping, and the crested larks no longer fare afield? Art thou hastening to a feast, a bidden guest, or art thou for treading a

townsman's wine-press? For such is thy speed that every stone upon the way spins singing from thy boots!"

"Dear Lycidas," I answered him, "they all say that thou among herdsmen—yea, and reapers—art far the chiefest flute-player. In sooth this greatly rejoices our hearts; and yet, to my conceit, meseems I can vie with thee. But as to this journey, we are going to the harvest feast: for look you, some friends of ours are paying a festival to fair-robed Demeter, out of the first-fruits of their increase; for verily in rich measure has the goddess filled their threshing-floor with barley grain. But come, for the way and the day are thine alike and mine; come, let us vie in pastoral song: perchance each will make the other delight. For I too am a clear-voiced mouth of the Muses, and they all call me the best of minstrels: but I am not so credulous; no, by Earth! for to my mind I cannot as yet conquer in song that great Sicelidas, the Samian—nay, nor yet Philetas. 'Tis a match of frog against cicala!"

So I spoke, to win my end; and the goatherd with his sweet laugh said: "I give thee this staff, because thou art a sapling of Zeus, and in thee is no guile. For as I hate your builders that try to raise a house as high as the mountain summit of Oromedon, so I hate all birds of the Muses that vainly toil with their cackling notes against the Minstrel of Chios! But come, Simichidas, without more ado let us begin the pastoral song. And I—nay: see, friend, if it please thee at all, this ditty that I lately fashioned on the mountain-side!"

THE SONG OF LYCIDAS

FAIR voyaging befall Ageanax to Mitylene, both when the *Kids* are westering, and the south wind the wet waves chases, and when Orion holds his feet above the Ocean! Fair voyaging betide him, if he saves Lycidas from the fire of Aphrodite; for hot is the love that consumes me.

The halcyons will lull the waves, and lull the deep, and the south wind, and the east, that stirs the sea-weeds on the farthest shores,—the halcyons that are dearest to the green-haired mermaids, of all the birds that take their prey from the salt sea. Let all things smile on Ageanax to Mitylene sailing, and may he come to a friendly haven. And I, on that day, will go crowned with anise, or with a rosy wreath, or a garland of white

violets; and the fine wine of Ptelea I will dip from the bowl as I lie by the fire, while one shall roast beans for me in the embers. And elbow-deep shall the flowery bed be thickly strown, with fragrant leaves and with asphodel, and with curled parsley; and softly will I drink, toasting Ageanax with lips clinging fast to the cup, and draining it even to the lees.

Two shepherds shall be my flute-players,—one from Acharnæ, one from Lycope; and hard by, Tityrus shall sing how the herdsman Daphnis once loved a strange maiden, and how on the hill he wandered, and how the oak-trees sang his dirge,—the oaks that grow by the banks of the river Himeras,—while he was wasting like any snow under high Hæmus, or Athos, or Rhodope, or Caucasus at the world's end.

And he shall sing how, once upon a time, the great chest prisoned the living goatherd, by his lord's infatuate and evil will; and how the blunt-faced bees, as they came up from the meadow to the fragrant cedar chest, fed him with food of tender flowers, because the Muse still dropped sweet nectar on his lips.

O blessed Comatas, surely these joyful things befell thee, and thou wast inclosed within the chest, and feeding on the honey-comb through the springtime didst thou serve out thy bondage. Ah, would that in my days thou hadst been numbered with the living! how gladly on the hills would I have herded thy pretty she-goats, and listened to thy voice, whilst thou, under oaks or pine-trees lying, didst sweetly sing, divine Comatas!

THE SONG OF SIMICHIDAS

FOR Simichidas the Loves have sneezed; for truly the wretch loves Myrto as dearly as goats love the spring. But Aratus, far the dearest of my friends, deep, deep in his heart he keeps Desire,—and Aratus's love is young! Aristis knows it, an honorable man,—nay, of men the best, whom even Phoëbus would permit to stand and sing, lyre in hand, by his tripods. Aristis knows how deeply love is burning Aratus to the bone. Ah, Pan, thou lord of the beautiful plain of Homole,—bring, I pray thee, the darling of Aratus unbidden to his arms, whosoe'er it be that he loves. If this thou dost, dear Pan, then never may the boys of Arcady flog thy sides and shoulders with stinging herbs, when scanty meats are left them on thine altar. But if

thou shouldst otherwise decree, then may all thy skin be frayed and torn with thy nails,—yes, and in nettles mayst thou couch! In the hills of the Edonians mayst thou dwell in midwinter-time, by the river Hebrus, close neighbor to the Polar star! But in summer mayst thou range with the uttermost Æthiopians beneath the rock of the Blemyes, whence Nile no more is seen.

And you, leave ye the sweet fountain of Hyetis and Byblis; and ye that dwell in the steep home of golden Dione, ye Loves as rosy as red apples, strike me with your arrows, the desired, the beloved; strike, for that ill-starred one pities not my friend, my host! And yet assuredly the pear is over-ripe, and the maidens cry, “Alas, alas, thy fair bloom fades away!”

Come, no more let us mount guard by these gates, Aratus, nor wear our feet away with knocking there. Nay, let the crowing of the morning cock give others over to the bitter cold of dawn. Let Molon alone, my friend, bear the torment at that school of passion! For us, let us secure a quiet life, and some old crone to spit on us for luck, and so keep all unlovely things away.

Thus I sang, and sweetly smiling as before, he gave me the staff, a pledge of brotherhood in the Muses. Then he bent his way to the left, and took the road to Pyxa, while I and Eucritus, with beautiful Amyntas, turned to the farm of Phrasidemus. There we reclined on deep beds of fragrant lentisk, lowly strown, and rejoicing we lay in new-stript leaves of the vine. And high above our heads waved many a poplar, many an elm-tree, while close at hand the sacred water from the nymphs' own cave welled forth with murmurs musical. On shadowy boughs the burnt cicalas kept their chattering toil, far off the little owl cried in the thick thorn brake, the larks and finches were singing, the ringdove moaned, the yellow bees were flitting about the springs. All breathed the scent of the opulent summer, of the season of fruits; pears at our feet and apples by our sides were rolling plentiful, the tender branches with wild plums laden were earthward bowed, and the four-year-old pitch seal was loosened from the mouth of the wine-jars.

Ye nymphs of Castaly that hold the steep of Parnassus,—say, was it ever a bowl like this that old Chiron set before Hercules in the rocky cave of Pholus? Was it nectar like this that beguiled the shepherd to dance and foot it about his folds,—the shepherd that dwelt by Anapus on a time, the strong Polyphemus

who hurled at ships with mountains? Had these ever such a draught as ye nymphs bade flow for us by the altar of Demeter of the threshing-floor?

Ah, once again may I plant the great fan on her corn-heap, while she stands smiling by, with sheaves and poppies in her hands.

Translation of Andrew Lang.

THE FESTIVAL OF ADONIS

[This famous idyl should rather, perhaps, be called a *mimus*. It describes the visit paid by two Syracusan women residing in Alexandria, to the festival of the resurrection of Adonis. The festival is given by Arsinoë, wife and sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus; and the poem cannot have been written earlier than his marriage, in 266 (?) B.C. Nothing can be more gay and natural than the chatter of the women, which has changed no more in two thousand years than the song of birds:]

GORG0—Is Praxinoë at home?

Praxinoë—Dear Gorgo, how long is it since you have been here? She *is* at home. The wonder is that you have got here at last. Eunoë, see that she has a chair. Throw a cushion on it too.

Gorgo—It does most charmingly as it is.

Praxinoë—Do sit down.

Gorgo—Oh, what a thing spirit is! I have scarcely got to you alive, Praxinoë! What a huge crowd, what hosts of four-in-hands! Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless: yes, you really live *too* far away!

Praxinoë—It is all the fault of that madman of mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth and took—a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be neighbors. The jealous wretch! always the same, ever for spite!

Gorgo—Don't talk of your husband Dinon like that, my dear girl, before the little boy: look how he is staring at you! Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child,—she is not speaking about papa.

Praxinoë—Our Lady! the child takes notice.

Gorgo—Nice papa!

Praxinoë—That papa of his the other day—we call every day “the other day”—went to get soap and rouge at the shop, and back he came to me with salt—the great big endless fellow!

Gorgo— Mine has the same trick too: a perfect spendthrift, Diocleides! Yesterday he got what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven shillings apiece for—what do you suppose? dogskins, shreds of old leather wallets, mere trash—trouble on trouble. But come, take your cloak and shawl. Let us be off to the palace of rich Ptolemy the King, to see the Adonis: I hear the Queen has provided something splendid!

Praxinoë— Fine folks do everything finely.

Gorgo— What a tale you will have to tell about the things you have seen, to any one who has not seen them! It seems nearly time to go.

Praxinoë— Idlers have always holiday. Eunoë, bring the water and put it down in the middle of the room, lazy creature that you are. Cats like always to sleep soft! Come, bustle, bring the water; quicker. I want water first; give it me all the same; don't pour out so much, you extravagant thing. Stupid girl! why are you wetting my dress? There, stop, I have washed my hands, as heaven would have it. Where is the key of the big chest? Bring it here.

Gorgo— Praxinoë, that full body becomes you wonderfully. Tell me, how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom?

Praxinoë— Don't speak of it, Gorgo! More than eight pounds in good silver money,—and the work on it! I nearly slaved my soul out over it!

Gorgo— Well, it is *most* successful; all you could wish.

Praxinoë— Thanks for the pretty speech! Bring my shawl, and set my hat on my head the fashionable way. No, child, I don't mean to take you. Boo! Bogies! There's a horse that bites! Cry as much as you please, but I cannot have you lamed. Let us be moving. Phrygia, take the child, and keep him amused; call in the dog, and shut the street door.

[*They go into the street.*]

Ye gods, what a crowd! How on earth are we ever to get through this coil? They are like ants that no one can measure or number. Many a good deed have you done, Ptolemy; since your father joined the immortals, there's never a malefactor to spoil the passer-by, creeping on him in Egyptian fashion— Oh! the tricks those perfect rascals used to play. Birds of a feather, ill jesters, scoundrels all! Dear Gorgo, what will become of us? Here come the King's war-horses! My dear man, don't trample

on me. Look, the bay's rearing; see, what temper! Eunoë, you foolhardy girl, will you never keep out of the way? The beast will kill the man that's leading him. What a good thing it is for me that my brat stays safe at home!

Gorgo—Courage, Praxinoë. We are safe behind them now, and they have gone to their station.

Praxinoë—There! I begin to be myself again. Ever since I was a child I have feared nothing so much as horses and the chilly snake. Come along: the huge mob is overflowing us.

Gorgo [*to an old woman*—Are you from the court, mother?

Old Woman—I am, my child.

Praxinoë—Is it easy to get there?

Old Woman—The Achæans got into Troy by trying, my prettiest of ladies. Trying will do everything in the long run.

Gorgo—The old wife has spoken her oracles, and off she goes.

Praxinoë—Women know everything, yes; and how Zeus married Hera!

Gorgo—See, Praxinoë, what a crowd there is about the doors.

Praxinoë—Monstrous, Gorgo! Give me your hand: and you, Eunoë, catch hold of Eutyehis; never lose hold of her, for fear lest you get lost. Let us all go in together; Eunoë, clutch tight to me. Oh, how tiresome, Gorgo: my muslin veil is torn in two already! For heaven's sake, sir, if you ever wish to be fortunate, take care of my shawl!

Stranger—I can hardly help myself, but for all that I will be as careful as I can.

Praxinoë—How close-packed the mob is! they hustle like a herd of swine.

Stranger—Courage, lady: all is well with us now.

Praxinoë—Both this year and for ever may all be well with you, my dear sir, for your care of us. A good kind man! We're letting Eunoë get squeezed: come, wretched girl, push your way through. That is the way. We are all on the right side of the door, quoth the bridegroom, when he had shut himself in with his bride.

Gorgo—Do come here, Praxinoë. Look first at these embroideries. How light and how lovely! You will call them the garments of the gods.

Praxinoë—Lady Athene! what spinningwomen wrought them, what painters designed these drawings, so true they are? How

naturally they stand and move, like living creatures, not patterns woven. What a clever thing is man! Ah, and himself—Adonis—how beautiful to behold he lies on his silver couch, with the first down on his cheeks, the thrice-beloved Adonis,—Adonis beloved even among the dead.

A Stranger—You weariful women, do cease your endless cooing talk!—They bore one to death with their eternal broad vowels!

Gorgo—Indeed! And where may this person come from? What is it to you if we *are* chatterboxes? Give orders to your own servants, sir. Do you pretend to command ladies of Syracuse? If you must know, we are Corinthians by descent, like Bellerophon himself, and we speak Peloponnesian. Dorian women may lawfully speak Doric, I presume?

Praxinoë—Lady Persephone! never may we have more than one master. I am not afraid of *your* putting me on short commons.

Gorgo—Hush, hush, Praxinoë: the Argive woman's daughter, the great singer, is beginning the 'Adonis'; she that won the prize last year for dirge-singing. I am sure she will give us something lovely; see, she is preluding with her airs and graces.

THE PSALM OF ADONIS

O QUEEN that lovest Golgi, and Idalium, and the steep of Eryx! O Aphrodite that playest with gold! lo, from the stream eternal of Acheron they have brought back to thee Adonis—even in the twelfth month they have brought him, the dainty-footed Hours. Tardiest of the Immortals are the beloved Hours; but dear and desired they come, for always to all mortals they bring some gift with them. O Cypris, daughter of Dione, from mortal to immortal, so men tell, thou hast changed Berenice, dropping softly in the woman's breast the stuff of immortality.

Therefore, for thy delight, O thou of many names and many temples, doth the daughter of Berenice, even Arsinoë, lovely as Helen, cherish Adonis with all things beautiful.

Before him lie all ripe fruits that the tall trees' branches bear; and the delicate gardens, arrayed in baskets of silver, and the golden vessels, are full of incense of Syria. And all the dainty cakes that women fashion in the kneading-tray, mingling blossoms manifold with the white wheaten flour, all that is wrought

of honey sweet, and in soft olive oil, all cakes fashioned in the semblance of things that fly and of things that creep,—lo, here they are set before him.

Here are built for him shadowy bowers of green, all laden with tender anisc; and children flit overhead—the little Loves—as the young nightingales perched upon the trees fly forth and try their wings from bough to bough.

Oh, the ebony; oh, the gold; oh, the twin eagles of white ivory that carry to Zeus the son of Cronos his darling, his cup-bearer! Oh, the purple coverlet strown above, more soft than sleep! So Miletus will say, and whoso feeds sheep in Samos.

Another bed is strown for beautiful Adonis, one bed Cypris keeps, and one the rosy-armed Adonis. A bridegroom of eighteen or nineteen years is he; his kisses are not rough, the golden down being yet upon his lips! And now, good-night to Cypris in the arms of her lover! But lo, in the morning we will all of us gather with the dew, and carry him forth among the waves that break upon the beach; and with locks unloosed, and ungirt raiment falling to the ankles, and bosoms bare, we will begin our shrill sweet song.


Thou only, dear Adonis, so men tell,—thou only of the demigods dost visit both this world and the stream of Acheron. For Agamemnon had no such lot; nor Aias, that mighty lord of the terrible anger; nor Hector, the eldest born of the twenty sons of Hecabe; nor Patroclus; nor Pyrrhus, that returned out of Troyland; nor the heroes of yet more ancient days, the Lapithæ and Deucalion's sons; nor the sons of Pelops, and the chiefs of Pelasgian Argos. Be gracious now, dear Adonis, and propitious even in the coming year. Dear to us has thine advent been, Adonis, and dear shall it be when thou comest again.

Gorgo—Praxinoë, the woman is cleverer than we fancied! Happy woman to know so much; thrice happy to have so sweet a voice. Well, all the same, it is time to be making for home. Diocleides has not had his dinner, and the man is all vinegar,—don't venture near him when he is kept waiting for dinner. Farewell, beloved Adonis: may you find us glad at your next coming!

Translation of Andrew Lang.

THEOGNIS

(SIXTH AND FIFTH (?) CENTURIES B. C.)

UR ignorance as to the life of this favorite didactic poet is almost ludicrously complete. So early and competent a literary critic as Plato quotes from "Theognis, a citizen of Megara in Sicily." Yet the poet himself declares he was but a visitor in Sicily, and a native of the parent-city Megara in Hellas proper,—the jealous neighbor of Athens. Again, the lexicographers assign him to the 58th Olympiad (about the middle of the sixth century); but he himself thanks Apollo for averting from his native land "the insolent host of the Medes," so he must at least have outlived the first Persian invasion, by Mardonius, in 492 B. C.

There is, however, another possibility. In this corpus of six hundred and ninety-four elegiac couplets are found frequently verses elsewhere accredited to Solon, to Mimnermus, to Tyrtaeus, etc. There is also a deal of repetition, with little or no change of words. So it appears that the very popularity of the work has drawn into it much alien or unclaimed material. It is perhaps a general collection of ethical maxims, representing the morality of an epoch, of a race. In that case, all attempt at chronology becomes desperate.

The chief trace of unity in the volume is to be sought in the name of the beautiful boy Kynos; who is often addressed by name, and for whose education and worldly success these warnings and suggestions are gathered up. Some expressions of warm affection and admiration may remind us that it was almost solely masculine youth and loveliness that aroused in the Hellenic mind the sentiment which the Italian poet devotes to a real or ideal Laura, Beatrice, or Corinna.

Much of this volume is as prosaic as Solon's political harangues; and we could easily accept Athenæus's assertion that Theognis did not set his poems to music. But as usual, Theognis himself refutes our later informant; especially in the passage wherein he claims to have immortalized his boyish friend by his songs.

If we may judge from the prevailing tone of the poem, Theognis had little of Solon's gentle and conciliatory nature. In the civic strife that long distracted Megara, he is a fierce partisan of the oligarchs; sharing their exile and poverty, their restoration amid threats of savage vengeance, their utter contempt for the base-born.

The general ethical tone of the verse is not high. Loyalty to friendship is the chord most enthusiastically struck. There is a frequent pessimistic tone about human life. The very gods are reproached for grievous injustice. Poverty is so bitter that suicide is a justifiable means of escape. Temperance—in the Greek sense—is praised; yet even here there are exceptions:—

“Shameful it is for a man to be drunk among those who are sober:
Shameful as well to remain sober when others are drunk!”

Altogether, the book is not a remarkably edifying one; and the attempt to disentangle the various poems, authors, and times represented in it is a task “for a laborious man, and a patient,—and not very happy at that!” as Plato says of those who would expound the meaning of the myths.

Perhaps Theognis appears at his best—and he certainly appears with great frequency—as he is cited in quotation, by Plato and nearly every later author who discourses on social and ethical themes. His great fame in antiquity demanded some attempt at analysis here.

The verses of Theognis are accessible as printed in any text of the Greek lyric poetry; and some portions of his work are usually included in the annotated anthologies. Any one who wishes to make a thorough study of him either in Greek or English will find abundant aid in the volume of the Bohn Library which is chiefly devoted to Hesiod. This contains a literal prose translation of Theognis, with copious references to parallel literature. Furthermore, the most gifted of translators, John Hookham Frere, undertook to reconstruct both the outer and inner biography of our poet from hints afforded in his verse. The attempt itself could hardly be successful if our account of the materials given above has any elements of truth. Incidentally, however, Frere provided us also with a happy translation of nearly or quite the entire body of verse, rearranged freely for his special purposes. This essay of Frere is also included in the volume before mentioned, and from it we draw all the citations given below.

THE BELOVED YOUTH GAINS FAME FROM THE POET'S SONGS

YOU soar aloft, and over land and wave
Are borne triumphant on the wings I gave
(The swift and mighty wings, Music and Verse).

Your name in easy numbers smooth and terse
Is wafted o'er the world; and heard among
The banquetings and feasts, chanted and sung,
Heard and admired; the modulated air
Of flutes, and voices of the young and fair,
Recite it, and to future times shall tell,
When, closed within the dark sepulchral cell,
Your form shall molder, and your empty ghost
Wander along the dreary Stygian coast.

Yet shall your memory flourish fresh and young,
Recorded and revived on every tongue,
In continents and islands, every place
That owns the language of the Grecian race.

No purchased prowess of a racing steed,
But the triumphant Muse, with airy speed,
Shall bear it wide and far, o'er land and main,
A glorious and unperishable strain;
A mighty prize, gratuitously won,
Fixed as the earth, immortal as the sun.

But for all this no kindness in return!
No token of attention or concern!
Baffled and scorned, you treat me like a child,
From day to day, with empty words beguiled.
Remember! common justice, common-sense,
Are the best blessings which the gods dispense:
And each man has his object; all aspire
To something which they covet and desire.

Like a fair courser, conqueror in the race,
Bound to a charioteer sordid and base,
I feel it with disdain; and many a day
Have longed to break the curb and burst away.

WORLDLY WISDOM

JOIN with the world; adopt with every man
 His party views, his temper, and his plan;
 Strive to avoid offense, study to please,—
 Like the sagacious inmate of the seas,
 That an accommodating color brings,
 Conforming to the rock to which he clings;
 With every change of place changing his hue:
 The model for a statesman such as you.

Learn, Kurnus, learn to bear an easy mind;
 Accommodate your humor to mankind
 And human nature;—take it as you find!
 A mixture of ingredients, good or bad,—
 Such are we all, the best that can be had:
 The best are found defective; and the rest,
 For common use, are equal to the best.
 Suppose it had been otherwise decreed—
 How could the business of the world proceed?

Fairly examined, truly understood,
 No man is wholly bad nor wholly good,
 Nor uniformly wise. In every case,
 Habit and accident, and time and place,
 Affect us. 'Tis the nature of the race.

Entire and perfect happiness is never
 Vouchsafed to man; but nobler minds endeavor
 To keep their inward sorrows unrevealed.
 With meaner spirits nothing is concealed:
 Weak, and unable to conform to fortune,
 With rude rejoicing or complaint importune,
 They vent their exultation or distress.
 Whate'er betides us, grief or happiness,
 The brave and wise will bear with steady mind,
 Th' allotment unforeseen and undefined
 Of good or evil, which the gods bestow,
 Promiscuously dealt to man below.

Learn patience, O my soul! though racked and torn
 With deep distress—bear it!—it must be borne!
 Your unavailing hopes and vain regret,
 Forget them, or endeavor to forget:
 Those womanish repinings, unrepressed
 (Which gratify your foes), serve to molest
 Your sympathizing friends—learn to endure!
 And bear calamities you cannot cure!

"DESERT A BEGGAR BORN"

BLESSED, almighty Jove! with deep amaze
 I view the world, and marvel at thy ways!
 All our devices, every subtle plan,
 Each secret act, and all the thoughts of man,
 Your boundless intellect can comprehend!
 On your award our destinies depend.

How can you reconcile it to your sense
 Of right and wrong, thus loosely to dispense
 Your bounties on the wicked and the good?
 How can your laws be known or understood,
 When we behold a man faithful and just,
 Humbly devout, true to his word and trust,
 Dejected and oppressed; whilst the profane
 And wicked and unjust, in glory reign,
 Proudly triumphant, flushed with power and gain?
 What inference can human reason draw?
 How can we guess the secret of thy law,
 Or choose the path approved by power divine?
 We take, alas! perforce, the crooked line,
 And act unwillingly the baser part,
 Though loving truth and justice at our heart;
 For very need, reluctantly compelled
 To falsify the principles we held;
 With party factions basely to comply;
 To flatter, and dissemble, and to lie!

Yet he—the truly brave—tried by the test
 Of sharp misfortune, is approved the best;
 While the soul-searching power of indigence
 Confounds the weak, and banishes pretense.

Fixt in an honorable purpose still,
 The brave preserve the same unconquered will;
 Indifferent to fortune, good or ill.

A SAVAGE PRAYER

MAY Jove assist me to discharge the debt
 Of kindness to my friends, and grant me yet
 A further boon—revenge upon my foes!
 With these accomplished, I could gladly close
 My term of life—a fair requital made;
 My friends rewarded, and my wrongs repaid:

Revenge and gratitude, before I die,
Might make me deemed almost a deity!

Yet hear, O mighty Jove, and grant my prayer,
Relieve me from affliction and despair!
Oh, take my life, or grant me some redress,
Some foretaste of returning happiness!
Such is my state: I cannot yet descry
A chance of vengeance on mine enemy,
The rude despoilers of my property;
Whilst I—like to a scared and hunted hound
That scarce escaping, trembling and half drowned,
Crosses a gully, swelled with wintry rain—
Have crept ashore, in feebleness and pain.

Yet my full wish,—to drink their very blood,—
Some power divine, that watches for my good,
May yet accomplish. Soon may he fulfill
My righteous hope, my just and hearty will.

ANDRÉ THEURIET

(1833-)

IN 1857 a poem by a new hand appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. 'In Memoriam' was a romance in verse, and it showed the qualities which distinguish all its author's prose and poetry.

André Theuriet was born at Marly-le-Roi in 1833, and passed his school days at Bar-le-Duc. Later he studied law in Paris, and then accepted a position in the Treasury Department.

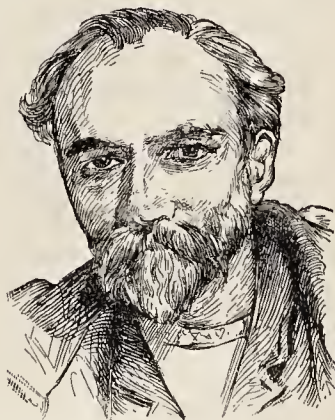
Theuriet began his literary career with poems; but he has also been popular as a writer of stories, and has been a well-known contributor of both to many Paris journals; among them *L'Illustration*, *Le Moniteur*, *Le Figaro*, *Le Gaulois*, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

His poems were first collected in 1867, when he published them in a volume entitled 'Chemin du Bois,' which had the honor of being crowned by the French Academy. He has since then published several new volumes of poems. Both in verse and prose Theuriet excels in delicate depiction of country life and of nature, and in his sympathetic analysis of beauty.

Theuriet has also attempted drama; and in 1871 his 'Jean Marie,' a one-act play, was given with success at the Odéon.

He has written a large number of novels and short stories, and many of these have been translated into English. Among the best known are 'The Maugars,' 'Angela's Fortune,' 'The House of the Two Barbels,' 'Madame Heurteloup,' and 'Stories of Every-day Life.' Perhaps their greatest charm is the quiet simplicity with which the characters are drawn and the plot developed. "Theuriet is certainly," said Jules Lemaître, "the best, most cordial, and most accurate painter of our little French *bourgeoisie*, half peasant in nature and half townfolk."

He has a gentleness of spirit which makes him more alive to the pathetic than to the tragic. He is more tender than strong. So both



ANDRÉ THEURIET

in his dainty and musical poems, and his graceful prose, he pleases by his calm and discriminating exposition of the life he studies rather than by emotional force.

THE BRETONNE

From Stories of Every-day Life

ONE November night, the eve of St. Catherine, the iron grating of the Auberive Central Prison turned on its hinges to release a woman about thirty years old. She was dressed in a faded woolen gown, and wore a white cap which made an odd frame for a face puffed and bleached by the prison régime. She was a prisoner whose sentence had just expired. Her fellow convicts called her "The Bretonne." Just six years before, the prison wagon had brought her there condemned for infanticide. After having dressed herself again in her own clothes, and being paid her small savings at the office, she was once more free, with a passport marked for Langres.

The mail had already started; so, frightened and awkward, she went stumblingly to the chief inn of the place, and in a hesitating voice requested a night's lodging. The inn was full; and the landlady, who was not at all anxious to harbor a bird of this feather, advised her to try the little public-house at the other end of the village.

The Bretonne, more and more dazed and awkward, went on her way, and knocked at the door of this inn, which was in truth hardly more than a tavern for laborers. This landlady too glanced her over distrustfully; and then, doubtless divining an ex-convict, sent her away on the pretext that she did not keep people over night. The Bretonne dared not insist, but went meekly with drooping head; while a sullen hate rose in her heart against the world which thus repulsed her. There was nothing to do but walk on to Langres. By the end of November, night falls early; and as she followed the gray road stretching between two rows of trees, with a rude north wind whistling in the branches, and scattering the dead leaves, she was soon enveloped in darkness.

After six years of a confined and sedentary life she had almost forgotten how to walk. Her knee-joints felt as though they were bound; her feet, used to sabots, were uncomfortable in her new shoes. Before she had walked a league they were weary

and blistered. She sat down on a stone and shivered, wondering if she must die of cold and hunger in the black night under the chilling wind. Suddenly along the quiet road, through the gusts of wind, she thought she heard the lingering sound of a voice singing. As she listened, she distinguished the cadences of one of the monotonous caressing little songs with which mothers rock their children. Rising, she walked in the direction from which it came; and reaching the turn of a cross-road, saw a light glowing through the branches.

Five minutes later she reached a clay hut, with a roof covered with clods of earth, and with a single window from which beamed luminous rays. With a beating heart she made up her mind to knock. The song stopped at once, and a peasant woman came to the door. She was about the same age as the Bretonne, but worn and faded with hard work. Her torn jacket showed something of her rough tanned skin; her red hair escaped in disorder from her cloth cap. Her gray eyes gazed in surprise at this rather odd-looking stranger.

"Well, good evening," she said, holding up her lamp. "What is it?"

"I can go no farther," murmured the Bretonne with a stifled sob. "The town is so far away; and if you will only take me in for the night, I shall be very grateful. I shall be glad to pay for your trouble."

"Come in!" answered the other after a moment's hesitation. Then she went on, in a voice that sounded inquisitive rather than suspicious, "Why didn't you stay at Auberive?"

"They wouldn't keep me;" and drooping her blue eyes, the Bretonne, seized with a scruple, added: "You see I am just out of prison, and people are afraid."

"Ah! Come in just the same. I'm not at all afraid, as I've never had anything but my poverty. It would be a sin to shut the door on any Christian such a cold night. I'll get some heather for your bed."

She brought some armfuls of heather from a shed, and spread them in a corner near the fire.

"Do you live here all alone?" asked the Bretonne timidly.

"Yes, with my youngster who is nearly seven. I get our living by working in the wood."

"So your husband is dead?"

"I never had one," said the woman brusquely. "My poor baby has no father. Never mind. Every one has his own

troubles. Now there is your bed all ready for you, and here are two or three potatoes left from our supper. It's all I can offer you."

She was interrupted by a childish voice from a dark little hole separated from the main room by a wooden partition.

"Good-night," she added. "I hope you'll sleep well. I must go to my baby: she's scared."

She took the lamp and went into the next room, leaving her guest in darkness. The Bretonne stretched herself out on the heather. She ate her potatoes and then tried to close her eyes, but sleep would not come to her. Through the thin partition she could hear the mother talking softly to the child, who had been waked by the stranger's arrival and would not go to sleep again. The mother petted and kissed her, with simple caressing words which touched the Bretonne's heart.

This outbreak of tenderness stirred a confused maternal instinct in the heart of the girl, who had been sentenced for stifling her new-born baby. She remembered that her own child might have been just the age of this little girl. This thought, and the sound of the childish voice, made her shudder profoundly. A gentle sentiment melted her bitter heart, and she felt moved to weep.

"Come, my pet," said the mother. "If you are good, I will take you to the fair of St. Catherine to-morrow."

"St. Catherine is the little girls' saint, isn't she, mamma?"

"Yes, little one."

"Does St. Catherine really bring playthings to children?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Why doesn't she bring me some?"

"We live too far off, and then we are too poor."

"Does she give them only to rich people? Why, mamma? I would like some playthings too."

"Well some day, if you are good—if you go to sleep like a good girl—perhaps she will bring you some."

"Then I'll go to sleep right away, so that she'll bring me some to-morrow."

Silence. Then light and even breathing. Both mother and child were slumbering. The Bretonne alone could not sleep. Her heart was wrung by a poignant yet tender emotion. She thought more and more of her dead little one. At dawn the mother and child were still fast asleep. The Bretonne slipped quietly out of the house, and walking quickly towards Auberive,

did not pause until she reached the first houses. Then she went more slowly up the one street, reading the signs over the shops. At last one seemed to satisfy her, and she knocked on the blinds until she was admitted. It was a little haberdashery, where they had also some playthings,—poor shopworn paper dolls, Noah's arks, and sheepfolds. To the merchant's amazement, the Bretonne bought them all, and then went away. She was going back to the hut when she felt a hand on her shoulder; and turning in fear, saw a police officer. The poor thing had forgotten that convicts, after their release, were not allowed to remain in the neighborhood of the prison.

"You ought to be at Langres by this time instead of vagabonding here," said the officer severely. "Come, off with you."

She tried to explain, but he would not listen. In a twinkling a cart was obtained, she was forced to get in with a policeman as escort, and off they went.

The cart jolted along the frozen road, and the poor Bretonne pressed her package of toys between her chilled fingers. They reached a turn in the road, and she recognized the foot-path through the woods. Her heart leaped, and she implored the policeman to stop and let her deliver a message to a woman who lived only two steps away. She pleaded so earnestly that the good-hearted fellow allowed himself to be persuaded. The horse was tied to a tree, and they went along the path to the hut. The woman was chopping kindling-wood in front of the door. At sight of her guest returning with a policeman, she stood stupefied, her arms hanging.

"Hush!" said the Bretonne. "Is the little one still sleeping?"

"Yes — but —"

"Take these toys and put them softly on her bed. Tell her St. Catherine sent them. I went back to Auberive for them, but it seems I had no right, so they are taking me to Langres."

"Blessed Virgin!" cried the mother.

"Hush!"

They went in the house to the bed. The Bretonne's escort kept close behind her while she set out on the coverlid the dolls, the ark, and the sheepfold. She kissed the bare little arm of the sleeping child. Then she turned to the policeman, who was rubbing his eyes:—

"Now," she said, "we can start."

AN EASTER STORY

From 'Stories of Every-day Life'

THERE was at Seville, in the faubourg of Triana, a boy of fifteen years named Juanito el Morenito. He was an orphan; had grown by good luck, like a weed, on the pavement of Triana: sleeping now out of doors, now in the stable of a lodging-house; living on a handful of sweet acorns, or a fried fish bought at a discount, and earning his living in a hundred little occupations, of which the most lucrative was selling programmes at the doors of the theatres. In spite of his rags, he was a pretty boy; with luminous eyes, smiling mouth, and curly hair, and so deeply tanned that he had been surnamed Morenito. He had, moreover, a little gipsy blood in his veins; and like the gipsies, he was of an independent disposition, loving vagrancy, and passionately fond of bull-fights.

Upon Good Friday he awoke in a morose spirit. Throughout Holy Week the theatres had been closed; and not having been able to pursue his business of selling programmes, he had not a *cuarto* in his pocket. His poverty was the more irksome that upon Easter Day there was to be a magnificent bull-baiting, with Mazzantini and Frascuelo as *spadas*, and that his empty purse would deprive him of his favorite spectacle.

Nevertheless he resolved to go and seek his luck in the streets of Seville; and after addressing a prayer to the Virgin de la Esperanza, to whom he was very devoted, he shook off the bits of straw which clung to his hair, and hurried out of the stable where he had slept.

The morning was magnificent. The slender rose-tower of the Giralda stood out clearly against the deep-blue sky. The streets were already full of people from the country, who had come to Seville to see the processions of the *Confradias*. In passing before the Plaza de Toros, Morenito saw a long line of eager people already besieging the ticket-office; and this augmented the bitterness of his regrets. For four hours he rambled about Ruc Sierpes, sniffing the fried fish and the cinnamon cakes browning in boiling oil, and following the toreadors as they strutted slowly before the cafés in their short coats and narrow breeches. He racked his brain for an honest means of gaining a few pesetas. He attempted in vain to join those who were crying programmes of the procession with the names of the different

fraternities: all the places were taken, and he was repulsed on all sides. At last, having tried everything he could think of,—his stomach empty, and his back baked by the sun,—he came out on the Plaza de la Constitucion, where the processions must stop; and finding a shady corner under one of the portals of the Audiencia, he decided to rest there while waiting for the Confradias to pass.

“Who sleeps, dines;” and in place of a breakfast, Morenito gave himself a good slice of slumber. He soon slept profoundly; and upon my word he looked very handsome, stretched his full length upon the white pavement, one arm folded under his curly black head,—his eyelids shut tight with their long lashes, and his red lips half open in a vague smile which partly uncovered his little white teeth.

While he was slumbering, a couple of tourists passed; young people, husband and wife probably,—certainly a pair of lovers, as was evident by the way they held each other’s arms.

“See what a pretty fellow he is,” said the young man, stopping to contemplate the sleeper; “and what a charming picture that would make! What a delightful attitude! It’s all there; even the significant gesture of this open hand, which looks as if it were expecting some windfall to drop into it during sleep.”

“Do you know,” answered the young wife, “how to give this sleeper a fine surprise? Put a piece of silver in his hand for him to find when he wakes!”

Lovers are generous. The young man took a five-franc piece from his purse, and placed it gently on the open hand; which by a mechanical movement half closed at the cool contact of the metal. Then the couple went away laughing.

Morenito continued to sleep; and while sleeping, he dreamed. He dreamed that the pure Virgin of the Esperanza was descending to him on a ladder the color of a rainbow. She had a crown of lilies in her hair, and was carrying white roses in her hands. And she said to him in a voice sweet as honey: “Juanito, thou hast never forgotten to pray to me morning and evening. In honor of the resurrection of my son, I wish to recompense thee. Thou shalt go to see the bulls on Sunday!” At the same time, the Virgin shook the petals from her white roses into Morenito’s hand; and in falling, each rose leaf changed into a piece of silver: and Morenito experienced such joy that it awoke him. He stretched himself, and from one of his hands—oh, miracle!—

a white coin slipped and fell with a silvery sound upon the flagging. He could not believe either his eyes or his ears. He picked up the coin. It was a beautiful bright piece of five pesetas. The Virgin had not mocked him, and he could go to the bull-fight! With a bound he was on his feet, and running toward the Plaza de Toros.

As he was turning the corner of the Calle San Pablo, he almost rushed against a slip of a girl of the faubourg of Triana, whom he had known since childhood, and who was named Chata. She was very pale, and her great black eyes were full of tears.

"What is the matter, Chata?" he asked her.

"My mother is sick," she answered, "and I have not been to bed for two nights. The doctor came this morning and ordered remedies. I went to the druggist's, but he would not give me anything on credit. What shall I do? If the bells toll for her, they will toll for me too: I will not outlive her!"

Morenito remained thoughtful a moment, his gaze plunged into Chata's tearful black eyes; then suddenly, taking the miraculous coin, he put it into the hand of his little friend.

"Here, *nina mia*," he said, "take this money: it came from the Virgin of the Esperanza, and the *bonita Madre* will not be vexed if I use it to cure your mother."

Chata was so excited that she did not take time even to thank him, but ran to the druggist's without once looking back.

It was written that Morenito was surely not to go to the prime bull-fight. But as there are compensations in the world, he passed a gay Sunday nevertheless. That day Chata's mother was better, and the little girl came to the lodging-house court to thank Juanito. She had made something of a toilet; and with the remainder of Morenito's money she had bought two red roses, which she had thrust into her black hair. The two went for a walk along the Guadalquivir, under the orange-trees in blossom.

The springtide had kindled an indescribable light in Chata's eyes, and perhaps a more tender sentiment contributed to this illumination. When they found themselves in a corner shaded by high bushes of myrtle, she suddenly threw her two arms around Morenito's neck, and said without the least false shame, "Te quiero, companero!" (I love you, comrade!) And while the bells rang for the Easter festival, these two children tasted their first kiss of love.

AUGUSTIN THIERRY

(1795-1856)

BY FREDERIC LOLIÉE

AUGUSTIN THIERRY, the celebrated historian and renovator of historical research in France, was born at Blois, May 10th, 1795. He died in 1856. A pupil of the École Normale, and at first destined to the profession of teaching, he was for several years the collaborator of Saint-Simon. With this venturesome economist he prepared several works upon industry, speculative politics, and the organization of European societies; imbibing his master's ideas without sharing his chimeras. But his true vocation was elsewhere. He had felt it awakening within him from his school days. This was in 1811, as he was finishing his studies at the lyceum of his native town.

An enthusiastic reading of Châteaubriand's 'Martyrs' lighted the spark in his intellect and decided his destiny. The striking evocation of the empire of the Cæsars in its decline; and the admirable narrative of Eudorus; and the dramatic picture of a Roman army marching across the marches of Batavia to meet an army of Franks,—as though to hurl against each other, in one terrible shock, civilization and barbarism,—had given him already a very vivid glimpse of a new and picturesque manner of exhuming and reanimating the past. He was still very young when he decided to establish the basis of his renovating method. He began by a straightforward attack upon the erroneous science of the old historical school, and by demonstrating the necessity of breaking with the false views of traditional teaching. This was the object of his 'Lettres sur l'Histoire de France' (Letters upon French History: 1827), in which are brilliantly developed the principles of an entirely modern art of restoring to original documents their primitive physiognomy, their color, and significance. For he possessed to a marvelous degree the intuition which could discover the spirit under the dead letter of charters and



AUGUSTIN THIERRY

chronicles. Then, armed with a science painfully acquired in the depths of libraries, where he lost health and later sight, he proceeded from theory to practice. He published 'L'Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands, de ses Causes et de ses Suites' (History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and Consequences: 1825, 3 vols.; new edition revised and enlarged, 1845, 4 vols.); an account, detailed and extremely lucid, not only of the national struggle which followed the victory of the Normans over the Saxons, but also of the tendencies, impulses, motives, which impelled men placed in a social state approaching barbarism. Then in his 'Récits des Temps Mérovingiens' (Narratives of the Merovingian Era: 1840, 2 vols.), he presented with a truly Homeric color of truth the manners of the destroyers of the Roman Empire, their odd and savage aspect, and the violent contrasts of the races which in the sixth century were mingled but not yet blended on the soil of Gaul. This is the most finished of Augustin Thierry's works. One should read also the pages, full of candor and charm, of his 'Dix Ans d'Études' (Ten Years of Study: 1834).

Augustin Thierry did not wholly escape the risk of errors,—the anticipating views or daring conjectures always more or less entailed by the spirit of generalization. In return he penetrated with astonishing profundity to the very heart of barbarism; and rendered as living as contemporaries the characters of one of the most complex and least known epochs of European history. A great author as well as a great historian, he carried his care for form to an incomparable degree. Sainte-Beuve called him a translator of genius, of our old chroniclers. Indeed he possessed the double seal of genius: boldness in creation, and finish in detail.

The life of Augustin Thierry, like his style, deserves to be offered as an example to the writers who seek in art something more than selfish and transitory satisfactions. A martyr to his researches,—blind, crippled, helpless,—until the last hour he never stopped perfecting his writings in the sense of beauty and truth. Nor did he ever cease to consider devotion to science as superior to material pleasures,—to fortune, and even to health.

Frederic Lohée

THE TRUE HISTORY OF JACQUES BONHOMME, FROM AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS

From the 'Historical Essays'

JACQUES was still very young, when strangers from the south invaded the land of his ancestors; it was a fine domain bathed by two great lakes, and capable of producing corn, wine, and oil in abundance. Jacques had a lively but unsteady mind; growing up on his usurped soil he forgot his ancestors, and the usurpers pleased him. He learned their language, espoused their quarrels, and bound himself to their fortune. This fortune of invasion and conquest was for some time successful; but one day fortune became adverse, and the tide of war brought invasion on the land of the usurpers. Jacques's domain, on which floated their standards, was one of the first threatened. Bodies of men who had emigrated from the north besieged it on all sides. Jacques was too unaccustomed to independence to dream of freeing his habitation: the sole alternatives his mind suggested to him were, either to deliver himself up to new masters or to adhere to the old ones. Wavering between these two resolutions, he confided his doubts to a grave personage of his family,—the priest of a religion which Jacques had recently embraced, and which he practiced with great fervor.

"My father," said he, "what shall I do? My present state wearies me. Our conquerors, who call us their *allies*, treat us really like slaves. They exhaust us to fill their treasury, which in their language they call the basket: this basket is a bottomless abyss. I am weary of submitting to their yoke: but the yoke of their enemies frightens me; those north men are, it is said, very rapacious, and their battle-axes are very sharp. For mercy's sake, tell me whose side I shall take."—"My son," replied the holy man, "you must be on the side of God: God in the present day is on the side of the idolatrous north against the heretical south. The men of the north will be your masters: I can predict this; for I myself, with my own hands, have just opened your gates to them." Jacques was stunned by these words; he had not recovered from his bewilderment when a great noise of arms and horses, together with strange acclamations, told him that all was over. He saw men of great height, and speaking from the throat, hurry into his dwelling, divide the furniture into lots, and measure the land in order to divide it. Jacques was sad;

but feeling that there was no remedy, he endeavored to become reconciled to his fate. He looked patiently at the thieves; and when their chief passed, he saluted him by the cry of *Vivat rex!* which the chief did not understand. The strangers distributed the booty, settled on their portions of land, reviewed their forces, exercised themselves in arms, assembled in councils, and decreed laws of police and war for themselves, without thinking more of Jacques than if he had never existed. He stood at a distance, awaiting an official notice of his destiny, and practicing with a great deal of trouble to pronounce the barbaric names of men in high stations among his new masters. Several of these euphoniously disfigured names may be restored in the following manner: Merowig, Chlodowig, Hilderik, Hildebert, Sighebert, Karl, etc.

Jacques at last received his sentence: it was a formal act, drawn up by the friend and compatriot who had made himself the introducer of the conquerors; and who, as the price of such service, had received from their bounty the finest portion of the cultivated land and the Greek title of *Episcopus*—which the conquerors transformed into that of *Biscop* and granted without understanding it. Jacques, who until then had been called *Romanus*, the Roman, from the name of his first masters, saw himself qualified in this new diploma with the title of *litus seu villanus noster*; and ordered, under pain of the rod and cord, to cultivate the land himself for the benefit of the strangers. The word *litus* was new to his ears; he asked an explanation, and he was told that this word, derived from the Germanic verb *let* or *lât*, permit or leave, really signified that they had the kindness to let him live. This favor appeared to him rather a slight one; and he took a fancy to solicit others from the assembly of the possessors of his domain, which was held on fixed days in the open air, in a vast field. The chiefs stood in the midst, and the multitude surrounded them; decisions were made in common, and each man gave his opinion, from the highest to the lowest—*a maximo usque ad minimum*. Jacques went to that august council; but at his approach a murmur of contempt was raised, and the guards forbade him to advance, threatening him with the wood of their lances. One of the strangers, more polite than the others, and who knew how to speak good Latin, told him the cause of this treatment: "The assembly of the masters of this land," said he, "*dominorum territorii*, is interdicted to men of

your class,—to those whom we call ‘*liti vel litones, et istius modi viles inopesque personæ.*’”

Jacques went sadly to work: he had to feed, clothe, warm, and lodge his masters; he worked for many years, during which time his condition barely changed, but during which, on the other hand, he saw the vocabulary by which his miserable condition was designated increase prodigiously. In several inventories that were drawn up at the same time, he saw himself ignominiously confounded with the trees and flocks of the domain, under the common name of clothing of the land, *terræ vestitus*; he was called live money, *pecunia vive*, body serf, *addictus glebæ*, bondman in the idiom of the conquerors. In times of clemency and mercy, only six days’ labor out of seven was demanded of him. Jacques was sober; he lived on little, and endeavored to save: but more than once his slender savings were taken from him in virtue of that incontestable axiom, “*Quæ servi sunt, ea sunt domini,*” —what the serf possesses is the master’s property.

Whilst Jacques worked and suffered, his masters quarreled amongst themselves, either from vanity or interest. More than once they deposed their chiefs; more than once their chiefs oppressed them; more than once opposite factions waged a civil war. Jacques always bore the weight of these disputes: no party spared him; he always had to bear the anger of the conquered and the pride of the conquerors. It happened that the chief of the conquering community pretended to have the sole real claims on the land, the labor, the body and the soul of poor Jacques. Jacques, credulous and trusting to an excess because his woes were innumerable, allowed himself to be persuaded to give his consent to these pretensions, and accept the title of “subjugated by the chief,” *subjectus regis*; in the modern jargon, “subject of the king.” In virtue of this title, Jacques only paid the king fixed taxes, *tallias rationabiles*, which was far from meaning reasonable taxes. But although nominally become the property of the chief, he was not therefore free from the exactions of the subalterns. Jacques paid first on one side, then on the other; fatigue was wearing him out. He entreated repose: the laughing reply was, “Bonhomme cries out, but bonhomme must pay.” Jacques bore with misfortune: he was unable to tolerate outrage. He forgot his weakness, he forgot his nakedness, and hurried out against his oppressors, armed to their teeth or intrenched in fortresses. Their chiefs and subalterns, friends and enemies, all united to

crush him. He was pierced with the strokes of lances, hacked with the cuts of swords, bruised under the feet of horses: no more breath was left in him but what he required not to die on the spot, for he was wanted.

Jacques—who since this war bore the surname of *Jacques bonhomme*—recovered of his wounds, and paid as heretofore. He paid the subsidies, the assistances, the gabelle, the rights of sale, of tolls and customs, the poll tax, the twentieths, etc., etc. At this exorbitant price, the king protected him a little against the rapacity of the other nobles: this more fixed and peaceful condition pleased him; he became attached to the new yoke which procured it for him; he even persuaded himself that this yoke was natural and necessary to him, that he required fatigue in order not to burst with health, and that his purse resembled trees, which grow when they are pruned. Care was taken not to burst out laughing at these sallies of his imagination; they were encouraged, on the contrary: and it was when he gave full vent to them that the names of loyal and well-advised man, “*recte legalis et sapiens*,” were given him.

If it is for my good that I pay, said Jacques to himself one day, it follows therefore that the first duty of those I pay is to act for my good; and that they are, properly speaking, only the stewards of my affairs. If they are the stewards of my affairs, it follows that I have a right to regulate their accounts and give them my advice. This succession of inductions appeared to him very luminous: he never doubted but that it did the greatest credit to his sagacity; he made it the subject of a large book, which he printed in beautiful type. This book was seized, mutilated, and burnt; instead of the praises which the author expected, the galleys were proposed to him. His presses were seized; a lazaretto was instituted, wherein his thoughts were to perform quarantine before passing into print. Jacques printed no more, but he did not think less. The struggle of his thought against authority was long secret and silent; his mind long meditated this great idea, that by a natural right he was free and master at home, before he made any tentative to realize it. At last one day, when a great want of money compelled the powers whom Jacques supplied, to call him to council to obtain from him a subsidy which it did not dare to exact, Jacques arose, assumed a proud tone, and clearly stated his absolute and in-scrutable right of property and liberty.

Authority capitulated, then retracted; war ensued, and Jacques was the conqueror, because several friends of his former masters deserted to embrace his cause. He was cruel in his victory, because long misery had soured him. He knew not how to conduct himself when free, because he still had the habits of slavery. Those whom he took for stewards enslaved him anew whilst proclaiming his absolute sovereignty. "Alas!" said Jacques, "I have suffered two conquests; I have been called serf, villain, subject: but I never was insulted by being told that it was in virtue of my rights that I was a slave and despoiled." One of his officers, a great warrior, heard him murmur and complain. "I see what you want," said he, "and I will take upon myself to give it to you. I will mix up the traditions of the two conquests that you so justly regret: I will restore to you the Frankish warriors, in the persons of my soldiers; they shall be, like them, barons and nobles. I will reproduce the great Cæsar, your first master; I will call myself *imperator*: you shall have a place in my legions; I promise you promotion in them." Jacques opened his lips to reply, when suddenly the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, the eagles were unfurled. Jacques had formerly fought under the eagles; his early youth had been passed in following them mechanically: as soon as he saw them again, he thought no longer—he marched. . . .

It is time that the jest should end. We beg pardon for having introduced it into so grave a subject: we beg pardon for having made use of an insulting name formerly applied to our fathers, in order to retrace more rapidly the sad succession of our misfortunes and our faults. It seems as if on the day on which, for the first time, servitude, the daughter of armed invasion, put its foot on the country which now bears the name of France, it was written above that servitude should never leave it; that, banished under one form, it was to reappear under another, and changing its aspect without changing its nature, stand upright at its former post in spite of time and mankind. After the domination of the conquering Romans, came the domination of the conquering Franks; then absolute monarchy, then the absolute authority of republican laws, then the absolute power of the French empire, then five years of exceptional laws under the constitutional charter. Twenty centuries have elapsed since the footsteps of conquest were imprinted on our soil; its traces have not disappeared: generations have trampled on without

destroying them; the blood of men has washed without effacing them. Was it then for such a destiny that nature formed that beautiful country which so much verdure adorns, such harvests enrich, and which is under the influence of so mild a climate?

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

From the 'History of the Conquest of England by the Normans'

ON THE ground which afterwards bore, and still bears, the name of "Battle," the Anglo-Saxon lines occupied a long chain of hills, fortified with a rampart of stakes and osier hurdles. In the night of the 13th of October, William announced to the Normans that the next day would be the day of battle. The priests and monks, who had followed the invading army in great numbers, being attracted like the soldiers by the hope of booty, assembled together to offer up prayers and sing litanies, while the fighting men were preparing their arms. The soldiery employed the time which remained to them after this first care in confessing their sins and receiving the sacrament. In the other army the night was passed in quite a different manner: the Saxons diverted themselves with great noise, and sung their old national songs round their watch-fires, while they emptied the horns of beer and of wine.

In the morning the bishop of Bayeux, who was a son of William's mother, celebrated mass in the Norman camp, and gave a blessing to the soldiers; he was armed with a hauberk under his pontifical habit: he then mounted a large white horse, took a baton of command in his hand, and drew up the cavalry into line. The army was divided into three columns of attack: in the first were the soldiers from the county of Boulogne and from Ponthieu, with most of the adventurers who had engaged personally for pay; the second comprised the auxiliaries from Brittany, Maine, and Poitou; William himself commanded the third, composed of the Norman chivalry. At the head and on the flanks of each division marched several ranks of light-armed infantry, clad in quilted cassocks, and carrying long-bows, or arbalets of steel. The duke mounted a Spanish charger which a rich Norman had brought him when he returned from a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella in Galicia. From his neck were suspended the most venerated of the relics on which Harold had

sworn; and the standard consecrated by the Pope was carried at his side by a young man named Toustain-le-Blanc. At the moment when the troops were about to advance, the duke, raising his voice, thus addressed them:—

“Remember to fight well, and put all to death; for if we conquer we shall all be rich. What I gain, you will gain; if I conquer, you will conquer; if I take this land, you shall have it. Know however that I am not come here only to obtain my right, but also to avenge our whole nation for the felonies, perjuries, and treacheries of these English. They put to death the Danes, men and women, on St. Brice’s night. They decimated the companions of my kinsman Alfred, and took his life. Come on, then; and let us, with God’s help, chastise them for all these misdeeds.”

The army was soon within sight of the Saxon camp, to the northwest of Hastings. The priests and monks then detached themselves from it, and ascended a neighboring height, to pray and to witness the conflict. A Norman named Taillefer spurred his horse forward in front, and began the song—famous throughout Gaul—of the exploits of Charlemagne and Roland. As he sung, he played with his sword; throwing it up with force in the air, and receiving it again in his right hand. The Normans joined in chorus, or cried, “God be our help! God be our help!”

As soon as they came within bowshot, the archers let fly their arrows and the crossbow-men their bolts; but most of the shots were deadened by the high parapet of the Saxon redoubts. The infantry, armed with spears, and the cavalry, then advanced to the entrances of the redoubts, and endeavored to force them. The Anglo-Saxons, all on foot around their standard planted in the ground, and forming behind their redoubts one compact and solid mass, received the assailants with heavy blows of their battle-axes, which, with a back-stroke, broke their spears and clove their coats of mail. The Normans, unable either to penetrate the redoubts or to tear up the palisades, and fatigued with their unsuccessful attack, fell back upon the division commanded by William. The duke then commanded all his archers again to advance, and ordered them not to shoot point-blank, but to discharge their arrows upwards, so that they might fall beyond the rampart of the enemy’s camp. Many of the English were wounded, chiefly in the face, in consequence of this manœuvre; Harold himself lost an eye by an arrow, but he nevertheless continued to command and to fight. The close attack of the foot

and horse recommenced, to the cry of "Notre Dame! Dieu aide! Dieu aide!" But the Normans were repulsed at one entrance of the Saxon camp, as far as a great ravine covered with grass and brambles, in which, their horses stumbling, they fell pell-mell, and numbers of them perished. There was now a momentary panic in the army of the invaders: it was rumored that the duke was killed; and at this news they began to fly. William threw himself before the fugitives, and barred their passage, threatening them, and striking them with a lance; then uncovering his head, — "Here I am," he exclaimed; "look at me: I live, and with God's help I will conquer!"

The horsemen returned to the redoubts; but as before, they could neither force the entrance nor make a breach. The duke then bethought himself of a stratagem to draw the English out of their position, and make them quit their ranks. He ordered a thousand horse to advance and immediately take to flight. At the sight of this feigned rout, the Saxons were thrown off their guard; and all set off in pursuit, with their axes suspended from their necks. At a certain distance, a body of troops posted there for the purpose joined the fugitives, who then turned round; and the English, surprised in the midst of their disorder, were assailed on all sides with spears and swords, which they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in wielding their heavy axes. When they had lost their ranks the gates of the redoubt were forced, and horse and foot entered together; but the combat was still warmly maintained, pell-mell and hand to hand. William had his horse killed under him. King Harold and his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was plucked from the ground, and the banner sent from Rome planted in its stead. The remains of the English army, without a chief and without a standard, prolonged the struggle until the close of day, so that the combatants on each side could recognize one another only by their language.

Having, says an old historian, rendered all which they owed to their country, the remnant of Harold's companions dispersed; and many died on the roads, in consequence of their wounds and the day's fatigue. The Norman horse pursued them without relaxation, and gave quarter to no one. They passed the night on the field of battle; and on the morrow, at dawn of day, Duke William drew up his troops, and had all the men who had followed him across the sea called over from the roll which had

been prepared before his departure from the port of St. Valery. Of these, a vast number, dead and dying, lay beside the vanquished on the field. The fortunate survivors had, as the first profits of their victory, the spoils of the dead. In turning over the bodies there were found thirteen wearing under their armor the monastic habit: these were the abbot of Hida and his twelve companions; the name of their monastery was the first inscribed in the Black Book of the conquerors.

The mothers and the wives of those who had repaired to the field of battle from the neighboring country to die with the King, came to the field to seek for and to bury the bodies of their sons and husbands. The body of King Harold remained for some time on the battle-field, and no one dared ask for it. At length Godwin's widow, named Githa, overcoming her anguish, sent a message to Duke William demanding his permission to perform the last rites in honor of her son. She offered, say the Norman historians, to give him the weight of her son's body in gold. But the duke refused harshly, saying that the man who had belied his faith and his religion should have no sepulture but the sands of the shore. If we may believe an old tradition on this score, however, he eventually became milder in favor of the monks of Waltham, an abbey founded and enriched in his lifetime by Harold. Two Saxon monks, Osgod and Ailrik, deputed by the abbot of Waltham, made request and obtained leave to transport to their church the sad remains of its benefactor. They then proceeded to the heap of slain that had been spoiled of armor and of vestments, and examined them carefully one after another; but he whom they sought for had been so much disfigured by wounds that they could not recognize it. Sorrowing, and despairing of succeeding in their search by themselves, they applied to a woman whom Harold, before he was king, had kept as his mistress; and entreated her to assist them. She was called Edith, and poetically surnamed the Swan-necked. She consented to follow the two monks, and succeeded better than they had done in discovering the corpse of him whom she had loved.

These events are all related by the chroniclers of the Anglo-Saxon race in a tone of dejection which it is difficult to transmute. They call the day of the battle a day of bitterness, a day of death, a day stained with the blood of the brave. "England, what shall I say of thee?" exclaims the historian of the church of Ely: "what shall I say of thee to our descendants?—That

thou hast lost thy national king, and hast fallen under the domination of foreigners; that thy sons have perished miserably; that thy councilors and thy chieftains are vanquished, slain, or disinherited!" Long after the day of this fatal conflict, patriotic superstition believed that the fresh traces of blood were still to be seen on the ground where the battle was. These traces were said to be visible on the heights to the northwest of Hastings whenever a little rain moistened the soil. The conqueror, immediately upon gaining the victory, made a vow to erect on this ground a convent dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and to St. Martin the patron of the soldiers of Gaul. Soon afterwards, when his good fortune permitted him to fulfill this vow, the great altar of the monastery was placed on the spot where the Saxon standard of King Harold had been planted and torn down. The circuit of the exterior walls was traced so as to inclose all the hill which the bravest of the English had covered with their bodies. All the circumjacent land, a league wide, on which the different scenes of the battle had been acted, became the property of this abbey, which in the Norman language was called "l'Abbaye de la Bataille," or Battle Abbey. Monks from the great convent of Marmoutiers, near Tours, came to establish here their domicile; and they prayed for the repose of the souls of all the combatants who perished on that fatal day.

It is said that when the first stones of the edifice were laid, the architects discovered that there would certainly be a want of water. Being disconcerted, they carried this disagreeable news to William. "Work, work away," replied the Conqueror jocularly: "if God grant me life, there shall be more wine for the monks of Battle to drink than there now is clear water in the best convent in Christendom."

THE STORY OF FORTUNATUS

From the 'Historical Essays and Narratives of the Merovingian Era'

THE first event which signalized the opening of the synod [of Soissons, 580 A. D.] was a literary one: it was the arrival of a long piece of poetry composed by Venantius Fortunatus, and addressed to King Hilperik and to all the bishops assembled at Braine. The singular career which this Italian, the last poet of the aristocratic Gallo-Roman society, had created for

himself by his talents and the elegance of his manners, demands here an episodical digression.

Born in the environs of Treviso, and educated at Ravenna, Fortunatus came to Gaul to visit the tomb of St. Martin, in fulfillment of a pious vow; but this journey being in all ways delightful to him, he made no haste to terminate it. After having accomplished his pilgrimage to Tours, he continued to travel from town to town, and was sought and welcomed by all the rich and noble men who still piqued themselves on their refinement and elegance. He traveled all over Gaul, from Mayence to Bordeaux, and from Toulouse to Cologne; visiting on his road the bishops, counts, and dukes, either of Gallic or Frankish origin, and finding in most of them obliging hosts, and often truly kind friends.

Those whom he left, after a stay of a longer or shorter period in their episcopal palaces, their country-houses, or their strong fortresses, kept up a regular correspondence with him from that period; and he replied to their letters by pieces of elegiac poetry, in which he retraced the remembrances and incidents of his journey. To every one he spoke of the natural beauties and monuments of their country: he described the picturesque spots, the rivers and the forests, the culture of the land, the riches of the churches, and the delights of the country-houses. These pictures, sometimes tolerably accurate and sometimes vaguely rhetorical, were mixed up with compliments and flattery. The poet and wit praised the kindness, the hospitality, of the Frankish nobles, not omitting the facility with which they conversed in Latin; and the political talents, the ingenuity, and the knowledge of law and business, which characterized the Gallo-Roman nobles. To praise for the piety of the bishops, and their zeal in building and consecrating new churches, he added approbation of their administrative works for the prosperity, ornament, or safety of towns. He praised one for having restored ancient edifices, a prætorium, a portico, and baths; a second for having turned the course of a river, and dug canals for irrigation; a third for having erected a citadel fortified with towers and machines of war. All this, it must be owned, was marked with signs of extreme literary degeneracy; being written in a style at once pedantic and careless, full of incorrect and distorted expressions and of puerile puns: but setting these aside, it is pleasant to witness the appearance of Venantius Fortunatus rekindling a last spark of intellectual life in Gaul, and to see this stranger becoming a common bond

of union between those who, in the midst of a society declining into barbarism, here and there retained the love of literature and mental enjoyments. Of all his friendships, the deepest and most permanent was the one which he formed with a woman,—Radegonda, one of the wives of King Chlothar the First, then living retired at Poitiers in a convent which she had herself founded, and where she had taken the veil as a simple nun. . . .

The monastery of Poitiers had already [A. D. 567] attracted the attention of the whole Christian world for more than fifteen years, when Venantius Fortunatus, in his pilgrimage of devotion and pleasure through Gaul, visited it as one of the most remarkable sights which his travels afforded him. He was received there with flattering distinction: the warm reception which the Queen was accustomed to give men of talent and refinement was lavished on him as the most illustrious and amiable of their guests. He saw himself loaded by her and the abbess with care, attentions, and praises. This admiration, reproduced each day under various forms, and distilled, so to speak, into the ear of the poet by two women,—the one older than himself, the other younger,—detained him by ever new charms longer than he had expected. Weeks, months passed, and all delays were exhausted; and when the traveler spoke of setting forth again, Radegonda said to him: "Why should you go? Why not remain with us?" This wish, uttered by friendship, was to Fortunatus a decree of fate: he no longer thought of crossing the Alps, but settled at Poitiers, took orders there, and became a priest of the metropolitan church.

This change of profession facilitated his intercourse with his two friends, whom he called his mother and sister, and it became still more assiduous and intimate than before. Apart from the ordinary necessity of women being governed by a man, there were imperious reasons in the case of the foundress and the abbess of the convent of Poitiers, which demanded a union of attention and firmness only to be met with in a man. The monastery had considerable property, which it was not only necessary to manage, but also to guard with daily vigilance against impositions and robberies. This security was only to be obtained by means of royal diplomas, threats of excommunication from the bishops, and perpetual negotiations with dukes, counts, and judges, who were little anxious to act from duty, but who did a great deal from interest or private friendship. A task like this demanded both address and activity, frequent journeys, visits to

the courts of kings, the talent of pleasing powerful men, and of treating with all sorts of people. Fortunatus employed in it all his knowledge of the world and the resources of his mind, with as much success as zeal; he became the counselor, confidential agent, ambassador, steward, and secretary of the Queen and the abbess. His influence, absolute in external matters, was hardly less so on the internal order and arrangements of the house: he was the arbitrator of little quarrels, the moderator of rival passions and feminine spite. All mitigations of the rules, all favors, holidays, and extra repasts, were obtained through his intervention and at his request. He even had, to a certain extent, the direction of consciences; and his advice, sometimes given in verse, always inclined to the least rigid side. Moreover, Fortunatus combined great suppleness of mind with considerable freedom of manners. A Christian chiefly through his imagination, as has been frequently said of the Italians, his orthodoxy was irreproachable; but in his practice of life he was effeminate and sensual. He abandoned himself without restraint to the pleasures of the table; and not only was he always found a jovial guest, a great drinker, and an inspired singer at the banquets given by his rich patrons, both Romans and barbarians, but in imitation of the customs of imperial Rome he sometimes dined alone on several courses. Clever as all women are at retaining and attaching to themselves a friend by the weak points of his character, Radegonda and Agnes rivaled each other in encouraging this gross propensity, in the same way that they flattered in him a less ignoble defect,—that of literary vanity. They sent daily to Fortunatus's dwelling the best part of the meals of the house; and not content with this, they had dishes which were forbidden them by the rules, dressed for him with all possible care. These were meats of all kinds, seasoned in a thousand different ways, and vegetables dressed with gravy or honey, and served up in dishes of silver, jasper, and crystal. At other times he was invited to take his repast at the convent; and then not only was the entertainment of the most delicate kind, but the ornaments of the dining-room were of a refined coquetry. Wreaths of odoriferous flowers adorned the walls, and rose-leaves covered the table instead of a table-cloth. Wine flowed into beautiful goblets for the guests to whom it was interdicted by no vow; there was almost a reflex of the suppers of Horace or Tibullus in the elegance of this repast, offered to a Christian poet by two recluses dead to the world. The three actors of

this singular drama addressed each other by tender names, the meaning of which a heathen would certainly have misunderstood. The names of mother and sister from the lips of the Italian were accompanied by such epithets as these: "my life," "my light," "delight of my soul"; and all this was only, in truth, an exalted but chaste friendship, a sort of intellectual love. With regard to the abbess, who was little more than thirty when this liaison began, this intimacy appeared suspicious, and became the subject of scandalous insinuations. The reputation of the priest Fortunatus suffered from them, and he was obliged to defend himself, and to protest that he only felt for Agnes, like a brother, a purely spiritual love, a celestial affection. He did it with dignity, in some verses in which he takes Christ and the Virgin as witnesses of the innocence of his heart.

This man of frivolous and gay disposition, whose maxim was to enjoy the present, and always to look on the bright side of life, was, in his conversations with the daughter of the King of Thuringia, the confidant of deep suffering, of melancholy reminiscences, of which he felt himself incapable. Radegonda had attained the age when the hair begins to whiten, without having forgotten any of the impressions of her early childhood; and at fifty, the memory of the days spent in her own country amidst her friends came to her as fresh and as painful as at the moment of her capture. She often said, "I am a poor captive woman:" she delighted in retracing, even in their smallest details, the scenes of desolation, of murder, and of violence, of which she had been a witness, and partly a victim. After so many years of exile, and notwithstanding a total change of tastes and habits, the remembrance of the parental fireside, and the old family affections, remained to her objects of worship and of love: it was the remnant, the only one she had retained, of the Germanic manners and character. The images of her dead and banished parents never ceased to be present to her, in spite of her new attachments, and the peace of mind she had acquired. There was even something vehement, an almost savage ardor, in her yearnings towards the last remnants of her race, towards the son of her uncle who had taken refuge at Constantinople, towards cousins born in exile and whom she only knew by name. This woman, who, in a strange land, had never been able to love anything which was both Christian and civilized, colored her patriotic regrets with a rude poetry, a reminiscence of national songs which she had formerly heard in the wooden palace of her

ancestors, or on the heaths of her country. The traces of them are still visibly, though certainly in a softened degree, to be met with here and there in some pieces of poetry, in which the Italian poet, speaking in the name of the queen of the barbarians, endeavors to render her melancholy confidences in the way that he received them from her:—

“I have seen women carried into slavery, with bound hands and flowing hair; one walked barefooted in the blood of her husband, the other passed over the corpse of her brother. Each one has had cause for tears; and I, I have wept for all. I have wept for my relations who have died, and I must weep for those who remain alive. When my tears cease to flow, when my sighs are hushed, my sorrow is not silent. When the wind murmurs, I listen if it brings me any news; but no shadow of my relations presents itself to me. A whole world divides me from what I love most. Where are they? I ask it of the wind that whistles; I ask it of the clouds that float by; I wish some bird would come and tell me of them. Ah! if I were not withheld by the sacred walls of this convent, they would see me arrive at the moment when they least expected me. I would set out in bad weather; I would sail joyfully through the tempest. The sailors might tremble, but I should have no fear. If the vessel split, I would fasten myself to a plank, and continue my voyage; and if I could seize no fragment, I would swim to them.”

Such was the life which Fortunatus had led since the year 567: a life consisting of religion without moroseness, of affection without anxiety, of grave cares, of leisure filled with agreeable trifling. This last and curious example of an attempt at uniting Christian perfection with the social refinements of ancient civilization would have passed away without leaving any trace if the friend of Agnes and Radegonda had not himself, in his poetical works, noted even the smallest phases of the destiny which, with so perfect an instinct of happiness, he had chosen for himself. In them is found inscribed, almost day by day, the history of this society of three persons connected by a strong sympathy,—the love of everything elegant, and the want of lively and intellectual conversation. There are verses on all the little events of which this sweet and monotonous mode of existence was made up: on the pain of separation, the dullness of absence, and the delights of return; on little presents made and received,—on flowers, fruits, and all sorts of dainties, on willow-baskets which the poet amused himself in plaiting with his own hands as gifts for his two friends. There are some on the suppers of the three in

the convent, animated by "delicious chats"; and for the solitary repasts in which Fortunatus, whilst eating his utmost, regretted having only one pleasure at a time, and not having his eyes and ears charmed as well. Finally, there were some on the sad and happy days which every year brought round: such as the anniversary of Agnes's birth; and the first day of Lent, when Rade-gonda, in obedience to a vow, shut herself up in a cell to pass there the time of that long fast. "Where is my light hidden? Wherefore does she conceal herself from my eyes?" the poet then exclaimed, in a passionate accent which might have been thought profane; and when Easter-day and the end of this long absence arrived, he then, mingling the smiles of a madrigal with the grave reflections of the Christian faith, said to Rade-gonda: "Thou hast robbed me of my happiness: now it returns to me with thee; thou makest me doubly celebrate this solemn festival."

To the delights of a tranquillity unique in that century, the Italian emigrant added that of a glory which was no less so; and he was even able to deceive himself as to the duration of the expiring literature of which he was the last and most frivolous representative. The barbarians admired him, and did their best to delight in his witticisms; his slightest works, such as notes written whilst the bearer was waiting, simple distichs improvised at table, spread from hand to hand, were read, copied, and learned by heart; his religious poems and verses addressed to the kings were objects of public expectation. On his arrival in Gaul, he had celebrated the marriage of Sighebert and Brunehilda in the heathen style, and the conversion of the Arian Brunehilda to the Catholic faith in the Christian style. The warlike character of Sighebert, the conqueror of nations beyond the Rhine, was the first theme of his poetical flatteries; later, when settled at Poitiers in the kingdom of Haribert, he wrote the praise of a pacific king in honor of that unwarlike prince. Haribert died in the year 567, and the precarious situation of the town of Poitiers, alternately taken by the kings of Neustria and Austrasia, obliged the poet to observe a prudent silence for a long while; and his tongue became unloosed only on the day on which the city he inhabited appeared to him to have definitely fallen into the power of King Hilperik. He then composed for that king his first panegyric and elegiac verses: this was the piece mentioned above, and the sending of which to Braine gave rise to this long episode.

ADOLPHE THIERS

(1797-1877)

BY ADOLPHE COHN

THIERS (Louis Adolphe, usually mentioned simply as Adolphe Thiers),—born April 15th, 1797, died September 3d, 1877,—belongs to a class of writers which was comparatively large in France during the first half of the nineteenth century; who owed to literary success an entrance to political life, and distinguished themselves as public men no less than as men of letters. Of these no one reached such eminence as the little Marseilles laborer's son, who at the age of seventy-four was elected the first President of the French Republic.

The Thiers family, though one of the humblest of the large city of Marseilles, managed to give to its brightest child as good an education as was at the disposal of French children at the beginning of the century. Adolphe Thiers was given a government scholarship in the *lycée* or college of his native city; and after winning distinction in his classes, studied law in the neighboring city of Aix, which possessed one of the government law schools. There he met a young student one year his senior,—François Mignet; with whom, owing partly to the many tastes they had in common, he formed a friendship which was dissolved only by death more than sixty years later. Neither of these two law students cared much for the law, both of them longed for a literary career; and both of them therefore soon moved to Paris, the centre of the intellectual life of the nation. Thiers made his mark with incredible rapidity, and before long was a regular member of the staff of one of the most important liberal papers, the *Constitutionnel*; he even became a part owner of the paper, through the liberality of the German publisher, Cotta. There he wrote on all sorts of subjects, his best articles being on the annual exhibition of paintings known as the Salon.

A proposal that came from a sort of literary hack, Félix Bodin, made him determine to write a history of the French Revolution;



ADOLPHE THIERS

the first two volumes of which, bearing Bodin's name by the side of Thiers's, appeared in 1823. This was the beginning of the first exhaustive history of the French Revolution written by one who had not been an eye-witness of the event; and it presented therefore greater guarantees of impartiality than anything before published on the same subject. The young writer moreover possessed to a very high degree the gift of telling an interesting story, and of presenting in a clear and simple way that which seemed at first obscure and complicated. He could also work fast, so as not to allow the reader to lose his interest in the narrative. The last of the ten volumes of Thiers's 'History of the French Revolution' appeared in 1827, hardly four years after the first volumes had been issued.

The success of the work at once placed its author in the front rank of historical writers, at a time when France was extraordinarily rich in literary talent, and when the desire to know as accurately as possible the events of the revolutionary period was general in Europe. Thiers, who was destined to be a great parliamentarian, had also a special gift for financial explanation and military narrative; so that he possessed almost every one of the requisites for composing the history of a crisis which was financial in its causes and military in its development, no less than social and political in its nature.

It is to be noted as a curious coincidence that while Thiers was publishing this exhaustive work on the Revolution, his friend Mignet was writing another and shorter narrative of the same period. These two works were the first that manifested a reaction against the anti-revolutionary sentiments which had been dominant in France, at least in appearance, since the restoration of the Bourbons. Liberal opinion was gathering strength and boldness. The accession to the throne of Charles X., the last of the surviving brothers of Louis XVI., made every one feel that a great effort would be made by the court to place the ultra-royalist and Catholic party in full control of affairs. Thiers's 'History of the French Revolution' called attention to the means by which in the past the people had triumphed over an anti-patriotic cabal, and powerfully served the Liberal party in its preparations for what may be termed aggressive resistance.

On January 1st, 1830, when the fight was at its hottest, Thiers for the first time assumed a prominent rank among the combatants. In connection with his friends François Mignet and Armand Carrel he established a daily political paper, *Le National*, which was at once recognized as the boldest of the opposition newspapers. The leader in which the policy of the paper was explained stated that, determined to possess political liberty, France was willing to find a model for her institutions across the Channel; but that should she fail in the attempt, she would not hesitate to look for another model across the Atlantic. The article had been written by Adolphe Thiers,

who was destined to be before long a minister of a constitutional sovereign, and more than forty years later the President of a democratic republic.

In the months that followed, many of the most striking political articles of the *National* were printed over the initials A. T.; and when on July 25th, 1830, Charles X. determined, by his famous *Ordonnances*, to challenge the Chamber of Deputies and the Liberal press to a mortal combat, it was Adolphe Thiers that wrote the strong-worded protest by which the Parisian journalists proclaimed their refusal to obey the illegal dictates of the infatuated monarch.

The success of the revolution of 1830 made Thiers one of the most influential men in the kingdom. His literary productions at that time comprised, in addition to his 'History of the French Revolution' and to his articles in the *Constitutionnel* and in the *National*, a volume on 'Law and his System of Finance' (1826), reprinted in 1858 under a new title, 'History of Law'; and an 'Essay on Vauvenargues,' quite an early production, written by him while still in Aix, and rewarded by a prize of the Aix Academy of Letters and Sciences under rather curious circumstances. That Academy had offered a Eulogy of Vauvenargues as a subject for a competitive essay. Young Thiers, in his eagerness to secure the prize, sent in two essays composed on two different plans,—so that the judges could not, until the name of the author was disclosed, imagine that they came from only one source; and he secured both first and second prize, over all his competitors.

For nearly fifteen years after the accession of Louis Philippe there was an interruption in his labors as a man of letters. He then played an important political part, being several times a cabinet minister and twice prime minister; the last time from March to November 1840, when he strongly supported against all Europe the celebrated ruler of Egypt, Mehemet-Ali. His rival at that time was another celebrated man of letters,—the historian Guizot, who succeeded him as prime minister. Both were considered the most brilliant political orators France possessed at that time, with Berryer and Lamartine. In 1834 Thiers was elected a member of the French Academy. His speech on being received in that illustrious body is one of his most successful efforts.

The opinions he represented in Parliament during the reign of Louis Philippe were those of a moderate Liberal, and especially of one who placed the authority of Parliament far above the King. That much he set forth in the famous formula: "The King reigns and does not govern." Soon after his retirement from power, in 1840, he realized that both King and Parliament were, and were likely to remain for a long time, hostile to his ideas, and that his chances of regaining power were very slight indeed. He therefore again turned

to literature, to historical writing. In his 'History of the French Revolution' he had conducted his narrative to the Eighteenth Brumaire of the eighth year of the French Republic (November 9th, 1799), — the date of the military revolution by which General Napoleon Bonaparte was made supreme in the State. He determined now to write the history of Napoleon himself from his accession to power to his death. The times were ripe for such an undertaking: the admiration for Napoleon was one of the strongest feelings of the generation to which Thiers belonged. When last prime minister, he had prevailed upon England to give up the remains of the great captain, and to allow them to be transported to France. Paris had known in the succeeding quarter of a century no such enthusiasm as was manifested on December 15th, 1840; when, in the midst of the most impressive military pomp, Napoleon's coffin was laid at rest in the crypt of the Hôtel des Invalides. Thiers devoted no less than twenty years of his life to the composition of his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire'; the first five volumes of which were published in 1845, and the twentieth and last in 1862.

During that period France passed through strange vicissitudes. The throne of Louis Philippe was in February 1848 swept away by a revolution, which the King at the last moment vainly tried to stave off by calling Thiers to power. A republic was established, which soon intrusted its destiny to a nephew of Napoleon. Thiers, after supporting the candidacy of Louis Napoleon to the presidency of the republic, soon discovered his mistake, and became a determined opponent of the "Prince-President"; and so, when Louis Napoleon broke his oath of office and destroyed the republic, Thiers was not surprised at being informed that he was banished from France. He was, however, soon allowed to return and to peacefully complete his great historical undertaking. In the mean time he had written a short but important work on 'Property,' destined to check the growth of socialistic feeling.

The 'History of Napoleon' is Thiers's greatest claim to distinction as a literary man. It possesses in a high degree the merits of clearness and order; it never fails to be interesting. It may be lacking in moral power: Napoleon is too uniformly praised and admired, his opponents are too uniformly found fault with. But the author's enthusiasm for his hero is felt to be genuine; and Thiers, moreover, does not seem to speak simply in his own name, but in the name of the millions for whom Napoleon was the image of everything that was great and striking. Whether this fulsome approval of Napoleon's doings very well agreed with the liberal doctrines he defended in the political arena, does not seem to have troubled Thiers very much; and as soon as he had completed his history he re-entered public

life, and almost suddenly passed from praising the uncle to bitterly assailing the nephew.

In 1863 Thiers offered himself as an opposition candidate to the voters of one of the Paris constituencies; and after being elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, opened against the imperial government a campaign of opposition, which became every day more intense until his predictions were verified, and the imperial throne lay shattered on the battle-field.

Thiers's political speeches between 1863 and 1870 developed with a marvelous variety of arguments the theme that the government of Napoleon III. betrayed the French people, both in denying them political liberty and in allowing French influence to become every day smaller in foreign affairs. Especially did he criticize the expedition by which the French government tried to establish an empire in Mexico, and the policy of Napoleon III. in allowing Prussia to grow at the expense of Austria. His denunciation of that policy in 1866 was nothing short of prophetic.

He was of course re-elected to the Chamber in 1869; and a year later, the policy which he opposed culminated in the foolhardy declaration of war against Prussia and the disasters that followed. This declaration of war Thiers did his utmost to prevent; he addressed the house in an impassioned speech, which the supporters of the government constantly cut with insulting interruptions, without however succeeding in stifling his voice.

Thiers was now seventy-three years old, and new paths of usefulness opened before him in which he was to win more renown than he had in all his past career. On September 4th, 1870, after the reception of the news of the surrender of the imperial army at Sedan, the imperial government collapsed at Paris; a republic was proclaimed; and a new government was formed, consisting of the representatives of the various Parisian constituencies in the Chamber of Deputies. Thiers however declined to be a member of that government; but at its request undertook to visit all the capitals of Europe, and try to get some help for invaded France.

He failed in his mission,—in which, indeed, failure was simply unavoidable; and when a few months later France had to sue for peace, and to elect a National Assembly which alone had the power of accepting or rejecting the terms of the victorious Germans, the country only remembered Thiers's heroic opposition to the declaration of the war, and manifested its confidence in him by an election to the Assembly from no less than twenty-six constituencies.

It was a foregone conclusion that he would be called upon by the Assembly to form a new government. On February 17th, at Bordeaux,—where the Assembly met because it was one of the spots

still unoccupied by the German armies,—he was elected chief of the executive power of the French Republic, and President of the Council of Ministers; a title which was a few months later changed to President of the French Republic. His first duty was the saddest that could befall such a patriotic Frenchman as he was: he had to meet Prince Bismarck, and hear from him the terms upon which Germany was willing to grant peace to France. This duty he fulfilled with dignity, courage, and skill; and he was fortunate enough to save for France the Alsatian fortress of Belfort, without the possession of which the French frontier would have remained entirely open to any later German invasion.

None the less hard was it for him to convince the Assembly that, hard as they were, the terms imposed by Germany had to be accepted, so that patriotic citizens might afterwards address themselves to the task of reorganizing the impoverished country.

The task he then had to face was nothing short of appalling. Administration, army, finances—everything was in a state of complete collapse; and yet the country had to pay to Germany the unheard-of war indemnity of one thousand million dollars, before the territory of France was to be free from the presence of German armies! In addition to that, political passions were at fever heat. A majority of the members elected to the National Assembly were men of royalist proclivities, who wished to have the republic abolished, and either the Bourbon or the Orleans pretender called to the throne. On the other hand, Paris and all the large cities were enthusiastically republican, and made no secret of their determination to resist by force any attempt to re-establish a monarch in France.

To reconcile these conflicting claims, to the extent of having the settlement of purely political questions postponed to a time when the country had been enabled to resume the normal tenor of its life, was the task to which Thiers then devoted himself, and in the performance of which he could make use of hardly any weapon save his oratorical power. Being a member of the Assembly, he was allowed to address it; and those of his speeches which belong to that period of his life are among the most remarkable that have been delivered before any parliament.

His success was not always complete. For instance, he wished the Assembly to leave Bordeaux and come to Paris, as soon as the German forces had left the Paris forts. All he could achieve was to determine the Assembly, which disliked the intense republicanism of the capital, to move to Versailles. This slight, which the Parisians felt to be undeserved after the heroic resistance they had opposed to the Germans in a five-months' siege, was one of the causes of the terrible insurrection which broke out on March 18th, 1871.

It was while engaged in the sad task of repressing that insurrection that President Thiers, for the first time, openly stated his determination to keep away from any plans having for their object the destruction of the republic. Almost up to that time he had been known to be an advocate of constitutional monarchy. But the strength of republican sentiment in France, and the hopeless divisions of the royalists and imperialists, now convinced him that a restoration of monarchy in France would be, as he soon after stated, "the worst of revolutions."

No wonder that the friends of the pretenders, who controlled a majority of the Assembly, at once determined to treat him as an enemy, and that therefore the career of his government was not an easy one. Every day assailed by his critics, M. Thiers was constantly compelled to take part himself in the debates of the Assembly, where his personal ascendancy often enabled him to secure a majority against all apparent odds. The task, moreover, that had to be performed by the government, was one which hardly made it possible to M. Thiers's opponents to dispense with his services, even after the defeat of the Paris insurrection had re-established everywhere the sovereignty of the National Government. The German troops still occupied a considerable part of the French territory; the enormous war indemnity due to Germany had not been paid; the army had not been organized; and finally, France needed to be trusted by the other nations, and possessed then no other statesman who commanded the respect of all the European governments in anything like the same degree as M. Thiers. In addition thereto the country, which had elected a good many royalists in February 1871 simply because they more energetically than others pronounced in favor of a cessation of the war, now every day showed by its votes in by-elections, which were numerous, its growing affection for republican institutions, and made the anti-republican members of the Assembly somewhat timid in furthering plans clearly condemned by a majority of the electorate. They therefore directed their efforts to a somewhat different object. M. Thiers's main weapon was his persuasive oratory; and the speeches that he delivered during that period of his political life are among his most interesting productions, even from a purely literary standpoint. They are wonders of simplicity, of clearness, at times of good-naturedness; but also, when needed, of dogged tenacity. If the deliberations of the Assembly could be so conducted that M. Thiers should be kept out of them, his opponents would have gained a great point. And this they achieved in a great measure. They managed to have a law framed which decided that, as M. Thiers was not simply a member of the Assembly but also President of the Republic, he would be allowed to address the Assembly only in special sessions, held solely for that purpose, at his own request.

Finally the work which M. Thiers had assigned to himself was done. The enormous war indemnity was paid, thanks to the wonderful success of two five per cent. loans issued by the government. A convention was signed with Germany by virtue of which the French territory was to be freed of German troops some time in 1873, considerably before the moment at which this consummation had originally been expected. The law reorganizing the army was passed in 1872. What remained to be done now was to give France a constitution; and President Thiers, in a special message, boldly asked that that constitution should be republican.

This was too much for the anti-republicans of the Assembly. They determined that M. Thiers must be compelled to resign his office. On May 24th, 1873, a memorable session took place, in which the President most impressively explained the reasons that had led him to consider it impossible and undesirable to re-establish a monarchy in France. He had never been so eloquent, so persuasive, so energetic. All was of no avail. Everything had been settled in advance. An adverse vote was carried by a majority of fourteen in a house of more than seven hundred; and in the evening he resigned his office, and Marshal MacMahon was elected by his opponents as his successor.

The last four years of his life Thiers spent in comparative retirement. He remained in public life in so far as he was all the time a member of the representative assemblies; but he very seldom took part in discussions. His advice, however, was constantly sought by the leaders of the republican party, with whom he came to be almost exclusively surrounded. Once he seemed almost on the eve of returning to power. On May 16th, 1877, President MacMahon had, by means that were constitutionally questionable, got rid of a republican cabinet which possessed an undoubted majority in Parliament. The royalists were still smarting under the bitterness of their disappointment in being unable to destroy the republic, even after the resignation of President Thiers; and they were determined to give another and desperate battle to their opponents. A monarchical ministry was formed; office-holders of monarchical tendencies were everywhere substituted for the republican incumbents; and a general election was called, in which it was hoped by the royalists that an unscrupulous use of the governmental machinery might compel the country to return to the house an anti-republican majority. The republicans were led in the fight by Thiers, Gambetta, and Grévy; and their plan was, after winning at the polls a victory which seemed to them absolutely certain to come, to compel Marshal MacMahon to resign the Presidency, and to reinstate M. Thiers in that office. The success of the plan was prevented by the death of Thiers himself, who was then in his eighty-first year. It occurred in Saint-Germain, near Paris, on September 3d, 1877.

The great statesman's funeral was an imposing popular and republican demonstration. He helped the cause he had come to love so much, in death as he had done in life. Among his papers was found an important document, the last thing of any public interest that was written by him. It was a kind of political testament, the publication of which was intrusted to three of his best and oldest friends: Mignet, who although slightly his senior survived him a few years, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, and Jules Simon. In it the illustrious ex-President gave to the French people the advice which seemed to him most timely in the crisis through which the country was then passing; and he thus very substantially contributed to the final victory of the republic in France.

All the political life here sketched is reflected in the remarkable collection of his speeches which has been published since his death, and the editor of which was one of his staunchest political and private friends, M. Calmon.

The type of men to whom Thiers belonged seems to be passing away. Literature and politics seem to get more widely apart from each other than before. No more Guizots and Thierses in France, no more Broughams and Macaulays in England, no more Daniel Websters in the United States: the more reason for paying close attention to the best specimens of a class of public men who thought that he understood his country best who understood its language best.

Adolphe Thiers

WHY THE REVOLUTION CAME

From the 'History of the French Revolution'

EVERYBODY is acquainted with the revolutions of the French monarchy. It is well known that the Greeks, and afterwards the Romans, introduced their arms and their civilization among the half-savage Gauls; that subsequently the barbarians established their military hierarchy among them; that this hierarchy, transferred from persons to lands, struck root, as it were, and grew up into the feudal system. Authority was divided between the feudal chief called king and the secondary chiefs called vassals, who in their turn were kings over their own dependents. In our times, when the necessity for preferring mutual accusations has caused search to be made for reciprocal faults, abundant pains have been taken to teach us that the supreme authority was first disputed by the vassals, which is

always done by those who are nearest to it; that this authority was afterwards divided among them, which constituted feudal anarchy; and that at length it reverted to the throne, where it concentrated itself into despotism, under Louis XI., Richelieu, and Louis XIV.

The French population had progressively enfranchised itself by industry, the primary source of wealth and liberty. Though originally agricultural, it soon devoted its attention to commerce and manufactures, and acquired an importance that affected the entire nation. Introduced as a suppliant to the States-General, it appeared there in no other posture than on its knees, in order to be grievously abused. In process of time even Louis XIV. declared that he would have no more of these cringing assemblies; and this he declared, booted and whip in hand, to the parliament. Thenceforth were seen at the head of the State a king clothed with a power ill defined in theory, but absolute in practice; grandees who had relinquished their feudal dignity for the favor of the monarch, and who disputed by intrigue what was granted to them out of the substance of the people; beneath them an immense population, having no other relation to the court and the aristocracy than habitual submission and the payment of taxes. Between the court and the people were parliaments invested with the power of administering justice and registering the royal decrees. Authority is always disputed. If not in the legitimate assemblies of the nation, it is contested in the very palace of the prince. It is well known that the parliaments, by refusing to register the royal edicts, rendered them ineffective; this terminated in "a bed of justice" and a concession when the king was weak, but in entire submission when the king was powerful. Louis XIV. had no need to make concessions, for in his reign no parliament durst remonstrate; he drew the nation along in his train, and it glorified him with the prodigies which itself achieved in war and in the arts and sciences. The subjects and the monarch were unanimous, and their actions tended towards one and the same point. But no sooner had Louis XIV. expired than the Regent afforded the parliaments occasion to revenge themselves for their long nullity. The will of the monarch, so profoundly respected in his lifetime, was violated after his death, and his last testament was canceled. Authority was then thrown into litigation, and a long struggle commenced between the parliaments, the clergy, and the court,

in sight of a nation worn out with long wars, and exhausted by supplying the extravagance of its rulers, who gave themselves up alternately to a fondness for pleasure and for arms. Till then it had displayed no skill but for the service and the gratification of the monarch: it now began to apply its intelligence to its own benefit and the examination of its interests.

The human mind is incessantly passing from one object to another. From the theatre and the pulpit, French genius turned to the moral and political sciences: all then became changed. Figure to yourself, during a whole century, the usurpers of all the national rights quarreling about a worn-out authority; the parliaments persecuting the clergy, the clergy persecuting the parliaments; the latter disputing the authority of the court; the court, careless and calm amid this struggle, squandering the substance of the people in the most profligate debauchery: the nation, enriched and roused, watching these disputes, arming itself with the allegations of one party against the other, deprived of all political action, dogmatizing boldly and ignorantly because it was confined to theories; aspiring above all to recover its rank in Europe, and offering in vain its treasure and its blood to regain a place which it had lost through the weakness of its rulers. Such was the eighteenth century.

The scandal had been carried to its height when Louis XVI. —an equitable prince, moderate in his propensities, carelessly educated, but naturally of a good disposition—ascended the throne at a very early age. He called to his side an old courtier, and consigned to him the care of his kingdom; and divided his confidence between Maurepas and the Queen,—an Austrian princess, young, lively, and amiable, who possessed a complete ascendancy over him. Maurepas and the Queen were not good friends. The King, sometimes giving way to his minister, at others to his consort, began at an early period his long career of vacillations. Aware of the state of his kingdom, he believed the reports of the philosophers on that subject; but brought up in the most Christian sentiments, he felt the utmost aversion for them. The public voice, which was loudly expressed, called for Turgot, one of the class of economists: an honest, virtuous man, endowed with firmness of character; a slow genius, but obstinate and profound. Convinced of his probity, delighted with his plans of reform, Louis XVI. frequently repeated, "There are none besides myself and Turgot who are friends of the people." Turgot's reforms were

thwarted by the opposition of the highest orders in the State, who were interested in maintaining all kinds of abuses, which the austere minister proposed to suppress. Louis XVI. dismissed him with regret. During his whole life, which was only a long martyrdom, he had the mortification to discern what was right, to wish it sincerely, but to lack the energy requisite for carrying it into execution.

The King, placed between the court, the parliaments, and the people, exposed to intrigues and to suggestions of all sorts, repeatedly changed his ministers. Yielding once more to the public voice, and to the necessity for reform, he summoned to the finance department Necker, a native of Geneva, who had amassed wealth as a banker: a partisan and disciple of Colbert, as Turgot was of Sully; an economical and upright financier, but a vain man, fond of setting himself up for arbitrator in everything,—philosophy, religion, liberty; and, misled by the praises of his friends and the public, flattering himself that he could guide and fix the minds of others at that point at which his own had stopped.

Necker re-established order in the finances, and found means to defray the heavy expenses of the American war. With a mind more comprehensive but less flexible than that of Turgot, possessing more particularly the confidence of capitalists, he found for the moment unexpected resources, and revived public credit. But it required something more than financial artifices to put an end to the embarrassments of the exchequer, and he had recourse to reform. He found the higher orders not less adverse to him than they had been to Turgot; the parliaments, apprised of his plans, combined against him, and obliged him to retire.

The conviction of the existence of abuses was universal; everybody admitted it; the King knew and deeply grieved at it. The courtiers, who derived advantage from these abuses, would have been glad to see an end put to the embarrassments of the exchequer, provided it did not cost them a single sacrifice. They descanted at court on the state of affairs, and there retailed philosophical maxims; they deplored, whilst hunting, the oppressions inflicted upon the farmer; nay, they were even seen to applaud the enfranchisement of the Americans, and to receive with honor the young Frenchmen who returned from the New World. The parliaments also talked of the interests of the people, loudly insisted on the sufferings of the poor, and yet opposed

the equalization of the taxes, as well as the abolition of the remains of feudal barbarism. All talked of the public weal, few desired it; and the people, not yet knowing who were its true friends, applauded all those who resisted power, its most obvious enemy.

By the removal of Turgot and Necker, the state of affairs was not changed; the distress of the treasury still remained the same. Those in power would have been willing to dispense, for a long time to come, with the intervention of the nation; but it was absolutely necessary to subsist—it was absolutely necessary to supply the profusion of the court. The difficulty, removed for a moment by the dismissal of a minister, by a loan, by the forced imposition of a tax, appeared again in an aggravated form, like every evil injudiciously neglected. The court hesitated, just as a man does who is compelled to take a dreaded but an indispensable step. An intrigue brought forward M. de Calonne, who was not in good odor with the public, because he had contributed to the persecution of La Chalotais. Calonne, clever, brilliant, fertile in resources, relied upon his genius, upon fortune, and upon men, and awaited the future with the most extraordinary apathy. It was his opinion that one ought not to be alarmed beforehand, or to discover an evil till the day before that on which one intends to set about repairing it. He seduced the court by his manners, touched it by his eagerness to grant all that it required, afforded the King and everybody else some happier moments, and dispelled the most gloomy presages by a gleam of prosperity and blind confidence.

That future which had been counted upon now approached: it became necessary at length to adopt decisive measures. It was impossible to burden the people with fresh imposts, and yet the coffers were empty. There was but one remedy which could be applied,—that was to reduce the expenses by the suppression of grants; and if this expedient should not suffice, to extend the taxes to a greater number of contributors,—that is, to the nobility and clergy. These plans, attempted successively by Turgot and Necker and resumed by Calonne, appeared to the latter not at all likely to succeed, unless the consent of the privileged classes themselves could be obtained. Calonne, therefore, proposed to collect them together in an assembly, to be called the Assembly of the Notables, in order to lay his plans before them, and to gain their consent either by address or by conviction.

Translation of Frederic Shoberl.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR IN WESTERN FRANCE

From the 'History of the French Revolution'

ANOTHER much more general revolt had broken out in the Marais and the department of La Vendée. At Macheeoul and Challans, the recruiting was the occasion of a universal insurrection. A hair-dresser named Gaston killed an officer, took his uniform, put himself at the head of the troop, took Challans, and then Machecoul,—where his men burned all the papers of the administrations, and committed murders of which Bocage had furnished no example. Three hundred republicans were shot by parties of twenty or thirty. The insurgents first made them confess, and then took them to the edge of a ditch, beside which they shot them, to spare themselves the trouble of burying the bodies. Nantes instantly sent several hundred men to St. Philibert; but learning that there was a disturbance at Savenay, it recalled those troops, and the insurgents of Machecoul remained masters of the conquered country.

In the department of La Vendée,—that is, to the south of the theatre of this war,—the insurrection assumed still more consistence.

The national guards of Fontenay, having set out on their march for Chantonnay, were repulsed and beaten. Chantonnay was plundered. General Verteuil, who commanded the eleventh military division, on receiving intelligence of this defeat dispatched General Marcé with twelve hundred men, partly troops of the line and partly national guards. The rebels, who were met at St. Vincent, were repulsed. General Marcé had time to add twelve hundred more men and nine pieces of cannon to his little army. In marching upon St. Fulgent he again fell in with the Vendéans in a valley, and stopped to restore a bridge which they had destroyed. About four in the afternoon of the 18th of March, the Vendéans, taking the initiative, advanced and attacked him. Availing themselves as usual of the advantages of the ground, they began to fire with their wonted superiority; and by degrees surrounded the republican army, astonished at this destructive fire, and utterly unable to reach an enemy concealed and dispersed in all the hollows of the ground. At length they rushed on to the assault, threw their adversaries into disorder, and made themselves masters of the artillery, the ammunition, and the arms, which the soldiers threw away that they might be the lighter in their flight.

These more important successes in the department of La Vendée, properly so called, procured for the insurgents the name of Vendéans; which they afterwards retained, though the war was far more active out of La Vendée. The pillage committed by them in the Marais caused them to be called *brigands*, though the greater number did not deserve that appellation. The insurrection extended into the Marais, from the environs of Nantes to Les Sables; and into Anjou and Poitou, as far as the environs of Vihiers and Parthenay. The cause of the success of the Vendéans was in the configuration of the country; in their skill and courage to profit by it; and finally in the inexperience and imprudent ardor of the republican troops, which, levied in haste, were in too great a hurry to attack them, and thus gave them victories and all their results,—military stores, confidence, and courage.

Easter recalled all the insurgents to their homes, from which they never would stay away long. To them a war was a sort of sporting excursion of several days; they carried with them a sufficient quantity of bread for the time, and then returned to inflame their neighbors by the accounts which they gave. Places of meeting were appointed for the month of April. The insurrection was then general, and extended over the whole surface of the country.

THE HEIGHT OF THE «TERROR»

From the 'History of the French Revolution'

NEVER had the terror been greater, not only in the Convention, but in the prisons and throughout France.

The cruel agents of Robespierre, Fouquier-Tinville the accuser and Dumas the president, had taken up the law of the 22d of Prairial, and were preparing to avail themselves of it for the purpose of committing fresh atrocities in the prisons. "Very soon," said Fouquier, "there shall be put up on their doors bills of 'This house to let.'" The plan was to get rid of the greater part of the suspected persons. People had accustomed themselves to consider these latter as irreconcilable enemies, whom it was necessary to destroy for the welfare of the republic. To sacrifice thousands of individuals, whose only fault was to think in a certain manner,—nay, whose opinions were often precisely the

same as those of their persecutors,—to sacrifice them seemed a perfectly natural thing, from the habit which people had acquired of destroying one another. The facility with which they put others to death, or encountered death themselves, had become extraordinary. In the field of battle, on the scaffold, thousands perished daily, and nobody was any longer shocked at it. The first murders committed in 1793 proceeded from a real irritation caused by danger. Such perils had now ceased; the republic was victorious: people now slaughtered not from indignation, but from the atrocious habit which they had contracted. That formidable machine which they had been obliged to construct in order to withstand enemies of all kinds, began to be no longer necessary; but once set going, they knew not how to stop it. Every government must have its climax, and does not perish till it has attained that climax. The Revolutionary government was not destined to end on the same day that all the enemies of the republic should be sufficiently terrified: it was destined to go beyond that point, and to exercise itself till it had become generally disgusting by its very atrocity. Such is the invariable course of human affairs. Why had atrocious circumstances compelled the creation of a government of blood, which was to reign and vanish solely by inflicting death?

A still more frightful circumstance is, that when the signal is given, when the idea is established that lives must be sacrificed, all dispose themselves for this horrid purpose with an extraordinary facility. Every one acts without remorse, without repugnance. People accustom themselves to this, like the judge who condemns criminals to death, like the surgeon who sees beings writhing under his instrument, like the general who orders the sacrifice of twenty thousand soldiers. They frame a horrid language according to their new operations; they contrive even to render it gay; they invent striking words to express sanguinary ideas. Every one, stunned and hurried along, keeps pace with the mass; and men who were yesterday engaged in the peaceful occupations of the arts and commerce, are to-day seen applying themselves with the same facility to the work of death and destruction.

The Committee had given the signal by the law of the 22d. Dumas and Fouquier had but too well understood it. It was necessary, however, to find pretexts for immolating so many victims. What crime could be imputed to them, when most of them

were peaceful, unknown citizens, who had never given any sign of life to the State? It was conceived that being confined in the prisons, they would think how to get out of them; that their number was likely to inspire them with a feeling of their strength, and to suggest to them the idea of exerting it for their escape. The pretended conspiracy of Dillon was the germ of this idea, which was developed in an atrocious manner. Some wretches among the prisoners consented to act the infamous part of informers. They pointed out in the Luxembourg one hundred and sixty prisoners who, they said, had been concerned in Dillon's plot. Some of these list-makers were procured in all the other places of confinement; and they denounced in each, one or two hundred persons as accomplices in the "conspiracy of the prisons." An attempt at escape made at La Force served but to authorize this unworthy fable; and hundreds of unfortunate creatures began immediately to be sent to the Revolutionary tribunal. They were transferred from the various prisons to the Conciergerie, to be thence taken to the tribunal and to the scaffold. In the night between the 18th and 19th of Messidor (June 6th), the one hundred and sixty persons denounced at the Luxembourg were transferred. They trembled on hearing themselves called: they knew not what was laid to their charge, but they regarded it as most probable that death was reserved for them. The odious Fouquier, since he had been furnished with the law of the 22d, had made great changes in the hall of the tribunal. Instead of the seats for the advocates and the bench, which would hold eighteen or twenty persons and had been appropriated to the accused, an amphitheatre for the accused was constructed by his order, with a capacity of one hundred or one hundred and fifty at a time. This he called his "little seats." Carrying his atrocious activity still further, he had even caused a scaffold to be erected in the very hall of the tribunal; and he proposed to have the one hundred and sixty accused in the Luxembourg, tried at one and the same sitting.

The Committee of Public Welfare, when informed of the kind of mania which had seized its public accuser, sent for him, ordered him to remove the scaffold from the hall in which it was set up, and forbade him to bring sixty persons to trial at once. "What!" said Collot-d'Herbois in a transport of indignation: "wouldst thou then demoralize death itself?" It should however be remarked that Fouquier asserted the contrary, and maintained that it was

he who demanded the trial of the one hundred and sixty in three divisions. Everything proves, on the contrary, that it was the Committee which was less extravagant than their minister, and checked his mad proceedings. They were obliged to repeat the order to Fouquier-Tinville to remove the guillotine from the hall of the tribunal.

The one hundred and sixty were divided into three companies, tried and executed in three days. The proceedings were as expeditious and as frightful as those adopted in the Abbaye on the nights of the 2d and 3d of September. Carts ordered for every day were waiting from the morning in the court of the Palace of Justice, and the accused could see them as they went up-stairs to the tribunal. Dumas the president, holding sessions like a maniac, had a pair of pistols on the table before him. He merely asked the accused their names, and added some very general question. In the examination of the one hundred and sixty, the president said to one of them, Dorival, "Do you know anything of the conspiracy?"—"No."—"I expected that you would give that answer; but it shall not avail you. Another." He addressed a person named Champigny, "Are you not an ex-noble?"—"Yes."—"Another." To Gudreville, "Are you a priest?"—"Yes—but I have taken the oath."—"You have no right to speak. Another." To a man named Menil, "Were you not servant to the ex-constituent Menou?"—"Yes."—"Another." To Vely, "Were you not architect to Madame?"—"Yes; but I was dismissed in 1788."—"Another." To Gondrecourt, "Had you not your father-in-law at the Luxembourg?"—"Yes."—"Another." To Durfort, "Were you not in the life-guard?"—"Yes; but I was disbanded in 1789."—"Another."

Such was the summary mode of proceeding with these unfortunate persons. According to the law, the testimony of witnesses was to be dispensed with only when there existed material or moral proofs; nevertheless no witnesses were called, as it was alleged that proofs of this kind existed in every case. The jurors did not take the trouble to retire to the consultation room. They gave their opinions before the audience, and sentence was immediately pronounced. The accused had scarcely time to rise and to mention their names. One day there was a prisoner whose name was not upon the list of the accused, and who said to the Court, "I am not accused; my name is not on your list." "What signifies that?" said Fouquier, "give it quick!" He gave it, and

was sent to the scaffold like the others. The utmost negligence prevailed in this kind of barbarous administration. Sometimes, owing to the extreme precipitation, the acts of accusation were not delivered to the accused till they were before the tribunal. The most extraordinary blunders were committed. A worthy old man, Loizerolles, heard along with his own surname the Christian names of his son called over: he forebore to remonstrate, and was sent to the scaffold. Some time afterward the son was brought to trial; it was found that he ought not to be alive, since a person answering to all his names had been executed: it was his father. He was nevertheless put to death. More than once victims were called long after they had perished. There were hundreds of acts of accusation quite ready, to which there was nothing to add but the designation of the individuals.

The trials were conducted in like manner. The printing-office was contiguous to the hall of the tribunal: the forms were kept standing, the title, the motives, were ready composed; there was nothing but the names to be added. These were handed through a small loophole to the overseer. Thousands of copies were immediately printed, and plunged families into mourning and struck terror into the prisons. The hawkers came to sell the bulletin of the tribunal under the prisoners' windows, crying, "Here are the names of those who have gained prizes in the lottery of St. Guillotine." The accused were executed on the breaking-up of the court; or at latest on the morrow, if the day was too far advanced.

Ever since the passing of the law of the 22d of Prairial, victims perished at the rate of fifty or sixty a day. "That goes well," said Fouquier-Tinville: "heads fall like tiles." And he added, "It must go better still next decade: I must have four hundred and fifty at least." For this purpose there were given what were called orders to the wretches who undertook the office of spies upon the suspected. These wretches had become the terror of the prisons. Confined as suspected persons, it was not exactly known which of them it was who undertook to mark out victims; but it was inferred from their insolence, from the preference shown them by the jailers, from the orgies which they held in the lodges with the agents of the police. They frequently gave intimation of their importance, in order to traffic with it. They were caressed, implored, by the trembling prisoners; they even received sums of money not to put their names

upon their lists. These they made up at random: they said of one, that he had used aristocratic language; of another, that he had drunk on a certain day when a defeat of the armies was announced: and their mere designation was equivalent to a death-warrant. The names which they had furnished were inserted in so many acts of accusation; these acts were notified in the evening to the prisoners, and the latter were removed to the Conciergerie. This was called in the language of the jailers "the evening journal." When those unfortunate creatures heard the rolling of the tumbrils which came to fetch them, they were in an agony as cruel as that of death. They ran to the gates, clung to the bars to listen to the list, and trembled lest their name should be pronounced by the messenger. When they were named, they embraced their companions in misfortune, and took a last leave of them. Most painful separations were frequently witnessed,—a father parting from his children, a husband from his wife. Those who survived were as wretched as those who were conducted to the den of Fouquier-Tinville. They went back expecting soon to rejoin their relatives. When the fatal list was finished, the prisoners breathed more freely, but only till the following day. Their anguish was then renewed, and the rolling of the carts brought fresh terror along with it.

The public pity began to be expressed in a way that gave some uneasiness to the exterminators. The shopkeepers in the Rue St. Honoré, through which the carts passed every day, shut up their shops. To deprive the victims of these signs of mourning, the scaffold was removed to the Barrière du Trone; but not less pity was shown by the laboring people in this quarter than by the inhabitants of the best streets in Paris. The populace, in a moment of intoxication, may have no feeling for the victims whom it slaughters itself; but when it daily witnesses the death of fifty or sixty unfortunate persons against whom it is not excited by rage, it soon begins to be softened. This pity, however, was still silent and timid. All the distinguished persons confined in the prisons had fallen,—the unfortunate sister of Louis XVI. had been immolated in her turn; and Death was already descending from the upper to the lower classes of society. We find at this period on the list of the Revolutionary tribunal, tailors, shoemakers, hair-dressers, butchers, farmers, publicans, nay, even laboring men, condemned for sentiments and language held to be counter-revolutionary. To convey in brief an idea of the num-

ber of executions of this period, it will be sufficient to state that between the month of March 1793, when the tribunal commenced its operations, and June 1794 (22d Prairial, year II), 577 persons had been condemned; and that from the 10th of June (22d Prairial) to the 17th of July (9th Thermidor) it condemned 1,285: so that the total number of victims up to the 9th of Thermidor amounts to 1,862.

Translation of Frederic Shoberl.

THE POLICY OF NAPOLEON IN EGYPT

From the 'History of the French Revolution'

THE Arabs were struck by the character of the young conqueror. They could not comprehend how it was that a mortal who wielded the thunderbolt should be so merciful. They called him the worthy son of the Prophet, the Favorite of the great Allah. They sang in the great mosque the following litany:—

“The great Allah is no longer wroth with us. He hath forgotten our faults: they have been sufficiently punished by the long oppression of the Mamelukes. Let us sing the mercies of the great Allah!

“Who is he that hath saved the Favorite of Victory from the dangers of the sea and the rage of his enemies? Who is he that hath led the brave men of the West safe and unharmed to the banks of the Nile?

“It is the great Allah, the great Allah, who hath ceased to be wroth with us. Let us sing the mercies of the great Allah!

“The Mameluke beys had put their trust in their horses; the Mameluke beys had drawn forth their infantry in battle array.

“But the Favorite of Victory, at the head of the brave men of the West, hath destroyed the footmen and the horsemen of the Mamelukes.

“As the vapors which rise in the morning from the Nile are scattered by the rays of the sun, so hath the army of the Mamelukes been scattered by the brave men of the West; because the great Allah is now wroth with the Mamelukes, because the brave men of the West are as the apple of the right eye of the great Allah.”

Bonaparte, in order to make himself better acquainted with the manners of the Arabs, resolved to attend all their festivals. He was present at that of the Nile, which is one of the greatest

in Egypt. The river is the benefactor of the country. It is, in consequence, held in great veneration by the inhabitants, and is the object of a sort of worship. During the inundation, its water is introduced into Cairo by a great canal: a dike prevents it from entering the canal until it has attained a certain height; the dike is then cut, and the day fixed for this operation is a day of rejoicing. The height to which the river has risen is publicly proclaimed, and when there are hopes of a great inundation, general joy prevails, for it is an omen of abundance.

It is on the 18th of August (1st of Fructidor) that this festival is held. Bonaparte had ordered the whole army to be under arms, and had drawn it up on the banks of the canal. An immense concourse of people had assembled, and beheld with joy the "brave men of the West" attending their festival. Bonaparte, at the head of his staff, accompanied the principal authorities of the country. A sheik first proclaimed the height to which the Nile had risen. It was twenty-five feet, which occasioned great joy. Men then fell to work to cut the dike. The whole of the French artillery was fired at once, at the moment when the water of the river poured in. According to custom, a great number of boats hastened to the canal, in order to obtain the prize destined to that which should first enter. Bonaparte delivered the prize himself. A multitude of men and boys plunged into the waters of the Nile, from a notion that bathing in them at this moment is attended with beneficial effects. Women threw into them hair and pieces of stuff. Bonaparte then ordered the city to be illuminated, and the day concluded with entertainments.

The festival of the Prophet was celebrated with not less pomp. Bonaparte went to the great mosque; seated himself on cushions, cross-legged like the sheiks; and repeated with them the litanies of the Prophet, rocking the upper part of his body to and fro, and shaking his head. All the members of the holy college were edified by his piety. He then attended the dinner given by the Grand Sheik elected in the course of the day.

It was by such means that the young general, as profound a politician as he was a great captain, contrived to ingratiate himself with the people. While he flattered their prejudices for the moment, he labored to diffuse among them some day the light of science, by the creation of the celebrated Institute of Egypt. He collected the men of science and the artists whom he had brought

with him; and associating with them some of the best educated of his officers, established that institute, to which he appropriated revenues and one of the most spacious palaces in Cairo. Some were to occupy themselves in preparing an accurate description and a map of the country, comprehending the most minute details; others were to explore its ruins, and to furnish history with new lights; others, again, were to study the productions, to make observations useful to natural philosophy, natural history, and astronomy; while others were to employ themselves in inquiries concerning the ameliorations that might be made in the condition of the inhabitants,—by machines, canals, works upon the Nile, and processes adapted to a soil so singular and so different from that of Europe. If Fortune did subsequently wrest from us that beautiful country, at any rate she could not deprive us of the conquests which science was about to make in it. A monument was preparing which was destined to reflect not less honor on the genius and the perseverance of our men of science, than the expedition on the heroism of our soldiers.

Monge was the first who obtained the presidency. Bonaparte was only the second. He proposed the following subjects: To inquire the best construction of wind and water mills; to find a substitute for the hop (which does not grow in Egypt) for the making of beer; to determine the sites adapted to the cultivation of the vine; to seek the best means of procuring water for the citadel of Cairo; to dig wells in different spots in the desert; to inquire the means of clarifying and cooling the water of the Nile; to devise some useful application of the rubbish with which the city of Cairo—and indeed all the ancient towns of Egypt—was incumbered; and to find out materials requisite for the manufacture of gunpowder in Egypt. From these questions, the reader may judge of the bent of the general's mind. The engineers, the draughtsmen, and the men of science, immediately dispersed themselves throughout all the provinces, to commence the description and the map of the country. Such were the first proceedings of this infant colony, and the manner in which its founder directed the operations.

Translation of Frederic Shoberl.

NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AFTER THE DISASTER
OF ABOUKIR

ON the festival of the foundation of the republic, celebrated on the 1st of Vendémiaire, he strove to give a new stimulus to their imagination: he had engraven on Pompey's Pillar the names of the first forty soldiers slain in Egypt. They were the forty who had fallen in the attack on Alexandria. These forty names of men sprung from the villages of France were thus associated with the immortality of Pompey and Alexander. He issued this grand and extraordinary address to his army, in which was recorded his own wonderful history:—

"Soldiers :

"We celebrate the first day of the year VII. of the republic.

"Five years ago the independence of the French people was threatened: but you took Toulon; this was an omen of the destruction of your enemies.

"A year afterwards you beat the Austrians at Dego.

"The following year you were on the summits of the Alps.

"Two years ago you were engaged against Mantua, and you gained the famous victory of St. George.

"Last year you were at the sources of the Drave and the Isonzo, on your return from Germany.

"Who would then have said that you would be to-day on the banks of the Nile, in the centre of the Old World?

"From the Englishman, celebrated in the arts and commerce, to the hideous and ferocious Bedouin, all nations have their eyes fixed upon you.

"Soldiers, yours is a glorious destiny, because you are worthy of what you have done and of the opinion that is entertained of you. You will die with honor, like the brave men whose names are inscribed on this pyramid, or you will return to your country covered with laurels and with the admiration of all nations.

"During the five months that we have been far away from Europe, we have been the object of the perpetual solicitude of our countrymen. On this day, forty millions of citizens are celebrating the era of representative governments; forty millions of citizens are thinking of you. All of them are saying, 'To their labors, to their blood, we are indebted for the general peace, for repose, for the prosperity of commerce, and for the blessings of civil liberty.'"

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS

(1854-)

THE poetical work of Edith Matilda Thomas is chiefly remarkable for its sustained literary quality. While it is never lacking in spontaneity, it always shows conscientious workmanship, and strict fidelity to a high ideal of the requirements of verse. Its subject-matter evidences a thoughtful, sensitive, and oft-times passionate spirit in the author, governed however by that spirit of asceticism which is the distinguishing mark of the true artist. Miss Thomas's self-restraint is commensurate with her inspiration.

She was born in 1854 in Chatham, Ohio; was educated at the Normal Institute at Geneva, in the same State. While she was yet a girl, she began writing for the magazines. In 1885 she published a volume of verse entitled 'A New-Year's Masque,' and in the following year a volume of prose with the title 'The Round Year.' Her prose is no less excellent than her verse, being always strong, simple, and direct. 'The Round Year' is a kind of continuous essay on the various aspects of the seasons. The author's love of nature is not that bred in the town, through long deprivation of its refreshment. She has the intimate acquaintance with it which does not deal in generalities, but lingers with discerning affection over the beauties of certain flowers and wayside bushes, of elusive changes in the sky, of the impalpable essences of natural things felt rather than seen even with the inner eye.

This friendly love for the outside world informs many of her most beautiful poems. The volumes entitled 'Lyrics and Sonnets,' 'A Winter Swallow,' 'Fair Shadow Land,' 'A New-Year's Masque,' contain not a few of these poems of the sky and earth. In one of them, 'Half Sight and Whole Sight,' she expresses the spirit in which she herself looks upon the God-made world:—

"Thou beholdest, indeed, some mystical intimate beckoning
 Out of the flower's honeyed heart, that passeth our reckoning;
 Yet when hast thou seen, or shalt see,
 With the eye of yon hovering bee?"



EDITH M. THOMAS

Miss Thomas's poems of love and life are more remote in their spirit than her poems of nature; yet in a time of feverish erotic verse their apparent coldness is welcome. She has drunk too deep, it may be, at the fountain-head of Greek poetry to share the modern extravagance of thought and feeling. Her poems on classical subjects show no small degree of comprehension of the Greek spirit. She makes use oftenest of the sonnet and lyric forms in her poetry, handling them with delicate skill. The sense of her verse is never sacrificed to its music; and in her preservation of the fine balance between the two elements, she gives clearest evidence of the genuineness of her poetical gifts.

SYRINX

From 'A New-Year's Masque, and Other Poems.' Copyright 1884, by Edith M. Thomas. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers

COME forth, too timid spirit of the reed!
 Leave thy plashed coverts and elusions shy,
 And find delight at large in grove and mead.
 No ambushed harm, no wanton's peering eye,
 The shepherd's uncouth god thou needst not fear,—
 Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

'Tis but the vagrant wind that makes thee start,
 The pleasure-loving south, the freshening west;
 The willow's woven veil they softly part,
 To fan the lily on the stream's warm breast:
 No ruder stir, no footstep pressing near,—
 Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

Whether he lies in some mossed wood, asleep,
 And heeds not how the acorns drop around,
 Or in some shelly cavern near the deep,
 Lulled by its pulses of eternal sound,
 He wakes not, answers not, our sylvan cheer,—
 Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

Else we had seen him, through the mists of morn,
 To upland pasture lead his bleating charge;
 There is no shag upon the stunted thorn,
 No hoof-print on the river's silver marge;
 Nor broken branch of pine, nor ivied spear,—
 Pan has not passed that way for many a year.

O tremulous elf, reach me a hollow pipe,
 The best and smoothest of thy mellow store!
 Now I may blow till Time be hoary ripe,
 And listening streams forsake the paths they wore:
 Pan loved the sound, but now will never hear,—
 Pan has not trimmed a reed this many a year!

And so, come freely forth, and through the sedge
 Lift up a dimpled, warm, Arcadian face,
 As on that day when fear thy feet did fledge,
 And thou didst safely win the breathless race.—
 I am deceived: nor Pan nor thou art here,—
 Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

LETHE

From 'Fair Shadow Land.' Copyright 1893, by Edith M. Thomas. Houghton,
 Mifflin & Co., publishers

REMEMBRANCE followed him into the skies.
 They met. Awhile mute Sorrow held him thrall.
 Then broke he forth in spirit words and sighs:—
 "Great was my sin, but at my contrite call
 Came pardon and the hope of Paradise;
 If this be Heaven, thy blessing on me fall!"
 She looked. Peace filled her unremembering eyes;
 She knew him not—she had forgotten all.

SUNSET

From 'A Winter Swallow: With Other Verse.' Copyright 1896, by Charles
 Scribner's Sons

WHAT pageants have I seen, what plenitude
 Of pomp, what hosts in Tyrian rich array,
 Crowding the mystic outgate of the day:
 What silent hosts, pursuing or pursued,
 And all their track with wealthy wreckage strewed!
 What seas that roll in waves of gold and gray,
 What flowers, what flame, what gems in blent display,—
 What wide-spread pinions of the phoenix brood!

Give me a window opening on the west,
 And the full splendor of the setting sun.
 There let me stand and gaze, and think no more
 If I be poor, or old, or all unblest;
 And when my sands of life are quite outrun,
 May my soul follow through the day's wide door!

CYBELE AND HER CHILDREN

From 'Fair Shadow Land.' Copyright 1893, by Edith M. Thomas. Houghton,
 Mifflin & Co., publishers

THE Mother has eternal youth;
 Yet in the fading of the year,
 For sake of what must fade, in ruth
 She wears a crown of oak-leaves sear.

By whistling woods, by naked rocks,
 That long have lost the summer heat,
 She calls the wild, unfolded flocks,
 And points them to their shelter meet.

In her deep bosom sink they all;
 The hunter and the prey are there;
 No ravin-cry, no hunger-call:
 These do not fear, and those forbear.

The winding serpent watches not;
 Unwatched, the field-mouse trembles not;
 Weak hyla, quiet in his grot,
 So rests, nor changes line or spot.

For food the Mother gives them sleep,
 Against the cold she gives them sleep,
 To cheat their foes she gives them sleep,
 For safety gives them death-like sleep.

The Mother has eternal youth,
 And therefrom, in the wakening year
 Their life revives; and they, in sooth,
 Forget their mystic bondage drear.

THE GRASSHOPPER

From 'A New-Year's Masque, and Other Poems.' Copyright 1884, by Edith M. Thomas. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers

SHUTTLE of the sunburnt grass,
 Fifer in the dun cuirass,
 Fifing shrilly in the morn,
 Shrilly still at eve unworn;
 Now to rear, now in the van,
 Gayest of the elfin clan:
 Though I watch their rustling flight,
 I can never guess aright
 Where their lodging-places are:
 'Mid some daisy's golden star,
 Or beneath a roofing leaf,
 Or in fringes of a sheaf,
 Tenanted as soon as bound!
 Loud thy reveille doth sound.
 When the earth is laid asleep,
 And her dreams are passing deep,
 On mid-August afternoons;
 And through all the harvest moons,
 Nights brimmed up with honeyed peace,—
 Thy gainsaying doth not cease.
 When the frost comes thou art dead:
 We along the stubble tread,
 On blue, frozen morns, and note
 No least murmur is afloat;
 Wondrous still our fields are then,
 Fifer of the elfin men.

WINTER SLEEP

From 'A Winter Swallow.' Copyright 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons

I KNOW it must be winter (though I sleep) —
 I know it must be winter, for I dream
 I dip my bare feet in the running stream,
 And flowers are many and the grass grows deep.

I know I must be old (how age deceives!) —
 I know I must be old, for, all unseen,
 My heart grows young, as autumn fields grow green
 When late rains patter on the falling sheaves.

I know I must be tired (and tired souls err) —
I know I must be tired, for all my soul
To deeds of daring beats a glad faint roll,
As storms the riven pine to music stir.

I know I must be dying (Death draws near) —
I know I must be dying, for I crave
Life—life, strong life, and think not of the grave
And turf-bound silence in the frosty year.

JAMES THOMSON

(1700-1748)

JAMES THOMSON occupies a significant position among English poets, less by virtue of his poetical gifts—although these are of no mean order—than by the wholesome influence of his recognition of nature in an artificial age. He was a contemporary of Pope, yet he struck a note in his poems which was to be amplified later in the works of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Shelley and Keats. He was the father of the natural school, as opposed to the pseudo-classical school of which Pope was the complete embodiment.

When Thomson was growing up amid the wild scenery of the Scottish Border country, literary England was dominated by an ideal of verse in contrast to which even Shakespeare's measures were held to be barbarous. The rhyming iambic pentameter, the favorite verse form, had been developed by Pope to such a point of polished perfection that imitation alone was possible. Moreover, it was employed only on a limited range of subjects. These might be either classical or urbane: nothing so vulgar as nature or the common people was worthy of the Muse. The genius of poetry had been brought from the fresh air of the



JAMES THOMSON

fields into the vitiated air of the drawing-rooms; had been laced and powdered and encased in stiff brocades, which hindered all freedom of motion.

But of this Thomson knew nothing. It was his good fortune to have been born far from London, and to have been brought up amid the simple influences of country life. He was born in 1700 in the parish of Ednam, in Roxburghshire, of which his father was minister. He received his early education at Jedburgh school. It was at Jedburgh that he met a Mr. Riccalton, who was accustomed to teach the boys Latin in the aisle of his church. He had written a poem on 'A Winter's Day,' from which Thomson obtained his first idea for the 'Seasons.' The future poet's education was received more from nature than from books. The magnificent panorama of the year was unrolled continually before him, and he was not indifferent

to its beauties. It was with reluctance that he left his country home for Edinburgh, where he remained five years as a student of divinity. The ministry, however, had few attractions for him: in 1725 he abandoned his studies, and followed a fellow-student, Mallet, to London, to seek his fortune there. Through the influence of a friend, Lady Baillie, he obtained a tutorship in the family of Lord Binning; but he held this position only a short time. The following winter found him without money, without prospects, and almost without friends. The death of his mother had plunged him into deep melancholy: he gave vent to his feelings at the approach of the unfriendly winter, by writing the first of his poems on the seasons. For several weeks after its publication no notice was taken of it; then a gentleman of some influence in the London world of letters ran across it, and immediately proclaimed its value in the coffee-houses. 'Winter' began to be widely read: its popularity was soon established.

Thomson enjoyed all the prestige of a man who has struck a new vein in literature. It is easy to understand how the jaded palates of the London circles, surfeited with Popian classicism, were refreshed by this simple poem of winter in the country. To the generations which know Wordsworth, Thomson's song of the bleak season seems well-nigh artificial; but it was Nature herself to the coffee-house coteries who had forgotten her existence. It contains indeed much that is sincere, wholesome, and beautiful. The pretty picture of bright-eyed robin-redbreast hopping across the cottage floor in quest of crumbs, the pathetic description of the peasant-shepherd dying in the snow, while his wife and children wait for him in vain, must have stirred unwonted emotions in the hearts of a generation accustomed to the jeweled artificialities of the 'Rape of the Lock.' Thomson's conception of nature was in no sense like that of Wordsworth: he never disassociated it from human interests; it is always the background for the human drama: but for this reason it was popular, and will always remain popular, with a class of persons to whom the Wordsworthian conception seems cold and unsympathetic.

'Winter' was also significant because it was written in blank verse of a noble order. The rhyming couplets of the classicists, the rocking-horse movement of their verse, had done much to destroy the exquisite musical sense which had reached its perfection in the Elizabethans. It was the mission of Thomson to revive this sense through his artistic use of blank verse.

'Summer' was published not long after 'Winter.' It was followed by an 'Ode to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.' 'Spring' was published in 1728, and 'Autumn' in 1730. In this same year, the play of 'Sophonisba' also appeared; but Thomson never succeeded as a playwright. His 'Agamemnon,' his 'Tancred and Sigismunda,' his masque of 'Alfred,' which contains the song 'Rule, Britannia,' are stilted and

dreary compositions. He had written 'Alfred' in conjunction with his friend Mallet. His poem 'Liberty,' published the first part in 1734 and the second in 1736, was of no higher order of merit. It would seem that after writing the 'Seasons,' Thomson's energies declined, not again to be revived in full force until he wrote the 'Castle of Indolence,' shortly before his death. His income during these years was obtained partly from his books, and partly from sinecure positions. In 1744 he was appointed Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, a position which he held until his death in 1748.

In the year of his death 'The Castle of Indolence' was published. It is a poem of great beauty and charm, whose richness of diction is suggestive of Keats. The sensuous Spenserian stanza employed is well adapted to the subject. The false enchanter, Indolence, holds many captive in his castle by his magic arts; but he is at last conquered by the Knights of the Arts and Industries. The slumberous atmosphere of the Castle and its environment is wonderfully communicated in the opening stanzas; and the poem in its entirety is worthy of the author of the 'Seasons' at his best.

What Wordsworth is to the nineteenth century, Thomson was to the eighteenth. With him began that outpouring of the true poetical spirit which was to culminate one hundred years later.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

From the Masque of 'Alfred'

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain:—
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves."

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves."

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;

As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves."

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe, and thy renown.
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves."

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine.
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves."

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves."

APRIL RAIN

From the 'Seasons'—Spring

COME, gentle Spring; ethereal mildness, come:
 And from the bosom of your dropping cloud,
 While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
 With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
 With innocence and meditation joined
 In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
 Which thy own^e season paints; when Nature all
 Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And see where surly Winter passes off,
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shattered forest, and the ravished vale;
 While softer gales succeed,—at whose kind touch,

Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time with bill ingulphed
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. . . .

The northeast spends his rage, he now shut up
Within his iron cave; the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring, eye
The fallen verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.

THE LOST CARAVAN

From the 'Seasons'—Summer

BREATHED hot
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
 Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
 Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
 Commoved around, in gathering eddies play;
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
 Till with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
 And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

THE INUNDATION

From 'The Seasons'—Autumn

DEFEATING oft the labors of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn;
 But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world,
 Strained to the root, the stooping forest pours
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Exposed and naked to its utmost rage,



THE FIRST SNOW.

Photogravure from a painting by Matifas.

“The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste that buries wide
The works of man.”

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET
OF THE SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN DIVINES
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
IN TWO VOLUMES
THE SECOND

Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
 Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force—
 Or whirled in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still overhead
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around
 Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
 Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its bank
 The river lift: before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages and swains,
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spared,
 In one wild moment ruined,—the big hopes
 And well-earned treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labors scattered round,
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
 And oh, be mindful of that sparing board
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

THE FIRST SNOW

From the 'Seasons'—Winter

THE keener tempests come; and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend,—in whose capacious womb
 A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.

Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends;
At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is —
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the black heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

THE SHEEP-WASHING

From the 'Seasons'—Summer

THE meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled east;
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
 And from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quickened step
 Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight and brighten with the dawn. . . .
 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
 His flock to taste the verdure of the morn. . . .

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek;
 Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
 Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
 O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell;
 Or as they rake the green-appearing ground,
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labor, love and social glee.

Or rushing thence in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compelled to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
 Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamor much of men and boys and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood

Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some, impatient, seizing hurls them in:
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting, labor to the farther shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-washed fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banished by the sordid stream.
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race: where as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and tossed from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen, innumerable pressed,
Head above head; and ranged in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king:
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.
Behold where, bound and of its robe bereft
By needy man,—that all-depending lord,—
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes,—'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

From 'The Castle of Indolence'

*The castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We lived right jollily.*

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date:
And certes, there is for it reason great;
For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,—
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizzard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half embrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play.

Was naught around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;

And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
 Where naught but shadowy forms was seen to move,
 As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood:
 And where this valley winded out below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsihead it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky:
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instill a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
 But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
 Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of checkered day and night:
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate
 And labor harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate. . . .

Here freedom reigned, without the least alloy;
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
 Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
 And with envenomed tongue our pleasures pall.
 For why? there was but one great rule for all;
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
 And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;

Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
 Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart;
 Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
 And taught charmed echo to resound their smart;
 While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,
 Depainted was the patriarchal age;
 What time Dan Abram left the Chaldee land,
 And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
 Toil was not then; of nothing took they heed,
 But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
 Blest sons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
 Or Autumn's varied shades embrown the walls:
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes;
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies:
 Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
 Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
 Lulled the weak bosom, and induced ease:
 Aerial music in the warbling wind,
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
 Nearer and nearer came; till o'er the trees
 It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs,
 As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
 Here lulled the pensive, melancholy mind;
 Full easily obtained. Behooves no more,
 But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
 To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;
 From which, with airy, flying fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,

The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul:
Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole
They breathed in tender musings through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris's shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheered the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

JAMES THOMSON

(1834-1882)

THE strange sombre genius of the second James Thomson found its ultimate and most perfect utterance in that remarkable poem 'The City of Dreadful Night,' likely to remain long the litany of pessimism in English verse. It is a work of gloomy but splendid imagination, with a rhythmical mastery and sonorous beauty of diction which declare its author plainly a man of rare poetic gift. 'The City of Dreadful Night' stands as one of the unique productions of nineteenth-century poetry. It is Thomson's letter of credit on posterity. His other poems shrink into insignificance beside it; yet they too, while lacking the technical perfection and sustained power of his masterpiece, have touches of the same high quality.

Thomson's life was that of a roving bohemian journalist and literary hack. He was born in Port Glasgow, Scotland, on November 24th, 1834; was educated in the Caledonian Orphan Asylum, and entered the British army as regimental schoolmaster. His acquaintance there with Charles Bradlaugh, whose agnostic views were acceptable to him, led to his becoming a contributor to the *National Reformer*, when the former established it in 1860. After leaving the military service, Thomson gave himself up to literature, writing much for radical papers. His earliest work appeared in Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine*, and his best poems in Bradlaugh's periodical,—'To Our Ladies of Death' in 1863, and 'The City of Dreadful Night' in 1874. He came to America in 1872 on a mining speculation of unsuccessful issue; and while in this country, was commissioned by the *New York World* to go to Spain as special correspondent. In this newspaper work he used the pen-name Bysshe Vanolis, which he shortened to B. V.,—the one name indicating his passion for Shelley, the other being an anagram on the German romantic poet Novalis. When Thomson was a young man in the Army, stationed in Ireland, he won the love of a girl whose premature death affected him deeply,—intensifying what seems to have been a natal tendency towards hypochondria. Irregular habits in later life developed this; and he became a victim of alcohol and opium in the desire to escape insomnia and dröwn melancholy. He died miserably before his time, in the London University Hospital, June 3d, 1882, aged 48. His poems were published in collected form in 1880. There is a biography of him by Salt.

Thomson's spirit brooded on the night side of things, and there is a weird, mystic quality to his imaginings. He is, in his greatest poem, a master of the gloomy, the phantasmal, and the irremediably sad, expressed in statuesque form and stately, mournful music. He is of the school of Poe in the command of the awful; metrically, he suggests comparison with Swinburne; and his creed is that of the Italian poet-pessimist Leopardi, to whom his book of verse is dedicated. But his note is entirely distinctive: there is nothing imitative about 'The City of Dreadful Night.' It stands like a colossal image hewn out of black marble, to be admired as wonderful art in the same breath that it is deplored as the morbid outcome of genius. Of its decided merit there can be no question. Negation and despair have seldom found a sincerer, a more poignant, and a more majestic utterance.

FROM 'THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT'

L O, THUS, as prostrate, "In the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears."
 Yet why evoke the spectres of black night
 To blot the sunshine of exultant years?
 Why disinter dead faith from mouldering hidden?
 Why break the seals of mute despair unbidden,
 And wail life's discords into careless ears?

Because a cold rage seizes one at whiles
 To show the bitter old and wrinkled truth
 Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles,
 False dreams, false hopes, false masks and modes of
 youth;

Because it gives some sense of power and passion
 In helpless impotence to try to fashion
 Our woe in living words howe'er uncouth.

Surely I write not for the hopeful young,
 Or those who deem their happiness of worth,
 Or such as pasture and grow fat among
 The shows of life and feel nor doubt nor dearth,
 Or pious spirits with a God above them
 To sanctify and glorify and love them,
 Or sages who foresee a heaven on earth.

For none of these I write, and none of these
 Could read the writing if they deigned to try:

So may they flourish, in their due degrees,
 On our sweet earth and in their unplaced sky.
 If any cares for the weak words here written,
 It must be some one desolate, fate-smitten,
 Whose faith and hope are dead, and who would
 die.

Yes, here and there some weary wanderer
 In that same city of tremendous night
 Will understand the speech, and feel a stir
 Of fellowship in all-disastrous fight:
 I suffer mute and lonely, yet another
 Uplifts his voice to let me know a brother
 Travels the same wild paths, though out of sight.

O sad Fraternity, do I unfold
 Your dolorous mysteries shrouded from of yore?
 Nay, be assured: no secret can be told
 To any who divined it not before;
 None uninitiate by many a presage
 Will comprehend the language of the message,
 Although proclaimed aloud forevermore.

THE City is of Night: perchance of Death,
 But certainly of Night; for never there
 Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath
 After the dewy dawning's cold gray air:
 The moon and stars may shine with scorn or pity;
 The sun has never visited that city,
 For it dissolveth in the daylight fair.

Dissolveth like a dream of night away;
 Though present in distempered gloom of thought
 And deadly weariness of heart all day.
 But when a dream night after night is brought
 Throughout a week, and such weeks few or many
 Recur each year for several years, can any
 Discern that dream from real life in aught? . . .

A river girds the city west and south,
 The main north channel of a broad lagoon,
 Regurgating with the salt tides from the mouth;
 Waste marshes shine and glister to the moon

For leagues, then moorland black, then stony ridges;
Great piers and causeways, many noble bridges,
Connect the town and islet suburbs strewn.

Upon an easy slope it lies at large,
And scarcely overlaps the long curved crest
Which swells out two leagues from the river marge.
A trackless wilderness rolls north and west,
Savannas, savage woods, enormous mountains,
Bleak uplands, black ravines with torrent fountains;
And eastward rolls the shipless sea's unrest.

The city is not ruinous, although
Great ruins of an unremembered past,
With others of a few short years ago
More sad, are found within its precincts vast.
The street-lamps always burn; but scarce a casement
In house or palace front from roof to basement
Doth glow or gleam athwart the mirk air cast.

The street-lamps burn amidst the baleful glooms,
Amidst the soundless solitudes immense
Of rangèd mansions dark and still as tombs.
The silence which benumbs or strains the sense
Fulfills with awe the soul's despair unweeping:
Myriads of habitants are ever sleeping,
Or dead, or fled from nameless pestilence!

Yet as in some necropolis you find
Perchance one mourner to a thousand dead,
So there; worn faces that look deaf and blind
Like tragic masks of stone. With weary tread,
Each wrapt in his own doom, they wander, wander,
Or sit foredone and desolately ponder
Through sleepless hours with heavy drooping head.

Mature men chiefly; few in age or youth:
A woman rarely; now and then a child;
A child! If here the heart turns sick with ruth
To see a little one from birth defiled,
Or lame or blind, as preordained to languish
Through youthless life, think how it bleeds with anguish
To meet one erring in that homeless wild.

They often murmur to themselves: they speak
To one another seldom, for their woe

Broods maddening inwardly and scorns to wreak
 Itself abroad; and if at whiles it grow
 To frenzy which must rave, none heeds the clamor,
 Unless there waits some victim of like glamour,
 To rave in turn, who lends attentive show.

The City is of Night, but not of Sleep:
 There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain;
 The pitiless hours like years and ages creep,
 A night seems termless hell. This dreadful strain
 Of thought and consciousness which never ceases,
 Or which some moments' stupor but increases,
 This worse than woe, makes wretches there insane.

They leave all hope behind who enter there:
 One certitude while sane they cannot leave,
 One anodyne for torture and despair,—
 The certitude of Death, which no reprieve
 Can put off long; and which, divinely tender,
 But waits the outstretched hand to promptly render
 That draught whose slumber nothing can bereave.

Of all things human which are strange and wild,
 This is perchance the wildest and most strange,
 And showeth man most utterly beguiled,
 To those who haunt that sunless City's range:
 That he bemoans himself for aye, repeating
 How Time is deadly swift, how life is fleeting,
 How naught is constant on the earth but change.

The hours are heavy on him, and the days;
 The burden of the months he scarce can bear:
 And often in his secret soul he prays
 To sleep through barren periods unaware,
 Arousing at some longed-for date of pleasure;
 Which having passed and yielded him small treasure,
 He would outsleep another term of care.

Yet in his marvelous fancy he must make
 Quick wings for Time, and see it fly from us:
 This Time which crawleth like a monstrous snake,
 Wounded and slow and very venomous;
 Which creeps blindworm-like round the earth and ocean,
 Distilling poison at each painful motion,
 And seems condemned to circle ever thus.

And since he cannot spend and use aright
 The little Time here given him in trust,
 But wasteth it in weary undelight
 Of foolish toil and trouble, strife and lust,
 He naturally claimeth to inherit
 The everlasting Future, that his merit
 May have full scope; as surely is most just.

O length of the intolerable hours,
 O nights that are as æons of slow pain,
 O Time, too ample for our vital powers,
 O Life, whose woeful vanities remain
 Immutable for all of all our legions,
 Through all the centuries and in all the regions,
 Not of your speed and variance *we* complain.

We do not ask a longer term of strife,
 Weakness and weariness and nameless woes;
 We do not claim renewed and endless life
 When this which is our torment here shall close,
 An everlasting conscious inanition!
 We yearn for speedy death in full fruition,
 Dateless oblivion and divine repose.

FROM 'ART'

IF YOU have a carrier-dove
 That can fly over land and sea,
 And a message for your Love,
 "*Lady, I love but thee!*"

And this dove will never stir
 But straight from her to you,
 And straight from you to her,
 As you know and she knows too,

Will you first insure, O sage,
 Your dove that never tires
 With your message in a cage,
 Though a cage of golden wires?

Or will you fling your dove?—
 "*Fly, darling, without rest,*
Over land and sea to my Love,
And fold your wings in her breast!"



HENRY D. THOREAU.

HENRY D. THOREAU

(1807-1862)

BY JOHN BIRKBEUGH



The first book of the American author was published in 1849. He had many qualities which would have led him to a place in the ranks of the great writers of the world; but he lacked the power of the imagination which is necessary to the poet, and the force of logic which is necessary to the philosopher. He had a keen eye for the beauties of nature, and a deep sympathy for the poor and the oppressed. His style is simple and direct, and his language is clear and forcible. He was a man of great integrity and high character, and his life was a constant struggle for the truth and the good.

Thoreau was born in Concord, Massachusetts, July 12, 1807, and died there on May 6, 1862. He was a man of great intellect and high character, and his life was a constant struggle for the truth and the good. He was a man of great integrity and high character, and his life was a constant struggle for the truth and the good.

Thoreau's most famous work is "Walden," a book which is a study in the life of the mind and the soul. It is a book which is a study in the life of the mind and the soul. It is a book which is a study in the life of the mind and the soul.

His journal, which he kept from 1839 to 1849, is a record of his life and his thoughts. It is a book which is a study in the life of the mind and the soul. It is a book which is a study in the life of the mind and the soul.

HENRY D. THOREAU

(1817-1862)

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

IN THE front of the second order of American authors we must place Henry D. Thoreau. He had many qualities which would seem to entitle him to a place in the first order, with Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whitman; but he lacked at least one thing which these men possessed—he lacked breadth: his sympathies were narrow; he did not touch his fellows at many points. It has been complained that Emerson was narrow too; but Emerson looked over a much wider field than Thoreau, had many more interests, was more affirmative, and in every way was a larger, more helpful spiritual force. In his life, Thoreau isolated himself from his fellows as much as possible; he was very scornful of ordinary human ends and ambitions, and seemed to set slight value upon the ordinary human affections.

Thoreau was born in Concord, Massachusetts, July 12th, 1817, and died there in May 1862, of consumption; having seen forty-five years of life, and probably spent more of it in the open air than any other American man of letters. The business of his life was walking,—or sauntering, as he preferred to call it,—and he aimed to spend half of each day the year round in field or wood. He was a new kind of sportsman, who carried a journal instead of a gun or trap, and who brought home only such game as falls to the eye of the poet and seer.

Thoreau was of French extraction on his father's side, and English on his mother's. His intellectual traits were evidently from the former source, his moral traits from the latter. That love of the wild and savage, that crispness and terseness of expression, that playful exaggeration, and that radical revolutionary cry, were French; while his English blood showed itself more in his love of the homely, the austere, and his want of sociability.

His grandfather, John Thoreau, was born in the isle of Guernsey, was a merchant in Boston; and died in Concord of consumption, in 1801. His father, also named John, after an unsuccessful mercantile career became a lead-pencil maker in Concord in 1823; and from that date to the time of his death in 1859, says Henry's biographer, "led a plodding, unambitious, and respectable life." Henry Thoreau

was the third of four children,—John, Helen, Henry, and Sophia,—all persons of character and mark. “To meet one of the Thoreaus,” says Mr. Sanborn, “was not the same as to encounter any other person who might cross your path. Life to them was something more than a parade of pretension, a conflict of ambitions, or an incessant scramble for the common objects of life.” John and Helen were both teachers, and died comparatively young. John is described as a sunny soul, always serene and loving, and as possessed of a generous flowing spirit; Henry was deeply attached to him, and his death in 1842 was an irreparable loss. He said seven years later that “a man can attend but one funeral in his life,—can behold but one corpse.” To him this was the corpse and the funeral of his brother John.

Henry and his brother assisted their father in pencil-making; the former attaining great skill in the art. Emerson in his sketch of him says that he at last succeeded in making as good a pencil as the best English ones.

The way to fortune seemed open to him. But he said he should never make another pencil. “Why should I? I would not do again what I have done once.” This saying pleased Emerson: it has an Emersonian ring. But Thoreau did not live up to it. Mr. Sanborn says, “He went on many years, at intervals working at his father’s business.”

Thoreau entered Harvard College in 1833, and graduated in due course, but without any special distinction. In his Senior year his biographer says, “He lost rank with his instructors by his indifference to the ordinary college motives for study.” The real Thoreau was already cropping out: the ambition of most mortals was not his ambition; there was something contrary and scornful in him from the first. His noble sister Helen earned part of the money that paid his way at college.

In 1838 he went to Maine in quest of employment as teacher, carrying recommendations from Mr. Emerson, Dr. Ripley, and from the president of Harvard College; but his journey was not successful. Later in the same year he seems to have been employed as teacher in Concord Academy. About this time he first appeared as a lecturer in the lyceum of his native village; and he continued to lecture as he received calls from various New England towns, till near the close of his life. But it is doubtful if he was in any sense a popular lecturer. He puzzled the people. I have been told, by a man who when a boy heard him read a lecture in some Massachusetts town, that the audience did not know what to make of him. They hardly knew whether to take him seriously or not. His paradoxes, his strange and extreme gospel of nature, and evidently his indifference as to whether he pleased them or not, were not in the style of the usual lyceum lecturer.

There is a tradition that while teaching, he and his brother John both fell in love with the same girl, and that Henry heroically gave way to John. It doubtless cost him less effort than the same act would have cost his more human brother.

It seems to have been about this time that he began his daily walks and studies of nature. In August 1839 he made his voyage down the Concord and Merrimac Rivers, in company with his brother; out of which experience grew his first book, or rather which he made the occasion of his first book,—‘A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,’—published ten years later. The book was not a success commercially, and the author carried home the seven hundred unsold copies on his back; boasting that he now had a very respectable library, all of his own writing. The title of the book is misleading: it is an account of a voyage on far other and larger rivers than the Concord and Merrimac,—the great world currents of philosophy, religion, and literature. The voyage but furnishes the thread with which he ties together his speculations and opinions upon these subjects. It is not, in my opinion, his most valuable or readable book, though it contains some of his best prose and poetry. It offends one’s sense of fitness and unity. It is a huge digression. We are promised a narrative of travel and adventure, spiced with observation of nature; and we get a bundle of essays, some of them crude and loosely put together. To some young men I have known, the book proved a great boon; but I imagine that most readers of to-day find the temptation to skip the long ethical and literary discussions, and be off down-stream with the voyagers, a very strong one. When one goes a-fishing or a-boating, he is not in the frame of mind to pause by the way to listen to a lecture, however fine.

In 1845 Thoreau put his philosophy of life to the test by building a hut in the woods on the shore of Walden Pond, a mile or more from Concord village, and spending over two years there. Out of this experiment grew his best-known and most valuable book,—‘Walden, or Life in the Woods.’ The book is a record of his life in that sylvan solitude, and abounds in felicitous descriptions of the seasons and the scenery, and fresh and penetrating observations upon the wild life about him.

He went to the woods for study and contemplation, and to indulge his taste for the wild and the solitary, as well as to make an experiment in the art of simple living. He proved to his own satisfaction that most of us waste our time on superfluities, and that a man can live on less than \$100 per year and have two-thirds of his time to himself. He cultivated beans, gathered wild berries, did a little fishing, and I suspect, went home pretty often for a “square meal.” In theory he seems to have been a vegetarian; but it is told of him that when he had a day of surveying on hand, he was wont

to fortify himself with pork as well as beans. At Walden he seems to have written much of the 'Week,' his essay on Carlyle, and others of his papers. Alcott and Emerson were his visitors; and besides these, he reports that he had a good deal of company in the morning when nobody called. He was a born lover of solitude. He says he "never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude." "I am no more lonely than the loon in the pond that laughs so loud, or than Walden Pond itself. What company has that lonely lake, I pray? And yet it has not the blue devils, but the blue angels in it, in the azure tint of its waters."

Thoreau whistled a good deal, and at times very prettily, as in this quotation, to help keep his courage up. Indeed the whole volume is a cheery exultant whistle, at times with a bantering defiant tone in it. It is, on the whole, the most delicious piece of brag in our literature. Who ever got so much out of a bean-field as Thoreau! He makes one want to go forthwith and plant a field with beans, and hoe them barefoot. He makes us feel that the occupation yields a "classic result."

"When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and the sky, and was an accompaniment to my labor which yielded an instant and immeasurable crop. It was no longer beans that I hoed, nor I that hoed beans; and I remembered with as much pity as pride, if I remembered at all, my acquaintances who had gone to the city to attend the oratorios. . . .

"On gala days the town fires its great guns, which echo like popguns to these woods, and some waifs of martial music occasionally penetrate thus far. To me, away there in my bean-field at the other end of the town, the big guns sounded as if a puff-ball had burst; and when there was a military turnout of which I was ignorant, I have sometimes had a vague sense all the day of some sort of itching and disease in the horizon, as if some eruption would break out there soon, either scarlatina or canker-rash,—until at length some more favorable puff of wind, making haste over the fields and up the Wayland road, brought me information of the 'trainers.'"

After the Walden episode, Thoreau supported himself by doing various odd jobs for his neighbors, such as whitewashing, gardening, fence-building, land-surveying. He also lectured occasionally, and wrote now and then for the current magazines. Horace Greeley became his friend, and disposed of some of his papers for him to Graham's Magazine, Putnam's Magazine, and the Democratic Review. He made three trips to the Maine woods,—in 1846, 1853, and 1857,—where he saw and studied the moose and the Indian. The latter interested him greatly. Emerson said the three men in whom Thoreau felt the deepest interest were John Brown, his Indian guide in Maine, and Walt Whitman. The magazine papers which were the outcome of his trips to the Maine woods were published in book form

after his death; and next to 'Walden' I think make his most interesting contribution.

In 1850, in company with his friend Ellery Channing, he made a trip to Canada, and reports that he found traveling dirty work, and that "a man needs a pair of overalls for it." This poetic couple wore very plain clothes, and by way of baggage had a bundle and an umbrella. "We styled ourselves Knights of the Umbrella and the Bundle." The details of this trip may be found in his 'A Yankee in Canada,'—also published after his death.

Thoreau was almost as local as a woodchuck. He never went abroad, probably could not have been hired to go. He thought Concord contained about all that was worth seeing. Nature repeats herself everywhere; only you must be wide awake enough to see her. He penetrated the West as far as Minnesota in 1862 for his health, but the trip did not stay the progress of his disease. He made several trips to New York and Brooklyn to see Walt Whitman, whose poems and whose personality made a profound impression upon him. "The greatest democrat the world has ever seen," was his verdict upon the author of 'Leaves of Grass.'

One of the most characteristic acts of Thoreau's life was his public defense of John Brown on October 30th, 1859, when the sentiment of the whole country—abolitionists and all—set so overwhelmingly the other way. Emerson, and other of Thoreau's friends, tried to dissuade him from any public expression in favor of Brown just then; but he was all on fire with the thought of John Brown's heroic and righteous act, and he was not to be checked. His speech was calm and restrained; but there was molten metal inside it, and metal of the purest kind. It stirs the blood to read it at this time. Thoreau and Brown were kindred souls—fanatics, if you please, but both made of the stuff of heroes. Brown was the Thoreau of action and of politics, and Thoreau was the Brown of the region of the sentiments and moral and social ideals.

It is Thoreau's heroic moral fibre that takes us. It is never relaxed; it is always braced for the heights. He was an unusual mixture of the poet, the naturalist, and the moralist: but the moralist dominated. Yet he was not the moralist as we know him in English literature, without salt or savor, but a moralist escaped to the woods, full of a wild tang and aroma. He preaches a kind of goodness that sounds strange to conventional ears,—the goodness of the natural, the simple. "There is no odor so bad as that which arises from goodness tainted." And goodness is tainted when it takes thought of itself. A man's

"goodness must not be a partial and transitory act, but a constant superfluity, which costs him nothing, and of which he is unconscious." "If I knew for a certainty that a man was coming to my house with the conscious design

of doing me good, I should run for my life,—as from that dry and parching wind of the African desert called the Simoon, which fills the mouth and nose and ears and eyes with dust till you are suffocated,—for fear that I should get some of his good done to me, some of its virus mingled with my blood.”

Thoreau's virtue is a kind of stimulating contrariness; there is no compliance in him: he always says and does the unexpected thing, but always leaves us braced for better work and better living. “Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity,” he reiterates: “I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million, count half a dozen; and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail.”

He was a poet too, through and through, but lacked the perfect metrical gift. In this respect he had the shortcomings of his master, Emerson, who was a poet keyed to the highest pitch of bardic tension, but yet whose numbers would not always flow. Thoreau printed a few poems; one on ‘Smoke’ and one on ‘Sympathy’ have merits of a high order. Thoreau's naturalism is the salt that gives him his savor. He caught something tonic and pungent from his intercourse with wild nature. Sometimes it is biting and smarting like crinkle-root or calamus-root; at others it is sweet and aromatic like birch or wintergreen: but always it is stimulating and wholesome.

As a naturalist Thoreau's aim was ulterior to science: he loved the bird, but he loved more the bird behind the bird,—the idea it suggested, the mood of his mind it interpreted. He would fain see a mythology shine through his ornithology. In all his walks and rambles and excursions to mountains and to marsh, he was the idealist and the mystic, and never the devotee of pure science. His pages abound in many delicious natural-history bits, and in keen observation; but when we sternly ask how much he has added to our store of exact knowledge of this nature to which he devoted his lifetime, we cannot point to much that is new or important. He was in quest of an impalpable knowledge,—waiting, as he says in ‘Walden,’ “at evening on the hill-tops for the sky to fall, that I might catch something, though I never caught much; and that, manna-wise, would dissolve again in the sun.”

But he caught more than he here gives himself credit for; and it does not dissolve away in the sun. His fame has increased from year to year. Other names in our literature, much more prominent than his in his own day,—as that of Whipple, Tuckerman, Giles, etc.,—have faded; while his own has grown brighter and brighter, and the meridian is not yet.

John Burroughs

INSPIRATION

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers

W^{HATE'ER} we leave to God, God does,
 And blesses us;
 The work we choose should be our own,
 God leaves alone.

* * *

If with light head erect I sing,
 Though all the Muses lend their force,
 From my poor love of anything,
 The verse is weak and shallow as its source.

But if with bended neck I grope
 Listening behind me for my wit,
 With faith superior to hope,
 More anxious to keep back than forward it;

Making my soul accomplice there
 Unto the flame my heart hath lit,—
 Then will the verse for ever wear:
 Time cannot bend the line which God hath writ.

Always the general show of things
 Floats in review before my mind,
 And such true love and reverence brings,
 That sometimes I forget that I am blind.

But now there comes unsought, unseen,
 Some clear divine electuary,
 And I, who had but sensual been,
 Grow sensible, and as God is, am wary.

I hearing get, who had but ears,
 And sight, who had but eyes before;
 I moments live, who lived but years,
 And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.

I hear beyond the range of sound,
 I see beyond the range of sight,
 New earths and skies and seas around,
 And in my day the sun doth pale his light.

A clear and ancient harmony
 Pierces my soul through all its din,

As through its utmost melody,—
Farther behind than they, farther within.

More swift its bolt than lightning is;
Its voice than thunder is more loud;
It doth expand my privacies
To all, and leave me single in the crowd.

It speaks with such authority,
With so serene and lofty tone,
That idle time runs gadding by,
And leaves me with Eternity alone.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life:
Of manhood's strength it is the flower;
'Tis peace's end and war's beginning strife.

It comes in summer's broadest noon,
By a gray wall or some chance place,
Unseasoning Time, insulting June,
And vexing day with its presuming face.

Such fragrance round my couch it makes,
More rich than are Arabian drugs,
That my soul scents its life and wakes
The body up beneath its perfumed rugs.

Such is the Muse, the heavenly maid,
The star that guides our mortal course,
Which shows where life's true kernel's laid,
Its wheat's fine flour, and its undying force.

She with one breath attunes the spheres,
And also my poor human heart;
With one impulse propels the years
Around, and gives my throbbing pulse its start.

I will not doubt for evermore,
Nor falter from a steadfast faith;
For though the system be turned o'er,
God takes not back the word which once he saith.

I will not doubt the love untold
Which not my worth nor want has bought,
Which wooed me young, and woos me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

My memory I'll educate
 To know the one historic truth,
 Remembering to the latest date
 The only true and sole immortal youth.

Be but thy inspiration given,
 No matter through what danger sought,
 I'll fathom hell or climb to heaven,
 And yet esteem that cheap which love has bought.

* * *

Fame cannot tempt the bard
 Who's famous with his God,
 Nor laurel him reward
 Who has his Maker's nod.

THE FISHER'S BOY

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers

MY LIFE is like a stroll upon the beach,
 As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
 My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
 Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 'tis, and scrupulous care,
 To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,—
 Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
 Which Ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore:
 They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
 Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
 Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
 Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
 Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
 And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

SMOKE

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers

LIGHT-WINGED Smoke, Icarian bird,
 Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight;
 Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
 Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;
 Or else, departing dream and shadowy form
 Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;
 By night star-veiling, and by day
 Darkening the light and blotting out the sun,—
 Go thou, my incense, upward from this hearth,
 And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.

WORK AND PAY

From 'Walden.' Copyright 1854, by Henry D. Thoreau; 1893, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

AT THE present day, and in this country, as I find by my own experience, a few implements, a knife, an axe, a spade, a wheelbarrow, etc., and for the studious, lamplight, stationery, and access to a few books, rank next to necessaries, and can all be obtained at a trifling cost. Yet some, not wise, go to the other side of the globe, to barbarous and unhealthy regions, and devote themselves to trade for ten or twenty years, in order that they may live—that is, keep comfortably warm—and die in New England at last. The luxuriously rich are not simply kept comfortably warm, but unnaturally hot; as I implied before, they are cooked, of course *à la mode*.

Most of the luxuries and many of the so-called comforts of life are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. With respect to luxuries and comforts, the wisest have ever lived a more simple and meagre life than the poor. The ancient philosophers—Chinese, Hindoo, Persian, and Greek—were a class than which none has been poorer in outward riches, none so rich in inward. We know not much about them. It is remarkable that *we* know so much of them as we do. The same is true of the more modern reformers and benefactors of their race. None can be an impartial or wise observer of human life but from the vantage ground of what *we* should call voluntary poverty. Of a life of luxury the fruit is

luxury, whether in agriculture, or commerce, or literature, or art. There are nowadays professors of philosophy, but not philosophers. Yet it is admirable to profess, because it was once admirable to live. To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school; but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates,—a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust. It is to solve some of the problems of life, not only theoretically but practically. The success of great scholars and thinkers is commonly a courtier-like success; not kingly, not manly. They make shift to live merely by conformity, practically as their fathers did, and are in no sense the progenitors of a nobler race of men. But why do men degenerate ever? What makes families run out? What is the nature of the luxury which enervates and destroys nations? Are we sure that there is none of it in our own lives? The philosopher is in advance of his age even in the outward form of his life. He is not fed, sheltered, clothed, warmed, like his contemporaries. How can a man be a philosopher and not maintain his vital heat by better methods than other men?

When a man is warmed by the several modes which I have described, what does he want next? Surely not more warmth of the same kind,—as more and richer food, larger and more splendid houses, finer and more abundant clothing, more numerous incessant and hotter fires, and the like. When he has obtained those things which are necessary to life, there is another alternative than to obtain the superfluities; and that is, to adventure on life now, his vacation from humbler toil having commenced. The soil, it appears, is suited to the seed; for it has sent its radicle downward, and it may now send its shoot upward also with confidence. Why has man rooted himself thus firmly in the earth, but that he may rise in the same proportion into the heavens above?—for the nobler plants are valued for the fruit they bear at last in the air and light, far from the ground, and are not treated like the humbler esculents; which, though they may be biennials, are cultivated only till they have perfected their root, and often cut down at top for this purpose, so that most would not know them in their flowering season.

I do not mean to prescribe rules to strong and valiant natures, who will mind their own affairs whether in heaven or hell, and perchance build more magnificently and spend more lavishly than the richest, without ever impoverishing themselves, not knowing

how they live—if indeed there are any such, as has been dreamed; nor to those who find their encouragement and inspiration in precisely the present condition of things, and cherish it with the fondness and enthusiasm of lovers—and to some extent I reckon myself in this number; I do not speak to those who are well employed, in whatever circumstances—and they know whether they are well employed or not;—but mainly to the mass of men who are discontented, and idly complaining of the hardness of their lot or of the times, when they might improve them. There are some who complain most energetically and inconsolably of any, because they are, as they say, doing their duty. I also have in my mind that seemingly wealthy, but most terribly impoverished class of all, who have accumulated dross but know not how to use it or get rid of it, and thus have forged their own golden or silver fetters.

If I should attempt to tell how I have desired to spend my life in years past, it would probably surprise those of my readers who are somewhat acquainted with its actual history; it would certainly astonish those who know nothing about it. I will only hint at some of the enterprises which I have cherished.

In any weather, at any hour of the day or night, I have been anxious to improve the nick of time, and notch it on my stick too: to stand on the meeting of two eternities, the past and future, which is precisely the present moment; to toe that line. You will pardon some obscurities, for there are more secrets in my trade than in most men's; and yet not voluntarily kept, but inseparable from its very nature. I would gladly tell all that I know about it, and never paint "No Admittance" on my gate.

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud; and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.

To anticipate, not the sunrise and the dawn merely, but if possible, Nature herself! How many mornings, summer and winter, before yet any neighbor was stirring about his business, have I been about mine! No doubt many of my townsmen have met me returning from this enterprise,—farmers starting for Boston in the twilight, or wood-choppers going to their work. It is

true, I never assisted the sun materially in his rising; but, doubt not, it was of the last importance only to be present at it.

So many autumn, ay, and winter days, spent outside the town, trying to hear what was in the wind, to hear and carry it express! I well-nigh sunk all my capital in it, and lost my own breath into the bargain, running in the face of it. If it had concerned either of the political parties, depend upon it, it would have appeared in the Gazette with the earliest intelligence. At other times watching from the observatory of some cliff or tree, to telegraph any new arrival; or waiting at evening on the hill-tops for the sky to fall, that I might catch something,—though I never caught much, and that, manna-wise, would dissolve again in the sun.

For a long time I was reporter to a journal, of no very wide circulation, whose editor has never yet seen fit to print the bulk of my contributions, and, as is too common with writers, I got only my labor for my pains. However, in this case my pains were their own reward.

For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snow-storms and rain-storms, and did my duty faithfully; surveyor, if not of highways, then of forest paths and all across-lot routes,—keeping them open, and ravines bridged and passable at all seasons, where the public heel had testified to their utility.

I have looked after the wild stock of the town, which give a faithful herdsman a good deal of trouble by leaping fences; and I have had an eye to the unfrequented nooks and corners of the farm: though I did not always know whether Jonas or Solomon worked in a particular field to-day, that was none of my business. I have watered the red huckleberry, the sand-cherry and the nettle-tree, the red pine and the black ash, the white grape and the yellow violet, which might have withered else in dry seasons.

In short, I went on thus for a long time (I may say it without boasting), faithfully minding my business, till it became more and more evident that my townsmen would not after all admit me into the list of town officers, nor make my place a sinecure with a moderate allowance. My accounts, which I can swear to have kept faithfully, I have indeed never got audited, still less accepted, still less paid and settled. However, I have not set my heart on that.

SOLITUDE

From 'Walden.' Copyright 1854, by Henry D. Thoreau; 1893, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THIS is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself. As I walk along the stony shore of the pond in my shirt-sleeves, though it is cool as well as cloudy and windy, and I see nothing special to attract me, all the elements are unusually congenial to me. The bullfrogs trump to usher in the night, and the note of the whippoorwill is borne on the rippling wind from over the water. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled but not ruffled. These small waves raised by the evening wind are as remote from storm as the smooth reflecting surface. Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures lull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete. The wildest animals do not repose, but seek their prey now; the fox and skunk and rabbit now roam the fields and woods without fear. They are Nature's watchmen,—links which connect the days of animated life.

When I return to my house I find that visitors have been there and left their cards,—either a bunch of flowers, or a wreath of evergreen, or a name in peneil on a yellow walnut leaf or a chip. They who come rarely to the woods take some little piece of the forest into their hands to play with by the way, which they leave, either intentionally or accidentally. One has peeled a willow wand, woven it into a ring, and dropped it on my table. I could always tell if visitors had called in my absence, either by the bended twigs or grass, or the print of their shoes; and generally of what sex or age or quality they were, by some slight trace left,—as a flower dropped, or a bunch of grass plucked and thrown away, even as far off as the railroad half a mile distant,—or by the lingering odor of a cigar or pipe. Nay, I was frequently notified of the passage of a traveler along the highway sixty rods off by the scent of his pipe.

There is commonly sufficient space about us. Our horizon is never quite at our elbows. The thick wood is not just at our door, nor the pond; but somewhat is always clearing, familiar and worn by us, appropriated and fenced in some way, and

reclaimed from Nature. For what reason have I this vast range and circuit, some square miles of unfrequented forest, for my privacy, abandoned to me by men? My nearest neighbor is a mile distant, and no house is visible from any place but the hill-tops within half a mile of my own. I have my horizon bounded by woods all to myself; a distant view of the railroad where it touches the pond on the one hand, and of the fence which skirts the woodland road on the other. But for the most part it is as solitary where I live as on the prairies. It is as much Asia or Africa as New England. I have, as it were, my own sun and moon and stars, and a little world all to myself. At night there was never a traveler passed my house, or knocked at my door, more than if I were the first or last man; unless it were in the spring, when at long intervals some came from the village to fish for pouts,—they plainly fished much more in the Walden Pond of their own natures, and baited their hooks with darkness,—but they soon retreated, usually with light baskets, and left “the world to darkness and to me,” and the black kernel of the night was never profaned by any human neighborhood. I believe that men are generally still a little afraid of the dark, though the witches are all hung, and Christianity and candles have been introduced.

Yet I experienced sometimes that the most sweet and tender, the most innocent and encouraging society may be found in any natural object, even for the poor misanthrope and most melancholy man. There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was *Æolian* music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons, I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house to-day is not drear and melancholy, but good for me too. Though it prevents my hoeing them, it is of far more worth than my hoeing. If it should continue so long as to cause the seeds to rot in the ground and destroy the potatoes in the low lands, it would still be good for the grass on the uplands; and being good for the grass, it would be good for me. Sometimes, when I compare myself with other men, it seems as if I were more favored by the gods than they, beyond any deserts that I am conscious of; as if I had a warrant and surety at their hands

which my fellows have not, and were especially guided and guarded. I do not flatter myself; but if it be possible, they flatter me. I have never felt lonesome, or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude, but once; and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when for an hour I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery. In the midst of a gentle rain, while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again.—

“Mourning untimely consumes the sad;
Few are their days in the land of the living,
Beautiful daughter of Toscar.”

Some of my pleasantest hours were during the long rain-storms in the spring or fall, which confined me to the house for the afternoon as well as the forenoon, soothed by their ceaseless roar and pelting; when an early twilight ushered in a long evening, in which many thoughts had time to take root and unfold themselves. In those driving northeast rains which tried the village houses so, when the maids stood ready with mop and pail in front entries to keep the deluge out, I sat behind my door in my little house, which was all entry, and thoroughly enjoyed its protection. In one heavy thunder-shower the lightning struck a large pitch-pine across the pond, making a very conspicuous and perfectly regular spiral groove from top to bottom, an inch or more deep and four or five inches wide, as you would groove a walking-stick. I passed it again the other day, and was struck with awe on looking up and beholding that mark, now more distinct than ever, where a terrific and resistless bolt came down out

of the harmless sky eight years ago. Men frequently say to me, "I should think you would feel lonesome down there and want to be nearer to folks,—rainy and snowy days and nights especially." I am tempted to reply to such,—This whole earth which we inhabit is but a point in space. How far apart, think you, dwell the two most distant inhabitants of yonder star, the breadth of whose disk cannot be appreciated by our instruments? Why should I feel lonely? is not our planet in the Milky Way? This which you put seems to me not to be the most important question. What sort of space is that which separates a man from his fellows and makes him solitary? I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another. What do we want most to dwell near to? Not to many men, surely,—the depot, the post-office, the bar-room, the meeting-house, the schoolhouse, the grocery, Beacon Hill, or the Five Points, where men most congregate,—but to the perennial source of our life, whence in all our experience we have found that to issue, as the willow stands near the water and sends out its roots in that direction. This will vary with different natures, but this is the place where a wise man will dig his cellar.—I one evening overtook one of my townsmen, who has accumulated what is called "a handsome property,"—though I never got a *fair* view of it,—on the Walden road, driving a pair of cattle to market, who inquired of me how I could bring my mind to give up so many of the comforts of life. I answered that I was very sure I liked it passably well; I was not joking. And so I went home to my bed, and left him to pick his way through the darkness and the mud to Brighton,—or Bright-town,—which place he would reach some time in the morning.

Any prospect of awakening or coming to life, to a dead man makes indifferent all times and places. The place where that may occur is always the same, and indescribably pleasant to all our senses. For the most part we allow only outlying and transient circumstances to make our occasions. They are in fact the cause of our distraction. Nearest to all things is that power which fashions their being. *Next* to us the grandest laws are continually being executed. *Next* to us is not the workman whom we have hired, with whom we love so well to talk, but the workman whose work we are.

"How vast and profound is the influence of the subtile powers of Heaven and of Earth!

“We seek to perceive them, and we do not see them; we seek to hear them, and we do not hear them; identified with the substance of things, they cannot be separated from them.

“They cause that in all the universe men purify and sanctify their hearts, and clothe themselves in their holiday garments to offer sacrifices and oblations to their ancestors. It is an ocean of subtle intelligences. They are everywhere, above us, on our left, on our right; they environ us on all sides.”

We are the subjects of an experiment which is not a little interesting to me. Can we not do without the society of our gossips a little while under these circumstances,—have our own thoughts to cheer us? Confucius says truly, “Virtue does not remain as an abandoned orphan: it must of necessity have neighbors.”

With thinking, we may be beside ourselves in a sane sense. By a conscious effort of the mind we can stand aloof from actions and their consequences; and all things, good and bad, go by us like a torrent. We are not wholly involved in Nature. I may be either the driftwood in the stream, or Indra in the sky looking down on it. I *may* be affected by a theatrical exhibition; on the other hand, I *may not* be affected by an actual event which appears to concern me much more. I only know myself as a human entity,—the scene, so to speak, of thoughts and affections; and am sensible of a certain doubleness by which I can stand as remote from myself as from another. However intense my experience, I am conscious of the presence and criticism of a part of me, which as it were is not a part of me, but spectator, sharing no experience but taking note of it; and that is no more I than it is you. When the play—it may be the tragedy—of life is over, the spectator goes his way. It was a kind of fiction, a work of the imagination only, so far as he was concerned. This doubleness may easily make us poor neighbors and friends sometimes.

I find it wholesome to be alone the greater part of the time. To be in company, even with the best, is soon wearisome and dissipating. I love to be alone. I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude. We are for the most part more lonely when we go abroad among men than when we stay in our chambers. A man thinking or working is always alone, let him be where he will. Solitude is not measured by the miles of space that intervene between a man and his fellows.

The really diligent student in one of the crowded hives of Cambridge College is as solitary as a dervish in the desert. The farmer can work alone in the field or the woods all day, hoeing or chopping, and not feel lonesome, because he is employed; but when he comes home at night he cannot sit down in a room alone, at the mercy of his thoughts, but must be where he can "see the folks," and recreate, and as he thinks remunerate, himself for his day's solitude: and hence he wonders how the student can sit alone in the house all night and most of the day without ennui and "the blues"; but he does not realize that the student, though in the house, is still at work in *his* field, and chopping in *his* woods, as the farmer in his, and in turn seeks the same recreation and society that the latter does, though it may be a more condensed form of it.

Society is commonly too cheap. We meet at very short intervals, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other. We meet at meals three times a day, and give each other a new taste of that old musty cheese that we are. We have had to agree on a certain set of rules, called etiquette and politeness, to make this frequent meeting tolerable and that we need not come to open war. We meet at the post-office, and at the sociable, and about the fireside every night; we live thick and are in each other's way, and stumble over one another: and I think that we thus lose some respect for one another. Certainly less frequency would suffice for all important and hearty communications. Consider the girls in a factory,—never alone, hardly in their dreams. It would be better if there were but one inhabitant to a square mile, as where I live. The value of a man is not in his skin, that we should touch him.

I have heard of a man lost in the woods and dying of famine and exhaustion at the foot of a tree, whose loneliness was relieved by the grotesque visions with which, owing to bodily weakness, his diseased imagination surrounded him, and which he believed to be real. So also, owing to bodily and mental health and strength, we may be continually cheered by a like but more normal and natural society, and come to know that we are never alone.

I have a great deal of company in my house; especially in the morning, when nobody calls. Let me suggest a few comparisons, that some one may convey an idea of my situation. I am no more lonely than the loon in the pond that laughs so loud, or

than Walden Pond itself. What company has that lonely lake, I pray? And yet it has not the blue devils, but the blue angels in it, in the azure tint of its waters. The sun is alone, except in thick weather, when there sometimes appear to be two, but one is a mock sun. God is alone,—but the Devil, he is far from being alone: he sees a great deal of company; he is legion. I am no more lonely than a single mullein or dandelion in a pasture, or a bean leaf, or sorrel, or a horse-fly, or a humble-bee. I am no more lonely than the Mill Brook, or a weathercock, or the North Star, or the south wind, or an April shower, or a January thaw, or the first spider in a new house.

I have occasional visits in the long winter evenings, when the snow falls fast and the wind howls in the wood, from an old settler and original proprietor, who is reported to have dug Walden Pond, and stoned it, and fringed it with pine woods; who tells me stories of old time and of new eternity: and between us we manage to pass a cheerful evening, with social mirth and pleasant views of things, even without apples or cider,—a most wise and humorous friend, whom I love much, who keeps himself more secret than ever did Goffe or Whalley; and though he is thought to be dead, none can show where he is buried. An elderly dame too dwells in my neighborhood, invisible to most persons, in whose odorous herb garden I love to stroll sometimes, gathering simples and listening to her fables;—for she has a genius of unequalled fertility, and her memory runs back farther than mythology, and she can tell me the original of every fable, and on what fact every one is founded—for the incidents occurred when she was young. A ruddy and lusty old dame, who delights in all weathers and seasons, and is likely to outlive all her children yet.

The indescribable innocence and beneficence of Nature,—of sun and wind and rain, of summer and winter,—such health, such cheer, they afford forever! and such sympathy have they ever with our race, that all Nature would be affected, and the sun's brightness fade, and the winds would sigh humanely, and the clouds rain tears, and the woods shed their leaves and put on mourning in midsummer, if any man should ever for a just cause grieve. Shall I not have intelligence with the earth? Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mold myself?

What is the pill which will keep us well, serene, contented? Not my or thy great-grandfather's, but our great-grandmother

Nature's universal, vegetable, botanic medicines, by which she has kept herself young always, outlived so many old Parrs in her day, and fed her health with their decaying fatness. For my panacea, instead of one of those quack vials of a mixture dipped from Acheron and the Dead Sea, which come out of those long shallow black schooner-looking wagons which we sometimes see made to carry bottles, let me have a draught of undiluted morning air. Morning air! If men will not drink of this at the fountain-head of the day, why, then we must even bottle up some and sell it in the shops, for the benefit of those who have lost their subscription ticket to morning-time in this world. But remember, it will not keep quiet till noonday even in the coolest cellar, but drive out the stopples long ere that, and follow westward the steps of Aurora. I am no worshiper of Hygeia, who was the daughter of that old herb-doctor Æsculapius, and who is represented on monuments holding a serpent in one hand, and in the other a cup out of which the serpent sometimes drinks; but rather of Hebe, cupbearer to Jupiter, who was the daughter of Juno and wild lettuce, and who had the power of restoring gods and men to the vigor of youth. She was probably the only thoroughly sound-conditioned, healthy, and robust young lady that ever walked the globe; and wherever she came it was spring.

THE BEAN FIELD

From 'Walden.' Copyright 1854, by Henry D. Thoreau; 1893, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MEANWHILE my beans, the length of whose rows, added together, was seven miles already planted, were impatient to be hoed; for the earliest had grown considerably before the latest were in the ground: indeed, they were not easily to be put off. What was the meaning of this so steady and self-respecting, this small Herculean labor, I knew not. I came to love my rows, my beans, though so many more than I wanted. They attached me to the earth, and so I got strength like Antæus. But why should I raise them? Only Heaven knows. This was my curious labor all summer,—to make this portion of the earth's surface, which had yielded only cinquefoil, blackberries, johnswort, and the like, before,—sweet wild fruits and

pleasant flowers,—produce instead this pulse. What shall I learn of beans or beans of me? I cherish them, I hoe them, early and late I have an eye to them; and this is my day's work. It is a fine broad leaf to look on. My auxiliaries are the dews and rains which water this dry soil, and what fertility is in the soil itself, which for the most part is lean and effete. My enemies are worms, cool days, and most of all woodchucks. The last have nibbled for me a quarter of an acre clean. But what right had I to oust johnswort and the rest, and break up their ancient herb garden? Soon, however, the remaining beans will be too tough for them, and go forward to meet new foes.

When I was four years old, as I well remember, I was brought from Boston to this my native town, through these very woods and this field, to the pond. It is one of the oldest scenes stamped on my memory. And now to-night my flute has waked the echoes over that very water. The pines still stand here older than I; or if some have fallen, I have cooked my supper with their stumps, and a new growth is rising all around, preparing another aspect for new infant eyes. Almost the same johnswort springs from the same perennial root in this pasture: and even I have at length helped to clothe that fabulous landscape of my infant dreams; and one of the results of my presence and influence is seen in these bean leaves, corn blades, and potato vines.

I planted about two acres and a half of upland; and as it was only about fifteen years since the land was cleared, and I myself had got out two or three cords of stumps, I did not give it any manure; but in the course of the summer it appeared by the arrow-heads which I turned up in hoeing, that an extinct nation had anciently dwelt here and planted corn and beans ere white men came to clear the land, and so, to some extent, had exhausted the soil for this very crop.

Before yet any woodchuck or squirrel had run across the road, or the sun had got above the shrub-oaks, while all the dew was on, though the farmers warned me against it,—I would advise you to do all your work if possible while the dew is on,—I began to level the ranks of haughty weeds in my bean-field and throw dust upon their heads. Early in the morning I worked barefooted, dabbling like a plastic artist in the dewy and crumbling sand; but later in the day the sun blistered my feet. There the sun lighted me to hoe beans, pacing slowly backward and

forward over that yellow gravelly upland, between the long green rows, fifteen rods; the one end terminating in a shrub-oak copse where I could rest in the shade, the other in a blackberry field where the green berries deepened their tints by the time I had made another bout. Removing the weeds, putting fresh soil about the bean stems, and encouraging this weed which I had sown, making the yellow soil express its summer thought in bean leaves and blossoms rather than in wormwood and piper and millet grass, making the earth say beans instead of grass,—this was my daily work. As I had little aid from horses or cattle, or hired men or boys, or improved implements of husbandry, I was much slower, and became much more intimate with my beans, than usual. But labor of the hands, even when pursued to the verge of drudgery, is perhaps never the worst form of idleness. It has a constant and imperishable moral; and to the scholar it yields a classic result. A very *agricola laboriosus* was I to travelers bound westward through Lincoln and Wayland to nobody knows where: they sitting at their ease in gigs, with elbows on knees, and reins loosely hanging in festoons; I the home-staying, laborious native of the soil. But soon my homestead was out of their sight and thought. It was the only open and cultivated field for a great distance on either side of the road, so they made the most of it; and sometimes the man in the field heard more of travelers' gossip and comment than was meant for his ear: "Beans so late! peas so late!"—for I continued to plant when others had begun to hoe,—the ministerial husbandman had not suspected it.—"Corn, my boy, for fodder; corn for fodder."—"Does he *live* there?" asks the black bonnet of the gray coat: and the hard-featured farmer reins up his grateful dobbin to inquire what you are doing where he sees no manure in the furrow; and recommends a little chip dirt, or any little waste stuff, or it may be ashes or plaster. But here were two acres and a half of furrows, and only a hoe for cart and two hands to draw it,—there being an aversion to other carts and horses,—and chip dirt far away. Fellow-travelers as they rattled by compared it aloud with the fields which they had passed; so that I came to know how I stood in the agricultural world. This was one field not in Mr. Colcman's report. And by the way, who estimates the value of the crop which Nature yields in the still wilder fields unimproved by man? The crop of *English* hay is carefully weighed, the moisture calculated, the silicates and the

potash; but in all dells and pond-holes in the woods and pastures and swamps grows a rich and various crop, only unreaped by man. Mine was, as it were, the connecting link between wild and cultivated fields: as some States are civilized, and others half-civilized, and others savage or barbarous, so my field was, though not in a bad sense, a half-cultivated field. They were beans cheerfully returning to their wild and primitive state that I cultivated, and my hoe played the 'Ranz des Vaches' for them.

Near at hand, upon the topmost spray of a birch, sings the brown thrasher—or red mavis, as some love to call him—all the morning, glad of your society, that would find out another farmer's field if yours were not here. While you are planting the seed, he cries, "Drop it, drop it,—cover it up, cover it up,—pull it up, pull it up, pull it up." But this was not corn, and so it was safe from such enemies as he. You may wonder what his rigmarole, his amateur Paganini performances on one string or on twenty, have to do with your planting, and yet prefer it to leached ashes or plaster. It was a cheap sort of top-dressing, in which I had entire faith.

As I drew a still fresher soil about the rows with my hoe, I disturbed the ashes of unchronicled nations who in primeval years lived under these heavens, and their small implements of war and hunting were brought to the light of this modern day. They lay mingled with other natural stones, some of which bore the marks of having been burned by Indian fires, and some by the sun; and also bits of pottery and glass brought hither by the recent cultivators of the soil. When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and the sky, and was an accompaniment to my labor which yielded an instant and immeasurable crop. It was no longer beans that I hoed, nor I that hoed beans; and I remembered with as much pity as pride, if I remembered at all, my acquaintances who had gone to the city to attend the oratorios. The night-hawk circled overhead in the sunny afternoons—for I sometimes made a day of it—like a mote in the eye, or in Heaven's eye; falling from time to time with a swoop and a sound as if the heavens were rent, torn at last to very rags and tatters, and yet a seamless cope remained: small imps that fill the air, and lay their eggs on the ground on bare sand or rocks on the tops of hills, where few have found them; graceful and slender, like ripples caught up from the pond,

as leaves are raised by the wind to float in the heavens; such kindredship is in Nature. The hawk is aerial brother of the wave which he sails over and surveys, those his perfect air-inflated wings answering to the elemental unfledged pinions of the sea. Or sometimes I watched a pair of hen-hawks circling high in the sky, alternately soaring and descending, approaching and leaving one another, as if they were the embodiment of my own thoughts. Or I was attracted by the passage of wild pigeons from this wood to that, with a slight quivering winnowing sound and carrier haste; or from under a rotten stump my hoe turned up a sluggish, portentous, and outlandish spotted salamander,—a trace of Egypt and the Nile, yet our contemporary. When I paused to lean on my hoe, these sounds and sights I heard and saw anywhere in the row, a part of the inexhaustible entertainment which the country offers.

On gala days the town fires its great guns, which echo like popguns to these woods; and some waifs of martial music occasionally penetrate thus far. To me, away there in my bean-field at the other end of the town, the big guns sounded as if a puff-ball had burst: and when there was a military turnout of which I was ignorant, I have sometimes had a vague sense all the day of some sort of itching and disease in the horizon, as if some eruption would break out there soon, either scarlatina or canker-rash; until at length some more favorable puff of wind, making haste over the fields and up the Wayland road, brought me information of the "trainers." It seemed by the distant hum as if somebody's bees had swarmed; and that the neighbors, according to Virgil's advice, by a faint *tintinnabulum* upon the most sonorous of their domestic utensils, were endeavoring to call them down into the hive again. And when the sound died quite away, and the hum had ceased, and the most favorable breezes told no tale, I knew that they had got the last drone of them all safely into the Middlesex hive, and that now their minds were bent on the honey with which it was smeared.

I felt proud to know that the liberties of Massachusetts and of our fatherland were in such safe keeping; and as I turned to my hoeing again I was filled with an inexpressible confidence, and pursued my labor cheerfully with a calm trust in the future.

When there were several bands of musicians, it sounded as if all the village was a vast bellows, and all the buildings expanded and collapsed alternately with a din. But sometimes it was a

really noble and inspiring strain that reached these woods, and the trumpet that sings of fame; and I felt as if I could spit a Mexican with a good relish,—for why should we always stand for trifles?—and looked round for a woodchuck or a skunk to exercise my chivalry upon. These martial strains seemed as far away as Palestine; and reminded me of a march of crusaders in the horizon, with a slight tantivy and tremulous motion of the elm-tree tops which overhang the village. This was one of the *great* days; though the sky had from my clearing only the same everlastingly great look that it wears daily, and I saw no difference in it.

It was a singular experience, that long acquaintance which I cultivated with beans: what with planting, and hoeing, and harvesting, and threshing, and picking over and selling them—the last was the hardest of all; I might add eating, for I did taste. I was determined to know beans. When they were growing, I used to hoe from five o'clock in the morning till noon, and commonly spent the rest of the day about other affairs. Consider the intimate and curious acquaintance one makes with various kinds of weeds,—it will bear some iteration in the account, for there was no little iteration in the labor: disturbing their delicate organizations so ruthlessly, and making such invidious distinctions with his hoe, leveling whole ranks of one species and sedulously cultivating another. That's Roman wormwood—that's pigweed—that's sorrel—that's piper-grass: have at him, chop him up, turn his roots upward to the sun, don't let him have a fibre in the shade; if you do he'll turn himself t'other side up and be as green as a leek in two days. A long war, not with cranes, but with weeds,—those Trojans who had sun and rain and dews on their side. Daily the beans saw me come to their rescue armed with a hoe, and thin the ranks of their enemies, filling up the trenches with weedy dead. Many a lusty crest-waving Hector, that towered a whole foot above his crowding comrades, fell before my weapon and rolled in the dust.

Those summer days which some of my contemporaries devoted to the fine arts in Boston or Rome, and others to contemplation in India, and others to trade in London or New York, I thus, with the other farmers of New England, devoted to husbandry. Not that I wanted beans to eat, for I am by nature a Pythagorean so far as beans are concerned,—whether they mean porridge or voting,—and exchanged them for rice; but perchance, as some

must work in fields if only for the sake of tropes and expression, to serve a parable-maker one day. It was on the whole a rare amusement, which, continued too long, might have become a dissipation. Though I gave them no manure, and did not hoe them all once, I hoed them unusually well as far as I went, and was paid for it in the end: "there being in truth," as Evelyn says, "no compost or lætation whatsoever comparable to this continual motion, repastination, and turning of the mold with the spade." "The earth," he adds elsewhere, "especially if fresh, has a certain magnetism in it, by which it attracts the salt, power, or virtue (call it either) which gives it life, and is the logic of all the labor and stir we keep about it, to sustain us; all dungings and other sordid temperings being but the vicars succedaneous to this improvement." Moreover, this being one of those "worn-out and exhausted lay fields which enjoy their sabbath," had perchance, as Sir Kenelm Digby thinks likely, attracted "vital spirits" from the air. I harvested twelve bushels of beans.

WALKING

From 'Excursions.' Copyright 1863 and 1866, by Ticknor & Fields; 1893, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

I WISH to speak a word for Nature, for absolute freedom and wildness, as contrasted with a freedom and culture merely civil,—to regard man as an inhabitant, or a part and parcel of Nature, rather than a member of society. I wish to make an extreme statement, if so I may make an emphatic one: for there are enough champions of civilization; the minister and the school committee and every one of you will take care of that.

I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of Walking,—that is, of taking walks,—who had a genius, so to speak, for *sauntering*: which word is beautifully derived "from idle people who roved about the country, in the Middle Ages, and asked charity, under pretense of going *à la Sainte Terre*,"—to the Holy Land,—till the children exclaimed, "There goes a *Sainte-Terrer*,"—a Saunterer, a Holy-Lander. They who never go to the Holy Land in their walks, as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers and vagabonds; but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense, such as I mean. Some, however, would derive the word from *sans terre*,

without land or a home; which therefore, in the good sense, will mean having no particular home, but equally at home everywhere. For this is the secret of successful sauntering. He who sits still in a house all the time may be the greatest vagrant of all; but the saunterer, in the good sense, is no more vagrant than the meandering river, which is all the while sedulously seeking the shortest course to the sea. But I prefer the first, which indeed is the most probable derivation. For every walk is a sort of crusade, preached by some Peter the Hermit in us, to go forth and reconquer this Holy Land from the hands of the Infidels.

It is true, we are but faint-hearted crusaders; even the walkers nowadays, who undertake no persevering, never-ending enterprises. Our expeditions are but tours, and come round again at evening to the old hearth-side from which we set out. Half the walk is but retracing our steps. We should go forth on the shortest walk, perchance, in the spirit of undying adventure, never to return,—prepared to send back our embalmed hearts only as relics to our desolate kingdoms. If you are ready to leave father and mother, and brother and sister, and wife and child and friends, and never see them again,—if you have paid your debts, and made your will, and settled all your affairs, and are a free man,—then you are ready for a walk.

To come down to my own experience, my companion and I—for I sometimes have a companion—take pleasure in fancying ourselves knights of a new, or rather an old, order; not Equestrians or Chevaliers, not Ritters or Riders, but Walkers,—a still more ancient and honorable class, I trust. The chivalric and heroic spirit which once belonged to the Rider seems now to reside in, or perchance to have subsided into, the Walker,—not the Knight, but Walker, Errant. He is a sort of fourth estate, outside of Church and State and People.

We have felt that we almost alone hereabouts practiced this noble art; though, to tell the truth,—at least if their own assertions are to be received,—most of my townsmen would fain walk sometimes, as I do, but they cannot. No wealth can buy the requisite leisure, freedom, and independence which are the capital in this profession. It comes only by the grace of God. It requires a direct dispensation from Heaven to become a Walker. You must be born into the family of the Walkers. *Ambulator nascitur, non fit.* Some of my townsmen, it is true, can remember and have described to me some walks which they took ten

years ago, in which they were so blessed as to lose themselves for half an hour in the woods; but I know very well that they have confined themselves to the highway ever since, whatever pretensions they may make to belong to this select class. No doubt they were elevated for a moment as by the reminiscence of a previous state of existence, when even they were foresters and outlaws.

“When he came to grene wode,
In a mery mornynge,
There he herde the notes small
Of byrdes mery syngyng.

“It is ferre gone, sayd Robyn,
That I was last here:
Me lyste a lytell for to shote
At the donne dere.”

I think that I cannot preserve my health and spirits, unless I spend four hours a day at least—and it is commonly more than that—sauntering through the woods and over the hills and fields, absolutely free from all worldly engagements. You may safely say, A penny for your thoughts, or a thousand pounds. When sometimes I am reminded that the mechanics and shopkeepers stay in their shops not only all the forenoon, but all the afternoon too, sitting with crossed legs, so many of them,—as if the legs were made to sit upon, and not to stand or walk upon,—I think that they deserve some credit for not having all committed suicide long ago.

I, who cannot stay in my chamber for a single day without acquiring some rust, and when sometimes I have stolen forth for a walk at the eleventh hour, or four o'clock in the afternoon, too late to redeem the day, when the shades of night were already beginning to be mingled with the daylight, have felt as if I had committed some sin to be atoned for,—I confess that I am astonished at the power of endurance, to say nothing of the moral insensibility, of my neighbors who confine themselves to shops and offices the whole day for weeks and months—aye, and years almost—together. I know not what manner of stuff they are of,—sitting there now at three o'clock in the afternoon, as if it were three o'clock in the morning. Bonaparte may talk of the three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, but it is nothing to the courage which can sit down cheerfully at this hour in the

afternoon, over against one's self whom you have known all the morning, to starve out a garrison to whom you are bound by such strong ties of sympathy. I wonder that about this time—or say between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, too late for the morning papers and too early for the evening ones—there is not a general explosion heard up and down the street, scattering a legion of antiquated and house-bred notions and whims to the four winds for an airing—and so the evil cure itself.

How womankind, who are confined to the house still more than men, stand it, I do not know; but I have ground to suspect that most of them do not *stand* it at all. When, early in a summer afternoon, we have been shaking the dust of the village from the skirts of our garments, making haste past those houses with purely Doric or Gothic fronts, which have such an air of repose about them, my companion whispers that probably about these times their occupants are all gone to bed. Then it is that I appreciate the beauty and the glory of architecture, which itself never turns in, but forever stands out and erect, keeping watch over the slumberers.

No doubt temperament, and above all, age, have a good deal to do with it. As a man grows older, his ability to sit still and follow indoor occupations increases. He grows vespertinal in his habits as the evening of life approaches; till at last he comes forth only just before sundown, and gets all the walk that he requires in half an hour.

But the walking of which I speak has nothing in it akin to taking exercise, as it is called, as the sick take medicine at stated hours,—as the swinging of dumb-bells or chairs; but is itself the enterprise and adventure of the day. If you would get exercise, go in search of the springs of life. Think of a man's swinging dumb-bells for his health, when those springs are bubbling up in far-off pastures unsought by him!

Moreover, you must walk like a camel, which is said to be the only beast which ruminates when walking. When a traveler asked Wordsworth's servant to show him her master's study, she answered, "Here is his library, but his study is out of doors."

Living much out of doors, in the sun and wind, will no doubt produce a certain roughness of character,—will cause a thicker cuticle to grow over some of the finer qualities of our nature, as on the face and hands, or as severe manual labor robs the hands of some of their delicacy of touch. So staying in the house, on

the other hand, may produce a softness and smoothness, not to say thinness, of skin, accompanied by an increased sensibility to certain impressions. Perhaps we should be more susceptible to some influences important to our intellectual and moral growth, if the sun had shone and the wind blown on us a little less; and no doubt it is a nice matter to proportion rightly the thick and thin skin. But methinks that is a scurf that will fall off fast enough; that the natural remedy is to be found in the proportion which the night bears to the day, the winter to the summer, thought to experience. There will be so much the more air and sunshine in our thoughts. The callous palms of the laborer are more conversant with the finer tissues of self-respect and heroism, whose touch thrills the heart, than the languid fingers of idleness. That is mere sentimentality that lies abed by day and thinks itself white, far from the tan and callus of experience.

When we walk, we naturally go to the fields and woods: what would become of us if we walked only in a garden or a mall? Even some sects of philosophers have felt the necessity of importing the woods to themselves, since they did not go to the woods. "They planted groves and walks of *platanes*," where they took *subdiales ambulationes* in porticos open to the air. Of course it is of no use to direct our steps to the woods, if they do not carry us thither. I am alarmed when it happens that I have walked a mile into the woods bodily, without getting there in spirit. In my afternoon walk I would fain forget all my morning occupations and my obligations to society. But it sometimes happens that I cannot easily shake off the village. The thought of some work will run in my head, and I am not where my body is,—I am out of my senses. In my walks I would fain return to my senses. What business have I in the woods, if I am thinking of something out of the woods? I suspect myself and cannot help a shudder, when I find myself so implicated even in what are called good works,—for this may sometimes happen.

My vicinity affords many good walks; and though for so many years I have walked almost every day, and sometimes for several days together, I have not yet exhausted them. An absolutely new prospect is a great happiness, and I can still get this any afternoon. Two or three hours' walking will carry me to as strange a country as I expect ever to see. A single farmhouse which I had not seen before is sometimes as good as the

dominions of the King of Dahomey. There is in fact a sort of harmony discoverable between the capabilities of the landscape within a circle of ten miles' radius, or the limits of an afternoon walk, and the threescore years and ten of human life. It will never become quite familiar to you.

Nowadays almost all man's improvements, so called,—as the building of houses, and the cutting down of the forest and of all large trees,—simply deform the landscape, and make it more and more tame and cheap. A people who would begin by burning the fences and let the forest stand! I saw the fences half consumed, their ends lost in the middle of the prairie, and some worldly miser with a surveyor looking after his bounds, while heaven had taken place around him, and he did not see the angels going to and fro, but was looking for an old post-hole in the midst of Paradise. I looked again, and saw him standing in the middle of a boggy Stygian fen, surrounded by devils; and he had found his bounds without a doubt,—three little stones, where a stake had been driven: and looking nearer, I saw that the Prince of Darkness was his surveyor.

I can easily walk ten, fifteen, twenty, any number of miles, commencing at my own door, without going by any house, without crossing a road except where the fox and the mink do: first along by the river, and then the brook, and then the meadow and the woodside. There are square miles in my vicinity which have no inhabitant. From many a hill I can see civilization and the abodes of man afar. The farmers and their works are scarcely more obvious than woodchucks and their burrows. Man and his affairs, Church and State and school, trade and commerce, and manufactures and agriculture,—even politics, the most alarming of them all,—I am pleased to see how little space they occupy in the landscape. Politics is but a narrow field, and that still narrower highway yonder leads to it. I sometimes direct the traveler thither. If you would go to the political world, follow the great road,—follow that market-man, keep his dust in your eyes,—and it will lead you straight to it; for it too has its place merely, and does not occupy all space. I pass from it as from a bean-field into the forest, and it is forgotten. In one half-hour I can walk off to some portion of the earth's surface where a man does not stand from one year's end to another; and there, consequently, politics are not, for they are but as the cigar-smoke of a man.

The village is the place to which the roads tend; a sort of expansion of the highway, as a lake of a river. It is the body, of which roads are the arms and legs,—a trivial or quadrivial place, the thoroughfare and ordinary of travelers. The word is from the Latin *villa*, which together with *via*, a way, or more anciently *ved* and *vella*, Varro derives from *veho*, to carry, because the villa is the place to and from which things are carried. They who got their living by teaming were said *vellaturam facere*. Hence too the Latin word *vilis* and our vile; also *villain*. This suggests what kind of degeneracy villagers are liable to. They are wayworn by the travel that goes by and over them, without traveling themselves.

Some do not walk at all; others walk in the highways; a few walk across-lots. Roads are made for horses and men of business. I do not travel in them much, comparatively, because I am not in a hurry to get to any tavern or grocery or livery-stable or depot to which they lead. I am a good horse to travel, but not from choice a roadster. The landscape-painter uses the figures of men to mark a road. He would not make that use of my figure. I walk out into a Nature such as the old prophets and poets, Menu, Moses, Homer, Chaucer, walked in. You may name it America, but it is not America: neither Americus Vesputius, nor Columbus, nor the rest were the discoverers of it. There is a truer account of it in mythology than in any history of America, so called, that I have seen. . . .

What is it that makes it so hard sometimes to determine whither we will walk? I believe that there is a subtle magnetism in Nature, which, if we unconsciously yield to it, will direct us aright. It is not indifferent to us which way we walk. There is a right way; but we are very liable from heedlessness and stupidity to take the wrong one. We would fain take that walk, never yet taken by us through this actual world, which is perfectly symbolical of the path which we love to travel in the interior and ideal world; and sometimes, no doubt, we find it difficult to choose our direction, because it does not yet exist distinctly in our idea.

When I go out of the house for a walk, uncertain as yet whither I will bend my steps, and submit myself to my instinct to decide for me, I find, strange and whimsical as it may seem, that I finally and inevitably settle southwest, toward some particular wood or meadow or deserted pasture or hill in that

direction. My needle is slow to settle,—varies a few degrees, and does not always point due southwest, it is true, and it has good authority for this variation,—but it always settles between west and south-southwest. The future lies that way to me, and the earth seems more unexhausted and richer on that side. The outline which would bound my walks would be, not a circle, but a parabola, or rather like one of those cometary orbits which have been thought to be non-returning curves, in this case opening westward, in which my house occupies the place of the sun. I turn round and round irresolute sometimes for a quarter of an hour, until I decide, for a thousandth time, that I will walk into the southwest or west. Eastward I go only by force; but westward I go free. Thither no business leads me. It is hard for me to believe that I shall find fair landscapes or sufficient wildness and freedom behind the eastern horizon. I am not excited by the prospect of a walk thither; but I believe that the forest which I see in the western horizon stretches uninterruptedly toward the setting sun, and there are no towns nor cities in it of enough consequence to disturb me. Let me live where I will, on this side is the city, on that the wilderness; and ever I am leaving the city more and more, and withdrawing into the wilderness. I should not lay so much stress on this fact, if I did not believe that something like this is the prevailing tendency of my countrymen. I must walk toward Oregon and not toward Europe. And that way the nation is moving, and I may say that mankind progress from east to west. Within a few years we have witnessed the phenomenon of a southeastward migration, in the settlement of Australia; but this affects us as a retrograde movement, and judging from the moral and physical character of the first generation of Australians, has not yet proved a successful experiment. The eastern Tartars think that there is nothing west beyond Thibet. "The world ends there," say they; "beyond there is nothing but a shoreless sea." It is unmitigated East where they live.

We go eastward to realize history and study the works of art and literature, retracing the steps of the race; we go westward as into the future, with a spirit of enterprise and adventure. The Atlantic is a Lethean stream, in our passage over which we have had an opportunity to forget the Old World and its institutions. If we do not succeed this time, there is perhaps one more chance for the race left before it arrives on the banks of

the Styx; and that is in the Lethe of the Pacific, which is three times as wide.

I know not how significant it is, or how far it is an evidence of singularity, that an individual should thus consent in his pettiest walk with the general movement of the race; but I know that something akin to the migratory instinct in birds and quadrupeds—which in some instances is known to have affected the squirrel tribe, impelling them to a general and mysterious movement, in which they were seen, say some, crossing the broadest rivers, each on its particular chip, with its tail raised for a sail, and bridging narrower streams with their dead—that something like the *furor* which affects the domestic cattle in the spring, and which is referred to a worm in their tails, affects both nations and individuals, either perennially or from time to time. Not a flock of wild geese cackles over our town, but it to some extent unsettles the value of real estate here; and if I were a broker, I should probably take that disturbance into account.

“Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes.”

Every sunset which I witness inspires me with the desire to go to a West as distant and as fair as that into which the sun goes down. He appears to migrate westward daily, and tempt us to follow him. He is the Great Western Pioneer whom the nations follow. We dream all night of those mountain-ridges in the horizon, though they may be of vapor only, which were last gilded by his rays. The island of Atlantis, and the islands and gardens of the Hesperides, a sort of terrestrial paradise, appear to have been the Great West of the ancients, enveloped in mystery and poetry. Who has not seen in imagination, when looking into the sunset sky, the gardens of the Hesperides, and the foundation of all those fables?

Columbus felt the westward tendency more strongly than any before. He obeyed it, and found a New World for Castile and Leon. The herd of men in those days scented fresh pastures from afar.

“And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last *he* rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.”

I would not have every man nor every part of a man cultivated, any more than I would have every acre of earth cultivated: part will be tillage, but the greater part will be meadow and forest; not only serving an immediate use, but preparing a mold against a distant future, by the annual decay of the vegetation which it supports.

There are other letters for the child to learn than those which Cadmus invented. The Spaniards have a good term to express this wild and dusky knowledge: *Gramática parda*, tawny grammar,—a kind of mother-wit derived from that same leopard to which I have referred.

We have heard of a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. It is said that knowledge is power; and the like. Methinks there is equal need of a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Ignorance,—what we will call Beautiful Knowledge, a knowledge useful in a higher sense;—for what is most of our boasted so-called knowledge but a conceit that we know something, which robs us of the advantage of our actual ignorance? What we call knowledge is often our positive ignorance; ignorance our negative knowledge. By long years of patient industry and reading of the newspapers—for what are the libraries of science but files of newspapers?—a man accumulates a myriad facts, lays them up in his memory, and then when in some spring of his life he saunters abroad into the Great Fields of thought, he as it were goes to grass like a horse, and leaves all his harness behind in the stable. I would say to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, sometimes, Go to grass. You have eaten hay long enough. The spring has come with its green crop. The very cows are driven to their country pastures before the end of May; though I have heard of one unnatural farmer who kept his cow in the barn and fed her on hay all the year round. So, frequently, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge treats its cattle.

A man's ignorance sometimes is not only useful, but beautiful; while his knowledge, so called, is oftentimes worse than useless, besides being ugly. Which is the best man to deal with: he who knows nothing about a subject, and—what is extremely rare—knows that he knows nothing, or he who really knows something about it, but thinks that he knows all?

My desire for knowledge is intermittent; but my desire to bathe my head in atmospheres unknown to my feet is perennial

and constant. The highest that we can attain to is not Knowledge, but Sympathy with Intelligence. I do not know that this higher knowledge amounts to anything more definite than a novel and grand surprise on a sudden revelation of the insufficiency of all that we called Knowledge before,—a discovery that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. It is the lighting-up of the mist by the sun. Man cannot *know* in any higher sense than this, any more than he can look serenely and with impunity in the face of the sun: Ὡς τὶ νοῶν, οὐδέ κείνον νοήσεις,—“You will not perceive that, as perceiving a particular thing,”—say the Chaldean Oracles.

There is something servile in the habit of seeking after a law which we may obey. We may study the laws of matter at and for our convenience, but a successful life knows no law. It is an unfortunate discovery certainly, that of a law which binds us where we did not know before that we were bound. Live free, child of the mist,—and with respect to knowledge we are all children of the mist. The man who takes the liberty to live is superior to all the laws, by virtue of his relation to the law-maker. “That is active duty,” says the ‘Vishnu Purana,’ “which is not for our bondage; that is knowledge which is for our liberation: all other duty is good only unto weariness; all other knowledge is only the cleverness of an artist.” . . .

Above all, we cannot afford not to live in the present. He is blessed over all mortals who loses no moment of the passing life in remembering the past. Unless our philosophy hears the cock crow in every barn-yard within our horizon, it is belated. That sound commonly reminds us that we are growing rusty and antique in our employments and habits of thought. His philosophy comes down to a more recent time than ours. There is something suggested by it that is a newer testament,—the gospel according to this moment. He has not fallen astern; he has got up early and kept up early; and to be where he is, is to be in season, in the foremost rank of time. It is an expression of the health and soundness of Nature, a brag for all the world,—healthiness as of a spring burst forth, a new fountain of the Muses, to celebrate this last instant of time. Where he lives, no fugitive-slave laws are passed. Who has not betrayed his master many times since last he heard that note?

The merit of this bird's strain is in its freedom from all plaintiveness. The singer can easily move us to tears or to

laughter, but where is he who can excite in us a pure morning joy? When, in doleful dumps, breaking the awful stillness of our wooden sidewalk on a Sunday, or perchance a watcher in the house of mourning, I hear a cockerel crow far or near, I think to myself, "There is one of us well, at any rate,"—and with a sudden gush return to my senses.

We had a remarkable sunset one day last November. I was walking in a meadow, the source of a small brook, when the sun at last, just before setting after a cold gray day, reached a clear stratum in the horizon; and the softest, brightest morning sunlight fell on the dry grass, and on the stems of the trees in the opposite horizon, and on the leaves of the shrub-oaks on the hillside, while our shadows stretched long over the meadow eastward, as if we were the only motes in its beams. It was such a light as we could not have imagined a moment before, and the air also was so warm and serene that nothing was wanting to make a paradise of that meadow. When we reflected that this was not a solitary phenomenon, never to happen again, but that it would happen forever and ever an infinite number of evenings, and cheer and reassure the latest child that walked there, it was more glorious still.

The sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory and splendor that it lavishes on cities, and perchance as it has never set before; where there is but a solitary marsh-hawk to have his wings gilded by it, or only a musquash looks out from his cabin, and there is some little black-veined brook in the midst of the marsh, just beginning to meander, winding slowly round a decaying stump. We walked in so pure and bright a light, gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur to it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of Elysium, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening.

So we saunter toward the Holy Land, till one day the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done; shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light, as warm and serene and golden as on a bank-side in autumn.



THUCYDIDES.



THUCYDIDES

(471 ?-400 ? B. C.)

BY HERBERT WEIR SMYTH

GOETHE'S aphorism that the ancients are children is less true of Thucydides than of any other Greek historian. Herodotus looked on the world with the open-eyed wonder of the child; Thucydides subjects it to the critical scrutiny of the man. After the age of story-telling, which finds as much delight in its art as in the truth, comes the age of sober investigation. The first step in Greek history was to record the past, the second was to narrate the events of the writer's own time. Thucydides is the first writer of contemporaneous history, as he is the first critical historian in the literature of Europe.

The author of the 'History of the Peloponnesian War' is our only authority for the few facts that are known concerning his life. He tells us that his father's name was Olorus; that he was a person of local importance from his ownership of mines in Thrace; that he was attacked by the plague which ravaged Athens; and that in 424 his ill success in his military command was the cause of his exile from Athens for twenty years. As one of the generals of the Athenian forces, he was summoned from Thasus by his colleague Eucles to assist him in holding Amphipolis against Brasidas. Though he made all speed, he failed to reach that city in time to prevent its surrender; while his successful defense of Eion failed to mitigate the anger of his countrymen at the loss of their chief stronghold in the north.

It was not till long after Thucydides's death that interest was awakened in the lives of the great literary artists. In order to satisfy the craving for anecdote and novelty, students of literature had to piece out the facts of tradition by fanciful inferences, by confusing persons of the same name, and by downright fabrications in the interest of picturesqueness. This process is illustrated in the story that when Herodotus was giving a public recital of his history at Athens, the youthful Thucydides, as if to presage his future distinction as a historian, burst into tears. "Olorus," said the Father of History, "thy son has a natural impulse toward knowledge." A sifting of the material in the 'Life' by Marcellinus, and in other late writers, yields little that is trustworthy.

Thucydides was born in the deme Halimus, on the coast of Attica, near Phalerum. The date of his birth is uncertain. It was roughly referred to 471 by Apollodorus, who calculated that in 431 the historian would have reached the age of forty,—the period of intellectual prime. By others the date was brought down as low as 454. We must rest content with the historian's statement that at the outbreak of the war in 431 he had attained an age that permitted maturity of judgment. His death probably took place before 399; certainly before 396, since he fails to take account of an eruption of *Ætna* in that year.

Like Demosthenes and Aristotle, Thucydides had northern non-Hellenic blood in his veins. His father Olorus was no doubt an Athenian citizen; but he was a descendant, probably the grandson, of the Thracian prince of that name, whose daughter Hegesipyle became the mother of Cimon by Miltiades, the victor at Marathon. It may not be a fanciful suggestion that a severe love of truth was a part of Thucydides's intellectual inheritance; for he is the only Greek historian who prefers that truth shall be unrefracted by the medium of poetry through which the naïve Hellene loved to view the history of his race. By birth Thucydides was, as we have seen, connected with Cimon, the leader of the aristocracy, whose policy guided Athens until the rise of Pericles. His youth and early manhood may have been spent partly in Athens, and at a time when the city which had taken the lead in rolling back the tide of Persian invasion was filled with the dreams of an external empire and the vision of a new culture in which reason and beauty were to make life richer than it had ever been before; when Sophocles was exhibiting his 'Antigone,' and Pheidias working at the Parthenon; when Pericles was fashioning those ideals which were to make his city renowned as the home of the highest possibilities of his race. The Sophists were grappling with the problem of the relation between words and things; Anaxagoras was opening new vistas to thought, in proclaiming the doctrine that it was mind which created the order and harmony of the universe. Who the actual teachers of Thucydides were, we do not know; nor did the ancients busy themselves with the question until the 'History' had been canonized in the first century B. C. But we may safely conjecture that the youth felt himself under the spell of the time, and animated by that free intellectual life on which the Athenian State rested its claims to superiority.

When the war broke out in 431, believing that it was to exceed in importance any other known in history, Thucydides set himself to collect the materials for his work,—a determination that shows him to have been rather a man of letters than a man of affairs.

We do not hear of his holding office before 424, the year of his generalship and of his banishment. The fatal tendency of the fierce democracy of Athens to punish their generals whose only fault was ill success, afforded the historian the opportunity to acquaint himself with the policy and operations of both sides; and by withdrawing him from further share in the conflict, made possible in a man of his judicial mood an unprejudiced inquiry into the events of the time. Whether Thucydides was indeed culpable at Amphipolis we cannot discover, because of his customary reticence in personal matters. But it is hazardous to assume that his dislike for Cleon is due to the agency of that demagogue in bringing about the sentence of condemnation.

During his exile, the historian made excursions to the Peloponnese,—perhaps even to Sicily and Italy,—in order to gather trustworthy accounts of the war. He is thought to have been present at the battle of Mantinea in 418. The vividness of his narrative, the detailed picture of intricate military operations, are evidence that he depended on the testimony of his own eyes or on the words of credible witnesses. He himself tells us that the search for truth was attended by labor; and that he did not rely on hearsay from any chance informant, nor presume to set down the facts of the war on his own assumption as to their probability. The hand of death overtook him before he had brought the narrative of the war beyond the oligarchical revolution and the battle of Cynossema, in 411, the twenty-first year of the contest that lasted twenty-seven years. Whether he died peaceably, or was killed by robbers in Thrace or in Athens (the biographers are ready with their conjectures), we do not know. Polemon saw his grave about 200 B. C., in the family vault of Cimon at Athens.

The current division of the 'History' into eight books is not that of the author, but the work of Alexandrine scholars. We hear of two other arrangements, into nine and thirteen books respectively. As it stands, the work falls into three parts. First, the 'Archæology,' or masterly survey of ancient history; the causes of the final rupture between Athens and Sparta; and the history of the ten years to the Peace of Nicias in 421 (i.-v. 25). Secondly, the doubtful truce, the struggle for allies in the Peloponnese, the battle of Mantinea (v. 26-116), and the Sicilian Expedition (vi., vii.), where the historian attains his highest excellence in sustained, brilliant, and vigorous composition. Thirdly, the Decelean War down to 411 (viii.), where the story breaks off abruptly. That the work is a torso is evident. A final revision would have smoothed out the inequalities and given greater unity to the whole. The treaties inserted in the text as it now stands do not square in all particulars with the narrative, or the

narrative with the treaties. Repetitions occur; and the eighth book, which alone contains no speeches, bears numerous marks of incompleteness.

The genesis of the 'History' has caused scholars almost as much difficulty as the evolution of Plato's philosophy. Some conclude that Thucydides thought the war had come to an end in 421; and that his narrative down to that point constituted the original deposit, to which were added the later accretions due to the unexpected renewal of the war. Others with more probability maintain that he began to compose the 'History' after the war was over, though certain portions—such as the Ten Years' War and the Sicilian Expedition—had before this received comparatively final treatment.

Thucydides's 'History' is pre-eminently a military history, a chronicle by summers and winters of the events of the war. Everything is subordinate to the main theme. Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, may be holding Athens captive by their dramas, Socrates may be shaking the foundations of the old philosophy,—to Thucydides discussions on literature, philosophy, and art are of less immediate importance than some petty foray in Acarnania. Nor will he touch on social conditions, or State policy, unless they have to deal with the course and conduct of the war. To this method he surrenders himself with rigid severity, except in a few instances; such as the early history of Sicily, and the corrective account of the assassination of Hipparchus in Book vi.,—which seems to represent a separate investigation that has there found an inorganic resting-place.

But under the hand of an artist to whom motives mean more than things, his story rises above the level of a vivid recital of campaigns. It becomes a tragic drama of incomparable interest, in which the Athenian ideal is matched against the Spartan ideal,—expansive intellect against vigorous self-restraint,—a drama which is to close with the eclipse of the supremacy of his native city. The events of these years, so pregnant with change to the national life of Greece, are passed in review before a cold and penetrating intellect. The drama becomes a philosophy of life. Unlike Herodotus, Thucydides sees in human affairs, not the immanence of Providence, but the calculation of man unsustained of God. It is the intellect, not the gods, that holds the master-keys of life. Oracles and prophecies are to this ancient skeptic the lure of the foolish, not the support of the reverent. Whatever statesmen may say, Thucydides scarcely ever substitutes chance for the logic of events. He compels complex motives to the sincerity of the elemental law of selfishness,—let him get and keep who can. He strips off the cloak of pretense, and makes men disclose their real purposes. Man is misled by fatal passion, and unexpected success breeds wanton hope. In this world of

calculating logic it is the emotive forces that disturb the judgment. The Athenian boasts of his superior acuteness, and his wisdom turns to folly. Thucydides is no moralist, and moral conventions play no part in the struggle he depicts. Virtue may vaunt itself, but it may often be resolved into mere generous shame. The nobility of simple-minded sincerity is the butt of unscrupulous cleverness; justice and self-interest have not acknowledged the identity to be set forth by philosophy; suspicion, born of a suicidal over-acuteness, inaugurates a reign of distrust. No doubt the picture of society in Thucydides is that of an organism tainted by the moral poison of war-times. Man tramples under foot his creation, law. But between abstinence from moral judgment, and cynicism, there is a gulf; nor must we look, with some, for the sardonic smile of the cynic when the historian relates some new sad reversal of fortune. It did not lie in Thucydides's purpose to let fly the shafts of a *sæva indignatio*, when in the very pity of all these atrocities, these treasons, these travesties of justice, lay their tragic pathos, needing no word of his to interpret them. To be the apostle of an evangel of a higher ethical code while narrating the miseries of a war fruitful in miseries, is more than we can demand of any Greek historian.

Thucydides gives us the impression of a man of noble character, and of a powerful intellect ripened by converse with enlightened men. He possessed a soul capable of rising to the greatness of his theme. The most authentic bust (belonging to the Earl of Leicester) displays, according to Professor Mahaffy, those qualities of sternness, strength, and modernness which stamp the character of the history. He is distinguished by dignity, elevation, and calm. He disdains trivialities, the accidental sides of personality. Gossip and scandal he puts aside, as he finds no place for those kindly familiarities which awaken interest at the expense of elevation. He looks at men and things with a large vision. Raised above a traditional prejudice for aristocracy, while he recognizes the wisdom of Pericles, whose policy his work may be said to vindicate, he confesses that Athens was never better governed than under the oligarchy of 411 B.C. He is a master in the art of suppressing his emotions. "Under the marble exterior of Greek literature," says Jowett—and the remark is true of Thucydides—"was concealed a soul thrilling with spiritual emotion." Probably no other writer possesses the tremendous reserve force of Thucydides, in recounting disasters that must have been heart-breaking to a patriot. Rarely indeed do we find such an expression as "sufferings too great for tears," used when he is describing the disasters of the Athenians before Syracuse. He may even affect us with the hostility of impatience, as in the bald narration of the utter brutality of the Athenian policy toward the Melians. But as

his inquiry must not be liable to assault on the ground of bias, he withdraws his personality to a safe distance from the scene. From personal judgment he abstains, except when his readers might be tempted to form false conclusions.

If in the narration of contemporary events Thucydides is the most objective of the ancient historians, from the point of view of style he is, with the possible exception of Tacitus, the most subjective of all. When he began to write, Attic prose was in its infancy. His predecessors were the Ionic chroniclers, whose easy-flowing, unperiodic style was ill suited to a theme demanding a powerful and compressed idiom. The problem before Thucydides was to chisel out of the rough marble of Attic speech a form of expression that would comport with the gravity of his subject and the philosophic character of his mind. Tragedy could be called upon to augment his vocabulary; the formal rhetoric of the Sophists could supply him with devices for varying his native power of plain but vigorous description. The chief difficulty was to find adequate expression for the new and pregnant political and philosophical ideas of the time. Here he had to create a style from the stubborn material of an unsettled speech; and here it is that we find the chief examples of his austerity. When Thucydides was exiled, men had only just been awakened to the power that lies in the artistic arrangement of words in prose. The result was a conventional and high-strung rhetoric, which Thucydides in his exile could not unbend by contact with the newer teachers. When he returned to Athens, his style, like his ideals, had become irrevocably fixed. Meantime, at Athens, the process of adjusting expression to the spirit of the age had resulted in the plain and ungarnished style of Lysias. While much of Thucydides's harshness may be ascribed to the unformed condition of nascent Attic speech, and some part of his irregularities may be charged to the account of the copyists, enough remains to show that the peculiarities of his diction are largely individual. When he wishes, he can write simply and nervously ("The lion laughs," says an ancient commentator), as in the description of the siege of Plataea. When we come from the reading of Plato or Demosthenes, we feel that it is from his very striving after clearness that Thucydides becomes obscure. His particularity is too minute. He uses high where we should use low relief. Naturally terse, his brevity leads him to pack a paragraph into a sentence, a sentence into a single word. The very words seem to pant for air. He hurries us on to a new thought before we have grasped the one that preceded ("semper instans sibi,*" says Quintilian). He is especially fond of antithesis,—a mark of the

* Ever pressing close upon his own heels."

time. He differentiates synonyms as if Prodicus were at his elbow. Formal grammar he rarely violates, and verbal association will generally explain the apparent irregularities. If the style is rugged it is never mean; it often attains a noble beauty and grandeur; and throughout, it mirrors the deep moral earnestness of the man. Irony he possesses, but no humor.

The peculiarities of this style are most marked in the speeches; which are either deliberative (including the hortatory addresses to the soldiers), panegyric as in the famous oration of Pericles, or judicial. They are usually arranged in pairs, so as to set forth the interest and policy of the conflicting parties. It is interesting to note, however, that no speaker voices the opposition to Pericles. In one case, instead of two speeches, we have a dialogue between the Athenians and the Melians; placed with fine dramatic irony at that point where the recital of Athenian insolence is to be succeeded by the story of Athens's downfall. The speeches serve not only to relieve the monotony of annalistic narration: they illuminate the character of the great personages; they personify a national cause; and they enable us to realize with intense vividness the policy of the leading statesmen of the time. Not that they are authentic. Thucydides says that he has merely put into the mouth of each speaker the sentiments proper to the occasion, expressed as he thought the speaker would be likely to express them, while at the same time he has endeavored to embody the substance of what was actually said. The idealized and majestic form is undoubtedly Thucydidean, though some attention has been given to differentiating the styles of the speakers. The speech of the ephor Sthenelaïdas has a laconic brevity; that of Alcibiades is as full of metaphors as it is of egotism. All the speeches, even that of Cleon the tanner, show an elevated style. The longer orations display a subtle acquaintance with the character of the speakers, and are truly Thucydidean in keeping our intellectual faculties on the stretch. In inserting these public harangues, Thucydides set the type which becomes merely artificial in imitators like Sallust and others. In him they are a natural product of that period in the growth of Attic prose when prose writing was almost entirely confined to oratory.

The Greek standard in matters of literary indebtedness was not the modern standard. Failure to acknowledge one's debt in ancient times is generally to be regarded as merely evidence of agreement; and Thucydides passes over the name of Stesimbrotus who wrote on Themistocles, and of Antiochus of Syracuse to whose work he was largely indebted. Allusion to a predecessor serves only as an opportunity to bring him to penance. Herodotus castigates Hecataeus, Thucydides castigates Herodotus and Hellanicus. How far is Thucydides himself invulnerable?

If we consider the difficulties of composing contemporaneous history in ancient times, when inscriptions were the only written records, we shall not wonder if Thucydides may have blundered here and there. One inscription shows that he (or was it the defenseless copyist?) misstated the name of a general. There are a few variations of minor importance between a treaty inserted in the text and the actual document discovered on the Acropolis. It has been reserved for our generation to produce an *advocatus diaboli*, who, in the person of Müller-Strübing, endeavors to shake our belief in the general accuracy of the historian. He charges him with suppressing frequently facts of prime importance. When the last word on this score has been said, we may still believe that if Thucydides, a writer of contemporaneous history, had been inaccurate, he would have raised up a cloud of witnesses ready to impeach him. The ancients regarded him as fair-minded, and he makes upon us the impression of a truthfulness and a candor that are free from all simulation. In the third century B. C., Thucydides was the ideal truthful historian, who, as Praxiphanes the pupil of Theophrastus says, "though mostly unknown in his lifetime, was valued beyond price by posterity." Conscious of the single purpose to narrate events as they really were, Thucydides says with lofty confidence that he "will be satisfied if his work shall prove useful to those who wish to see the truth, both of what has happened and will happen again, according to the order of human things." Dionysius, his chief student in antiquity, learned from him that history is philosophy teaching by examples. Only a profound conviction of the truth could have led Thucydides to the belief that by the past we can foresee the future; and emboldened him to the statement that "unlike the narratives of those who intermingle fables with history to delight the hearer for the moment, his work is a possession to keep forever."

Herbert Weir Smyth

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—The first edition of the text is that of Aldus (1502). The elaborate edition in eleven volumes by Poppo (1821-40) is still a storehouse of information. Stahl has re-edited (1886 ff.) the abbreviated Poppo (four vols.) in a convenient and serviceable edition with Latin notes. The edition by Arnold (1831-35) is interesting for its historical comments. Grammatical interpretation is the strong feature of the German edition by Classen, several of whose volumes have appeared in an English dress. Hobbes, the author of the 'Leviathan,' translated Thucydides in 1628. The most recent translation is that of Jowett (1881), from whom the following extracts are taken.

H. W. S.

THE NIGHT ATTACK ON PLATÆA

AND now the war between the Athenians and Peloponnesians and the allies of both actually began. Henceforward the struggle was uninterrupted, and they communicated with one another only by heralds. The narrative is arranged according to summers and winters, and follows the order of events.

For fourteen years the thirty years' peace . . . remained unbroken. But in the fifteenth year, when Chrysis the high-priestess of Argos was in the forty-eighth year of her priesthood, Ænesias being ephor at Sparta, and at Athens Pythodorus having two months of his archonship to run, . . . and at the beginning of spring, about the first watch of the night, an armed force of somewhat more than three hundred Thebans entered Platæa, a city of Bœotia which was an ally of Athens. . . . They were invited by Naucleides, a Platæan, and his partisans, who opened the gates to them. These men wanted to kill certain citizens of the opposite faction, and to make over the city to the Thebans, in the hope of getting the power into their own hands. . . . There was an old quarrel between the two cities; and the Thebans, seeing that war was inevitable, were anxious to surprise the place while the peace lasted, and before hostilities had actually broken out. No watch had been set; and so they were enabled to enter the city unperceived. They grounded their arms in the agora; but instead of going to work at once, and making their way into the houses of their enemies, as those who invited them suggested, they resolved to issue a conciliatory proclamation, and try to make friends with the citizens. The herald announced that if any one wished to become their ally, and return to the ancient constitution of Bœotia, he should join their ranks. In this way they thought that the inhabitants would easily be induced to come over to them.

The Platæans, when they found that the city had been surprised and taken, and that the Thebans were within their walls, were panic-stricken. In the darkness they were unable to see them, and greatly overestimated their numbers. So they came to terms, and accepting the proposals which were made to them, remained quiet,—the more readily since the Thebans offered violence to no one. But in the course of the negotiations they somehow discovered that their enemies were not so numerous as

they had supposed, and concluded that they could easily attack and master them. They determined to make the attempt; for the Plataean people were strongly attached to the Athenian alliance. They began to collect inside the houses, breaking through the party-walls that they might not be seen going along the streets; they likewise raised barricades of wagons, unyoking the beasts which drew them, and took other measures suitable to the emergency. When they had done all which could be done under the circumstances, they sallied forth from their houses; choosing the time of night just before daybreak, lest, if they put off the attack until dawn, the enemy might be more confident and more a match for them. While darkness lasted they would be timid, and at a disadvantage, not knowing the streets so well as themselves. So they fell upon them at once hand to hand.

When the Thebans found that they had been deceived, they closed their ranks and resisted their assailants on every side. Two or three times they drove them back. But when at last the Plataeans charged them with a great shout, and the women and slaves on the housetops screamed and yelled and pelted them with stones and tiles, the confusion being aggravated by the rain which had been falling heavily during the night, they turned and fled in terror through the city. Hardly any of them knew the way out, and the streets were dark as well as muddy, for the affair happened at the end of the month when there was no moon; whereas their pursuers knew well enough how to prevent their escape: and thus many of them perished. The gates by which they entered were the only ones open; and these a Plataean fastened with the spike of a javelin, which he thrust into the bar instead of the pin. So this exit too was closed, and they were chased up and down the city. Some of them mounted upon the wall, and cast themselves down into the open. Most of these were killed. Others got out by a deserted gate, cutting through the bar unperceived, with an axe which a woman gave them; but only a few, for they were soon found out. Others lost themselves in different parts of the city, and were put to death. But the greater number kept together, and took refuge in a large building abutting upon the wall, of which the doors on the near side chanced to be open; they thinking them to be the gates of the city, and expecting to find a way through them into the country. The Plataeans, seeing that they were in a trap, began to consider whether they should not set the building on

fire, and burn them where they were. At last they, and the other Thebans who were still alive and were wandering about the city, agreed to surrender themselves and their arms unconditionally. Thus fared the Thebans in Plataea.

The main body of the Theban army, which should have come during the night to the support of the party entering the city in case of a reverse, having on their march heard of the disaster, were now hastening to the rescue. Plataea is about eight miles distant from Thebes, and the heavy rain which had fallen in the night delayed their arrival; for the river Asopus had swollen, and was not easily fordable. Marching in the rain, and with difficulty crossing the river, they came up too late; some of their friends being already slain and others captives. When the Thebans became aware of the state of affairs, they resolved to lay hands on the Plataeans who were outside the walls; for there were men and property left in the fields, as would naturally happen when a sudden blow was struck in time of peace. And they meant to keep any one whom they caught as a hostage, and exchange him for one of their own men if any of them were still alive. But before they had executed their plan, the Plataeans, suspecting their intentions, and fearing for their friends outside, sent a herald to the Thebans protesting against the crime of which they had been guilty in seizing their city during peace, and warning them not to touch anything which was outside the walls. If they persisted, they threatened in return to kill the prisoners; but if they retired, they would give them up. This is the Theban account; and they add that the Plataeans took an oath. The Plataeans do not admit that they ever promised to restore the captives at once, but only if they could agree after negotiations; and they deny that they took an oath. However this may have been, the Thebans withdrew, leaving the Plataean territory unhurt; but the Plataeans had no sooner got in their property from the country than they put the prisoners to death. Those who were taken were a hundred and eighty in number; and Eurymachus, with whom the betrayers of the city had negotiated, was one of them.

When they had killed their prisoners, they sent a messenger to Athens and gave back the dead to the Thebans under a flag of truce; they then took the necessary measures for the security of the city. The news had already reached Athens; and the Athenians had instantly seized any Bœotians who were in Attica

and sent a herald to Plataea bidding them do no violence to the Theban prisoners, but wait for instructions from Athens. The news of their death had not arrived. For the first messenger had gone out when the Thebans entered, and the second when they were just defeated and captured: but of what followed, the Athenians knew nothing; they sent the message in ignorance, and the herald, when he arrived, found the prisoners dead. The Athenians next dispatched an army to Plataea, and brought in corn. Then, leaving a small force in the place, they conveyed away the least serviceable of the citizens, together with the women and children. The affair of Plataea was a glaring violation of the thirty years' truce; and the Athenians now made preparations for war.

PERICLES'S MEMORIAL ORATION OVER THE ATHENIAN DEAD
OF THE FIRST CAMPAIGN

MOST of those who have spoken here before me have commended the lawgiver who added this oration to our other funeral customs: it seemed to them a worthy thing that such an honor should be given at their burial to the dead who have fallen on the field of battle. But I should have preferred that when men's deeds have been brave, they should be honored in deed only, and with such an honor as this public funeral which you are now witnessing. Then the reputation of many would not have been imperiled on the eloquence or want of eloquence of one, and their virtues believed or not as he spoke well or ill. For it is difficult to say neither too little nor too much; and even moderation is apt not to give the impression of truthfulness. The friend of the dead who knows the facts is likely to think that the words of the speaker fall short of his knowledge and of his wishes; another who is not so well informed, when he hears of anything which surpasses his own powers, will be envious and will suspect exaggeration. Mankind are tolerant of the praises of others so long as each hearer thinks that he can do as well or nearly as well himself; but when the speaker rises above him, jealousy is aroused and he begins to be incredulous. However, since our ancestors have set the seal of their approval upon the practice, I must obey, and to the utmost of my power

shall endeavor to satisfy the wishes and beliefs of all who hear me.

I will speak first of our ancestors; for it is right and becoming that now, when we are lamenting the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory. There has never been a time when they did not inhabit this land, which by their valor they have handed down from generation to generation, and we have received from them a free State. But if they were worthy of praise, still more were our fathers, who added to their inheritance, and after many a struggle transmitted to us their sons this great empire. And we ourselves assembled here to-day, who are still most of us in the vigor of life, have chiefly done the work of improvement, and have richly endowed our city with all things, so that she is sufficient for herself both in peace and war. Of the military exploits by which our various possessions were acquired, or of the energy with which we or our fathers drove back the tide of war, Hellenic or Barbarian, I will not speak; for the tale would be long, and is familiar to you. But before I praise the dead, I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions and through what manner of life our empire became great. For I conceive that such thoughts are not unsuited to the occasion, and that this numerous assembly of citizens and strangers may profitably listen to them.

Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbors, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy; for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognized; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbor if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him, which though harmless are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts: we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws; having an especial regard

to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured, as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil: we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; at home the style of our life is refined; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us; so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own.

Then again, our military training is in many respects superior to that of our adversaries. Our city is thrown open to the world; and we never expel a foreigner, or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret if revealed to an enemy might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. And here is the proof. The Lacedæmonians come into Attica not by themselves, but with their whole confederacy following: we go alone into a neighbor's country; and although our opponents are fighting for their homes and we on a foreign soil, we have seldom any difficulty in overcoming them. Our enemies have never yet felt our united strength; the care of a navy divides our attention, and on land we are obliged to send our own citizens everywhere. But they, if they meet and defeat a part of our army, are as proud as if they had routed us all; and when defeated they pretend to have been vanquished by us all.

If then we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? Since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest; and thus too our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace: the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the State because he takes care of his own

household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as a harmless but as a useless character; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges, of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act, and of acting too; whereas other men are courageous from ignorance but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits, who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of life, do not on that account shrink from anger. In doing good, again, we are unlike others: we make our friends by conferring, not by receiving favors. Now he who confers a favor is the firmer friend, because he would fain by kindness keep alive the memory of an obligation; but the recipient is colder in his feelings, because he knows that in requiting another's generosity he will not be winning gratitude, but only paying a debt. We alone do good to our neighbors not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit.

To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the State. For in the hour of trial, Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses: there are mighty monuments of our power, which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist, whose poetry may please for the moment although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valor, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died: they could not bear the thought that she might

be taken from them; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf.

I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish by manifest proof the merit of these men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them whose virtues made her glorious. And of how few Hellenes can it be said as of them, that their deeds when weighed in the balance have been found equal to their fame! Methinks that a death such as theirs has been, gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valor with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the State more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth, or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man though poor may one day become rich. But deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honorably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came, they were minded to resist and suffer rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonor, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast: and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you for ever about the advantages of a brave defense, which you know already. But instead of listening to him, I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her: and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire

has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it; who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them; and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres,—I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone, but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples; and esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. The unfortunate who has no hope of a change for the better has less reason to throw away his life than the prosperous; who, if he survive, is always liable to a change for the worse, and to whom any accidental fall makes the most serious difference. To a man of spirit, cowardice and disaster coming together are far more bitter than death striking him unperceived, at a time when he is full of courage and animated by the general hope.

Wherefore I do not now commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and that they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honor,—whether an honorable death like theirs, or an honorable sorrow like yours,—and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life. I know how hard it is to make you feel this, when the good fortune of others will too often remind you of the gladness which once lightened your hearts. And sorrow is felt at the want of those blessings, not which a man never knew, but which were a part of his life before they were taken from him. Some of you are of an age at which they may hope to have other children; and they ought to bear their sorrow better: not only will the children who may hereafter be born make them forget their own lost ones, but the city will be doubly a gainer,—she will not be left

desolate, and she will be safer. For a man's counsel cannot have equal weight or worth when he alone has no children to risk in the general danger. To those of you who have passed their prime, I say: "Congratulate yourselves that you have been happy during the greater part of your days; remember that your life of sorrow will not last long, and be comforted by the glory of those who are gone. For the love of honor alone is ever young; and not riches, as some say, but honor is the delight of men when they are old and useless."

To you who are the sons and brothers of the departed, I see that the struggle to emulate them will be an arduous one. For all men praise the dead; and however pre-eminent your virtue may be, hardly will you be thought, I do not say to equal, but even to approach them. The living have their rivals and detractors; but when a man is out of the way, the honor and good-will which he receives is unalloyed. And if I am to speak of womanly virtues to those of you who will henceforth be widows, let me sum them up in one short admonition: To a woman, not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or for evil among men.

I have paid the required tribute in obedience to the law, making use of such fitting words as I had. The tribute of deeds has been paid in part: for the dead have been honorably interred, and it remains only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up; this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons living and dead, after a struggle like theirs. For where the rewards of virtue are greatest, there the noblest citizens are enlisted in the service of the State. And now, when you have duly lamented every one his own dead, you may depart.

REFLECTIONS ON REVOLUTION

WHEN troubles had once begun in the cities, those who followed carried the revolutionary spirit further and further, and determined to outdo the report of all who had preceded them by the ingenuity of their enterprises and the atrocity of their revenges. The meaning of words had no longer the same relation to things, but was changed by them as they

thought proper. Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness; to know everything was to do nothing. Frantic energy was the true quality of man. A conspirator who wanted to be safe was a recreant in disguise. The lover of violence was always trusted, and his opponent suspected. He who succeeded in a plot was deemed knowing, but a still greater master in craft was he who detected one. On the other hand, he who plotted from the first to have nothing to do with plots was a breaker-up of parties, and a poltroon who was afraid of the enemy. In a word, he who could outstrip another in a bad action was applauded, and so was he who encouraged to evil one who had no idea of it. The tie of party was stronger than the tie of blood, because a partisan was more ready to dare without asking why. (For party associations are not based upon any established law, nor do they seek the public good: they are formed in defiance of the laws and from self-interest.) The seal of good faith was not Divine law, but fellowship in crime. If an enemy when he was in the ascendant offered fair words, the opposite party received them, not in a generous spirit, but by a jealous watchfulness of his actions. Revenge was dearer than self-preservation. Any agreements sworn to by either party, when they could do nothing else, were binding as long as both were powerless. But he who on a favorable opportunity first took courage, and struck at his enemy when he saw him off his guard, had greater pleasure in a perfidious, than he would have had in an open, act of revenge: he congratulated himself that he had taken the safer course, and also that he had overreached his enemy and gained the prize of superior ability. In general, the dishonest more easily gain credit for cleverness than the simple for goodness: men take a pride in the one, but are ashamed of the other.

The cause of all these evils was the love of power originating in avarice and ambition, and the party spirit which is engendered by them when men are fairly embarked in a contest. For the leaders on either side used specious names: the one party professing to uphold the constitutional equality of the many, the other the wisdom of an aristocracy; while they made the public interests, to which in name they were devoted, in reality their prize. Striving in every way to overcome each other, they committed the most monstrous crimes, yet even these were surpassed by

the magnitude of their revenges, which they pursued to the very utmost,—neither party observing any definite limits either of justice or public expediency, but both alike making the caprice of the moment their law. Either by the help of an unrighteous sentence, or grasping power with the strong hand, they were eager to satiate the impatience of party spirit. Neither faction cared for religion; but any fair pretense which succeeded in effecting some odious purpose was greatly lauded. And the citizens who were of neither party fell a prey to both: either they were disliked because they held aloof, or men were jealous of their surviving.

Thus revolution gave birth to every form of wickedness in Hellas. The simplicity which is so large an element in a noble nature was laughed to scorn and disappeared. An attitude of perfidious antagonism everywhere prevailed; for there was no word binding enough, nor oath terrible enough, to reconcile enemies. Each man was strong only in the conviction that nothing was secure: he must look to his own safety, and could not afford to trust others. Inferior intellects generally succeeded best. For, aware of their own deficiencies, and fearing the capacity of their opponents, for whom they were no match in powers of speech, and whose subtle wits were likely to anticipate them in contriving evil, they struck boldly and at once. But the cleverer sort, presuming in their arrogance that they would be aware in time, and disdain to act when they could think, were taken off their guard and easily destroyed.

Now, in Corcyra most of these deeds were perpetrated, and for the first time. There was every crime which men might be supposed to perpetrate in revenge who had been governed not wisely, but tyrannically, and now had the oppressor at their mercy. They were the dishonest designs of others who were longing to be relieved from their habitual poverty, and were naturally animated by a passionate desire for their neighbors' goods; and there were crimes of another class, which men commit not from covetousness, but from the enmity which equals foster towards one another until they are carried away by their blind rage into the extremes of pitiless cruelty. At such a time the life of the city was all in disorder; and human nature, which is always ready to transgress the laws, having now trampled them under foot, delighted to show that her passions were ungovernable,—that she was stronger than justice, and the enemy of everything

above her. If malignity had not exercised a fatal power, how could any one have preferred revenge to piety, and gain to innocence? But when men are retaliating upon others, they are reckless of the future, and do not hesitate to annul those common laws of humanity to which every individual trusts for his own hope of deliverance should he ever be overtaken by calamity; they forget that in their own hour of need they will look for them in vain.

THE FINAL STRUGGLE IN THE HARBOR OF SYRACUSE

THE Syracusans and their allies had already put out with nearly the same number of ships as before. A detachment of them guarded the entrance of the harbor; the remainder were disposed all round it in such a manner that they might fall on the Athenians from every side at once, and that their land forces might at the same time be able to co-operate wherever the ships retreated to the shore. Sicanus and Agatharchus commanded the Syracusan fleet, each of them a wing; Pythen and the Corinthians occupied the centre. When the Athenians approached the closed mouth of the harbor, the violence of their onset overpowered the ships which were stationed there; they then attempted to loosen the fastenings. Whereupon from all sides the Syracusans and their allies came bearing down upon them; and the conflict was no longer confined to the entrance, but extended throughout the harbor. No previous engagement had been so fierce and obstinate. Great was the eagerness with which the rowers on both sides rushed upon their enemies whenever the word of command was given; and keen was the contest between the pilots as they manœuvred one against another. The marines too were full of anxiety that when ship struck ship, the service on deck should not fall short of the rest; every one in the place assigned to him was eager to be foremost among his fellows. Many vessels meeting—and never did so many fight in so small a space, for the two fleets together amounted to nearly two hundred—they were seldom able to strike in the regular manner, because they had no opportunity of first retiring or breaking the line; they generally fouled one another, as ship dashed against ship in the hurry of flight or pursuit. All the time that another vessel was bearing down, the men on deck poured showers of javelins and

arrows and stones upon the enemy; and when the two closed, the marines fought hand to hand, and endeavored to board. In many places, owing to the want of room, they who had struck another found that they were struck themselves; often two or even more vessels were unavoidably entangled about one, and the pilots had to make plans of attack and defense, not against one adversary only, but against several coming from different sides. The crash of so many ships dashing against one another took away the wits of the sailors, and made it impossible to hear the boatswains, whose voices in both fleets rose high, as they gave directions to the rowers, or cheered them on in the excitement of the struggle. On the Athenian side they were shouting to their men that they must force a passage, and seize the opportunity now or never of returning in safety to their native land. To the Syracusans and their allies was represented the glory of preventing the escape of their enemies, and of a victory by which every man would exalt the honor of his own city. The commanders too, when they saw any ship backing water without necessity, would call the captain by his name, and ask of the Athenians whether they were retreating because they expected to be more at home upon the land of their bitterest foes than upon that sea which had been their own so long; on the Syracusan side, whether, when they knew perfectly well that the Athenians were only eager to find some means of flight, they would themselves fly from the fugitives.

While the naval engagement hung in the balance, the two armies on shore had great trial and conflict of soul. The Sicilian soldier was animated by the hope of increasing the glory which he had already won, while the invader was tormented by the fear that his fortunes might sink lower still. The last chance of the Athenians lay in their ships, and their anxiety was dreadful. The fortune of the battle varied; and it was not possible that the spectators on the shore should all receive the same impression of it. Being quite close, and having different points of view, they would some of them see their own ships victorious; their courage would then revive, and they would earnestly call upon the gods not to take from them their hope of deliverance. But others, who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state

of excitement still more terrible: they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear, as the stubborn conflict went on and on; for at every instant they were all-but saved or all-but lost. And while the strife hung in the balance, you might hear in the Athenian army at once lamentation, shouting cries of victory or defeat, and all the various sounds which are wrung from a great host in extremity of danger. Not less agonizing were the feelings of those on board. At length the Syracusans and their allies, after a protracted struggle, put the Athenians to flight; and triumphantly bearing down upon them, and encouraging one another with loud cries and exhortations, drove them to land. Then that part of the navy which had not been taken in the deep water fell back in confusion to the shore, and the crews rushed out of the ships into the camp. And the land forces, no longer now divided in feeling, but uttering one universal groan of intolerable anguish, ran, some of them to save the ships, others to defend what remained of the wall; but the greater number began to look to themselves and to their own safety. Never had there been a greater panic in an Athenian army than at that moment. Thus, after a fierce battle and a great destruction of ships and men on both sides, the Syracusans and their allies gained the victory.

ALBIUS TIBULLUS

(54 ?-19 ? B. C.)

BY G. M. WHICHER

THE elegiac couplet, which Horace pronounced suitable for laments and votive inscriptions, had been used by the early Greek poets for a wide range of subjects. The political reflections of Solon, the warlike strains of Tyrtæus, the gnomic wisdom of Theognis, had all seemed to them as appropriately written in this metre, as the famous dirges of Simonides, or Minnermus's complaints over the swift passing of life and love.



ALBIUS TIBULLUS

More personal in tone than the epic, while less strenuous than lyric measures, elegy was used apparently to embody all slighter themes and emotions less exalted than were demanded by the grander styles.

Naturally, therefore, the age which saw the final decay of the literature that began with Homer and Sappho found this form of verse congenial to its taste. In the hands of Alexandrian writers,—Callimachus, Philletas, Hermesianax, and their imitators,—it was a favorite form of erudite versifying. They identified the elegy chiefly with erotic themes; and it was with traditions due to

them that it passed to the younger poets of the Augustan age,—Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid. These writers, if less learned than their teachers, had a more ardent temperament, fresher and more vivid sensibilities. Accordingly, this last form of literature which the Romans appropriated from the Greeks was one of the very few in which they could flatter themselves that they had surpassed their models.

If not the greatest genius among Roman elegiac poets,—as many ancient critics were inclined to rate him,—Tibullus was at least the most typical. His art was the most consistent and symmetrically developed, quite in keeping with his amiable and yet singularly independent character. It was his aim to be an elegiast pure and simple. His love, or rather its reflection in his poetry, was to him all in all; and no other subject could long divert his attention. Even Propertius sometimes forgets his Cynthia, and repeats a legend of early Rome,

or recounts the exploits of Augustus. And Ovid could neglect the art of love to narrate the adventures of gods and heroes. But to the end Tibullus is found, as Horace pictures him in the well-known ode, chanting his "miserabiles elegos" and bewailing the harshness of his mistress.*

This entire devotion to his one chosen theme not only distinguishes him from these his immediate rivals, but is in marked contrast with the attitude of the greater poets of the Augustan age. Horace and Virgil, though provincials of low birth, possibly of alien race, and writing in the very shadow of the imperial power, are yet impressed by a sense of Rome's greatness. Though freedom had perished, they believe that there is still a mission for the noble qualities that had made the nation great: to conserve, to stimulate, to direct these loftier impulses, are the aims which lend dignity to their art. But Tibullus, who was by birth and breeding a Roman of the Romans, seemingly cares for none of these things. His family was of equestrian rank, and he still owned part of the ancestral estate at Pedum, almost within sight of the Capitol. His patron and intimate friend was Messala,—one of the noblest figures of the age, and not less conspicuous for his services to the State than for the dauntless independence which even Augustus acknowledged and respected. Yet nothing can be more un-Roman than the manner in which Tibullus shrinks from public life, and sings the supreme blessings of peace and retirement. He celebrates his patron's Aquitanian campaign, in which the poet himself was present, B. C. 30; but it is his friend, and not the commonwealth, that is uppermost in his thoughts. Messala bore a gallant part at Actium; but Tibullus, alone of the poets of the day, has nothing to say of the significance of that struggle. Once he does indeed speak of the glorious destiny of Rome, the "name fatal to nations"; but his interest even here is roused by the induction of Messalinus, his friend's son, into a priesthood!

This apparent incivism may be explained in part by the fact that Messala and his entire circle held themselves aloof from the policy of the empire. And in part it may be only the artist's pose, not the attitude of the man. We know little of him save the narrow range of feelings which he considered appropriate to his poetry. Horace in his epistles has sketched another picture of his friend, living upon his small estate, with riches, health, fame, and beauty to make him happy,—a picture which many find it difficult to reconcile with the melancholy and pensive Tibullus of the elegies. Yet there is no

*The sixteen poems which are undoubtedly his workmanship tell us little save the vicissitudes of his passion for Delia, Nemesis, and even less worthy objects of affection.

good reason to doubt their identity. Tibullus has chosen to limit himself to a narrow range, and his art gains by the restrictions imposed upon it. His loves, his friendships, his longing for the serene and peaceful life of the country, his regard for the simple deities and religious rites of his forefathers,—these are the materials of which with fine skill he constructs his poems. The tasteless learning of his Alexandrian predecessors he never imitates; nor does he degenerate into that sensuality which is the reproach of ancient erotic poetry. If he never startles, as Propertius occasionally does, by some powerful line, some striking image, he lacks too the frequent obscurity and the harshness of phrase which mar that poet's work. Ovid's more fluent style and more romantic themes have won for him a wider circle of readers; he has wit and brilliancy, and the charm of his work is apparent on the surface. But Tibullus, while equally smooth and polished in his versification, possesses a grace and a refinement of sentiment that are his alone.

As his art is the most harmonious, so his personality is by far the most attractive of the three. Especially does he reveal a delicacy of feeling which is all too rare among ancient writers when dealing with the sentiment of love. Delia and Nemesis may have found their portraits shadowy beside the vivid figures of Clodia, Cynthia, and the other charmers who rejoiced to "flourish more illustrious than Roman Ilia"; but there was at least a unique generosity, an unwonted self-abnegation, in the artist whom they inspired. It is easy to believe that there were many traits in his gentle and winning character which recalled the greatest and purest of his contemporaries; and it was more than the chance coincidence of their death in the same year which led a later poet to associate Tibullus, in the Elysian fields, with the mightier shade of Virgil.

Under the name of Tibullus, four books of elegies are extant; but the greater number of scholars now believe that the last two are the work of Lygdamus, Sulpicia, and perhaps other writers of Messala's coterie. Their characteristics are not essentially different from those ascribed to the undoubted work of Tibullus.

Among the complete editions with critical notes are those of Lachman (Berlin, 1829), Hiller (Leipzig, 1885), and Dissen (Göttingen, 1835). There are in English only selections readily accessible: the most recent in Ramsay's 'Selections from Propertius and Tibullus.' Sellar's 'Roman Poets of the Augustan Age' contains an admirable survey of the Latin elegiac school, though the chapter on Ovid is but a fragment. The best verse translation is by Cranstoun (London, 1872).

G. M. Whicher.

ON THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE

THEIR piles of golden ore let others heap,
 And hold their countless roods of cultured soil,
 Whom neighboring foes in constant terror keep,—
 The weary victims of unceasing toil.

Let clang of drums and trumpet's blast dispel
 The balmy sleep their hearts in vain desire:
 At home in poverty and ease I'd dwell,
 My hearth aye gleaming with a cheerful fire.

In season due I'd plant the pliant vine,
 With skillful hand my swelling apples rear;
 Nor fail, blest Hope! but still to me consign
 Rich fruits, and vats abrim with rosy cheer.

For the lone stump afield I still revere,
 Or ancient stone, whence flowery garlands nod,
 In cross-roads set: the first-fruits of the year
 I duly offer to the peasant's god.

O fair-haired Ceres! let the spiky crown,
 Culled from my field, adorn thy shrine-door aye;
 Amid my orchards red Priapus frown,
 And with his threatening bill the birds dismay.

Guards of a wealthy once, now poor domain,
 Ye Lares! still my gift your wardship cheers:
 A fatted calf did then your altars stain,
 To purify innumerable steers.

A lambkin now,— a meagre* offering,—
 From the few fields that still I reckon mine,
 Shall fall for you, while rustic voices sing,
 "Oh, grant the harvests, grant the generous wine!"

Now I can live content on scanty fare,
 Nor for long travels do I bear the will:
 'Neath some tree's shade I'd shun the Dog's fierce glare,
 Beside the waters of a running rill.

Nor let me blush the while to wield the rake,
 Or with the lash the laggard oxen ply;
 The struggling lamb within my bosom take,
 Or kid, by heedless dam left lone to die.

* *Parva*; other texts *magna*.

Spare my small flock, ye thieves and wolves! Away
Where wealthier cotes an ampler beauty hold:
I for my swain lustrations yearly pay,
And soothe with milk the goddess of the fold.

Then smile, ye gods! nor view with high disdain
The frugal gifts clean earthen bowls convey:
Such earthen vessels erst the ancient swain
Molded and fashioned from the plastic clay.

The wealth and harvest stores my sires possessed
I covet not: few sheaves will yield me bread;
Enough, reclining on my couch to rest,
And stretch my limbs upon the wonted bed.

How sweet to lie and hear the wild winds roar,
While to our breast the lovèd one we strain;
Or when the cold South's sleety torrents pour,
To sleep secure, lulled by the plashing rain!

This lot be mine: let him be rich, 'tis fair,
Who braves the wrathful sea and tempests drear;
Oh, rather perish gold and gems than e'er
One fair one for my absence shed a tear.

Dauntless, Messala, scour the earth and main,
To deck thy home with warfare's spoils; 'tis well:
Me here a lovely maiden's bonds enchain,
At her hard door a sleepless sentinel.

Delia, I court not praise, if mine thou be;
Let men cry lout and clown, I'll bear the brand;
In my last moments let me gaze on thee,
And dying, clasp thee with my faltering hand.

Thou'lt weep to see me laid upon the bier,
That will too soon the flames' mad fury feel;
Thou'lt mingle kisses with the bitter tear,
For thine no heart of stone, no breast of steel.

Nor only thou wilt weep; no youth, no maid,
With tearless eye will from my tomb repair:
But, Delia, vex not thou thy lover's shade;
Thy tender cheeks, thy streaming tresses spare!

Love's joys be ours while still the Fates allow:
Soon death will come with darkly mantled head;

Dull age creeps on, and love-cup or love-vow
 Becomes no forehead when its snows are shed.

Then let us worship Venus while we may;
 With brow unblushing, burst the bolted door
 And join with rapture in the midnight fray,
 Your leader I—Love's soldier proved of yore.

Hence, flags and trumpets! Me ye'll never lure;
 Bear wounds and wealth to warriors bent on gain:
 I, in my humble competence secure,
 Shall wealth and poverty alike disdain.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS AT CORCYRA

THOU'LT cross the Ægean waves, but not with me,
 Messala; yet by thee and all thy band
 I pray that I may still remembered be,
 Lingerin' on lone Phæacia's foreign strand.

Spare me, fell Death! no mother have I here
 My charrèd bones in sorrow's lap to lay:
 Oh, spare! for here I have no sister dear
 To shower Assyrian odors o'er my clay,

Or to my tomb with locks disheveled come,
 And pour the tear of tender piety;
 Nor Delia, who, ere yet I quitted Rome,
 'Tis said consulted all the gods on high.

Thrice from the boy the sacred lots she drew,
 Thrice from the streets he brought her omens sure.
 All smiled: but tears would still her cheeks bedew;
 Naught could her thoughts from that sad journey lure.

I blent sweet comfort with my parting words,
 Yet anxiously I yearned for more delay.
 Dire omens now, now inauspicious birds,
 Detained me, now old Saturn's baleful day.

How oft I said, ere yet I left the town,
 My awkward feet had stumbled at the door!
 Enough: if lover heed not Cupid's frown,
 His headstrong ways he'll bitterly deplore.

Where is thine Isis? What avail thee now
 Her brazen sistra clashed so oft by thee?
 What, while thou didst before her altars bow,
 Thy pure lavations and thy chastity?

Great Isis, help! for in thy fanes displayed
 Full many a tablet proves thy power to heal;
 So Delia shall, in linen robes arrayed,
 Her vows before thy holy threshold seal.

And morn and eve, loose-tressed, thy praise to pour,
 'Mid Pharian crowds conspicuous she'll return;
 But let me still my father's gods adore,
 And to the old Lar his monthly incense burn.

How blest men lived when good old Saturn reigned,
 Ere roads had intersected hill and dale!
 No pine had then the azure wave disdained,
 Or spread the swelling canvas to the gale.

No roving mariner, on wealth intent,
 From foreign climes a cargo homeward bore;
 No sturdy steer beneath the yoke had bent,
 No galling bit the conquered courser wore.

No house had doors, no pillar on the wold
 Was reared to mark the limits of the plain;
 The oaks ran honey, and all uncontrolled
 The fleecy ewes brought milk to glad the swain.

Rage, broils, the curse of war, were all unknown;
 The cruel smith had never forged the spear:
 Now Jove is King,—the seeds of bale are sown,
 Scars, wounds, and shipwrecks, thousand deaths loom
 near.

Spare me, great Jove! No perjuries, I ween,
 Distract my heart with agonizing woe;
 No impious words by me have uttered been,
 Against the gods above or gods below.

But if my thread of life be wholly run,
 Upon my stone these lines engraven be:—
 "HERE BY FELL FATE TIBULLUS LIES UNDONE,
 WHOM DEAR MESSALA LED O'ER LAND AND SEA."

But me, the facile child of tender Love,
 Will Venus waft to blest Elysium's plains,

Where dance and song resound, and every grove
Rings with clear-throated warblers' dulcet strains.

Here lands untilled their richest treasures yield;
Here sweetest cassia all untended grows;
With lavish lap the earth, in every field,
Outpours the blossom of the fragrant rose.

Here bands of youths and tender maidens chime
In love's sweet lures, and pay the untiring vow;
Here reigns the lover, slain in youthhood's prime,
With myrtle garland round his honored brow.

But wrapt in ebon gloom, the torture-hell
Low lies, and pitchy rivers round it roar;
There serpent-haired Tisiphone doth yell,
And lash the damnéd crew from shore to shore.

Mark in the gate the snake-tongued sable hound,
Whose hideous howls the brazen portals close;
There lewd Ixion, Juno's tempter, bound,
Spins round his wheel in endless unreprieve.

O'er nine broad acres stretched base Tityos lies,
On whose black entrails vultures ever prey;
And Tantalus is there, 'mid waves that rise
To mock his misery, and rush away.

The Danaïds, who soiled Love's lovely shrine,
Fill on, and bear their piercèd pails in vain—
There writhe the wretch who's wronged a love of mine,
And wished me absent on a long campaign!

Be chaste, my love: and let thine old nurse e'er,
To shield thy maiden fame, around thee tread,
Tell thee sweet tales, and by the lamp's bright glare
From the full distaff draw the lengthening thread.

And when thy maidens, spinning round thy knee,
Sleep-worn, by slow degrees their work lay by,
Oh, let me speed unheralded to thee,
Like an immortal rushing down the sky!

Then all undrest, with ruffled locks astream,
And feet unsandaled, meet me on my way!
Aurora, goddess of the morning beam,
Bear, on thy rosy steeds, that happy day!

THE RURAL DEITIES

THE fields and rural gods are now my theme,
 Who made our sires for acorns cease to roam,
 Taught them to build their log-huts beam by beam,
 And thatch with leafy boughs their humble home.

They trained the steer the bended yoke to bear,
 Placed wheels beneath the cart, and by degrees
 Weaned man primeval from his savage fare,
 And bade the orchards smile with fruitful trees.

Then fertile gardens drank the watering wave;
 Then first the purple fruitage of the vine,
 Pressed by fair feet, immortal nectar gave;
 Then water first was blent with generous wine.

The fields bear harvests, when the Dog-star's heat
 Bids earth each year her golden honors shed;
 And in spring's lap bees gather honey sweet,
 And fill their combs from many a floral bed.

Returning from the plow, the weary swain
 First sang his rustic lays in measured tread,
 And supper o'er, tried on oat-pipe some strain
 To play before his gods brow-chapleted.

He, vermil-staincd, great Bacchus! first made bold
 To lead the untutored chorus on the floor,
 And (valued prize!) from forth a numerous fold
 Received a goat to swell his household store.

Young hands first strung spring flow'rets in the fields,
 And with a wreath the ancient gods arrayed;
 Here its soft fleece the tender lambkin yields,
 To form a task for many a tender maid.

Hence wool and distaffs fill the housewife's room,
 And nimble thumbs deft spindles keep in play;
 Hence maidens sing and ply the busy loom,
 Hence rings the web beneath the driven lay.

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY

A COT, Cerinthus, now my love detains:
Iron were he who'd bear the city now;
For Venus's self has sought the happy plains,
And Love is taking lessons at the plow.

Could I but see my darling once so kind,
How stoutly would I turn the fertile soil
With heavy rake—yea, like the poorest hind,
I'd drive the crooked plow and bless the toil,

What time the sterile oxen till the ground;
Nor would I ever of my lot complain,
Though scorching suns my slender limbs should wound,
And o'er my soft hands rise the bursting blain.

The fair Apollo fed Admetus's steers,
Nor aught availed his lyre and locks unshorn;
No herbs could soothe his soul or dry his tears,—
The powers of medicine were all outworn.

He drove the cattle forth at morn and even,
Curdled the milk, and when his task was done,
Of pliant osiers wove the wicker sieve,
Leaving chance holes through which the whey might
run.

How oft pale Dian blushed and felt a pang,
To see him bear a calf across the plain!
How oft as in the deepening dell he sang,
The lowing oxen broke the hallowed strain!

Oft princes sought responses in despair;
Crowds thronged his fanes,—unanswered all retired;
Oft Leto mourned his wild disordered hair,
Which once his jealous stepdame had admired.

Loose were thy locks, O Phœbus! wan thy brow:
Who would have dreamt those tresses e'er were thine?
Where's Delos? Where is Delphic Pytho now?
Love dooms thee in a lowly cot to pine.

Blest time when Venus might untrammelled rove,
And gods all unashamed obeyed her nod!
Now love's a jest, but he who's thrall to love
Would be a jest before a loveless god.

TO CERINTHUS, ON HIS BIRTHDAY

COME, speak fair words before the natal fane:
Or man or woman come, let silence reign,
Let incense burn, and odors fill the air
Such as the rich Arabian pastures bear;
Oh, let thy Genius view his honors now,
With flowing garlands round his holy brow;
On every tress let purest spikenard shine;
Haste, bring the cake, and crown the bowl with wine!

Beloved Cerinthus! may he hear thy vow!
Breathe it; why linger? pray, he beckons now!
Methinks thou'lt ask a wife's unchanging love;
Ah, yes! thy thoughts have reached the gods above!
To thee, compared with this, were sorry cheer
The wide world's plains upturned by brawny steer,
Or costliest gems from wealthy India drawn,
Where Ocean colors at the kiss of dawn.

Thy vows are ratified. On quivering wing,
Dear Love! the golden bonds of wedlock bring,—
Bonds that will last till age with laggard pace
Silvers thy locks and wrinkles all thy face;
And may thy natal god send children sweet,
To sport with happy gambols round thy feet!

JOHANN LUDWIG TIECK

(1773-1853)

AMONG the poets of the romantic movement in German literature,—idealists who sought the blue flower, and reviving the native literary past, found their inspiration in mediæval mysticism or Catholicism, or in the airy fields of pure imagination,—Ludwig Tieck occupies an honorable place. Indeed, he is often referred to as the father of the older romanticism in Germany,—that of the first quarter of our century. Certainly he was foremost in developing and applying principles earlier laid down by Goethe and Schiller. His many-sided literary and intellectual activity was remarkable. As poet, story-teller, translator, critic, essayist, and editor, he did work all of which was able and interesting, and some of it of rare and high merit. Tieck was a scholar with a touch of genius; a poet, as Carlyle said of him long ago, “born as well as made.” He belonged in the circle of which Novalis, Brentano, and the brothers Schlegel were other members, and his position in it is not far from the centre.



Johann Ludwig Tieck was the son of a rope-maker, and was born at Berlin, May 31st, 1773. He attended a good gymnasium, and prosecuted his studies further in Halle, Göttingen, and Erlangen; giving special attention to history, philology, and literature, ancient and modern. He then returned to Berlin, and began his career as a writer, first publishing tales and romances which showed the influence of the Storm and Stress atmosphere: ‘Peter Lebrecht’ (1795) and ‘William Lovell’ (1795-6) are novels typical of this phase, which does not stand for Tieck’s most representative work. This found its expression in his use of the mediæval legends and fairy tales. In this *genre* he was pre-eminently successful: however light and fantastic, the conception is poetical; and delicate fancy mingles with playful irony to make his prose stories delightful reading. A wonder-tale like ‘The Fair-haired Eckbert’ is a little masterpiece. The unfinished ‘Sternbald’s Travels,’ the ‘Blue Beard,’ and the ‘Puss in Boots,’ are

JOHANN LUDWIG TIECK

further well-known examples of his adaptation or rehabilitation of popular traditions. The old *märchen* becomes another but a very beautiful thing in his hands. In the 'Phantásus' (1812-17) are gathered tales, sketches, and plays, mostly of this sort, but with less of mysticism and more of satiric intent. Tieck's revival of folk traditions pleased the public, while it revealed his own romantic tendencies; he was hailed as a leader of that movement, and with over-generous laudation, compared favorably with Goethe himself.

Tieck resided in Jena from 1799 to 1800, on terms of friendship with the brothers Schlegel, Novalis, Brentano, Fichte, and Schelling, making the acquaintance too of the literary gods, Goethe and Schiller. In 1801, in company with Frederick von Schlegel, he moved to Dresden; but the next year settled on a friend's estate near Frankfort-on-the-Oder. He made many journeys to Italy, as he did to various German cities, in order to consult the libraries. Poetry, translation, fiction, criticism, and drama, came from him rapidly. His services as a translator were conspicuous. He made a masterly rendering of 'Don Quixote' in 1799-1801, translated the 'Minnesongs' in 1803, and in his 'Old English Theatre' in 1811 gave a German version of the plays doubtfully ascribed to Shakespeare, who was a lifelong object of Tieck's devoted study. In the same year appeared the Schlegel-Tieck translation of the dramas of the greatest of English poets, Tieck editing and completing the mighty work done by August von Schlegel; the version remains the standard one in that tongue, and puts all German lovers of Shakespeare under a lasting obligation to the collaborating authors. It is now known, however, that much of the actual translating of the dramas not done by Schlegel was the work of Tieck's gifted daughter, Dorothea. But his name will always be associated with this great Shakespeare version.

Tieck left his country residence in 1819, settling in Dresden; where he became a director of the court theatre, and drew around him a group of admirers who swore by his views, and were antagonized by a counter party. His literary activity during the Dresden sojourn was constant and fruitful, many of his strongest novels and most alluring tales being composed between the date of his arrival and his removal to Berlin in 1841, on the invitation of King William IV. Such productions as 'The Pictures,' 'The Betrothal,' 'The Travelers,' 'Luck Brings Brains,' 'The Old Book,' 'The Scarecrow,' 'The Revolt in the Cevennes,' 'Witch's Sabbath,' and 'Vittoria Accorombona,' are prominent among them; and several volumes of critical studies and a sort of biography of Shakespeare swell the list. Tieck's collected poems appeared in 1821: they contain many charming lyrics, but as a rule they are reflective and cultivated rather than creative. He was in his prose fairy tales in the broad sense a poet; that is, a

writer of imaginative literature (what the Germans call *dichter*), and found in those tales his truest medium. The faults of Tieck's idyls and fantasies are those of construction: he lacked condensation and the sense of plastic form. His work as editor, in rehabilitating the literary past, or in introducing comparatively unknown figures, continued to be vigorous,—one of his main services being the editing of the complete works of the great dramatist Heinrich von Kleist. Tieck was one of the most fecund and polydextrous writers of his time.

He lost his wife (who was the child of a clergyman) in 1837, his daughter Dorothea in 1840; and for the remaining dozen years lived in dignified retirement, confined much through illness but surrounded with comforts and honors. It was during his residence in Dresden that Tieck's fine dramatic powers as a reader were revealed to select circles: when he went on a visit to Weimar, Goethe listened enchanted to his recitations. Tieck's death occurred at Berlin on April 28th, 1853. A twenty-volume edition of his works was published there, 1828-46: a valuable and reliable biography is that by Köpke (1855).

Thomas Carlyle in 1827 made Tieck and other German literary leaders known to the English public by publishing his 'German Romance.' The poet's sister, Sophie von Knorring, was a literary woman of repute; and his brother, Christian Frederic, a distinguished sculptor.

Ludwig Tieck's was a complex nature, that felt keenly, and in turn affected, the thought tendencies of his time. Owing to this sensitiveness to the varied culture to which he subjected himself, he differed much at different points in his development: now he is rationalistic and skeptical, now sentimental and rhapsodical. He played a considerable rôle in that most interesting romantic revival in German, which was only a part of the larger European return to romanticism in reaction from the classicism, narrow formality, and prosing, of the eighteenth century. His most lasting contribution to the literature of the fatherland will be found in his noble translations, and the fantasies he wove out of the raw stuff of the old traditions and folk legends.

THE FAIR-HAIRED ECKBERT

IN A district of the Harz dwelt a knight, whose common designation in that quarter was the Fair-haired Eckbert. He was about forty years of age, scarcely of middle stature; and short, light-colored locks lay close and sleek round his pale and

sunken countenance. He led a retired life, had never interfered in the feuds of his neighbors; indeed, beyond the outer wall of his castle he was seldom to be seen. His wife loved solitude as much as he; both seemed heartily attached to one another; only now and then they would lament that Heaven had not blessed their marriage with children.

Few came to visit Eckbert; and when guests did happen to be with him, their presence made but little alteration in his customary way of life: Temperance abode in his household, and Frugality herself appeared to be the mistress of the entertainment. On these occasions, Eckbert was always cheerful and lively; but when he was alone, you might observe in him a certain mild reserve—a still, retiring melancholy.

His most frequent guest was Philip Walther; a man to whom he had attached himself, from having found in him a way of thinking like his own. Walther's residence was in Franconia; but he would often stay for half a year in Eckbert's neighborhood, gathering plants and minerals and then sorting and arranging them. He lived on a small independency, and was connected with no one. Eckbert frequently attended him in his sequestered walks; year after year, a closer friendship grew betwixt them. . . .

It was late in the autumn, when Eckbert, one cloudy evening, was sitting with his friend and his wife Bertha, by the parlor fire. The flame cast a red glimmer through the room, and sported on the ceiling; the night looked sullenly in through the windows, and the trees without rustled in wet coldness. Walther complained of the long road he had to travel; and Eckbert proposed to him to stay where he was, to while away half of the night in friendly talk, and then to take a bed in the house till morning. Walther agreed, and the whole was speedily arranged; by-and-by wine and supper were brought in; fresh wood was laid upon the fire; the talk grew livelier and more confidential.

The cloth being removed, and the servants gone, Eckbert took his friend's hand, and said to him: "Now you must let my wife tell you the history of her youth; it is curious enough, and you should know it."—"With all my heart," said Walther; and the party again drew round the hearth.

It was now midnight; the moon looked fitfully through the breaks of the driving clouds. "You must not reckon me a

babbler," began the lady. "My husband says you have so generous a mind that it is not right in us to hide aught from you. Only do not take my narrative for a fable, however strangely it may sound.

"I was born in a little village; my father was a poor herdsman. Our circumstances were not of the best: often we knew not where to find our daily bread. But what grieved me more than this were the quarrels which my father and mother often had about their poverty, and the bitter reproaches they cast on one another. Of myself too I heard nothing said but ill: they were forever telling me I was a silly, stupid child, that I could not do the simplest turn of work; and in truth I was extremely inexpert and helpless: I let things fall, I neither learned to sew nor spin, I could be of no use to my parents; only their straits I understood too well. Often I would sit in a corner and fill my little heart with dreams how I would help them if I should all at once grow rich; how I would overflow them with silver and gold, and feast myself on their amazement; and then spirits came hovering up, and showed me buried treasures, or gave me little pebbles which changed into precious stones. In short, the strangest fancies occupied me; and when I had to rise and help with anything, my inexpertness was still greater, as my head was giddy with these motley visions.

"My father in particular was always very cross to me: he scolded me for being such a burden to the house; indeed he often used me rather cruelly, and it was very seldom that I got a friendly word from him. In this way I had struggled on to near the end of my eighth year; and now it was seriously fixed that I should begin to do or learn something. My father still maintained that it was nothing but caprice in me, or a lazy wish to pass my days in idleness; accordingly he set upon me with furious threats, and as these made no improvement, he one day gave me a most cruel chastisement, and added that the same should be repeated day after day, since I was nothing but a useless sluggard.

"That whole night I wept abundantly: I felt myself so utterly forsaken; I had such a sympathy with myself that I even longed to die. I dreaded the break of day; I knew not on earth what I was to do or try. I wished from my very heart to be clever, and could not understand how I should be worse than the other children of the place. I was on the border of despair.

“At the dawn of day I rose, and scarcely knowing what I did, unfastened the door of our little hut. I stepped upon the open field; next minute I was in a wood, where the light of the morning had yet hardly penetrated. I ran along, not looking round; for I felt no fatigue, and I still thought my father would catch me, and in his anger at my flight, would beat me worse than ever.

“I had reached the other side of the forest, and the sun was risen a considerable way; I saw something dim lying before me, and a thick fog resting over it. Ere long my path began to mount, as one time I was climbing hills, at another wending among rocks; and I now guessed that I must be among the neighboring mountains,—a thought that made me shudder in my loneliness. For, living in the plain country, I had never seen a hill; and the very word mountains, when I heard talk of them, had been a sound of terror to my young ear. I had not the heart to go back,—my fear itself drove me on; often I looked round affrighted when the breezes rustled over me among the trees, or the stroke of some distant woodman sounded far through the still morning. And when I began to meet with charcoal-men and miners, and heard their foreign way of speech, I had nearly fainted for terror.

“I passed through several villages: begging now and then, for I felt hungry and thirsty; and fashioning my answers as I best could when questions were put to me. In this manner I had wandered on some four days, when I came upon a little footpath, which led me farther and farther from the highway. The rocks about me now assumed a different and far stranger form. They were cliffs so piled on one another that it looked as if the first gust of wind would hurl them all this way and that. I knew not whether to go on or stop. Till now I had slept by night in the woods,—for it was the finest season of the year,—or in some remote shepherd’s hut; but here I saw no human dwelling at all, and could not hope to find one in this wilderness. The crags grew more and more frightful; I had many a time to glide along by the very edge of dreadful abysses; by degrees my foot-path became fainter, and at last all traces of it vanished from beneath me. I was utterly comfortless: I wept and screamed; and my voice came echoing back from the rocky valleys with a sound that terrified me. The night now came on, and I sought out a mossy nook to lie down in. I could not

sleep: in the darkness I heard the strangest noises; sometimes I took them to proceed from wild beasts, sometimes from wind moaning through the rocks, sometimes from unknown birds. I prayed; and did not sleep till towards morning.

“When the light came upon my face I awoke. Before me was a steep rock; I clomb up, in the hope of discovering some outlet from the waste, perhaps of seeing houses or men. But when I reached the top there was nothing still, as far as my eye could reach, but a wilderness of crags and precipices: all was covered with a dim haze; the day was gray and troubled, and no tree, no meadow, not even a bush could I find,—only a few shrubs shooting up stunted and solitary in the narrow clefts of the rocks. I cannot utter what a longing I felt but to see one human creature, any living mortal, even though I had been afraid of hurt from him. At the same time I was tortured by a gnawing hunger; I sat down, and made up my mind to die. After a while, however, the desire of living gained the mastery; I roused myself, and wandered forward amid tears and broken sobs all day: in the end I hardly knew what I was doing; I was tired and spent, I scarcely wished to live, and yet I feared to die.

“Towards night the country seemed to grow a little kindlier; my thoughts, my desires revived, the wish for life awoke in all my veins. I thought I heard the rushing of a mill afar off; I redoubled my steps; and how glad, how light of heart was I, when at last I actually gained the limits of the barren rocks, and saw woods and meadows lying before me, with soft green hills in the distance! I felt as if I had stepped out of a hell into a paradise; my loneliness and helplessness no longer frightened me.

“Instead of the hoped-for mill, I came upon a waterfall, which in truth considerably damped my joy. I was lifting a drink from it in the hollow of my hand, when all at once I thought I heard a slight cough some little way from me. Never in my life was I so joyfully surprised as at this moment; I went near, and at the border of the wood I saw an old woman sitting resting on the ground. She was dressed almost wholly in black; a black hood covered her head, and the greater part of her face; and in her hand she held a crutch.

“I came up to her and begged for help; she made me sit by her, and gave me bread and a little wine. While I ate, she sang

in a screeching tone some kind of spiritual song. When she had done, she told me I might follow her.

“The offer charmed me, strange as the old woman’s voice and look appeared. With her crutch she limped away pretty fast, and at every step she twisted her face so oddly that at first I was like to laugh. The wild rocks retired behind us more and more; I never shall forget the aspect and the feeling of that evening. All things were as molten into the softest golden red; the trees were standing with their tops in the glow of the sunset; on the fields lay a mild brightness; the woods and the leaves of the trees were standing motionless; the pure sky looked out like an opened paradise; and the gushing of the brooks, and from time to time the rustling of the trees, resounded through the serene stillness as in pensive joy. My young soul was here first taken with a forethought of the world and its vicissitudes. I forgot myself and my conductress: my spirit and my eyes were wandering among the shining clouds.

“We now mounted an eminence planted with birch-trees: from the top we looked into a green valley, likewise full of birches; and down below, in the middle of them, was a little hut. A glad barking reached us, and immediately a little nimble dog came springing round the old woman, fawned on her, and wagged its tail; it next came to me, viewed me on all sides, and then turned back with a friendly look to its old mistress.

“On reaching the bottom of the hill, I heard the strangest song, as if coming from the hut, and sung by some bird. It ran thus:—

‘Alone in wood so gay
 ’Tis good to stay,
 Morrow like to-day,
 For ever and aye;
 Oh, I do love to stay,
 Alone in wood so gay.’

“These few words were continually repeated; and to describe the sound, it was as if you heard forest horns and shalms sounded together from a far distance.

“My curiosity was wonderfully on the stretch; without waiting for the old woman’s orders, I stept into the hut. It was already dusk: here all was neatly swept and trimmed; some bowls were

standing in a cupboard, some strange-looking casks or pots on a table; in a glittering cage, hanging by the window, was a bird, and this in fact proved to be the singer. The old woman coughed and panted; it seemed as if she never would get over her fatigue: she patted the little dog, she talked with the bird, which only answered her with its accustomed song; and for me, she did not seem to recollect that I was there at all. Looking at her so, many qualms and fears came over me, for her face was in perpetual motion; and besides, her head shook from old age, so that for my life I could not understand what sort of countenance she had.

“Having gathered strength again she lit a candle, covered a small table, and brought out supper. She now looked round for me, and bade me take a little cane chair. I was thus sitting close fronting her, with the light between us. She folded her bony hands, and prayed aloud, still twisting her countenance, so that I was once more on the point of laughing; but I took strict care that I might not make her angry.

“After supper she again prayed, then showed me a bed in a low, narrow closet; she herself slept in the room. I did not watch long, for I was half stupefied; but in the night I now and then awoke, and heard the old woman coughing, and between whiles talking with her dog and her bird,—which last seemed dreaming, and replied with only one or two words of its rhyme. This with the birches rustling before the window, and the song of a distant nightingale, made such a wondrous combination that I never fairly thought I was awake, but only falling out of one dream into another still stranger.

“The old woman awoke me in the morning, and soon after gave me work. I was put to spin, which I now learned very easily; I had likewise to take charge of the dog and the bird. I soon learned my business in the house: I now felt as if it all must be so; I never once remembered that the old woman had so many singularities, that her dwelling was mysterious and lay apart from all men, and that the bird must be a very strange creature. His beauty, indeed, always struck me: for his feathers glittered with all possible colors, the fairest deep blue and the most burning red alternated about his neck and body; and when singing, he blew himself proudly out, so that his feathers looked still finer.

“My old mistress often went abroad, and did not come again till night; on these occasions I went out to meet her with the dog, and she used to call me child, and daughter. In the end I grew to like her heartily; as our mind, especially in childhood, will become accustomed and attached to anything. In the evenings she taught me to read; and this was afterwards a source of boundless satisfaction to me in my solitude, for she had several ancient-written books, that contained the strangest stories.

“The recollection of the life I then led is still singular to me: visited by no human creature, secluded in the circle of so small a family; for the dog and the bird made the same impression on me which in other cases long-known friends produce. I am surprised that I have never since been able to recall the dog’s name,—a very odd one,—often as I then pronounced it.

“Four years I had passed in this way (I must now have been nearly twelve), when my old dame began to put more trust in me, and at length told me a secret. The bird, I found, laid every day an egg, in which there was a pearl or a jewel. I had already noticed that she often went to fettle privately about the cage, but I had never troubled myself farther on the subject. She now gave me charge of gathering these eggs in her absence, and carefully storing them up in the strange-looking pots. She would leave me food, and sometimes stay away longer,—for weeks, for months. My little wheel kept humming round, the dog barked, the bird sang; and withal there was such a stillness in the neighborhood that I do not recollect of any storm or foul weather all the time I staid there. No one wandered thither; no wild beast came near our dwelling: I was satisfied, and worked along in peace from day to day. One would perhaps be very happy could he pass his life so undisturbedly to the end.

“From the little that I read, I formed quite marvelous notions of the world and its people; all taken from myself and my society. When I read of witty persons, I could not figure them but like the little shock; great ladies, I conceived, were like the bird; all old women, like my mistress. I had read somewhat of love too; and often in fancy I would play strange stories with myself. I figured out the fairest knight on earth; adorned him with all perfections, without knowing rightly, after all my labor, how he looked: but I could feel a hearty pity for myself when he ceased to love me; I would then, in thought, make long

melting speeches, or perhaps aloud, to try if I could win him back. You smile! These young days are in truth far away from us all.

“I now liked better to be left alone, for I was then sole mistress of the house. The dog loved me, and did all I wanted; the bird replied to all my questions with his rhyme; my wheel kept briskly turning, and at bottom I had never any wish for change. When my dame returned from her long wanderings, she would praise my diligence; she said her house, since I belonged to it, was managed far more perfectly; she took a pleasure in my growth and healthy looks: in short, she treated me in all points like her daughter.

“‘Thou art a good girl, child,’ said she once to me, in her creaking tone; ‘if thou continuest so, it will be well with thee: but none ever prospers when he leaves the straight path; punishment will overtake him, though it may be late.’ I gave little heed to this remark of hers at the time, for in all my temper and movements I was very lively; but by night it occurred to me again, and I could not understand what she meant by it. I considered all the words attentively; I had read of riches, and at last it struck me that her pearls and jewels might perhaps be something precious. Ere long this thought grew clearer to me. But the straight path, and leaving it? What could she mean by this?

“I was now fourteen: it is the misery of man that he arrives at understanding through the loss of innocence. I now saw well enough that it lay with me to take the jewels and the bird in the old woman’s absence, and go forth with them and see the world I had read of. Perhaps too it would then be possible that I might meet the fairest of all knights, who forever dwelt in my memory.

“At first this thought was nothing more than any other thought: but when I used to be sitting at my wheel, it still returned to me against my will; and I sometimes followed it so far, that I already saw myself adorned in splendid attire, with princes and knights around me. On awakening from these dreams, I would feel a sadness when I looked up and found myself still in the little cottage. For the rest, if I went through my duties, the old woman troubled herself little about what I thought or felt.

“One day she went out again, telling me that she should be away on this occasion longer than usual; that I must take strict charge of everything, and not let the time hang heavy on my hands. I had a sort of fear on taking leave of her, for I felt as if I should not see her any more. I looked long after her, and knew not why I felt so sad: it was almost as if my purpose had already stood before me, without myself being conscious of it.

“Never did I tend the dog and the bird with such diligence as now: they were nearer to my heart than formerly. The old woman had been gone some days, when I rose one morning in the firm mind to leave the cottage, and set out with the bird to see this world they talked so much of. I felt pressed and hampered in my heart: I wished to stay where I was, and yet the thought of that afflicted me; there was a strange contention in my soul, as if between two discordant spirits. One moment my peaceful solitude would seem to me most beautiful; the next the image of a new world, with its many wonders, would again enchant me.

“I knew not what to make of it: the dog leaped up continually about me; the sunshine spread abroad over the fields; the green birch-trees glittered: I kept feeling as if I had something I must do in haste; so I caught the little dog, tied him up in the room, and took the cage with the bird under my arm. The dog writhed and whined at this unusual treatment; he looked at me with begging eyes, but I feared to have him with me. I also took one pot of jewels, and concealed it by me; the rest I left.

“The bird turned its head very strangely when I crossed the threshold; the dog tugged at his cord to follow me, but he was forced to stay.

“I did not take the road to the wild rocks, but went in the opposite direction. The dog still whined and barked, and it touched me to the heart to hear him: the bird tried once or twice to sing; but as I was carrying him, the shaking put him out.

“The farther I went, the fainter grew the barking, and at last it altogether ceased. I wept, and had almost turned back; but the longing to see something new still hindered me.

“I had got across the hills, and through some forests, when the night came on, and I was forced to turn aside into a village. I blushed exceedingly on entering the inn: they showed me to a

room and bed; I slept pretty quietly, only that I dreamed of the old woman, and her threatening me.

“My journey had not much variety. The further I went, the more I was afflicted by the recollection of my old mistress and the little dog; I considered that in all likelihood the poor shock would die of hunger, and often in the woods I thought my dame would suddenly meet me. Thus amid tears and sobs I went along; when I stopped to rest, and put the cage on the ground, the bird struck up his song, and brought but too keenly to my mind the fair habitation I had left. As human nature is forgetful, I imagined that my former journey, in my childhood, had not been so sad and woeful as the present; I wished to be as I was then.

“I had some jewels; and now, after wandering on for several days, I reached a village. At the very entrance I was struck with something strange: I felt terrified, and knew not why; but I soon bethought myself, for it was the village where I was born! How amazed was I! How the tears ran down my cheeks for gladness, for a thousand singular remembrances! Many things were changed: new houses had been built; some, just raised when I went away, were now fallen, and had marks of fire on them; everything was far smaller and more confined than I had fancied. It rejoiced my very heart that I should see my parents once more after such an absence: I found their little cottage, the well-known threshold; the door-latch was standing as of old—it seemed to me as if I had shut it only yesternight. My heart beat violently, I hastily lifted the latch; but faces I had never seen before looked up and gazed at me. I asked for the shepherd Martin: they told me that his wife and he were dead three years ago. I drew back quickly, and left the village weeping aloud.

“I had figured out so beautifully how I would surprise them with my riches: by the strangest chance, what I had only dreamed in childhood was become reality; and now it was all in vain,—they could not rejoice with me, and that which had been my first hope in life was lost forever.

“In a pleasant town I hired a small house and garden, and took myself a maid. The world, in truth, proved not so wonderful as I had painted it; but I forgot the old woman and my former way of life more and more, and on the whole I was contented.

“For a long while the bird ceased to sing; I was therefore not a little frightened when one night he suddenly began again, with a different rhyme. He sang:—

‘Alone in wood so gay,
Ah, far away!
But thou wilt say
Some other day,
'Twere best to stay
Alone in wood so gay.’

“Throughout the night I could not close an eye: all things again occurred to my remembrance; and I felt more than ever that I had not acted rightly. When I rose, the aspect of the bird distressed me greatly; he looked at me continually, and his presence did me ill. There was now no end to his song; he sang it louder and more shrilly than he had been wont. The more I looked at him, the more he pained and frightened me: at last I opened the cage, put in my hand, and grasped his neck; I squeezed my fingers hard together; he looked at me: I slackened them; but he was dead. I buried him in the garden.

“After this there came a fear over me for my maid: I looked back upon myself, and fancied she might rob or murder me. For a long while I had been acquainted with a young knight, whom I altogether liked. I bestowed on him my hand.—And with this, Sir Walther, ends my story.”

“Ay, you should have seen her then,” said Eckbert warmly; “seen her youth, her loveliness, and what a charm her lonely way of life had given her. I had no fortune; it was through her love these riches came to me: we moved hither, and our marriage has at no time brought us anything but good.”

“But with our tattling,” added Bertha, “it is growing very late; we must go to sleep.”

She rose, and proceeded to her chamber; Walther, with a kiss of her hand, wished her good night, saying: “Many thanks, noble lady; I can well figure you beside your singing bird, and how you fed poor little *Strohman*.”

Walther likewise went to sleep; Eckbert alone still walked in a restless humor up and down the room. “Are not men fools?” said he at last. “I myself occasioned this recital of my wife’s history, and now such confidence appears to me improper! Will he not abuse it? Will he not communicate the secret to others?”

Will he not—for such is human nature—cast unblest thoughts on our jewels, and form pretext and lay plans to get possession of them?”

It now occurred to his mind that Walther had not taken leave of him so cordially as might have been expected after such a mark of trust. The soul once set upon suspicion finds in every trifle something to confirm it. Eckbert, on the other hand, reproached himself for such ignoble feelings to his worthy friend; yet still he could not cast them out. All night he plagued himself with such uneasy thoughts, and got very little sleep.

Bertha was unwell next day, and could not come to breakfast; Walther did not seem to trouble himself much about her illness, but left her husband also rather coolly. Eckbert could not comprehend such conduct. He went to see his wife, and found her in a feverish state; she said her last night's story must have agitated her.

From that day Walther visited the castle of his friend but seldom; and when he did appear, it was but to say a few unmeaning words and then depart. Eckbert was exceedingly distressed by this demeanor: to Bertha or Walther he indeed said nothing of it; but to any person his internal disquietude was visible enough.

Bertha's sickness wore an aspect more and more serious; the doctor grew alarmed: the red had vanished from his patient's cheeks, and her eyes were becoming more and more inflamed. One morning she sent for her husband to her bedside; the nurses were ordered to withdraw.

“Dear Eckbert,” she began, “I must disclose a secret to thee, which has almost taken away my senses, which is ruining my health, unimportant trifle as it may appear. Thou mayest remember, often as I talked of my childhood, I could never call to mind the name of the dog that was so long beside me; now, that night on taking leave, Walther all at once said to me: ‘I can well figure you, and how you fed poor little *Strohman*.’ Is it chance? Did he guess the name? Did he know it, and speak it on purpose? If so, how stands this man connected with my destiny? At times I struggled with myself, as if I but imagined this mysterious business; but alas! it is certain, too certain. I felt a shudder that a stranger should help me to recall the memory of my secrets. What sayest thou, Eckbert?”

Eckbert looked at his sick and agitated wife with deep emotion; he stood silent and thoughtful; then spoke some words of comfort to her, and went out. In a distant chamber he walked to and fro in indescribable disquiet. Walther for many years had been his sole companion; and now this person was the only mortal in the world whose existence pained and oppressed him. It seemed as if he should be gay and light of heart, were that one thing but removed. He took his bow, to dispel these thoughts; and went to hunt.

It was a rough, stormy, winter day; the snow was lying deep on the hills, and bending down the branches of the trees. He roved about; the sweat was standing on his brow; he found no game, and this embittered his ill-humor. All at once he saw an object moving in the distance: it was Walther gathering moss from the trunks of trees. Scarce knowing what he did, he bent his bow: Walther looked round, and gave a threatening gesture; but the arrow was already flying, and he sank transfixed by it. . . .

For a great while after this occurrence, Eckbert lived in the deepest solitude; he had all along been melancholy, for the strange history of his wife disturbed him, and he dreaded some unlucky incident or other; but at present he was utterly at variance with himself. The murder of his friend arose incessantly before his mind; he lived in the anguish of continual remorse. . . .

A young knight, named Hugo, made advances to the silent, melancholy Eckbert, and appeared to have a true affection for him. Eckbert felt himself exceedingly surprised; he met the knight's friendship with the greater readiness, the less he had anticipated it. The two were now frequently together; Hugo showed his friend all possible attentions: one scarcely ever went to ride without the other; in all companies they got together. In a word, they seemed inseparable.

Eckbert was never happy longer than a few transitory moments: for he felt too clearly that Hugo loved him only by mistake; that he knew him not, was unacquainted with his history; and he was seized again with the same old longing to unbosom himself wholly, that he might be sure whether Hugo was his friend or not. But again his apprehensions, and the fear of being hated and abhorred, withheld him. There were many hours in which he felt so much impressed with his entire

worthlessness, that he believed no mortal, not a stranger to his history, could entertain regard for him. Yet still he was unable to withstand himself: on a solitary ride he disclosed his whole history to Hugo, and asked if he could love a murderer. Hugo seemed touched, and tried to comfort him. Eckbert returned to town with a lighter heart.

But it seemed to be his doom that in the very hour of confidence he should always find materials for suspicion. Scarcely had they entered the public hall, when, in the glitter of the many lights, Hugo's looks had ceased to satisfy him. He thought he noticed a malicious smile: he remarked that Hugo did not speak to him as usual; that he talked with the rest, and seemed to pay no heed to him. In the party was an old knight, who had always shown himself the enemy of Eckbert, had often asked about his riches and his wife in a peculiar style. With this man Hugo was conversing; they were speaking privately, and casting looks at Eckbert. The suspicions of the latter seemed confirmed; he thought himself betrayed, and a tremendous rage took hold of him. As he continued gazing, on a sudden he discerned the countenance of Walther,—all his features, all the form so well known to him; he gazed, and looked, and felt convinced that it was none but Walther who was talking to the knight. His horror cannot be described; in a state of frenzy he rushed out of the hall, left the town over-night, and after many wanderings returned to his castle. . . .

He resolved to take a journey, that he might reduce his thoughts to order; the hope of friendship, the desire of social intercourse, he had now forever given up.

He set out without prescribing to himself any certain route; indeed he took small heed of the country he passed through. Having hastened on for some days at the quickest pace of his horse, on a sudden he found himself entangled in a labyrinth of rocks, from which he could discover no outlet. At length he met an old peasant, who guided him by a path leading past a waterfall; he offered him some coins for his guidance, but the peasant would not take them.

“What use is it?” said Eckbert. “I could believe that this man too was none but Walther.” He looked round once more, and it was none but Walther. Eckbert spurred his horse as fast as it could gallop over meads and forests, till it sank exhausted to the earth. Regardless of this, he hastened forward on foot.

In a dreamy mood he mounted a hill: he fancied he caught the sound of a lively barking at a little distance; the birch-trees whispered in the intervals, and in the strangest notes he heard this song:—

“Alone in the wood so gay,
Once more I stay;
None dare me slay,
The evil far away:
Ah, here I stay,
Alone in wood so gay.”

The sense, the consciousness, of Eckbert had departed; it was a riddle which he could not solve, whether he was dreaming now, or had before dreamed of a wife and friend. The marvelous was mingled with the common; the world around him seemed enchanted, and he himself was incapable of thought or recollection.

A crooked, bent old woman crawled coughing up the hill with a crutch. “Art thou bringing me my bird, my pearls, my dog?” cried she to him. “See how injustice punishes itself! No one but I was Walther, was Hugo.”

“God of heaven!” said Eckbert, muttering to himself: “in what frightful solitude have I passed my life?”

“And Bertha was thy sister.”

Eckbert sank to the ground.

“Why did she leave me deceitfully? All would have been fair and well: her time of trial was already finished. She was the daughter of a knight, who had her nursed in a shepherd’s house; the daughter of thy father.”

“Why have I always had a forecast of this dreadful thought?” cried Eckbert.

“Because in early youth thy father told thee: he could not keep this daughter by him on account of his second wife, her stepmother.”

Eckbert lay distracted and dying on the ground. Faint and bewildered, he heard the old woman speaking, the dog barking, and the bird repeating its song.

HENRY TIMROD

(1829-1867)

HENRY TIMROD was one of the pioneer American poets of the South. Singing in an untoward day, hounded by misfortune, dying young, he yet breathed into his song the fervid beauty of his land. His personal record makes a brief, pathetic story. He was the son of William Henry Timrod, who was of German extraction and a man of remarkable mental power, himself something of a poet. Henry was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on December 8th, 1829, and got his schooling in that city. He then entered the University of Georgia, but owing to his slender purse was unable to finish his course; however, he read avidly and grounded himself in good literature while in college. In those days he was always inditing love verses to pretty girls, real or imagined. Next, the dreamy, imaginative fellow tried to study law, only to find it uncongenial,—the common lot of those called to literature. So he supported himself until the war-time by private tutoring in the family of a Carolina planter. When the Rebellion broke out, he became war correspondent of the Charleston Mercury; but the horrors of war acting on his sensitive nature made the task distasteful. His appointment as assistant editor on the Columbia South-Carolinian in 1864 gave a promise of more congenial work and brighter fortune. He had married the woman of his choice, he was able to set up a modest home, and children were born to him. But the respite of home and happiness was all too short. He lost a darling child. Sherman's March to the Sea, with its devastation of the city, ruined his business and left him a broken man. He lived thereafter from hand to mouth, often in literal want of bread, getting temporary government employment to tide over a crisis, and steadily lapsing into ill-health. Finally, after the forewarning of several severe hemorrhages, he died on the anniversary of the death of Poe, October 7th, 1867, under forty years of age,—a melancholy life-struggle and seeming life-failure. The biographies of Southern poets like Timrod and Lanier make grim reading.

Timrod received so little encouragement in his literary work as to sadden and embitter him. A small volume of his verse was published in 1860, but with scanty recognition. Here and there a critic saw merit in it, but it never came into general popularity. The

Northern magazines would not take his contributions; he was out of the current of literary activity. He was regarded with some local pride, and at one time a movement was set on foot to publish and present him with a handsome illustrated edition of his poems for circulation in England; but to his great disappointment the project fell through,—not unnaturally, since the national situation drew men's minds from thoughts of literature. The definite edition of the poems is posthumous,—that issued in 1873, with a memoir by his dear friend and fellow-poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne. A perusal of this book reveals the fine quality of Timrod's work. Done under every disadvantage, incomplete and inadequate as it seems in comparison with what, under favoring conditions, he might have achieved, it is nevertheless very true, sweet, and heartfelt singing. Timrod had a deep, reverent love of nature, and was a disciple of Wordsworth without imitating that high priest of nature-worship. 'Spring,' perhaps his finest short lyric, reflects this influence and predilection. He was also a broad-minded patriot, who, while in a chant like his 'Carolina' he could voice sectional feeling, could in that noble piece 'The Cotton Boll,' and in other lyrics, look prophetically into the future, and hail the dawn of a beneficent peace, a wonderful national prosperity. Timrod's style has nothing of the erratic about it: his diction is simple, chaste, felicitous; his images and similes unforced and pleasing. If he is to be called a poet of promise rather than performance, it is only in view of the poor opportunity he had, and in the conviction that had fortune been more kindly, he would have richly repaid her in what he gave the world.

SPRING

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
 Which dwells with all things fair,
 Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
 Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
 Its fragrant lamps, and turns
 Into a royal court with green festoons
 The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
 The blood is all alee,
 And there's a look about the leafless bowers
 As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn.

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessed time!

HENRY TIMROD

Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
 Could hear the call of Death!

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake
 The voice of wood and brake,
 Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
 A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
 Than all her sunlit rains,
 And every gladdening influence around,
 Can summon from the ground.

Oh! standing on this desecrated mold,
 Methinks that I behold,
 Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
 Spring kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
 Upon the ancient hills
 To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
 Who turn her meads to graves.

SONNET

MOST men know love but as a part of life:
 They hide it in some corner of the breast,
 Even from themselves; and only when they rest
 In the brief pauses of that daily strife,—
 Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,—
 They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
 To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy),
 And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.
 Ah me! why may not love and life be one?
 Why walk we thus alone, when by our side,
 Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?
 How would the marts grow noble! and the street,
 Worn like a dungeon floor by weary feet,
 Seem then a golden court-way of the Sun!

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

(1805-1859)

TO ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE belongs the honor of the discovery of political America,—a discovery all the more significant because the logical result of a close observation of national affairs in Europe, and of the main current directing them. Tocqueville was the first European politician of the nineteenth century to comprehend fully that the trend of modern civilization is in the direction of democracy; that democratic ideals, whether acceptable or not, must be taken into account, for a complete understanding of certain phenomena of European history not only in the last century, but in the last eight centuries. He was also the first to appreciate that the forces of democracy should be turned to the best advantage whatever the form of government; and the first to look to America as the one country where democracy, having had a logical and consistent growth, could be studied with the greatest edification.



ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

To understand Tocqueville's intense interest in democratic institutions, it is necessary to consider his immediate ancestry, and the environment in which he was reared. His father was of the old and honorable family the Clérels, proprietors of Tocqueville on the coast of Normandy,—a family linked more prominently with the magistracy than with the nobility. His mother was the granddaughter of Malesherbes, the learned magistrate who undertook the defense of Louis XVI. before the Convention, and for his loyalty was subsequently put to death, together with many of his family. Madame de Tocqueville and her husband were imprisoned, but escaped the guillotine by the opportune death of Robespierre. On the Restoration in 1815, the elder Tocqueville, father of Alexis, reassumed the title of count. His famous son was born at Verneuil, Department of Seine-et-Oise, July 29th, 1805, and was educated at the College of Metz; passing from there to Paris, where, after a course of legal studies, he was called to the bar in 1825. Louis XVIII. had died in 1824, and the inadequate Charles X. occupied the French throne.

After a tour in Italy and Sicily, where with characteristic interest he observed chiefly the political and social condition of the inhabitants, Tocqueville returned to France, entering upon magisterial duties as *juge auditeur* at Versailles. His wonderful sensitiveness to the currents of political life made him aware of the revolutionary forces continually at work under the surface of the monarchical government, and drew him to the consideration of the causes of these disturbances. In 1830 the Revolution of July brought Louis Philippe to the throne. From the July government Tocqueville and his colleague, Gustave de Beaumont, accepted a commission to inquire into the working of the penitentiary system in America.

This visit to the United States was to be of momentous importance. To Tocqueville, alive to the full import of the political phenomena of his own generation, and of that preceding, it was nothing less than a pilgrimage to the temple of the strange new god Democracy. The abnormal manifestations of this spirit had spurred him on to a study of its normal development. He returned to publish in 1833 a treatise on the penitentiary system in the United States, and in 1835 his great work, 'Democracy in America.' The book is one of the most noteworthy of all books on political subjects, not only because it was the first European consideration and exposition of the principles of the United States government, but because it was the first comprehensive treatment of democracy itself, of the spirit underlying the letter. "Democracy is the picture, America the frame," Tocqueville wrote of the book. In the Introduction he says:—

"It is not then merely to satisfy a legitimate curiosity that I have examined America: my wish has been to find there instruction by which we may ourselves profit. Whoever should imagine that I have intended to write a panegyric would be strangely mistaken. . . . Nor has it been my object to advocate any form of government in particular; for I am of opinion that absolute excellence is rarely to be found in any system of laws. I have not even pretended to judge whether the social revolution, which I believe to be irresistible, is advantageous or prejudicial to mankind. I have acknowledged this revolution as a fact already accomplished or on the eve of its accomplishment; and I have selected that nation from amongst those which have undergone it, in which its development has been the most peaceful and the most complete, in order to discern its natural consequences, and to find out if possible the means of rendering it profitable to mankind. I confess that in America I saw more than America: I sought there the image of democracy itself, with its inclinations, its character, its prejudices, and its passions, in order to learn what we have to fear or to hope from its progress."

It is this detachment from his subject that gives to Tocqueville's work much of its value. He has the disinterestedness of the ideal

statesman, who notes the pulse of the times with extreme care only that he and others may know how to deal wisely with the body politic. Personally, Tocqueville might be an absolute monarchist for aught that the book betrays of his preferences. He merges himself in his curiosity concerning this powerful spirit of the age.

Aside from its value as a dispassionate inquiry into the merits of democracy, 'Democracy in America' is remarkable as a sharply drawn picture of political and social institutions in the United States, excluding nothing that could be a source of enlightenment. The first volume is taken up mainly with a consideration of government and organization, of American townships, of the State, of judicial power, of political jurisdiction, of the Federal Constitution, of political parties, of the liberty of the press, and of the government of the democracy; then follow some highly significant chapters on the advantages and disadvantages accruing from democratic government. These show a political subtlety which at times reaches the degree of prophecy. Especially is this true in the discussion of parties in the United States; in the recognition of the tyranny which may lurk in the power of the majority, and from which Tocqueville believes the greatest dangers to the State are to be feared. The second volume is concerned with the influence of democracy upon the intellect of the United States; upon the feelings of the Americans; upon manners; upon political society. Reading the entire work in the light of over fifty years of national development, this generation can realize, as Tocqueville's contemporaries could not, how deeply he had penetrated to the essence of America's democracy, how few of his observations concerned what was merely superficial or transitory.

Yet this exhaustive study of democracy in the United States was by no means intended as a preliminary to the advocacy of its institutions for European governments, but to demonstrate that the democratic spirit may be linked with social and religious order. Tocqueville perceived that in France this spirit was well-nigh synonymous with anarchy; finding its home among the illiterate and the disordered, and so inducing in the minds of the conservative and law-abiding the belief that it could be productive of nothing but evil. This belief he wished to dispel. In concluding his great work he writes:—

«For myself, who now look back from this extreme limit of my task and discover from afar, but at once, the various objects which have attracted my more attentive investigation upon my way, I am full of apprehensions and hopes. I perceive mighty dangers which may be avoided or alleviated; and I cling with a firmer hold to the belief that for democratic nations to be virtuous and prosperous, they require but to will it. . . . The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal; but it

depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness.”

‘Democracy in America’ at once achieved a signal success: it was read throughout Europe, being translated into nearly all European languages. In 1836 Tocqueville received the Montyon prize of several thousand francs, which is bestowed each year by the French Institute upon the work of the greatest moral utility produced during the year. In 1837 he was made a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and in 1841 of the French Academy. About this time he visited England, receiving there an enthusiastic reception from the Liberal party. In England he married a Miss Motley. Upon his return to France, he became, by a family arrangement, possessor of the estate of Tocqueville.

In 1837 he was a candidate for the representation of Valoques in the Chamber of Deputies, but was defeated. His political career began in 1839; when, his character and principles being better known and appreciated, he was elected by the same district, with a large majority. As a practical politician, Tocqueville was not entirely successful, although his influence in the legislature was always penetrative and lasting. He was of too exalted a character, of too lofty an idealism, to ride triumphantly upon the surface current of events. He was lacking in diplomacy and in calculation. His opposition to Guizot and to Louis Napoleon was founded strictly upon principle. Predicting the Revolution of 1848, he conformed to the new condition of affairs only so long as Louis Napoleon represented a moderate and reasonable Republicanism. In 1849 he was vice-president of the Assembly, and Minister of Foreign Affairs from June to October of the same year. The Coup d’État of 1851, by which Louis Napoleon became Napoleon III., forced Tocqueville into private life, from which he did not again emerge.

In 1856 he published the first part of ‘L’Ancien Régime et la Révolution,’ a work which he was not destined to complete. His health, which had been impaired since his visit to America, began to fail. In 1858 he was obliged to seek the south of France for the relief of a pulmonary trouble. He died on the 16th of April, 1859. His ‘Memoirs and Correspondence’ were published in the following year. In 1896 appeared an English translation of his ‘Recollections’—of the period between the Revolution of 1848 and the 30th of October, 1849. These ‘Recollections’ have a great personal as well as political interest; throwing light as they do upon a character of unusual charm and beauty, in whom devotion to an ideal was blended with a certain rare acquiescence in the march of events,—a patience only possible to the seer. While the absolute element of unqualified

admiration must be present always in estimates of Tocqueville, appreciation of his life and work increases with the increasing years, since that life and work were intimate with the future, rather than with his own time and place.

EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES

From 'Democracy in America,' by permission of the Century Company, publishers

NO FREE communities ever existed without morals; and as I observed in the former part of this work, morals are the work of woman. Consequently, whatever affects the condition of women, their habits and their opinions, has great political importance in my eyes.

Amongst almost all Protestant nations, young women are far more the mistresses of their own actions than they are in Catholic countries. This independence is still greater in Protestant countries like England, which have retained or acquired the right of self-government: freedom is then infused into the domestic circle by political habits and religious opinions. In the United States, the doctrines of Protestantism are combined with great political liberty and a most democratic state of society; and nowhere are young women surrendered so early or so completely to their own guidance.

Long before an American girl arrives at the marriageable age, her emancipation from paternal control begins: she has scarcely ceased to be a child when she already thinks for herself, speaks with freedom, and acts on her own impulse. The great scene of the world is constantly open to her view: far from seeking to conceal it from her, it is every day disclosed more completely; and she is taught to survey it with a firm and calm gaze. Thus the vices and dangers of society are early revealed to her; as she sees them clearly, she views them without illusion, and braves them without fear; for she is full of reliance on her own strength, and her confidence seems to be shared by all around her.

An American girl scarcely ever displays that virginal softness in the midst of young desires, or that innocent and ingenuous grace, which usually attend the European woman in the transition

from girlhood to youth. It is rare that an American woman, at any age, displays childish timidity or ignorance. Like the young women of Europe, she seeks to please, but she knows precisely the cost of pleasing. If she does not abandon herself to evil, at least she knows that it exists; and she is remarkable rather for purity of manners than for chastity of mind.

I have been frequently surprised, and almost frightened, at the singular address and happy boldness with which young women in America contrive to manage their thoughts and their language, amidst all the difficulties of free conversation: a philosopher would have stumbled at every step along the narrow path which they trod without accident and without effort. It is easy indeed to perceive that even amidst the independence of early youth, an American woman is always mistress of herself: she indulges in all permitted pleasures without yielding herself up to any of them; and her reason never allows the reins of self-guidance to drop, though it often seems to hold them loosely.

In France, where traditions of every age are still so strangely mingled in the opinions and tastes of the people, women commonly receive a reserved, retired, and almost conventual education, as they did in aristocratic times; and then they are suddenly abandoned, without a guide and without assistance, in the midst of all the irregularities inseparable from democratic society.

The Americans are more consistent. They have found out that in a democracy the independence of individuals cannot fail to be very great, youth premature, tastes ill restrained, customs fleeting, public opinion often unsettled and powerless, paternal authority weak, and marital authority contested. Under these circumstances, believing that they had little chance of repressing in woman the most vehement passions of the human heart, they held that the surer way was to teach her the art of combating those passions for herself. As they could not prevent her virtue from being exposed to frequent danger, they determined that she should know how best to defend it; and more reliance was placed on the free vigor of her will than on safeguards which have been shaken or overthrown. Instead, then, of inculcating mistrust of herself, they constantly seek to enhance her confidence in her own strength of character. As it is neither possible nor desirable to keep a young woman in perpetual and complete ignorance, they hasten to give her a precocious knowledge on all subjects. Far from hiding the corruptions of the

world from her, they prefer that she should see them at once, and train herself to shun them; and they hold it of more importance to protect her conduct than to be over-scrupulous of the innocence of her thoughts.

Although the Americans are a very religious people, they do not rely on religion alone to defend the virtue of woman: they seek to arm her reason also. In this respect they have followed the same method as in several others: they first make vigorous efforts to cause individual independence to control itself, and they do not call in the aid of religion until they have reached the utmost limits of human strength.

I am aware that an education of this kind is not without danger; I am sensible that it tends to invigorate the judgment at the expense of the imagination, and to make cold and virtuous women instead of affectionate wives and agreeable companions to man. Society may be more tranquil and better regulated, but domestic life has often fewer charms. These however are secondary evils, which may be braved for the sake of higher interests. At the stage at which we are now arrived, the choice is no longer left to us: a democratic education is indispensable to protect women from the dangers with which democratic institutions and manners surround them.

POLITICAL ASSOCIATION

From 'Democracy in America,' by permission of the Century Company, publishers

IT MUST be acknowledged that the unrestrained liberty of political association has not hitherto produced, in the United States, the fatal results which might perhaps be expected from it elsewhere. The right of association was imported from England, and it has always existed in America; the exercise of this privilege is now incorporated with the manners and customs of the people. At the present time, the liberty of association has become a necessary guaranty against the tyranny of the majority. In the United States, as soon as a party has become dominant, all public authority passes into its hands; its private supporters occupy all the offices, and have all the force of the

administration at their disposal. As the most distinguished members of the opposite party cannot surmount the barrier which excludes them from power, they must establish themselves outside of it; and oppose the whole moral authority of the minority to the physical power which domineers over it. Thus a dangerous expedient is used to obviate a still more formidable danger.

The omnipotence of the majority appears to me to be so full of peril to the American republics, that the dangerous means used to bridle it seem to be more advantageous than prejudicial. And here I will express an opinion which may remind the reader of what I said when speaking of the freedom of townships. There are no countries in which associations are more needed to prevent the despotism of faction or the arbitrary power of a prince, than those which are democratically constituted. In aristocratic nations, the body of the nobles and the wealthy are in themselves natural associations, which check the abuses of power. In countries where such associations do not exist, if private individuals cannot create an artificial and temporary substitute for them, I can see no permanent protection against the most galling tyranny; and a great people may be oppressed with impunity by a small faction, or by a single individual.

The meeting of a great political convention (for there are conventions of all kinds), which may frequently become a necessary measure, is always a serious occurrence, even in America, and one which judicious patriots cannot regard without alarm. This was very perceptible in the convention of 1831, at which all the most distinguished members strove to moderate its language, and to restrain its objects within certain limits. It is probable that this convention exercised a great influence on the minds of the malcontents, and prepared them for the open revolt against the commercial laws of the Union which took place in 1832.

It cannot be denied that the unrestrained liberty of association for political purposes is the privilege which a people is longest in learning how to exercise. If it does not throw the nation into anarchy, it perpetually augments the chances of that calamity. On one point, however, this perilous liberty offers a security against dangers of another kind: in countries where associations are free, secret associations are unknown. In America there are factions, but no conspiracies.

CAUSE OF LEGISLATIVE INSTABILITY IN AMERICA

From 'Democracy in America,' by permission of the Century Company, publishers

I HAVE already spoken of the natural defects of democratic institutions: each one of them increases in the same ratio as the power of the majority. To begin with the most evident of them all, the mutability of the laws is an evil inherent in a democratic government, because it is natural to democracies to raise new men to power. But this evil is more or less sensible in proportion to the authority and the means of action which the legislature possesses.

In America, the authority exercised by the legislatures is supreme; nothing prevents them from accomplishing their wishes with celerity and with irresistible power, and they are supplied with new representatives every year. That is to say, the circumstances which contribute most powerfully to democratic instability, and which admit of the free application of caprice to the most important objects, are here in full operation. Hence America is, at the present day, the country of all wherè laws last the shortest time. Almost all the American constitutions have been amended within thirty years: there is therefore not one American State which has not modified the principles of its legislation in that time. As for the laws themselves, a single glance at the archives of the different States of the Union suffices to convince one that in America the activity of the legislator never slackens. Not that the American democracy is naturally less stable than any other; but it is allowed to follow, in the formation of the laws, the natural instability of its desires.

The omnipotence of the majority, and the rapid as well as absolute manner in which its decisions are executed in the United States, not only render the law unstable, but exercise the same influence upon the execution of the law and the conduct of the administration. As the majority is the only power which it is important to court, all its projects are taken up with the greatest ardor; but no sooner is its attention distracted than all its ardor ceases: whilst in the free States of Europe, where the administration is at once independent and secure, the projects of the legislature continue to be executed, even when its attention is directed to other objects.

TYRANNY OF THE MAJORITY

From 'Democracy in America,' by permission of the Century Company, publishers

I HOLD it to be an impious and detestable maxim, that politically speaking the people have a right to do anything; and yet I have asserted that all authority originates in the will of the majority. Am I then in contradiction with myself?

A general law, which bears the name of justice, has been made and sanctioned, not only by a majority of this or that people, but by a majority of mankind. The rights of every people are therefore confined within the limits of what is just. A nation may be considered as a jury which is empowered to represent society at large, and to apply justice, which is its law. Ought such a jury, which represents society, to have more power than the society itself whose laws it executes?

When I refuse to obey an unjust law, I do not contest the right of the majority to command, but I simply appeal from the sovereignty of the people to the sovereignty of mankind. Some have not feared to assert that a people can never outstep the boundaries of justice and reason in those affairs which are peculiarly its own; and that consequently, full power may be given to the majority by which they are represented. But this is the language of a slave.

A majority taken collectively is only an individual, whose opinions, and frequently whose interests, are opposed to those of another individual, who is styled a minority. If it be admitted that a man possessing absolute power may misuse that power by wronging his adversaries, why should not a majority be liable to the same reproach? Men do not change their characters by uniting with each other; nor does their patience in the presence of obstacles increase with their strength. For my own part I cannot believe it: the power to do everything, which I should refuse to one of my equals, I will never grant to any number of them.

I do not think that for the sake of preserving liberty, it is possible to combine several principles in the same government so as really to oppose them to one another. The form of government which is usually termed *mixed* has always appeared to me a mere chimera. Accurately speaking, there is no such thing as a *mixed government*, in the same sense usually given to that

word; because in all communities some one principle of action may be discovered which preponderates over the others. England in the last century—which has been especially cited as an example of this sort of government—was essentially an aristocratic State, although it comprised some great elements of democracy; for the laws and customs of the country were such that the aristocracy could not but preponderate in the long run, and direct public affairs according to its own will. The error arose from seeing the interests of the nobles perpetually contending with those of the people, without considering the issue of the contest, which was really the important point. When a community actually has a mixed government,—that is to say, when it is equally divided between adverse principles,—it must either experience a revolution or fall into anarchy.

I am therefore of opinion that social power superior to all others must always be placed somewhere; but I think that liberty is endangered when this power finds no obstacle which can retard its course, and give it time to moderate its own vehemence.

Unlimited power is in itself a bad and dangerous thing. Human beings are not competent to exercise it with discretion. God alone can be omnipotent, because his wisdom and his justice are always equal to his power. There is no power on earth so worthy of honor in itself, or clothed with rights so sacred, that I would admit its uncontrolled and all-predominant authority. When I see that the right and the means of absolute command are conferred on any power whatever, be it called a people or a king, an aristocracy or a democracy, a monarchy or a republic, I say there is a germ of tyranny; and I seek to live elsewhere, under other laws.

In my opinion, the main evil of the present democratic institutions of the United States does not arise, as is often asserted in Europe, from their weakness, but from their irresistible strength. I am not so much alarmed at the excessive liberty which reigns in that country, as at the inadequate securities which one finds there against tyranny.

When an individual or a party is wronged in the United States, to whom can he apply for redress? If to public opinion, public opinion constitutes the majority; if to the legislature, it represents the majority, and implicitly obeys it; if to the executive power, it is appointed by the majority, and serves as a passive tool in its hands. The public force consists of the majority

under arms; the jury is the majority invested with the right of hearing judicial cases; and in certain States, even the judges are elected by the majority. However iniquitous or absurd the measure of which you complain, you must submit to it as well as you can.

If, on the other hand, a legislative power could be so constituted as to represent the majority without necessarily being the slave of its passions, an executive so as to retain a proper share of authority, and a judiciary so as to remain independent of the other two powers, a government would be formed which would still be democratic, while incurring hardly any risk of tyranny.

I do not say that there is a frequent use of tyranny in America at the present day; but I maintain that there is no sure barrier against it, and that the causes which mitigate the government there are to be found in the circumstances and the manners of the country, more than in its laws.

POWER EXERCISED BY THE MAJORITY IN AMERICA UPON OPINION

From 'Democracy in America,' by permission of the Century Company.
publishers

IT is in the examination of the exercise of thought in the United States, that we clearly perceive how far the power of the majority surpasses all the powers with which we are acquainted in Europe. Thought is an invisible and subtle power that mocks all the efforts of tyranny. At the present time, the most absolute monarchs in Europe cannot prevent certain opinions hostile to their authority from circulating in secret through their dominions, and even in their courts. It is not so in America: as long as the majority is still undecided, discussion is carried on; but as soon as its decision is irrevocably pronounced, every one is silent, and the opponents as well as the friends of the measure unite in assenting to its propriety. The reason of this is perfectly clear: no monarch is so absolute as to combine all the powers of society in his own hands, and to conquer all opposition,—as a majority is able to do, which has the right both of making and of executing the laws.

The authority of a king is physical, and controls the actions of men without subduing their will. But the majority possesses

a power which is physical and moral at the same time, which acts upon the will as much as upon the actions, and represses not only all contest but all controversy.

I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America. In any constitutional State in Europe, every sort of religious and political theory may be freely preached and disseminated; for there is no country in Europe so subdued by any single authority as not to protect the man who raises his voice in the cause of truth from the consequences of his hardihood. If he is unfortunate enough to live under an absolute government, the people are often upon his side; if he inhabits a free country, he can if necessary find a shelter behind the throne. The aristocratic part of society supports him in some countries, and the democracy in others. But in a nation where democratic institutions exist, organized like those of the United States, there is but one authority, one element of strength and success, with nothing behind it.

In America the majority raises formidable barriers around the liberty of opinion: within these barriers, an author may write what he pleases; but woe to him if he goes beyond them. Not that he is in danger of an *auto-da-fé*, but he is exposed to continued obloquy and persecution. His political career is closed forever, since he has offended the only authority which is able to open it. Every sort of compensation, even that of celebrity, is refused to him. Before publishing his opinions, he imagined that he held them in common with others; but no sooner has he declared them than he is loudly censured by his opponents, whilst those who think like him, without having the courage to speak out, abandon him in silence. He yields at length, overcome by the daily effort which he has to make; and subsides into silence, as if he felt remorse for having spoken the truth.

Fetters and headsmen were the coarse instruments which tyranny formerly employed; but the civilization of our age has perfected despotism itself, though it seemed to have nothing to learn. Monarchs had, so to speak, materialized oppression: the democratic republics of the present day have rendered it as entirely an affair of the mind, as the will which it is intended to coerce. Under the absolute sway of one man, the body was attacked in order to subdue the soul; but the soul escaped the blows which were directed against it, and rose proudly superior.

Such is not the course adopted by tyranny in democratic republics; there the body is left free and the soul is enslaved. The master no longer says, "You shall think as I do, or you shall die"; but he says, "You are free to think differently from me, and to retain your life, your property, and all that you possess; but you are henceforth a stranger among your people. You may retain your civil rights, but they will be useless to you, for you will never be chosen by your fellow-citizens if you solicit their votes; and they will affect to scorn you if you ask for their esteem. You will remain among men, but you will be deprived of the rights of mankind. Your fellow-creatures will shun you like an impure being; and even those who believe in your innocence will abandon you, lest they should be shunned in their turn. Go in peace! I have given you your life, but it is an existence worse than death."

DANGERS FROM OMNIPOTENCE OF THE MAJORITY

From 'Democracy in America,' by permission of the Century Company, publishers

GOVERNMENTS usually perish from impotence or from tyranny. In the former case their power escapes from them; it is wrested from their grasp in the latter. Many observers who have witnessed the anarchy of democratic States have imagined that the government of those States was naturally weak and impotent: the truth is that when war is once begun between parties, the government loses its control over society. But I do not think that a democratic power is naturally without force or resources; say rather that it is almost always by the abuse of its force, and the misemployment of its resources, that it becomes a failure. Anarchy is almost always produced by its tyranny or its mistakes, but not by its want of strength.

It is important not to confound stability with force, or the greatness of a thing with its duration. In democratic republics, the power which directs society is not stable, for it often changes hands and assumes a new direction; but whichever way it turns, its force is almost irresistible. The governments of the American republics appear to me to be as much centralized as those of the absolute monarchies of Europe, and more energetic than

they are. I do not therefore imagine that they will perish from weakness.

If ever the free institutions of America are destroyed, that event may be attributed to the omnipotence of the majority; which may at some future time urge the minorities to desperation, and oblige them to have recourse to physical force. Anarchy will then be the result, but it will have been brought about by despotism.

FRANCE UNDER THE RULE OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

From the 'Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville.' The Macmillan Company, publishers

OUR history from 1789 to 1830, if viewed from a distance and as a whole, affords as it were the picture of a struggle to the death between the Ancien Régime—its traditions, memories, hopes, and men, as represented by the aristocracy—and New France under the leadership of the middle class. The year 1830 closed the first period of our revolutions; or rather of our revolution, for there is but one, which has remained always the same in the face of varying fortunes,—of which our fathers witnessed the commencement, and of which we, in all probability, shall not live to behold the end. In 1830 the triumph of the middle class had been definite; and so thorough that all political power, every franchise, every prerogative, and the whole government, was confined, and as it were heaped up, within the narrow limits of this one class, to the statutory exclusion of all beneath them, and the actual exclusion of all above. Not only did it thus alone rule society, but it may be said to have formed it. It ensconced itself in every vacant place, prodigiously augmented the number of places, and accustomed itself to live almost as much upon the treasury as upon its own industry.

No sooner had the Revolution of 1830 become an accomplished fact, than there ensued a great lull in political passion, a sort of general subsidence, accompanied by a rapid increase in the public wealth. The particular spirit of the middle class became the general spirit of the government; it ruled the latter's foreign policy as well as affairs at home: an active, industrious spirit, often dishonorable, generally sober, occasionally reckless through vanity or egotism, but timid by temperament, moderate

in all things except in its love of ease and comfort, and wholly undistinguished. It was a spirit, which, mingled with that of the people or of the aristocracy, can do wonders; but which by itself will never produce more than a government shorn of both virtue and greatness. Master of everything in a manner that no aristocracy had ever been or may ever hope to be, the middle class, when called upon to assume the government, took it up as a trade; it intrenched itself behind its power: and before long, in their egoism, each of its members thought much more of his private business than of public affairs, and of his personal enjoyment than of the greatness of the nation.

Posterity, which sees none but the more dazzling crimes, and which loses sight in general of mere vices, will never perhaps know to what extent the government of that day, towards its close, assumed the ways of a trading company, which conducts all its transactions with a view to the profits accruing to the shareholders. These vices were due to the natural instincts of the dominant class, to the absoluteness of its power, and also to the character of the time. Possibly also King Louis Philippe had contributed to their growth.

This prince was a singular medley of qualities, and one must have known him longer and more nearly than I did to be able to portray him in detail.

Nevertheless, although I was never one of his Council, I have frequently had occasion to come into contact with him. The last time that I spoke to him was shortly before the catastrophe of February [1848]. I was then director of the Académie Française, and I had to bring to the King's notice some matter or other which concerned that body. After treating the question which had brought me, I was about to retire, when the King detained me, took a chair, motioned me to another, and said affably:—

“Since you are here, Monsieur de Tocqueville, let us talk: I want to hear you talk a little about America.”

I knew him well enough to know that this meant, “I shall talk about America myself.” And he did actually talk of it at great length and very searchingly: it was not possible for me to get in a word; nor did I desire to do so, for he really interested me. He described places as if he saw them before him; he recalled the distinguished men whom he had met forty years ago as if he had seen them the day before; he mentioned their names in full, Christian name and surname, gave their ages at

the time, related their histories, their pedigrees, their posterity, with marvelous exactness, and with infinite though in no way tedious detail. From America he returned, without taking breath, to Europe; talked of all our foreign and domestic affairs with incredible unconstraint (for I had no title to his confidence); spoke very badly of the Emperor of Russia, whom he called "Monsieur Nicolas"; casually alluded to Lord Palmerston as a rogue; and ended by holding forth at length on the Spanish marriages, which had just taken place, and the annoyances to which they subjected him on the side of England.

"The Queen is very angry with me," he said, "and displays great irritation; but after all," he added, "all this outcry won't keep me from *driving my own cart*."

Although this phrase dated back to the Old Order, I felt inclined to doubt whether Louis XIV. ever made use of it on accepting the Spanish Succession. I believe, moreover, that Louis Philippe was mistaken; and to borrow his own language, that the Spanish marriages helped not a little to upset his cart.

After three quarters of an hour the King rose, thanked me for the pleasure my conversation had given him (I had not spoken four words), and dismissed me, feeling evidently as delighted as one generally is with a man before whom one thinks one has spoken well. This was my last audience of the King.

Louis Philippe improvised all the replies which he made, even upon the most critical occasions, to the great State bodies; he was as fluent then as in his private conversation, although not so happy or epigrammatic. He would suddenly become obscure, for the reason that he boldly plunged headlong into long sentences, of which he was not able to estimate the extent nor perceive the end beforehand; and from which he finally emerged struggling and by force, shattering the sense and not completing the thought.

In this political world thus constituted and conducted, what was most wanting, particularly towards the end, was political life itself. It could neither come into being nor be maintained within the legal circle which the Constitution had traced for it: the old aristocracy was vanquished, the people excluded. As all business was discussed among members of one class, in the interest and in the spirit of that class, there was no battle-field for contending parties to meet upon. This singular homogeneity of position, of interests, and consequently of views, reigning in what

M. Guizot had once called the legal country, deprived the parliamentary debates of all originality, of all reality, and therefore of all genuine passion. I have spent ten years of my life in the company of truly great minds, who were in a constant state of agitation without succeeding in heating themselves, and who spent all their perspicacity in vain endeavors to find subjects upon which they could seriously disagree.

On the other hand, the preponderating influence which King Louis Philippe had acquired in public affairs, which never permitted the politicians to stray very far from that prince's ideas lest they should at the same time be removed from power, reduced the different colors of parties to the merest shades, and debates to the splitting of straws. I doubt whether any Parliament (not excepting the Constituent Assembly,—I mean the true one, that of 1789) ever contained more varied and brilliant talents than did ours during the closing years of the Monarchy of July. Nevertheless I am able to declare that these great orators were tired to death of listening to one another, and what was worse, the whole country was tired of listening to them. It grew unconsciously accustomed to look upon the debates in the Chambers as exercises of the intellect rather than as serious discussions, and upon all the differences between the various Parliamentary parties—the majority, the left centre, or the dynastic opposition—as domestic quarrels between children of one family trying to trick one another. A few glaring instances of corruption, discovered by accident, led it to presuppose a number of hidden cases, and convinced it that the whole of the governing class was corrupt; whence it conceived for the latter a silent contempt, which was generally taken for confiding and contented submission.

The country was at that time divided into two unequal parts, or rather zones: in the upper, which alone was intended to contain the whole of the nation's political life, there reigned nothing but languor, impotence, stagnation, and boredom; in the lower, on the contrary, political life began to make itself manifest by means of feverish and irregular signs, of which the attentive observer was easily able to scize the meaning.

I was one of these observers; and although I was far from imagining that the catastrophe was so near at hand and fated to be so terrible, I felt a distrust springing up and insensibly growing in my mind, and the idea taking root more and more that

we were making strides towards a fresh revolution. This denoted a great change in my thoughts; since the general appeasement and flatness that followed the Revolution of July had led me to believe for a long time that I was destined to spend my life amid an enervated and peaceful society. Indeed, any one who had only examined the inside of the governmental fabric would have had the same conviction. Everything there seemed combined to produce with the machinery of liberty a preponderance of royal power which verged upon despotism; and in fact, this result was produced almost without effort by the regular and tranquil movement of the machine. King Louis Philippe was persuaded that so long as he did not himself lay hand upon that fine instrument, and allowed it to work according to rule, he was safe from all peril. His only occupation was to keep it in order and to make it work according to his own views, forgetful of society upon which this ingenious piece of mechanism rested; he resembled the man who refused to believe that his house was on fire, because he had the key in his pocket. I had neither the same interests nor the same cares; and this permitted me to see through the mechanism of institutions and the agglomeration of petty every-day facts, and to observe the state of morals and opinions in the country. There I clearly beheld the appearance of several of the portents that usually denote the approach of revolutions; and I began to believe that in 1830 I had taken for the end of the play what was nothing more than the end of an act. . . .

In a speech delivered in the Chamber of Deputies, January 29th, 1848, I said:—

“I am told that there is no danger because there are no riots; I am told that because there is no visible disorder on the surface of society, there is no revolution at hand.

“Gentlemen, permit me to say that I believe you are deceived. True, there is no actual disorder; but it has entered deeply into men’s minds. See what is passing in the breasts of the working classes,—who, I grant, are at present quiet. No doubt they are not disturbed by political passion, properly so called, to the same extent that they have been; but can you not see that their passions, instead of political, have become social? Do you not see that there are gradually forming in their breasts opinions and ideas which are destined not only to upset this or that law, ministry, or even form of government, but society itself,

until it totters upon the foundations on which it rests to-day? Do you not listen to what they say to themselves each day? Do you not hear them repeating unceasingly that all that is above them is incapable and unworthy of governing them; that the present distribution of goods throughout the world is unjust; that property rests on a foundation which is not an equitable foundation? And do you not realize that when such opinions take root, when they spread in an almost universal manner, when they sink deeply into the masses, they are bound to bring with them sooner or later, I know not when nor how, a most formidable revolution?

“This, gentlemen, is my profound conviction: I believe that we are at this moment sleeping on a volcano. I am profoundly convinced of it.”



TOLSTOY

LYON POLSTOY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV"



There is a certain... (The text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to the quality of the scan.)

The... (The text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to the quality of the scan.)

The... (The text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to the quality of the scan.)

The... (The text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to the quality of the scan.)



LYOF TOLSTOY

(1828-)

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THERE is a certain unsatisfactory meagreness in the facts of Lyof Tolstoy's life, as they are given outside of his own works. In these he has imparted himself with a fullness which has an air almost of anxiety to leave nothing unsaid,—as if any reticence would rest like a sense of insincerity on his conscience. But such truth as relates to dates and places, and seems the basis of our knowledge concerning other men, is with him hardly at all structural: we do not try to build his moral or intellectual figure upon it or about it.

He is of an aristocratic lineage, which may be traced back to Count Piotr Tolstoy, a friend and comrade of Peter the Great; and he was born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana near Tuła, where he still lives. His parents died during his childhood, and he was left with their other children to the care of one of his mother's relatives at Kazan, where he entered the university. He did not stay to take a degree, but returned to Yasnaya Polyana, where he lived in retirement till 1851; when he went into the army, and served in the Caucasus and the Crimea, seeing both the big wars and the little. He quitted the service with the rank of division commander, and gave himself up to literary work at St. Petersburg, where his success was in every sort most brilliant; but when the serfs were set free, he retired to his estates, and took his part in fitting them for freedom by teaching them, personally and through books which he wrote for them.

He learned from these poor people far more than he taught them; and his real life dates from his efforts to make it one with their lives. He had married the daughter of a German physician in Moscow,—the admirable woman who has remained constant to the idealist through all his changing ideals,—and a family of children was growing up about him; but neither the cares nor the joys of his home sufficed to keep him from the despair which all his military and literary and social success had deepened upon him, and which had begun to oppress him from the earliest moments of moral consciousness.

The wisdom that he learned from toil and poverty was, that life has no meaning and no happiness except as it is spent for others;

and it did not matter that the toiling poor themselves illustrated the lesson unwittingly and unwillingly. Tolstoy perceived that they had the true way often in spite of themselves; but that their reluctance or their ignorance could not keep the blessing from them which had been withheld from him, and from all the men of his kind and quality. He found that they took sickness and misfortune simply and patiently, and that when their time came to die, they took death simply and patiently. To them life was not a problem or a puzzle: it was often heavy and hard, but it did not mock or deride them; it was not malign, and it was not ironical. He believed that the happiness he saw in them came first of all from their labor.

So he began to work out his salvation with his own hands. He put labor before everything else in his philosophy, and through all his changes and his seeming changes he has kept it there. There had been a time when he thought he must destroy himself, after glory in arms and in letters had failed to suffice him, after the love of wife and children had failed to console him, and nothing would ease the intolerable burden of being. But labor gave him rest; and he tasted the happiness of those whose existence is a continual sacrifice through service to others.

He must work hard every day, or else he must begin to die at heart; and so he believes must every man. But then, for the life which labor renders tolerable and significant, some sort of formulated faith was essential; and Tolstoy began to search the Scriptures. He learned from the teachings of Jesus Christ that he must not only not kill, but he must not hate or despise other men; he must not only keep himself chaste, but he must keep his thoughts from unchastity; he must not only not forswear himself, but he must not swear at all; he must not only not do evil, but he must not *resist* evil. If his own practice had been the negation of these principles, he could not therefore deny their righteousness; if all civilization, as we see it now, was the negation of these principles, civilization—in so far as it was founded upon war, and pride, and luxury, and oaths, and judgments, and punishments—was wrong and false. The sciences, so far as they failed to better the lot of common men, seemed to him futile; the fine arts, so far as they appealed to the passions, seemed worse than futile; the mechanic arts, with their manifold inventions, were senseless things in the sight of this seer, who sought the kingdom of God. Titles, honors, riches; courts, judges, executioners; nationalities, armies, battles; culture, pleasure, amusement,—he counted these all evil or vain.

The philosophy of Tolstoy is neither more nor less than the doctrine of the gospels, chiefly as he found it in the words of Jesus. Some of us whose lives it accused, have accused him of going beyond Christ in his practice of Christ's precepts. We say that having

himself led a worldly, sensual, and violent life, he naturally wished to atone for it by making every one also lead a poor, dull, and ugly life. It is no part of my business to defend him, or to justify him; but as against this anger against him, I cannot do less than remind the reader that Tolstoy, in confessing himself so freely and fully to the world, and preaching the truth as he feels it, claims nothing like infallibility. He compels no man's conscience, he shapes no man's conduct. If the truth which he has learned from the teachings of Jesus, and those other saviors and sages whom he follows less devoutly, compels the conscience and shapes the conduct of the reader, that is because this reader's soul cannot deny it. If the soul rejects it, that is no more than men have been doing ever since saviors and sages came into the world; and Tolstoy is neither to praise nor to blame.

No sincere person, I believe, will deny his sincerity, which is his authority outside of the gospel's: if any man will speak simply and truly to us, he masters us; and this and nothing else is what makes us helpless before the spirit of such books as 'My Confession,' 'My Religion,' 'Life,' 'What to Do,' and before the ethical quality of Tolstoy's fictions. We can remind ourselves that he is no more final than he pretends to be; that on so vital a point as the question of a life hereafter, he seems of late to incline to a belief in it, though at first he held such a belief to be a barbarous superstition. We can justly say that he does not lead a life of true poverty if his wife holds the means of keeping him from want, and from that fear of want which is the sorest burden of poverty. We can point out that his labor in making shoes is a worse than useless travesty, since it may deprive some wretched cobbler of his chance to earn his living by making and selling the shoes which Count Tolstoy makes and gives away. In these things we should have a certain truth on our side; though we should have to own that it was not his fault that he had not really declassed himself, and was constrained to the economic safety in which he dwells. We should have to confess that in this the great matter is the will; and that if benevolence stopped to take account of the harm it might work, there could be no such thing as charity in the world. We should have to ask ourselves whether Tolstoy's conversion to a belief in immortality is not an effect of his unselfish labor; whether his former doubt of immortality was not a lingering effect of the ambition, vanity, and luxury he has renounced. It had not indeed remained for him to discover that whenever we love, the truth is added unto us; but possibly it had remained for him to live the fact, to realize that unselfish labor gives so much meaning to human life that its significance cannot be limited to mortality.

However this may be, Tolstoy's purpose is mainly to make others realize that religion, that Christ, is for this actual world here, and not for some potential world elsewhere. If this is what renders him so hateful to those who postpone the Divine justice to another state of being, they may console themselves with the reflection that his counsel to unselfish labor is almost universally despised. There is so small danger that the kingdom of heaven will come by virtue of his example, that none of all who pray for it need be the least afraid of its coming. In any event his endeavor for a right life cannot be forgotten. Even as a pose, if we are to think so meanly of it as that, it is by far the most impressive spectacle of the century. All that he has said has been the law of Christianity open to any who would read, from the beginning; and he has not differed from most other Christians except in the attempt literally to do the will of Christ. Yet even in this he is not the first. Others have lived the life of labor voluntarily, and have abhorred war, and have suffered evil. But no man so gloriously gifted and so splendidly placed has bowed his neck and taken the yoke upon it. We must recognize Tolstoy as one of the greatest men of all time, before we can measure the extent of his renunciation. He was gifted, noble, rich, famous, honored, courted; and he has done his utmost to become plebeian, poor, obscure, neglected. He has truly endeavored to cast his lot with the lowliest, and he has counted it all joy so far as he has succeeded. His scruple against constraining the will of others suffers their will to make his self-sacrifice finally histrionic; but this seems to me not the least part of his self-sacrifice, which it gives a supreme touch of pathos. It is something that in fiction he alone could have imagined, and is akin to the experience of his own Karénin, who in a crucial moment forgives when he perceives that he cannot forgive without being ridiculous. Tolstoy, in allowing his family to keep his wealth, for fear of compelling them to the righteousness which they do not choose, becomes absurd in his inalienable safety and superiority; but we cannot say that he ought not to suffer this indignity. There is perhaps a lesson in his fate which we ought not to refuse, if we can learn from it that in our time men are bound together so indissolubly that every advance must include the whole of society, and that even self-renunciation must not accomplish itself at the cost of others' free choice.

It is usual to speak of the ethical and the æsthetical principles as if they were something separable; but they are hardly even divergent in any artist, and in Tolstoy they have converged from the first. He began to write at a time when realistic fiction was so thoroughly established in Russia that there was no question there of any other. Gogol had found the way out of the mists of romanticism into the

open day, and Turguénief had so perfected the realistic methods that the subtlest analysis of character had become the essence of drama. Then Tolstoy arrived, and it was no longer a question of methods. In Turguénief, when the effect sought and produced is most ethical, the process is so splendidly æsthetical that the sense of its perfection is uppermost. In Tolstoy the meaning of the thing is so supreme that the delight imparted by the truth is qualified by no consciousness of the art. Up to his time fiction had been part of the pride of life, and had been governed by the criterions of the world which it amused. But he replaced the artistic conscience by the human conscience. Great as my wonder was at the truth in Tolstoy's work, my wonder at the love in it was greater yet. Here for the first time, I found the most faithful pictures of life set in the light of that human conscience which I had falsely taught myself was to be ignored in questions of art, as something inadequate and inappropriate. In the august presence of the masterpieces, I had been afraid and ashamed of the highest instincts of my nature as something philistine and provincial. But here I stood in the presence of a master, who told me not to be afraid or ashamed of them, but to judge his work by them, since he had himself wrought in honor of them. I found the tests of conduct which I had used in secret with myself, applied as the rules of universal justice, condemning and acquitting in motive and action, and admitting none of those lawyers' pleas which baffle our own consciousness of right and wrong. Often in Tolstoy's ethics I feel a hardness, almost an arrogance (the word says too much); but in his æsthetics I have never felt this. He has transmuted the atmosphere of a realm hitherto supposed unmoral into the very air of heaven. I found nowhere in his work those base and cruel lies which cheat us into the belief that wrong may sometimes be right through passion, or genius, or heroism. There was everywhere the grave noble face of the truth that had looked me in the eyes all my life, and that I knew I must confront when I came to die. But there was something more than this,—infinitely more. There was that love which is before even the truth, without which there is no truth, and which, if there is any last day, must appear the Divine justice.

It is Tolstoy's humanity which is the grace beyond the reach of art in his imaginative work. It does not reach merely the poor and the suffering: it extends to the prosperous and the proud, and does not deny itself to the guilty. There had been many stories of adultery before 'Anna Karénina,'—nearly all the great novels outside of English are framed upon that argument,—but in 'Anna Karénina' for the first time the whole truth was told about it. Tolstoy has said of the fiction of Maupassant that the truth can never be

immoral; and in his own work I have felt that it could never be anything but moral. In the 'Kreuzer Sonata,' which gave a bad conscience to Christendom, there was not a moment of indecency or horror that was not purifying and wholesome. It was not the logic of that tremendous drama that marriage was wrong,—though Tolstoy himself pushed on to some such conclusion,—but only that lustful marriage, provoked through appetite and fostered in idleness and luxury, was wrong. We may not have had the last word from him concerning the matter: he may yet see marriage, as he has seen immortality, to be the inevitable deduction from the human postulate. But whatever his mind about it may finally be, his comment on that novel seems to me his one great mistake, and a discord in the harmony of his philosophy.

It jars the more because what you feel most in Tolstoy is this harmony,—this sense of unity. He cannot admit in his arraignment of civilization the plea of a divided responsibility: he will not suffer the prince, or the judge, or the soldier, personally to shirk the consequences of what he officially does; and he refuses to allow in himself the division of the artist from the man. As I have already more than once said, his ethics and æsthetics are inseparably at one; and this is what gives a vital warmth to all his art. It is never that heartless skill which exists for its own sake, and is content to dazzle with the brilliancy of its triumphs. It seeks always the truth in the love to which alone the truth unveils itself. If Tolstoy is the greatest imaginative writer who ever lived, it is because, beyond all others, he has written in the spirit of kindness, and not denied his own personal complicity with his art.

As for the scope of his work, it would not be easy to measure it; for it seems to include all motives and actions, in good and bad, in high and low, and not to leave life untouched at any point as it shows itself in his vast Russian world. Its chief themes are the old themes of art always,—they are love, passion, death; but they are treated with such a sincerity, such a simplicity, that they seem almost new to art, and as effectively his as if they had not been touched before.

Until we read 'The Cossacks,' and witness the impulses of kindness in Olenin, we do not realize how much love has been despised by fiction, and neglected for passion. It is with a sort of fear and trembling that we find ourselves in the presence of this wish to do good to others, as if it might be some sort of mawkish sentimentality. But it appears again and again in the cycle of Tolstoy's work: in the vague aspirations recorded in 'Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth'; in the abnegation and shame of the husband in 'Anna Karénina,' when he wishes to forgive his wife's paramour; in the goodness of the

muzhik to the loathsome sick man in 'The Death of Ivan Ilyitch'; in the pitying patience of Prince Andrei Bolkonsky with Anatol Kuragin in 'War and Peace,' where amidst his own anguish he realizes that the man next him under the surgeon's knife is the wretch who robbed him of the innocent love of his betrothed; in the devotion of the master, even to the emergence of conscious identity, to the servant in 'Master and Man';—and at no time does it justify our first skeptical shrinking. It is as far as possible from the dramatic *tours de force* in Hugoesque fiction; it is not a conclusion that is urged or an effect that is solicited: it is the motive to which all beauty of action refers itself; it is human nature,—and it is as frankly treated as if there could be no question of it.

This love—the wish to do good and to be good, which is at the bottom of all our hearts, however we try to exclude it or deny it—is always contrasting itself in Tolstoy's work with passion, and proving the latter mortal and temporal in itself, and enduring only in its union with love. In most other novelists, passion is treated as if it were something important in itself,—as if its intensity were a merit and its abandon were a virtue,—its fruition Paradise, its defeat perdition. But in Tolstoy, almost for the first time, we are shown that passion is merely a condition; and that it has almost nothing to do with happiness. Other novelists represent lovers as forced by their passion to an ecstasy of selfish joy, or an ecstasy of selfish misery; but he shows us that they are only the more bound by it to the rest of the world. It is in fact, so far as it eventuates in marriage, the beginning of subjection to humanity, and nothing in it concerns the lovers alone.

It is not the less but the more mystical for this; and Tolstoy does full justice to all its mystical beauty, its mystical power. Its power upon Natacha,—that pure, good, wise girl,—whom it suddenly blinds and bewilders till she must be saved from ruin in spite of herself, and almost by violence; and upon Anna Karénina,—that loving mother, true friend, and obedient wife,—are illustrated with a vividness which I know not where to match. Dolly's wretchedness with her faithless husband, Kitty's happiness in the constancy of Levine, are neither unalloyed; and in all the instances and examples of passion, we are aware of the author's sense of its merely provisional character. This appears perhaps most impressively in the scenes of Prince Andrei Bolkonsky's long dying, where Natacha, when restored and forgiven for her aberration, becomes as little to him at last as if she had succeeded in giving herself to Anatol Kuragin. The theory of such matters is, that the passion which unites them in life must bring them closer still in death; but we are shown that it is not so.

Passion, we have to learn from the great master, who here as everywhere humbles himself to the truth, has in it life and death; but of itself it is something only as a condition precedent to these: without it neither can be; but it is lost in their importance, and is strictly subordinate to their laws. It has never been more charmingly and reverently studied in its beautiful and noble phases than it is in Tolstoy's fiction; though he has always dealt with it so sincerely, so seriously. As to its obscure and ugly and selfish phases, he is so far above all others who have written of it, that he alone seems truly to have divined it, or portrayed it as experience knows it. He never tries to lift it out of nature in either case, but leaves it more visibly and palpably a part of the lowest as well as the highest humanity.

He is apt to study both aspects of it in relation to death; so apt that I had almost said he is fond of doing it. He often does this in 'War and Peace'; and in 'Anna Karénina' the unity of passion and death might be said to be the principle and argument of the story. In 'The Death of Ivan Ilyitch' the unworthy passion of the marriage is a part of the spiritual squalor in which the wretched worldling goes down to his grave. In the 'Kreuzer Sonata' it is the very essence of the murder; and in the 'Powers of Darkness' it is the spring of the blackest evil. I suppose that one thing which has made Tolstoy most distasteful to man-made society is, that in all sins from passion he holds men chiefly accountable. It is their luxury which is so much to blame for the perversion. I can recall, at the moment, only one woman—the Princess Helena—in whom he censures the same evils; and even in her he lets you feel that her evil is almost passive, and such as man-made society chiefly forced upon her. Tolstoy has always done justice to women's nature; he has nowhere mocked or satirized them without some touch of pity or extenuation: and he brings Anna Karénina through her passion to her death, with that tender lenity for her sex which recognizes womanhood as indestructibly pure and good.

He comes nearer unriddling life for us than any other writer. He persuades us that it cannot possibly give us any personal happiness; that there is no room for the selfish joy of any one except as it displaces the joy of some other, but that for unselfish joy there is infinite place and occasion. With the same key he unlocks the mystery of death; and he imagines so strenuously that death is neither more nor less than a transport of self-surrender, that he convinces the reason where there can be no proof. The reader will not have forgotten how in those last moments of earth which he has depicted, it is this utter giving up which is made to appear the first moment of heaven. Nothing in his mastery is so wonderful as his power upon

us in the scenes of the borderland where his vision seems to pierce the confines of another world. He comes again and again to it, as if this exercise of his seership had for him the same fascination that we feel in it: the closing hours of Prince Andreí, the last sorrowful instants of Anna Karénina, the triumphal abnegation of the philistine Ivan Ilyitch, the illusions and disillusionings of the dying soldier in 'Scenes of the Siege of Sebastopol,' the transport of the sordid merchant giving his life for his servant's in 'Master and Man,'—all these, with perhaps others that fail to occur to me, are qualified by the same conviction, imparting itself so strongly that it is like a proven fact.

Of a man who can be so great in the treatment of great things, we can ask ourselves only after a certain reflection whether he is as great as some lesser men in some lesser things; and I have a certain diffidence in inquiring whether Tolstoy is a humorist. But I incline to think that he is, though the humor of his facts seeks him rather than he it. One who feels life so keenly cannot help feeling its grotesqueness through its perversions, or help smiling at it, with whatever pang in his heart. I should say that his books rather abounded in characters helplessly comic. Oblensky in 'Anna Karénina,' the futile and amiably unworthy husband of Dolly, is delicious; and in 'War and Peace,' old Count Rostof, perpetually insolvent; is pathetically ridiculous,—as Levine in the first novel often is, and Pierre Bezukhof often is in the second. His irony, without harshness or unkindness, often pursues human nature in its vain twistings and turnings, with effects equally fresh and true; as where Nikolai Rostof, flying before the French, whom he had just been trying his worst to kill, finds it incredible that they should be seeking to harm one whom he knew to be so kind and good as himself. In Polikoushka, where the two *muzhiks* watching by the peasant's dead body try to shrink into themselves when some polite people come in, and to make themselves small because they are aware of smelling of the barn-yard, there is the play of such humor as we find only now and then in the supreme humorists. As for pathos, the supposed corollary of humor, I felt that I had scarcely known what it might be till I read Tolstoy. In literature, so far as I know it, there is nothing to match with the passage describing Anna Karénina's stolen visit to her little son after she has deserted her husband.

I touch this instance and that, in illustration of one thing and another: but I feel after all as if I had touched almost nothing in Tolstoy, so much remains untouched; though I am aware that I should have some such feeling if I multiplied the instances indefinitely. Much is said of the love of nature in writers, who are supposed to love it as they catalogue or celebrate its facts; but in

Tolstoy's work the nature is there just as the human nature is: simple, naked, unconscious. There is the sky that is really over our heads; there is the green earth, the open air; the seasons come and go: it is all actual, palpable,—and the joy of it as uncontrived apparently as the story which it environs, and which gives no more the sense of invention than the history of some veritable passage of human events. In 'War and Peace' the fortunes of the fictitious personages are treated in precisely the same spirit, and in the same manner, as the fortunes of the real personages: Bezukhof and Napoleon are alike real.

Of methods in Tolstoy, then, there can scarcely be any talk. He has apparently no method: he has no purpose but to get what he thinks, simply and clearly before us. Of style there seems as little to say; though here, since I know him only in translation, I cannot speak confidently. He may have a very marked style in Russian; but if this was so, I do not see how it could be kept out of the versions. In any case, it is only when you come to ask yourself what it is, that you realize its absence. His books are full of Tolstoy,—his conviction, his experience,—and yet he does not impart his personal quality to the diction as other masters do. It would indeed be as hard to imitate the literature as the life of Tolstoy, which will probably find only a millennial succession.

W. D. Howells.

ANNA'S ILLNESS

From 'Anna Karénina': translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Copyright 1886, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

WHEN he returned to his lonely room, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch involuntarily recalled, little by little, the conversations that had taken place at the dinner and in the evening. Dolly's words had only succeeded in arousing his vexation. His situation was too difficult to allow him to apply the precepts of the New Testament; besides, he had already considered this question, and decided it in the negative. Of all that had been said that day, the remark of that honest fool Turovtsuin had made the liveliest impression on his mind:—

“He did bravely; for he challenged his rival and killed him.”

Evidently this conduct was approved by all; and if they had not said so openly, it was out of pure politeness.

"But what good would it do to think about it? Had he not resolved what to do?" And Alekséi Aleksandrovitch gave no more thought to anything except the preparations for his departure, and his tour of inspection.

He took a cup of tea, opened a railway guide, and looked for the departure of trains—to arrange for his journey.

At this moment the servant brought him two dispatches. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch opened them. The first announced the nomination of Stremof to the place for which he had been ambitious.

Karénin threw down the telegram, and began to walk up and down the room. "*Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat*,"* said he, applying *quos* to all those who had taken part in this nomination. He was less disturbed by the fact that he himself had not been nominated, than to see Stremof—that babbler, that speechifier—filling the place. Couldn't they understand that they were ruining themselves, that they were destroying their prestige, by such a choice?

"Some more news of the same sort," he thought with bitterness as he opened the second telegram. It was from his wife: her name, "Anna," in blue pencil, stood out before his eyes.

"I am dying. I beg you to come: I shall die easier if I have your forgiveness."

He read these words with scorn, and threw the paper on the floor. "Some new scheme," was his first thought. "There is no deceitfulness of which she is not capable. She must be on the eve of her confinement, and there is something amiss. But what can be her object? To compromise me? to prevent the divorce? The dispatch says, 'I am dying.'" He re-read the telegram, and suddenly realized its full meaning. "If it were true,—if the suffering, the approach of death, had caused her to repent sincerely, and if I should call this pretense, and refuse to go to her, that would not only be cruel, but foolish; and all would blame me."

"Piotr, order a carriage: I am going to Petersburg!" he cried to the servant.

Karénin decided to go to his wife, and be ready to return at once if her illness was a pretense: on the other hand, if she were really repentant, and wanted to see him before she died,

* "Whom Jupiter wishes to destroy he makes mad."

he would forgive her; and if he reached her too late, he could at least pay his last respects to her.

Having made up his mind to do this, he gave it no more thought during the journey. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, tired and dusty with his night of traveling, reached Petersburg in the early morning. He crossed the still deserted Nevsky Perspective, looking straight before him through the morning mist, without wishing to think of what was awaiting him at home. He did not wish to think about it, because he couldn't help feeling that his wife's death would put a speedy end to all the difficulties of his situation. The bakers, the night *izvoshchiks*, the *dvorniks* sweeping the sidewalks, the closed shops,—all passed like a flash before his eyes; he noticed everything, and tried to stifle the hope that he reproached himself for entertaining. When he reached his house he saw an *izvoshchik*, and a carriage with a coachman asleep, standing before the door. On the steps Alekséi Aleksandrovitch made another effort to come to a decision,—wrested, it seemed to him, from the most hidden recess of his brain, and which was something like this: "If she has deceived me, I will be calm, and go away again; but if she has told the truth, I will do what is proper."

The Swiss opened the door even before Karénin rang the bell; the Swiss presented a strange appearance, without any neck-tie, dressed in an old coat and slippers.

"How is the *baruina*?"

"She is as comfortable as could be expected."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch turned very pale: he realized how deeply he had hoped for her death.

Kornéi, the servant in morning-dress, came quickly down the stairs.

"Madame is very low," he said. "There was a consultation yesterday, and the doctor is here now."

"Take my things," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, a little comforted to learn that all hope of death was not lost; and he went into the reception-room.

A uniform overcoat hung in the hall. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch noticed it, and asked:—

"Who is here?"

"The doctor, the nurse, and Count Vronsky."

Karénin went into the drawing-room. There was nobody there; but the sound of his steps brought the nurse, in a cap

with lilac ribbons, out of the boudoir. She came to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, and taking him by the hand with the familiarity that the approach of death permits, led him into the sleeping-room.

"Thank the Lord that you have come! She talks of nothing but you; always of you," she said.

"Bring some ice quick!" said the imperative voice of the doctor from the chamber.

In the boudoir, sitting on a little low chair, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch saw Vronsky weeping, his face covered with his hands. He started at the sound of the doctor's voice, uncovered his face, and found himself in the presence of Karénin. The sight of him disturbed him so much that he sank down in his chair, as if he wanted to disappear out of sight; then making a great effort, he rose, and said:—

"She is dying: the doctors say that there is no hope. I am in your power. Only allow me to remain here. I will conform to your wishes in every other respect. I"—

When he saw Vronsky in tears, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch felt the involuntary tenderness that the sufferings of others always caused him: he turned away his head without replying, and went to the door.

Anna's voice could be heard from the sleeping-room,—lively, gay, and articulating clearly. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went in, and approached her bed.

Her face was turned towards him. Her cheeks were bright, her eyes brilliant: her little white hands, coming out of the sleeves of her night-dress, were playing with the corner of the coverlet. Not only did she seem fresh and well, but in the happiest frame of mind; she talked fast and loud, accenting her words with precision and nicety.

"For Alekséi. I am speaking of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch—strange, isn't it, and cruel, that both should be named Alekséi? Alekséi would not have refused me: I should have forgotten. He would have forgiven— *Da!* why does he not come? He is good; he himself does not know how good he is. *Ach! Bozhe moi!* what agony! Give me some water quick! *Ach!* but that is not good for her,—my little daughter. *Nu!* then very well; give her to the nurse. I am willing; that will be even better. *Nu!* when he comes, she will be hateful in his sight; take her away."

"Anna Arkadyevna, he has come; here he is," said the nurse, trying to draw her attention to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"Ach! what nonsense!" continued Anna, without seeing her husband. "Da! give the little one to me, give her to me! He hasn't come yet. You pretend that he will not forgive me, because you do not know him. Nobody knows him. I alone—His eyes, one must know them. Serozha's are very like them; that is why I can no longer look at them. Has Serozha had his dinner? I know he will be forgotten. Oh, do not forget him! Let Serozha be brought into the corner chamber, and let Mariette sleep near him."

Suddenly she was silent; she looked frightened, and raised her arms above her head as if to ward off a blow. She had recognized her husband.

"No, no," she said quickly, "I am not afraid of him; I am afraid of dying. Alekséi, come here. I am in a hurry, because there is no time to be lost. I have only a few minutes to live; the fever will be upon me again, and I shall know nothing more. Now I am conscious: I understand everything and I see everything."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's wrinkled face expressed acute suffering: he wanted to speak, but his lower lip trembled so that he could not utter a word, and his emotion hardly allowed him to glance at the dying woman. He took her hand and held it between his own. Every time that he turned his head towards her, he saw her eyes fixed on him with a sweetness and a humility that he had never seen there before.

"Wait! you do not know—wait, wait!" She stopped to collect her thoughts. "Yes," she began again, "yes, yes, yes; this is what I want to say. Do not be astonished. I am always the same; but there is another being within me whom I fear: it is she who loved him, *him*, and hated you; and I could not forget what I had once been. Now I am myself,—entirely, really myself, and not another. I am dying, I know that I am dying; ask him if I am not. I feel it now; there are those terrible weights on my hand and my feet and on my fingers. My fingers! they are enormous; but all that will soon be over. One thing only is indispensable to me: forgive me, forgive me wholly! I am a sinner; but Serozha's nurse told me that there was a holy martyr—what was her name?—who was worse than I. I will go to Rome; there is a desert there. I shall not trouble anybody there. I will only take Serozha and my little daughter. No, you cannot forgive me; I know very well that it is impossible. Go away, go away! you are too perfect!"

She held him with one of her burning hands, and pushed him away with the other.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's emotion became so great that he could no longer control himself. He suddenly felt his emotions change to a moral reconciliation, which seemed like a new and unknown happiness. He had not believed that the Christian law, which he had taken for a guide in life, ordered him to forgive and love his enemies; and yet his soul was filled with love and forgiveness. Kneeling beside the bed, he laid his forehead on her arm,—the fever of which burned through the sleeve,—and sobbed like a child. She bent towards him, placed her arm around her husband's bald head, and raised her eyes defiantly.

"There, I knew that it would be so. Now farewell, farewell to all! They are coming back again. Why don't they go away? *Da!* take off all these furs from me!"

The doctor laid her back gently on her pillows, and drew the covering over her arms. Anna made no resistance, looking all the while straight before her with shining eyes.

"Remember that I have only asked your pardon: I ask nothing more. Why doesn't *he* come?" she said, suddenly looking towards the door, towards Vronsky. "Come! come here, and give him your hand."

Vronsky came to the side of the bed, and when he saw Anna he hid his face in his hands.

"Uncover your face: look at him,—he is a saint," said she. "Uncover your face! look at him!" she repeated in an irritated manner. "Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, uncover his face: I want to see him."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch took Vronsky's hands and uncovered his face, disfigured by suffering and humiliation.

"Give him your hand; forgive him."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch held out his hand to him, without trying to keep back the tears.

"Thank the Lord! thank the Lord!" said she; "now everything is right. I will stretch out my feet a little, like that; that is better. How ugly those flowers are! they do not look like violets," she said, pointing to the hangings in her room. "*Bozhe moi! Bozhe moi!* when will this be over? Give me some morphine, doctor; some morphine. *Bozhe moi! Bozhe moi!*" And she tossed about on the bed.

The doctors said that in this fever there was not one chance in a hundred of her living. She passed the day delirious and unconscious. Towards midnight her pulse became very low: the end was expected every moment.

Vronsky went home, but he came back the next morning to learn how she was. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch came to meet him in the reception-room, and said to him, "Stay here: perhaps she will ask for you." Then he took him to his wife's boudoir himself. In the morning the restlessness, the rapidity of thought and speech, returned; but soon unconsciousness intervened again. The third day was much the same, and the doctors began to hope. On this day Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went into the boudoir where Vronsky was, closed the door, and sat down in front of him.

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," said Vronsky, feeling that an explanation was to be made, "I cannot speak,—I cannot think. Have pity on me! Whatever may be your suffering, believe that mine is still more terrible."

He was going to rise; but Alekséi Aleksandrovitch prevented him, and said, "Pray listen to me: it is unavoidable. I am forced to explain to you the feelings that guide me, that you may avoid making any mistake in regard to me. You know that I had decided on a divorce, and that I had taken the preliminary steps to obtain one? I will not deny that at first I was undecided; I was in torment. I confess that I wanted to avenge myself. When I received the telegram, and came home, I felt the same desire. I will say more: I hoped that she would die. But"—he was silent for a moment, considering whether he would wholly reveal his thoughts—"but I have seen her: I have forgiven her absolutely. The happiness I feel at being able to forgive, clearly shows me my duty. I offer the other cheek to the smiter: I give my last cloak to him who has robbed me. I only ask one thing of God,—that he will not take away from me this joy of forgiving."

Tears filled his eyes. Vronsky was amazed at the calm, luminous face.

"These are my feelings. You may drag me in the dust, and make me the laughing-stock of creation; but I will not give up Anna for that, nor will I utter a word of reproach to you," continued Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. "My duty seems clear and

plain to me: I must remain with her; I shall remain with her. If she wishes to see you, I shall inform you of it; but now I think it will be better for you to go away."

Karénin rose: sobs choked his voice. Vronsky rose too, and standing with bowed head and humble attitude, looked up at Karénin, without a word to say. He was incapable of understanding Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's feelings; but he felt that such magnanimity was above him, and irreconcilable with his conception of life.

ANNA AND HER SON

From 'Anna Karénina': translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Copyright 1886, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

ANNA'S chief desire on her return to Russia was to see her son. From the day that she left Italy she was filled with this idea; and her joy increased in proportion as she drew near Petersburg. She did not trouble herself with the question how she should manage this meeting, which seemed to her of such importance. It was a simple and natural thing, she thought, to see her child once more, now that she was in the same town with him; but since her arrival she suddenly realized her present relation towards society, and found that the interview was not easy to obtain.

She had been two days now in Petersburg, and never for an instant had she forgotten her son; but she had not seen him.

To go straight to her husband's house, and risk coming face to face with her husband, seemed to her impossible. They might even refuse to admit her. To write to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch and ask permission of him, seemed to her painful even to think of. She could be calm only when she did not think of her husband; and yet she could not feel contented to see her son at a distance. She had too many kisses, too many caresses, to give him.

Serozha's old nurse might have been an assistance to her, but she no longer lived with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

On the third day, having learned of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's relations with the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, Anna decided to write her a letter composed with the greatest care, in which she

would tell her frankly that the permission to see her son depended on her. She knew that if her husband found it out, he, in his part of magnanimous man, would not refuse her.

It was a cruel blow to have her messenger return without an answer. She had never felt so wounded, so humiliated; and yet she had to acknowledge that the countess was right. Her grief was all the keener because she had to bear it alone. She could not and did not wish to confide it to Vronsky. She knew that though he was the chief cause of her unhappiness, he would look upon her meeting with her son as of little account; and the mere thought of the unsympathetic tone in which he would speak of it made him seem odious to her. And the fear that she might come to hate him was the worst of all. Therefore she made up her mind to hide from him her action in regard to the child.

She stayed at home all day long, and racked her brain to think of other ways of meeting her son; and finally she decided upon the most painful of all,—to write directly to her husband. Just as she was beginning her letter, Lidia Ivanovna's reply was brought. She accepted it with silent resignation; but the unfriendliness, the sarcasm, that she read between the lines, pierced deep into her soul.

"What cruelty! What hypocrisy!" she said to herself. "They want to insult me and torment the child. I will not let them do so. She is worse than I am: at least I do not lie."

She immediately decided to go on the morrow, which was Serozha's birthday, directly to her husband's house to see the child, no matter what it cost in fees to the servants; and to put an end to the ugly network of lies with which they were surrounding the innocent child.

She went to a neighboring shop and purchased some toys; and thus she formed her plan of action: She would start early in the morning, before Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was up; she would have the money in her hand all ready to bribe the Swiss and the other servants to let her go up-stairs without raising her veil, under the pretext of laying on Serozha's bed some presents sent by his godfather. As to what she should say to her son, she could not form the least idea; she could not make any preparation for that.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, Anna got out of her hired carriage and rang the door-bell of her former home.

"Go and see what is wanted. It's some *baruina*," said Kapitounitch, in overcoat and galoshes, as he looked out of the window and saw a lady closely veiled standing on the porch. The Swiss's assistant, a young man whom Anna did not know, had scarcely opened the door before Anna thrust a three-ruble note into his hand.

"Serozha—Sergéi Alekseievitch," she stammered; then she went one or two steps down the hall.

The Swiss's assistant examined the note, and stopped the visitor at the inner glass door.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he asked.

She did not hear his words, and made no reply.

Kapitounitch, noticing the stranger's confusion, came out from his office and asked her what she wanted.

"I come from Prince Skorodumof to see Sergéi Alekseievitch."

"He is not up yet," replied the Swiss, looking sharply at the veiled lady.

Anna had never dreamed that she should be so troubled by the sight of this house, where she had lived nine years. One after another, sweet and cruel memories arose in her mind, and for a moment she forgot why she was there.

"Will you wait?" asked the Swiss, helping her to take off her *shubka*. When he saw her face, he recognized her, and bowed profoundly. "Will your Ladyship be pleased to enter?" he said to her.

She tried to speak; but her voice failed her, and with an entreating look at the old servant she rapidly flew up the stairs. Kapitounitch tried to overtake her, and followed after her, catching his galoshes at every step.

"Perhaps his tutor is not dressed yet: I will speak to him."

Anna kept on up the stairs which she knew so well; but she did not hear what the old man said.

"This way. Excuse it if all is in disorder. He sleeps in the front room now," said the Swiss, out of breath. "Will your Ladyship be good enough to wait a moment? I will go and see." And opening the high door he disappeared.

Anna stopped and waited.

"He has just waked up," said the Swiss, coming back through the same door.

And as he spoke, Anna heard the sound of a child yawning; and merely by the sound of the yawn she recognized her son, and seemed to see him alive before her.

"Let me go in—let me!" she stammered, and hurriedly pushed through the door.

At the right of the door was a bed, and on the bed a child was sitting up in his little open nightgown; his little body was leaning forward, and he was just finishing a yawn and stretching himself. His lips were just closing into a sleepy smile, and he fell back upon his pillow still smiling.

"Serozha!" she murmured, as she went towards him.

Every time since their separation that she had felt an access of love for the absent son, Anna looked upon him as still a child of four,—the age when he had been most charming. Now he no longer bore any resemblance to him whom she had left; he had grown tall and thin. How long his face seemed! How short his hair! What long arms! How he had changed! But it was still the same,—the shape of his head, his lips, little slender neck, and his broad shoulders.

"Serozha!" she whispered in the child's ear.

He raised himself on his elbow, turned his frowzy head around, and trying to put things together, opened wide his eyes. For several seconds he looked with an inquiring face at his mother, who stood motionless before him. Then he suddenly smiled with joy; and with his eyes still half closed in sleep, he threw himself, not back upon his pillow, but into his mother's arms.

"Serozha, my dear little boy!" she stammered, choking with tears, and throwing her arms around his little body.

"Mamma!" he whispered, cuddling into his mother's arms, so as to feel their encircling pressure. Smiling sleepily, he took his hand from the head of the bed and put it on his mother's shoulder, and climbed into her lap,—having that warm breath of sleep peculiar to children,—and pressed his face to his mother's neck and shoulders.

"I knew," he said, opening his eyes: "to-day is my birthday; I knew that you would come. I am going to get up now."

And as he spoke he fell asleep again. Anna devoured him with her eyes. She saw how he had changed during her absence. She would scarcely have known his long legs coming below his nightgown, his hollow cheeks, his short hair curled in the neck

where she had so often kissed it. She pressed him to her heart, and the tears prevented her from speaking.

"What are you crying for, mamma?" he asked, now entirely awake. "What makes you cry?" he repeated, ready to weep himself.

"I? I will not cry any more; it is for joy. It is all over now," said she, drying her tears and turning around. "*Nu!* go and get dressed," she added, after she had grown a little calmer, but still holding Serozha's hand. She sat down near the bed, on a chair which held the child's clothing. "How do you dress without me? How—" she wanted to speak simply and gayly, but she could not; and again she turned her head away.

"I don't wash in cold water any more,—papa has forbidden it; but you have not seen Vasíli Lukitch? Here he comes. But you are sitting on my things." And Serozha laughed heartily. She looked at him and smiled.

"Mamma! dúshenka, golúbtchika!" [dear little soul, darling] he cried again, throwing himself into her arms, as though he now better understood what had happened to him, as he saw her smile.

"Take it off," said he, pulling off her hat. And seeing her head bare, he began to kiss her again.

"What did you think of me? Did you believe that I was dead?"

"I never believed it."

"You believed me alive, my precious?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" he replied, repeating his favorite phrase; and seizing the hand which was smoothing his hair, he pressed the palm of it to his little mouth, and began to kiss it.

Vasíli Lukitch, meantime, not at first knowing who this lady was, but learning from their conversation that it was Serozha's mother,—the woman who had deserted her husband, and whom he did not know, as he had not come into the house till after her departure,—was in great perplexity. Ought he to tell Alekséi Aleksandrovitch? On mature reflection he came to the conclusion that his duty consisted in going to dress Serozha at the usual hour, without paying any attention to a third person—his mother or any one else. But as he reached the door and opened it, the sight of the caresses between the mother and child—the sound of their voices and their words—made him change his mind. He shook his head, sighed, and quietly closed the

door. "I will wait ten minutes longer," he said to himself, coughing slightly, and wiping his eyes.

There was great excitement among the servants: they all knew that the *baruina* had come, and that Kapitonuitch had let her in, and that she was in the child's room; they knew too that their master was in the habit of going to Serozha every morning at nine o'clock: each one felt that the husband and wife ought not to meet,—that it must be prevented.

Kornéi, the valet, went down to the Swiss to ask why Anna had been let in; and finding that Kapitonuitch had taken her up-stairs, he reprimanded him severely. The Swiss maintained an obstinate silence till the valet declared that he deserved to lose his place, when the old man jumped at him, and shaking his fist in his face, said:—

"*Da! Vot*, you would not have let her in yourself? You've served here ten years, and had nothing but kindness from her, but you would have said, 'Now go away from here!' You know what policy is, you sly dog. What you don't forget is to rob your master, and to carry off his raccoon-skin *shubas!*"

"Soldier!" replied Kornéi scornfully, and he turned towards the nurse, who was coming in just at this moment. "What do you think, Marya Yefimovna? He has let in Anna Arkadyevna, without saying anything to anybody, and just when Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, as soon as he is up, will be going to the nursery."

"What a scrape! what a scrape!" said the nurse. "But, Kornéi Vasilyevitch, find some way to keep your master, while I run to warn her and get her out of the way. What a scrape!"

When the nurse went into the child's room, Serozha was telling his mother how Nádcnka and he had fallen when sliding down a hill of ice, and turned three somersaults. Anna was listening to the sound of her son's voice, looking at his face, watching the play of his features, feeling his little arms, but not hearing a word that he said. She must go away, she must leave him: this alone she understood and felt. She had heard Vasíli Lukitch's steps, and his little discreet cough, as he came to the door—and now she heard the nurse coming in; but unable to move or to speak, she remained as fixed as a statue.

"Baruina! Golúbtchika!" [mistress, darling] said the nurse, coming up to Anna, and kissing her hands and her shoulders. "God sent this joy for our birthday celebration! You are not changed at all."

"Ach! nyanya [nurse], my dear: I did not know that you were in the house," said Anna, coming to herself.

"I don't live here; I live with my daughter. I came to give my best wishes to Serozha, Anna Arkadyevna, golúbtchika."

The nurse suddenly began to weep, and to kiss Anna's hand.

Serozha, with bright, joyful eyes, and holding his mother with one hand and his nurse with the other, was dancing in his little bare feet on the carpet. His old nurse's tenderness towards his mother was delightful to him.

"Mamma, she often comes to see me; and when she comes—" he began, but he stopped short when he perceived that the nurse whispered something in his mother's ear, and that his mother's face assumed an expression of fear, and at the same time of shame.

Anna went to him.

"My precious!" she said.

She could not say the word "farewell" [proshcháï]; but the expression of her face said it, and he understood.

"My precious, precious Kutik!" she said, calling him by a pet name which she used when he was a baby. "You will not forget me; you—" but she could not say another word.

Only then she began to remember the words which she wanted to say to him; but now it was impossible to say them. Serozha, however, understood all that she would have said: he understood that she was unhappy, and that she loved him. He even understood what the nurse whispered in her ear: he heard the words "always at nine o'clock"; and he knew that they referred to his father, and that his mother must not meet him. He understood this, but one thing he could not understand: why did her face express fear and shame? . . . She was not to blame, but she was afraid of him, and seemed ashamed of something. He wanted to ask a question which would have explained this circumstance, but he did not dare: he saw that she was in sorrow, and he pitied her. He silently clung close to her, and then he whispered, "Don't go yet! He will not come yet awhile."

His mother pushed him away from her a little, in order to see if he understood the meaning of what he had said; and in the frightened expression of his face she perceived that he not only spoke of his father, but seemed to ask her how he ought to think about him.

"Serozha, my dear," she said, "love him: he is better than I am; and I have been wicked to him. When you have grown up, you will understand."

"No one is better than you," cried the child, with sobs of despair; and clinging to his mother's shoulders, he squeezed her with all the force of his little trembling arms.

"Dúshenka, my darling!" stammered Anna; and bursting into tears, she sobbed like a child, even as he sobbed.

At this moment the door opened, and Vasíli Lukitch came in. Steps were heard at the other door; and in a frightened whisper he exclaimed, "He is coming," and gave Anna her hat.

Serozha threw himself on the bed, sobbing, and covered his face with his hands. Anna took them away to kiss yet once again his tear-stained cheeks; and then with quick steps hurried from the room. Alckséi Aleksandrovitch met her at the door. When he saw her he stopped and bowed his head.

Though she had declared a moment before that he was better than she, the swift glance that she gave him—taking in his whole person—awoke in her only a feeling of hatred and scorn for him, and jealousy on account of her son. She hurriedly lowered her veil, and quickening her step, almost ran from the room. She had entirely forgotten in her haste the playthings which, on the evening before, she had bought with so much love and sadness; and she took them back with her to the hotel.

ANNA KILLS HERSELF

From 'Anna Karénina': translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Copyrighted 1886, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

"**N**ow I am myself again,—now my mind is clear," said Anna to herself, as soon as the carriage started, and rolling a little, flew swiftly along the uneven pavement.

"*Da!* what was that good thing that I was thinking about last? Tiutkin the coiffeur? Oh no! not that. Oh yes! what Yashvin said about the struggle for existence—and hatred, the only thing that unites men. No: we go at hap-hazard."

She saw in a carriage drawn by four horses a party of merry-makers, who had evidently come to the city for a pleasure trip.

"What are you seeking under the disguise of pleasure?" she thought. "You won't escape from yourselves;" and then, as her

eye fell on a drunken workman led by a policeman, she added, "That man's way is quicker. Count Vronsky and I did not reach this pleasure, though we expected much."

And for the first time, Anna turned upon her relations with the count this bright light which was suddenly revealing her life to her.

"What did he seek in me? A satisfaction for his vanity, rather than for his love!"

And she remembered Vronsky's words, and the expression of his face, which reminded her of a submissive dog, when they first met and loved. Everything seemed a confirmation of this thought.

"*Da!* he cared for the triumph of success above everything. Of course he loved me, but chiefly from vanity. Now that he is not proud of me any more, it is over. He is ashamed of me. He has taken from me all that he could take, and now I am of no use to him. I weigh upon him, and he does not want to be in dishonorable relationship with me. He said yesterday he wanted the divorce, so as to burn his ships. Perhaps he loves me still—but how? The zest is gone," she said, in English, as she looked at a ruddy-faced man riding by on a hired horse. "*Da!* there is nothing about me any longer to his taste. If I leave him, he will rejoice in the bottom of his heart."

This was not mere hypothesis: she saw things now clearly, as by a sort of clairvoyance.

"My love has been growing more and more selfish and passionate; his has been growing fainter and fainter. That is why we cannot go on together. He is all in all to me. I struggle to draw him closer and closer to me, and he wants to fly from me. Up to the time of our union, we flew to meet each other; but now we move apart. He accuses me of being absurdly jealous—and I am; and yet I am not, either. I am not jealous, but my love is no longer satisfied. But—" she opened her mouth to speak, and in the excitement caused by the stress of her thoughts, she changed her place in the carriage.

"If I could, I would try to be a simple friend to him, and not a passionate mistress, whom his coldness frenzies; but I cannot transform myself. I am not mistaken. Don't I know that he would not deceive me,—that he is no longer in love with Kitty,—that he has no intention of marrying the Princess Sorokina? I know it well, but it is none the easier for me. But

what is that to me? If he is tired of my love,—if, when he does not feel for me just what I feel for him, I would a thousand times rather have him hate me,—this is—hell! And this is the case. He has long ceased to love me. When love ceases, disgust begins.—I don't know these streets at all. What hosts of houses! and in them, people, people,—no end of them! and they all hate each other!

“*Nu!* what could happen to me now that would give me happiness again? Suppose that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch should consent to the divorce, and would give me back Serozha, and that I should marry Vronsky?” And as she thought of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, Anna could see him before her, with his dull, lifeless, faded eyes, his white, blue-veined hands, and his cracking joints; and the idea of their relation to one another, which had hitherto been tinged with tenderness, made her shudder.

“*Nu!* Suppose I were married, would not Kitty still look at me as she looked at me to-day? Would not Serozha ask and wonder why I had two husbands? But between me and Vronsky what new feeling could I imagine? Is it possible that our relations might be, if not pleasanter, at least no worse than they are now? No, and no!” she replied, without the least hesitation. “Impossible! We are growing apart; and I am disagreeable to him, and he displeases me, and I cannot change him: every means has been tried. . . .

“*Da!* there's a beggar with a child. She thinks she inspires pity. Were we not thrown into the world to hate each other, and to torment ourselves and everybody else? Here come the schoolboys out to play!—Serozha?” It reminded her of her son. “I used to think that I loved him, and I was touched by his gentleness. I also lived without him, gave him up for my love, and was not sorry for the change, since I was contented with him whom I loved.” And she remembered with disgust what she called that love. And the clearness in which she now saw her own life, as well as the lives of others, delighted her. “Thus am I, and Piotr, and the coachman Feodor, and that merchant, and all people from here to the Volga, wherever these remarks are applicable—and everywhere and always,” she thought, as the carriage stopped in front of the low-roofed station of the Nizhni Novgorod Railroad, and the porter came out to meet her.

“Shall I book you for Obiralovki?” asked Piotr.

She had entirely forgotten why she had come, and only by a great effort could she understand what he meant.

"Yes," she said, handing him her purse; and taking her little red bag, she got out of the carriage.

As she entered with the throng, she reviewed all the details of her situation and the plans between which she was halting. And again hope and despair alternately filled her tortured, cruelly palpitating heart. As she sat on the stelliform divan, she looked with aversion on the people going and coming,—they were all her enemies,—and thought now of how, when she reached the station, she would write to him, and what she would write, and then how at this very moment he—not thinking of her suffering—was complaining to his mother of his position, and how she would go to his room, and what she would say to him. The thought that she might yet live happily crossed her brain; and how hard it was to love and hate him at the same time! And above all, how her heart was beating, as if to burst its bounds!

A bell sounded, and some impudent young men of a flashy and vulgar appearance passed before her. Then Piotr, in his livery and top-boots, with his dull, good-natured face, crossed the waiting-room, and came up to escort her to the cars. The noisy men about the door stopped talking while she passed out upon the platform; then one of them made some remark to his neighbor, which was apparently an insult. Anna mounted the high steps, and sat down alone in the compartment on the dirty sofa which had once been white, and laid her bag beside her on the springy seat. Piotr raised his gold-laced hat, with an inane smile, for a farewell, and departed. The saucy conductor shut the door. A woman, deformed, and ridiculously dressed up, followed by a little girl laughing affectedly, passed below the car window. Anna looked at her with disgust. The little girl was speaking loud in a mixture of Russian and French.

"That child is grotesque and already self-conscious," thought Anna; and she seated herself at the opposite window of the empty apartment, to avoid seeing the people.

A dirty, hunchbacked *mushik* passed close to the window, and examined the car wheels; he wore a cap, from beneath which could be seen tufts of disheveled hair. "There is something familiar about that humpbacked *mushik*," thought Anna; and suddenly she remembered her nightmare, and drew back frightened towards the car door, which the conductor was just opening to admit a lady and gentleman.

“Do you want to get out?”

Anna did not answer; and under her veil no one could see the terror which paralyzed her. She sat down again. The couple took seats opposite her, and cast stealthy but curious glances at her dress. The husband and wife were obnoxious to her. The husband asked her if she objected to smoking,—evidently not for the sake of smoking, but as an excuse for entering into conversation with her. Having obtained her permission, he remarked to his wife in French that he felt even more inclined to talk than to smoke. They exchanged stupid remarks, with the hope of attracting Anna's attention and drawing her into the conversation. Anna clearly saw how they bored each other, how they hated each other. It was impossible not to hate such painful monstrosities. The second gong sounded, and was followed by the rumble of baggage,—noise, shouts, laughter. Anna saw so clearly that there was nothing to rejoice at, that this laughter roused her indignation, and she longed to stop her ears. At last the third signal was given, the train started, the locomotive whistled, and the gentleman crossed himself. “It would be interesting to ask him what he meant by that,” thought Anna, looking at him angrily. Then she looked by the woman's head out of the car window at the people standing and walking on the platform. The car in which Anna sat moved past the stone walls of the station, the switches, the other cars. The motion became more rapid; the rays of the setting sun slanted into the car window, and a light breeze played through the slats of the blinds.

Forgetting her neighbors, Anna breathed in the fresh air, and took up again the course of her thoughts.

“*Da!* What was I thinking about? I cannot imagine any situation in which my life could be anything but one long misery. We are all dedicated to unhappiness: we all know it, and only seek for ways to deceive ourselves. But when you see the truth, what is to be done?”

“Reason was given to man that he might avoid what he dislikes,” remarked the woman in French, apparently delighted with her sentence.

The words fitted in with Anna's thought.

“To avoid what he dislikes,” she repeated; and a glance at the handsome-faced man, and his thin better half, showed her that the woman looked upon herself as a misunderstood creature, and that her stout husband did not contradict this opinion, but

took advantage of it to deceive her. Anna, as it were, read their history, and looked into the most secret depths of their hearts; but it was not interesting, and she went on with her reflections.

“Yes, it is very unpleasant to me, and reason was given to avoid it; therefore it must be done. Why not extinguish the light when it shines on things disgusting to see? But how? Why does the conductor keep hurrying through the car? Why does he shout? Why are there people in this car? Why do they speak? What are they laughing at? It is all false, all a lie, all deception, all vanity and vexation.”

When the train reached the station, Anna followed the other passengers, and tried to avoid too rude a contact with the bustling crowd. She hesitated on the platform, trying to recollect why she had come, and to ask herself what she meant to do. All that seemed to her possible before to do, now seemed to her difficult to execute,—especially amid this disagreeable crowd. Now the porters came to her, and offered her their services; now some young men, clattering up and down the platform, and talking loud, observed her curiously: and she knew not where to take refuge. Finally it occurred to her to stop an official, and ask him if a coachman had not been there with a letter for Count Vronsky.

“The Count Vronsky? Just now some one was here. He was inquiring for the Princess Sorokina and her daughter. What kind of a looking man is this coachman?”

Just then Anna espied the coachman Mikhaïl, rosy and gay in his elegant blue livery and watch-chain, coming towards her, and carrying a note, immensely proud that he had fulfilled his commission.

Anna broke the seal, and her heart stood still as she read the carelessly written lines:—

“I am very sorry that your note did not find me in Moscow. I shall return at ten o’clock.”

“Yes, that is what I expected,” she said to herself with a sardonic smile.

“Very good: you can go home,” she said to Mikhaïl. She spoke the words slowly and gently, because her heart beat so that she could scarcely breathe or speak.

“No, I will not let you make me suffer so,” thought she, addressing with a threat, not Vronsky so much as the thought that was torturing her; and she moved along the platform. Two chambermaids waiting there turned to look at her, and made

audible remarks about her toilet. "Just in style," they said, referring to her lace. The young men would not leave her in peace. They stared at her, and passed her again and again,—making their jokes so that she should hear. The station-master came to her, and asked if she was going to take the train. A lad selling *kvas* did not take his eyes from her.

"*Bozhe moi!* where shall I fly?" she said to herself.

When she reached the end of the platform she stopped. Some women and children were there, talking with a man in spectacles, who had probably come to the station to meet them. They too stopped, and turned to see Anna pass by. She hastened her steps. A truck full of trunks rumbled by, making the floor shake so that she felt as if she were on a moving train.

Suddenly she remembered the man who was run over on the day when she met Vronsky for the first time, and she knew then what was in store for her. With light and swift steps she descended the stairway which led from the pump at the end of the platform down to the rails, and stood very near the train, which was slowly passing by. She looked under the cars,—at the chains and the brake, and the high iron wheels,—and she tried to estimate with her eye the distance between the fore and back wheels, and the moment when the middle would be in front of her.

"There," she said, looking at the shadow of the car thrown upon the black coal-dust which covered the sleepers, "there, in the centre, he will be punished; and I shall be delivered from it all—and from myself."

Her little red traveling-bag caused her to lose the moment when she could throw herself under the wheels of the first car: she could not detach it from her arm. She awaited the second. A feeling like that she had experienced once, just before taking a dive in the river, came over her, and she made the sign of the cross. This familiar gesture called back to her soul, memories of youth and childhood. Life, with its elusive joys, glowed for an instant before her, but she did not take her eyes from the car; and when the middle, between the two wheels, appeared, she threw away her red bag, drawing her head between her shoulders, and with outstretched hands threw herself on her knees under the car. She had time to feel afraid. "Where am I? What am I doing? Why?" thought she, trying to draw back; but a great, inflexible mass struck her head, and threw her upon her back. "Lord, forgive me all!" she murmured, feeling the

struggle to be in vain. A little *mushik* was working on the railroad, mumbling in his beard. And the candle by which she read, as in a book, the fulfillment of her life's work,—of its deceptions, its grief, and its torment,—flared up with greater brightness than she had ever known, revealing to her all that before was in darkness; then flickered, grew faint, and went out forever.

AT BORODINO

From 'War and Peace.' Copyright 1886, by William S. Gottsberger. Reprinted by permission of George G. Peck, publisher

WHEN Pierre returned to Gorky after his visit to Prince André, he desired his servant to have his horses ready saddled, and to wake him at daybreak; then he went soundly to sleep in the corner that Boris had so obligingly offered him. When he woke, the cottage was empty, the little panes in the windows were trembling, and his man was shaking him to rouse him.

"Excellency, Excellency!" he shouted.

"Why—what is the matter? Is it begun?"

"Listen to the cannonade," said the man, who was an old soldier. "They have all been gone a long time; even his Highness."

Pierre hastily dressed and ran out. It was a brilliant, delicious morning: dewdrops sparkled everywhere; the sun sent level rays through the curtain of cloud, and a shaft of light fell across the roof and through the hanging mist, on the dusty road just moist with the night-dews—on the walls of the houses, the rough wood palings, and the horses standing saddled at the door. The roar of cannon grew louder and louder.

"Make haste, count, if you want to be in time!" shouted an aide-de-camp as he galloped past.

Pierre started on foot,—his man leading the horses,—and made his way by the road as far as the knoll from whence he had surveyed the field the day before. This mamelon was crowded with military; the staff officers could be heard talking French; and conspicuous among them all was Koutouzow's gray head under a white cap bound with red,—his fat neck sunk in his broad shoulders. He was studying the distance through a field-glass.

As he climbed the slope, Pierre was struck by the scene that spread before him. It was the same landscape that he had seen yesterday, but swarming now with an imposing mass of troops, wrapped in wreaths of smoke, and lighted up by the low sun, which was rising on the left and filling the pure upper air with quivering rose and gold, while on the earth lay long masses of black shadow. The clumps of trees that bordered the horizon might have been hewn out of some sparkling yellow-green gem; and beyond them again, far away, the Smolensk road could be made out, covered with troops. Close to the knoll the golden fields and dewy slopes were bathed in shimmering light; and everywhere to the right and left were soldiers, and still soldiers. It was animated, grandiose, and unexpected; but what especially interested Pierre was the actual field of battle,—Borodino and the valley of the Koloteha, through which the river ran.

Above the stream, over Borodino, just where the Voïna makes its way through vast marshes to join the Koloteha, rose one of those mists which, melting and dissolving before the sun's rays, gives an enchanted aspect and color to the landscape it transforms rather than hides.

The morning light glowed in this mist, and in the smoke which mixed with it here and there; and sparkled on the water, the dew, the bayonets,—even on Borodino. Through that transparent veil could be seen the white church, the hovel roofs of the village; and on every side serried masses of soldiers, green caissons, and guns. From the valley, from the heights and the slopes, from the woods, from the fields, came cannon shots, now singly, now in volleys; followed by puffs of smoke which wreathed, mingled, and faded away. And strange as it may appear, this smoke and cannonade were the most attractive features of the spectacle. Pierre was chafing to be there among the smoke and the sparkling bayonets, in the midst of the movement, close to the guns.

He turned to compare his own feelings with those which Koutouzow and his staff might be expected to feel at such a moment, and found on every face that suppressed excitement which he had noticed before; but which he had not understood until after his conversation with Prince André.

“Go, my friend, go,” said Koutouzow to a general standing near him, “and God go with you.” And the general who had taken the order went past Pierre down the hill.

“To the bridge!” he answered in reply to a question from another officer.

“And I too,” thought Pierre, following him. The general mounted his horse, which a Cossack was holding; and Pierre, going up to his servant, asked which of his two steeds was the quietest to ride. Then clutching the beast’s mane, leaning over his neck and clinging on by his heels, off he started. He felt that his spectacles were gone; however, as he would not, and indeed could not, let go of the bridle or the mane, away he went after the general, past the rest of the officers, who gazed at his headlong career.

The general led the way down the hill, and turned off sharp to the left; Pierre lost sight of him, and found himself riding through the ranks of an infantry regiment; he tried in vain to get out of the midst of the men, who surrounded him on all sides, and looked with angry surprise at this fat man in a white hat, who was knocking them about so heedlessly and at such a critical moment.

“Why the devil do you ride through a battalion?” asked one; and another gave the horse a prod with the butt-end of his musket. Pierre, clutching the saddle-bow, and holding in his frightened steed as best he might, was carried on at a furious speed, and presently found himself in an open space. In front of him was a bridge guarded by infantry firing briskly; without knowing it he had come down to the bridge between Gorky and Borodino, which the French, after taking the village, had come down to attack. On both sides of the river, and in the hay-fields he had seen from afar, soldiers were struggling frantically; still Pierre could not believe that he was witnessing the first act of a battle. He did not hear the bullets that were whistling about his ears, nor the balls that flew over his head; and it did not occur to him that the men on the other side of the river were the enemy, or that those who lay on the ground were wounded or killed.

“What on earth is he doing in front of the line?” shouted a voice. “Left! left! turn to the left!”

Pierre turned to the right, and ran up against an aide-de-camp of General Raïevsky’s; the officer looked furious, and was about to abuse him roundly, when he recognized him.

“What brings you here?” said he, and he rode away.

Pierre, with a vague suspicion that he was not wanted there, and fearing he might be in the way, galloped after him.

"Is it here? May I follow you?" he asked.

"In a minute—wait a minute," said his friend, tearing down into the meadow to meet a burly colonel to whom he was carrying orders. Then he came back to Pierre.

"Tell me what on earth you have come here for?—to look on, I suppose?"

"Just so," said Pierre; while the officer wheeled his horse round and was starting off again.

"Here it is not such warm work yet, thank God! but there, where Bagration is to the left, they are getting it hot!"

"Really!" said Pierre. "Where?"

"Come up the hill with me: you will see very well from thence, and it is still bearable. Are you coming?"

"After you," said Pierre, looking round for his servant: then for the first time his eye fell on the wounded men who were dragging themselves to the rear, or being carried on litters; one poor little soldier, with his hat lying by his side, was stretched motionless on the field where the mown hay exhaled its stupefying scent.

"Why have they left that poor fellow?" Pierre was on the point of saying; but the aide-de-camp's look of pain as he turned away stopped the question on his lips. As he could nowhere see his servant, he rode on across the flat as far as Raïevsky's battery; but his horse could not keep up with the officer's, and shook him desperately.

"You are not used to riding, I see," said the aide-de-camp.

"Oh, it is nothing," said Pierre: "his pace is bad."

"The poor beast has had his off leg wounded just above the knee; a bullet must have caught him there. Well, I congratulate you, count,—it is your baptism of fire."

After passing the sixth corps they got, through dense smoke, to the rear of the artillery, which held an advanced position, and kept up an incessant and deafening fire. At last they found themselves in a little copse where the mild autumn air was clear of smoke. They dismounted and climbed the little hill.

"Is the general here?" asked the aide-de-camp.

"Just gone," was the answer. The officer turned to Pierre; he did not know what to do with him.

"Do not trouble yourself about me," said Bésoukhov. "I will go on to the top."

"Yes, do—and stay there: you will see everything, and it is comparatively safe. I will come back for you."

So they parted; and it was not till the end of the day that Pierre heard that his companion had one arm shot off. He went up to the battery that held the famous knoll which came to be known to the Russians as the "mamelon battery" or "Raïevsky's redoubt"; and to the French—who regarded it as the key of the position—as the "great redoubt," or the "fatal redoubt," or the "centre redoubt." At its foot fell tens of thousands.

The works were thrown up on a mamelon surrounded with trenches on three sides. Ten heavy guns poured forth death through the embrasures of a breastwork, while other pieces, continuing the line, never paused in their fire. The infantry stood somewhat further back.

Pierre had no suspicion of the paramount value of this point, but supposed it to be, on the contrary, of quite secondary importance. He sat down on the edge of the earthwork that screened the battery, and looked about with a smile of innocent satisfaction; now and then he got up to see what was going on, trying to keep out of the way of the men who were reloading the guns and pushing them forward each time, and of those who went to and fro carrying the heavy cartridges. Quite unlike the infantry outside, whose duty it was to protect the redoubt, the gunners standing on this speck of earth that was inclosed by its semicircle of trenches, and apart from the rest of the battle, seemed bound together in a kind of fraternal responsibility; and the appearance in their midst of a civilian like Pierre was by no means pleasing to them. They looked at him askance, and seemed almost alarmed at his presence: a tall artillery officer came close up to him and looked at him inquisitively; and a quite young lieutenant, rosy and baby-faced, who was in charge of two guns, turned round and said very severely:—

"You must have the goodness to go away, sir: you cannot remain here."

The gunners continued to shake their heads disapprovingly; but when they saw that the man in a white hat did not get in the way,—that he was content to sit still, or walk up and down in the face of the enemy's fire, as coolly as if it were a boulevard; that he stood aside politely to make room for them, with a shy smile,—their ill-humor gave place to sympathetic cordiality, such as soldiers are apt to feel for the dogs, cocks, or other animals that march with the regiment. They adopted him, as it were, and laughing at him among themselves, gave him the name of "Our Gentleman."

A ball fell within a couple of yards of Pierre, who only shook off the dust with which he was covered, and smiled as he looked round.

“And you are really not afraid, master?” said a stalwart, red-faced artilleryman, showing his white teeth in a grin.

“Well, are you afraid?”

“Ah, but you know they will have no respect for you. If one of them knocks you down it will kick your inside out! How can you help being afraid?” he added with a laugh.

Two or three more had stopped to look at Pierre; they had jolly, friendly faces, and seemed quite astonished to hear him talk like themselves.

“It is our business, master. But as for you, it is not at all the same thing, and it is wonderful.” . . .

“Now then—serve the guns!” cried the young lieutenant, who was evidently on duty of this kind for the first or second time in his life, he was so extravagantly anxious to be blameless in his conduct to his chief and to his men.

The continual thunder of guns and musketry grew louder and louder, especially on the left, round Bagration's advanced work; but Pierre's attention was taken up with what was going on close to him, and the smoke prevented his seeing the progress of the action. His first impulse of gratified excitement had given way to a very different feeling, roused in the first instance by the sight of the little private lying in the hay-field. It was scarcely ten o'clock yet; twenty men had been carried away from the battery, and two guns were silenced. The enemy's missiles fell thicker and faster, and spent balls dropped about them with a buzz and a thud. The artillerymen did not seem to heed them: they were full of jests and high spirits.

“Look out, my beauty! Not this way,—try the infantry!” cried one man to a shell that spun across above their heads.

“Yes, go to the infantry,” echoed a second; and he laughed as he saw the bomb explode among the foot soldiers.

“Hallo! Is that an acquaintance of yours?” cried a third, to a peasant who bowed low as a ball came past.

A knot of men had gathered close to the breastwork to look at something in the distance.

“Do you see? the advanced posts are retiring,—they are giving way!” said one.

“Mind your own business,” cried an old sergeant. “If they are retiring, it is because there is something for them to do

elsewhere;" — he took one of them by the shoulders and shoved him forward with his knee. They all laughed.

"Forward No. 5!" was shouted from the other end.

"A long pull and a pull all together!" answered the men who were serving the gun.

"Hallo! That one nearly had our Gentleman's hat off!" said a wag, addressing Pierre. "Ah, you brute!" he added, as the ball hit the wheel of a gun-carriage and took off a man's leg.

"Here, you foxes!" cried another to the militiamen, who had been charged with the duty of removing the wounded, and who now crept forward, bent almost double. "This is not quite the sauce you fancy!"

"Look at those crows!" added a third to a party of the militia, who had stopped short in their horror at the sight of the man who had lost his leg.

Pierre observed that every ball that hit, and every man that fell, added to the general excitement. The soldiers' faces grew more fierce and more eager, as lightnings play round a thundercloud; and as though in defiance of that other storm that was raging around them. Pierre felt that this glow was infectious.

At ten o'clock the infantry sharpshooters, placed among the scrub in front of the battery and along the Kamenka brook, began to give way: he could see them running and carrying the wounded on their gunstocks. A general came up the mamelon, exchanged a few words with the colonel in command, shot a wrathful scowl at Pierre, and went away again, after ordering the infantrymen to fire lying down, so as to expose a smaller front. There was a sharp rattle of drums in the regiment below, and the line rushed forward. Pierre's attention was caught by the pale face of a young officer who was marching with them backwards, holding his sword point downwards, and looking behind him uneasily; in a minute they were lost to sight in the smoke, and Pierre only heard a confusion of cries, and the steady rattle of well-sustained firing. Then in a few minutes, the wounded were brought out of the *mêlée* on stretchers.

In the redoubt, projectiles were falling like hail, and several men were laid low; the soldiers were working with increased energy: no one heeded Pierre. Once or twice he was told to get out of the way; and the old commanding officer walked up and down from one gun to another, with his brows knit. The boy lieutenant, with flaming cheeks, was giving his orders more

incisively than ever; the gunners brought up the cartridges, loaded and fired with passionate celerity and zeal. They no longer walked; they sprang about as if they were moved by springs. The thunder-cloud was close overhead. Every face seemed to flash fire, and Pierre, now standing by the old colonel, felt as if the explosion was at hand; then the young lieutenant came up to the chief and saluted with his hand to the peak of his cap.

"I have the honor to inform you that there are only eight rounds left. Must we go on?"

"Grape-shot!" cried the colonel, instead of answering him; and at that moment the little lieutenant gave a cry, and dropped like a bird shot on the wing.

Everything whirled and swam before Pierre's eyes. A rain of ball was clattering on the breastwork, the men, and the guns. Pierre, who had not thought much about it hitherto, now heard nothing else. On the right some soldiers were running and shouting "Hurrah!"—but backwards surely, not forwards. A ball hit the earthwork close to where he was standing, and made the dust fly; at the same instant a black object seemed to leap up and bury itself in something soft. The militiamen made the best of their way down the slope again.

"Grape-shot!" repeated the old commander. A sergeant in much agitation ran to him, and told him in terrified undertones that the ammunition was all spent. He might have been a house-steward telling his master that the wine had run short.

"Rascals! what are they about?" cried the officer; he looked round at Pierre, his heated face streaming with perspiration, and his eyes flashing with a fever of excitement. "Run down to the reserve and fetch up a caisson," he added furiously to one of the soldiers.

"I will go," said Pierre.

The officer did not answer, but stepped aside. "Wait—don't fire!"

The man who had been ordered to fetch up the caisson ran against Pierre.

"It is not your place, master!" he said; and he set off as fast as he could go, down the slope. Pierre ran after him, taking care to avoid the spot where the boy lieutenant was lying. Two, three balls flew over his head, and fell close to him.

"Where am I going?" he suddenly asked himself when he was within a few feet of the ammunition stores. He stopped,

not knowing where to go. At the same instant a tremendous shock flung him face downwards on the ground; a sheet of flame blinded him; and a terrible shriek, ending in an explosion and rattle all round him, completely stunned him. When he presently recovered his senses, he was lying on the ground with his arms spread out. The caisson he had before seen had vanished; in its place the scorched grass was strewn with green boards, half burnt up, and with rags of clothing; one horse, shaking off the remains of his shafts, started away at a gallop; his mate, mortally injured, lay whinnying piteously.

Pierre, half crazy with terror, started to his feet, and ran back to the battery, as being the only place where he could find shelter from all these catastrophes. As he went he was surprised to hear no more firing, and to find the work occupied by a number of new-comers whom he could not recognize. The colonel was leaning over the breastwork as though he were looking down at something; and a soldier, struggling in the hands of some others, was shouting for help. He had not had time to understand that the commanding officer was dead, and the soldier a prisoner, when another was killed under his eyes by a bayonet thrust in the back. Indeed, he had scarcely set foot in the redoubt when a man in a dark-blue uniform, with a lean brown face, threw himself on him, sword in hand. Pierre instinctively dodged, and seized his assailant by the neck and shoulder. It was a French officer; but he dropped his sword and took Pierre by the collar. They stood for a few seconds face to face, each looking more astonished than the other at what he had just done.

"Am I his prisoner or is he mine?" was the question in both their minds.

The Frenchman was inclined to accept the first alternative; for Pierre's powerful hand was tightening its clutch on his throat. He seemed to be trying to speak, when a ball came singing close over their heads, and Pierre almost thought it had carried off his prisoner's—he ducked it with such amazing promptitude. He himself did the same, and let go. The Frenchman, being no longer curious to settle which was the other's prize, fled into the battery; while Pierre made off down the hill, stumbling over the dead and wounded, and fancying in his panic that they clutched at his garments. As he got to the bottom he met a dense mass of Russians, running as if they were flying from the foe, but

all rushing towards the battery. This was the attack of which Yermolow took all the credit; declaring to all who would listen to him that his good star and daring alone could have carried it through. He pretended that he had had his pockets full of crosses of St. George, which he had strewn all over the mamelon. The French, who had captured the redoubt, now in their turn fled, and the Russians pursued them with such desperate determination that it was impossible to stop them.

The prisoners were led away from the spot; among them was a wounded general who was at once surrounded by Russian officers. Hundreds of wounded,—French and Russians,—their faces drawn with anguish, were carried off the mamelon, or dragged themselves away. Once more Pierre went up; but those who had been his friends there were gone: he found only a heap of slain, for the most part unknown to him, though he saw the young lieutenant still in the same place by the earthwork, sunk in a heap in a pool of blood; the ruddy-faced gunner still moved convulsively, but was too far gone to be carried away. Pierre fairly took to his heels. "They must surely leave off now," he thought. "They must be horrified at what they have done." And he mechanically followed in the wake of the procession of litters which were quitting the field of action.

The sun, shrouded in the cloud of smoke, was still high above the horizon. Away to the left, and particularly round Séménovski, a confused mass swayed and struggled in the distance, and the steady roar of cannon and musketry, far from diminishing, swelled louder and louder; it was like the wild despairing effort of a man who collects all his strength for a last furious cry.

The principal scene of action had been over a space of about two versts, lying between Borodino and the advanced works held by Bagration. Beyond this radius the cavalry at Ouvarow had made a short diversion in the middle of the day; and behind Outitza, Poniatowski and Touthkoff had come to blows: but these were relatively trifling episodes. It was on the plain, between the village and Bagration's intrenchment,—a tract of open ground almost clear of copse or brushwood,—that the real engagement was fought, and in the simplest way. The signal to begin was given on each side by the firing of above a hundred cannon. Then as the smoke rolled down in a thick cloud, the divisions under Desaix and Compans attacked Bagration, while the Viceroy's marched on Borodino. It was about a verst from

Bagration's position to Schevardino, where Napoleon had posted himself; and more than two, as the crow flies, from those advanced works to Borodino. Napoleon could not therefore be aware of what was going on there, for the whole valley was shrouded in smoke. Desaix's men were invisible as soon as they got into the hollow, and when they had disappeared they could be seen no more, as the opposite slope was hidden from view. Here and there a black mass, or a few bayonets, might be seen; still, from the redoubt at Schevardino, no one could be certain whether the hostile armies were moving or standing still. The slanting rays of a glorious sun lighted up Napoleon's face, and he screened his eyes with his hand to examine the defenses opposite. Shouts rose now and then above the rattle of musketry, but the smoke thickened and curtained everything from view. He went down from the eminence and walked up and down, stopping now and then to listen to the artillery, and looking at the field of battle; but neither from where he stood, nor from the knoll, where he had left his generals, nor from the intrenchments, which had fallen into the hands of the French and the Russians alternately, could anything that was happening be discovered.

For several hours in succession, now the French came into view and now the Russians,—now the infantry and now the cavalry; they seemed to surge up, to fall, struggle, jostle, and then, not knowing what to do, shouted and ran forwards or backwards. Napoleon's aides-de-camp, orderly officers, and marshals, rode up every few minutes to report progress: but these reports were necessarily fictitious, because, in the turmoil and fire, it was impossible to know exactly how matters stood; and because most of the aides-de-camp were content to repeat what was told them, without going themselves to the scene of action; because, too, during the few minutes that it took them to ride back again, everything changed, and what had been true was then false. Thus, one of the Viceroy's aides-de-camp flew to tell the Emperor that Borodino was taken, that the bridge over the Kolotcha was held by the French, and to ask Napoleon whether troops should be made to cross it or no. Napoleon's commands were to form in line on the other side and wait; but even while he was giving this order, and at the very time when the aide-de-camp was leaving Borodino, the bridge had been recaptured and burnt by the Russians in the conflict with which Pierre had

got mixed up at the beginning of the engagement. Another aide-de-camp came riding up, with a scared face, to say that the attack on the advanced works had been repulsed, that Compans was wounded and Davoust killed; while in fact, the intrenchments had been recaptured by fresh troops, and Davoust had only been bruised.

As the outcome of these reports,—which were inevitably inaccurate by the mere force of circumstances,—Napoleon made fresh arrangements, which if they had not been anticipated by prompt action on the spot, must have come too late. The marshals and generals in command, who were nearer to the struggle than he was, and who now and then exposed themselves to fire, took steps without waiting to refer to the Emperor, directed the artillery, and brought up the cavalry on this side or the infantry on that. Often, however, their orders were only half executed, or not heeded at all. The ranks that were ordered to advance, flinched and turned tail as soon as they smelt grape-shot; those who ought to have stood firm, fled or rushed on as they saw the foe rise up before them; and the cavalry, again, would bolt off to catch the Russian fugitives. In this way two regiments of cavalry charged across the ravine of Séménovski, dashed up the hill, turned right round and pelted back again, while the infantry performed much the same feat,—allowing itself to be completely carried away. Hence all the decisions necessitated by the events of the moment were taken by those in immediate command, without waiting for orders from Ney, Davoust, or Murat—much less from Napoleon. They did not hesitate indeed to take the responsibility; since during the struggle a man's sole idea is to escape with his life, and in seeking his own safety he rushes forward or back, and acts under the immediate influence of his own personal excitement.

On the whole, after all, these various movements resulting from mere chance neither helped, nor even altered, the attitude of the troops. Their attacks and blows did little harm: it was the round shot and shell flying across the wide plain that brought death and wounds. As soon as the men were out of range of the cannon, their leaders had them in hand, formed them into line, brought them under discipline; and by sheer force of that discipline, led them back into the ring of iron and fire, where they again lost their presence of mind, and fled headlong, dragging one another into the stampede.

Davoust, Murat, and Ney had led forward their troops under fire again and again in enormous masses and in perfect order: but instead of seeing the enemy take to flight, as in so many previous battles, these disciplined troops turned back disbanded and panic-stricken; in vain they reformed their ranks,—their numbers perceptibly dwindled. About noon Murat sent a message to Napoleon to ask for reinforcements. Napoleon was sitting at the foot of the knoll drinking punch. When the aide-de-camp came up and said the Russians could certainly be routed if his Majesty would send a reinforcement, Napoleon looked stern and astonished.

“Reinforcements?” he cried, as if he did not understand the meaning of the request; and he looked up at the handsome lad with curly hair who had been sent on the errand.

“Reinforcements!” he repeated to himself in an undertone. “What more can they want of me, when they have half of the army at their disposal in front of the Russian left wing, which has not even an intrenchment? Tell the King of Naples that it is not yet noon, and I do not see my way on the chessboard. Go.” The handsome young fellow sighed, and with his hand still up to his shako, rode back into the fire. Napoleon rose and called Caulaincourt and Berthier, with whom he discussed various matters not relating to the battle. In the middle of the conversation Berthier’s attention was attracted by seeing a general riding a horse covered with foam, and coming towards the mamelon with his staff. This was Belliard. He dismounted; and hastening towards the Emperor, explained to him in loud and positive tones, that the reinforcements must be sent up. He swore on his honor that the Russians would be utterly cut up if the Emperor would only send forward one division. Napoleon shrugged his shoulders and said nothing, still walking up and down; while Belliard vehemently expressed his opinions to the generals who stood round him.

“Belliard, you are too hot-headed,” said Napoleon. “It is so easy to make a mistake in the thick of the fray. Go back; look again, and then return!”

Belliard had hardly disappeared when another messenger arrived from the scene of action.

“Well, what now?” said Napoleon, in the tone of a man who is worried by unlooked-for difficulties.

“Your Majesty, the prince — ”

"Wants reinforcements, I suppose?"

The aide-de-camp bowed affirmatively. Napoleon turned away, went forward a step or two, turned back and addressed Berthier.

"We must send them the reserves—what do you think? Who can we send to help that gosling I hatched into an eagle?"

"Let us send Claparède's division, sire," replied Berthier, who knew every division, regiment, and battalion by name.

The Emperor nodded approval: the aide-de-camp went off at a gallop towards Claparède's division; and a few minutes later the regiment known as the Young Guard (in contradistinction to the Old Guard), which stood in reserve behind the mamelon, began to move forward. Napoleon stood looking at it.

"No," he said suddenly, "I cannot send Claparède; send Friant."

Though there was nothing to be gained by moving the second rather than the first, and in fact the immediate result was great delay, this order was carried out exactly. Napoleon, though he little suspected it, was dealing with his army like a doctor who impedes the course of nature by the application of remedies: a method he was always ready to criticize severely in others. Friant's division was soon lost to sight in the smoke, with the rest; while aides-de-camp came in from every point of the action, as if they had conspired to make the same demand. All reported that the Russians stood firm in their positions, and were keeping up a terrific fire under which the French were fairly melting away. M. de Beausset, who was still fasting, went up to the Emperor, who had taken a seat on a camp-stool, and respectfully suggested breakfast.

"I fancy I may congratulate your Majesty on a victory?" he said.

Napoleon shook his head. M. de Beausset, thinking that this negative referred to the assumed victory, took the liberty of remarking, in a half-jesting tone, that there could be no mortal reason against their having some breakfast as soon as it might be possible.

"Go—you—" Napoleon suddenly began, and he turned away.

A smile of pity and dejection was Beausset's comment, as he left the Emperor and joined the officers.

Napoleon was going through the painful experience of a gambler, who, after a long run of luck, has calculated every chance and staked handfuls of gold, and then finds himself beaten after

all,—just because he has played too elaborately. The troops and commanders were the same as of old; his plans well laid; his address short and vigorous; he was sure of himself, and of his experience,—his genius which had ripened with years; the enemy in front was the same as at Austerlitz and Friedland; he had counted on falling on him tooth and nail—and the stroke had failed as if by magic. He was wont to see his designs crowned with success. To-day, as usual, he had concentrated his fire on a single point, had thrown forward his reserves and his cavalry—men of steel—to break through the Russian lines; and yet Victory held aloof. From all sides came the cry for reinforcement, the news that generals were killed or wounded, that the regiments were demoralized, that it was impossible to move the Russians. On other occasions, after two or three moves, and two or three orders hastily given, the aides-de-camp and marshals had come to him beaming, to announce with compliments and congratulations that whole corps had been taken prisoners,—to bring in sheaves of standards and eagles taken from the foe; trains of cannon had rattled up behind them, and Murat had asked leave to charge the baggage-wagons with cavalry! This was how things had gone at Lodi, at Marengo, at Arcola, at Jena, at Austerlitz, at Wagram. To-day something strange was in the air: the Russian advanced works, to be sure, had been taken by storm; still he felt it, and he knew that all his staff felt it too. Every face was gloomy; each man avoided catching his neighbor's eye: and Napoleon himself knew better than any one else what was the meaning of a struggle that had lasted eight hours, and had not yet resulted in victory, though all his forces had been engaged. He knew that it was a drawn game, and that even now the smallest turn of fortune might, at this critical moment, involve him and his army in ruin.

As he thought over this weird campaign in Russia,—in which, during two months' fighting, not a battle had been won, not a flag, not a gun, not a company of men had been captured,—the dismal faces of his courtiers, and their lamentations over the obstinacy of the Russians, oppressed him like a nightmare. The Russians might at any moment fall on his left wing, or break through his centre! A spent ball might even hit him! All these things were possible. He had been used to look forward to none but happy chances; to-day, on the contrary, an endless series of chances, all against him, rose before his fancy. When he heard

that the left wing was in fact attacked by the enemy, he was panic-stricken. Berthier came up, and suggested that he should ride round and judge for himself of the state of affairs.

“What? What did you say? Ah! yes, to be sure; call for my horse—” And he started towards Séménovski.

All along the road nothing was to be seen but horses and men, singly or in heaps, lying in pools of blood; neither Napoleon nor his generals had ever seen so many slain within so small a space. The hollow roar of the cannon, which had never ceased for ten hours, and of which the ear was weary, made a sinister accompaniment to the scene. Having reached the height above Séménovski, he could see in the distance, across the smoke, close lines of uniforms of unfamiliar colors: these were the Russians. They stood in compact masses behind the village and the knoll, and their guns still thundered unremittingly all along the line: it was not a battle,—it was butchery, equally fruitless to both sides. Napoleon stopped and relapsed into the reverie from which Berthier had roused him. It was impossible to put an end to the slaughter, and yet he it was who, to the world, was the responsible authority; this first repulse brought home to him all the horror and waste of such massacres.

One of the generals ventured to suggest that the Old Guard should be sent forward; Ney and Berthier exchanged glances and smiled in contempt for so preposterous a notion. Napoleon sat in silence, with his head down.

“We are eight hundred leagues from home,” he suddenly exclaimed; “and I will not have my Guards cut to pieces!” Then turning his horse, he galloped back to Schevardino.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

(1815-1882)

BY JANE GROSVENOR COOKE

IN THE pictured face of Anthony Trollope there is a certain bourgeois quality. The kindly deep-set eyes are shrewd rather than thoughtful. The rugged features express practical experience, and more of common than of uncommon sense.

Anthony Trollope, third son of a scholarly but unpractical gentleman, came into the world soon after the family fortunes began to ebb; and hence passed an embittered childhood, which strongly influenced his mental development. Soon after his birth in London, in 1815, his father moved to Harrow, and began the unfortunate attempt at farming recounted in Anthony's 'Autobiography.' The bookish visionary was still wrestling unhappily with the alternation of crops, and devoting spare moments to the preparation of an 'Encyclopædia Ecclesiastica,'—which he never finished,—when at seven years old, Anthony was sent as day scholar to Harrow School. The Trollopes' big poverty-stricken household was neither comfortable nor well ordered. Anthony describes himself as a shy and dirty lad, feeling from babyhood the degradation of a poverty which unclassed him. After three wretched years of social ostracism at Harrow, he was sent to Winchester College, where his experience was much the same. Meantime Mr. Trollope grew constantly poorer; and finally his wife, with three of her children, went to America in a heroic endeavor to better things. The bazaar for fancy articles which she established at Cincinnati was a failure; but she exercised her keen wit and ready observation upon the novel New World life, and soon after her return published 'The Domestic Manners of the Americans' (1832), with a gratifying pecuniary result. This she speedily followed with a successful novel; and from this time, for many years, she was the family bread-winner.



ANTHONY TROLLOPE

Left with his father while his mother was in America, Anthony fared worse than ever. The plain sturdy lad was sensitive; and the

mortification of his lot cowed him for a time. How could he maintain self-respect when he alone of all the schoolboy world had no pocket-money, could not contribute his quota to the servants' fees, and heard the tutor tell people that he was gratuitously instructed? He returned to Harrow School, and remained in its unfriendly atmosphere until nearly nineteen. Youthful buoyancy and ideality were naturally scorched in this hot shame; and thus Anthony Trollope learned the esteem for money, and the practical view of life, evident in his stories. The constant repulse to his longing for affection and approbation, while encasing him in reserve and *gaucherie*, had one beneficial result: it whetted his naturally keen observation; and he appreciated with greater discrimination of mind and heart the pleasant comradeship he saw but could not share. It has often been thought curious that his scanty opportunities for social life should have resulted in such graphic and comprehensive pictures of society. But those to whom an experience is commonplace are usually not its most capable describers. Regarding much as self-evident, and so ignoring it, they draw blurred unfinished pictures. Nothing escapes an attention which is absorbed not in doing, but in longing to do, like others.

Naturally Trollope's ideal became that of money-getting. His was never the miserly spirit of mere acquisition; but he loved money for what it represented of liberal natural life,—of friends, beauty, and pleasure.

There were hard humiliating years still before him, when, his education completed, and after much family discussion as to his future, he was sent to London in 1834, and established as a government clerk in the General Post Office, with a salary of £100 a year. To his inexperience this seemed almost wealth; but he soon realized its inadequacy to keep him out of debt. He was an unpopular employé, —stubborn, tactless; and frequently on the verge of dismissal. After seven years of this unsatisfactory life, he was transferred to Ireland as surveyor's clerk, with a salary of £100, and perquisites amounting to £400 more; and this change inaugurated his prosperity. The chance to start over again, untrammelled by an unfortunate reputation, was what he needed; and for the following twenty-six years he was interested and efficient in his official duties.

But under other preoccupations, Anthony Trollope had always nursed literary ambitions. His mother, brother, and sister, were all writing; but when he announced that he had a novel in manuscript, his family felt the news "an unfortunate aggravation of the disease." In spite of misgivings, his mother found him a publisher; and in 1847 'The Macdermots of Ballycloran' appeared, and found very few readers. A second Irish story, 'The Kellys and the O'Kellys,' was

equally unsuccessful. Difficulty only made Trollope more persevering; and ten years later he was one of the most popular of English novelists. Thousands of readers found the men and women of his books almost as real as those they saw, and felt for them as genuine likings and dislikes. Nathaniel Hawthorne's keen appreciation best sums up the effect produced; and it was very grateful to Anthony Trollope, because it showed that he had accomplished just what he attempted:

"Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope?" Hawthorne asks. "They precisely suit my taste. Solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth, and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were being made a show of; and these books are just as English as a beefsteak."

Although Trollope wrote for money, as he frankly admits, he was also ambitious of fame, of a desirable place in public estimation. His honest mind never attributed to itself genius. He never aspired to poetic heights. But he did believe that he could tell a story so as to interest people.

Unlike his friend Wilkie Collins, he could not devise startling situations, or an ingenious puzzle of a plot. But then, character appealed to him more strongly than incident.

With many fine qualities, his nature was slightly tinged with mediocrity. So, naturally enough, he felt more interest in the kind of men and women he saw about him than in unusual characters. He loved to show people in the every-day relations of life,—acting and reacting upon each other,—and in the English setting he best knew. Thus he was a forerunner of our later realism, with its effort to fix contemporary life. Of strong yet simple emotions himself, with a satirically humorous sense of common self-deceptions and foibles, and also an optimistic belief in human nobility, he pictures the world to which most of his readers belong.

More idealistic minds find something revolting in Trollope's method of work. He exulted in his own capacity for plodding, and could not understand George Eliot's shudders when he boasted of his twenty pages a week, and two hundred and fifty words a page,—which, sick or well, he forced himself to accomplish. "To me it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting," he maintained. This hard-and-fast system, although conducive to quantity, was somewhat deleterious to quality. Anthony Trollope was very prolific. He wrote many magazine sketches, short stories, and books of travel; and did a great deal of editorial work in connection with the Cornhill Magazine and the Fortnightly Magazine, in

addition to about thirty novels. But of all his works perhaps only 'The Parliamentary Series,' 'The Chronicles of Barsest,' and 'Orley Farm,'—by many considered his best story,—have permanent qualities of merit. 'Phineas Finn,' 'Phineas Redux,' 'Can You Forgive Her?' 'The Duke's Children,' 'The Prime Minister,' afford an intimate acquaintance with London life and the complications of English politics; and are full of brilliant character sketches. But for simple human interest they are inferior to the 'Chronicles.' Wandering about Salisbury one day, Anthony Trollope conceived the idea of 'The Warden,'—the first and shortest of the five included in this series. Its reception showed him that he had learned at last how to gratify the public. The imaginary county of Barsest became very real to novel readers. Gentle Bishop Proudie, impotent under the rule of his shrewish wife; the impressive but shallow archdeacon, his good sensible wife, and his wife's relations, with their exaggerated respect for ecclesiastical precedences, involving petty squabbles,—form the background for pleasant romances. Trollope delights in pretty, sensible, spirited girls. Grace Crawley, Lily Dale, Mary Thorne, and their sisterhood, are fine warm-hearted young women. Perhaps the most lovable character in all Trollope's works is mild Mr. Harding,—a pure-minded and simple Christian, loving his faith, and trying his best to live it consistently.

Trollope never forces a moral. His tales were written for the recreation of others, although it was a matter of pride with him that the pleasure he furnished was always wholesome.

Trollope saw the world as a sphere of many satisfactions, much pleasure, and little joy. Most people, it seemed to him, struggling more or less cheerfully through difficulties, find life something of a makeshift. This truth he shows, and emphasizes in a rich voluminous style,—like that of a ready talker with a copious vocabulary at command.

It is pleasant to remember that after his hard youth, Anthony Trollope passed years of comfort and congenial companionship. His frank delight in the Garrick Club—where he met Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, and other gifted men—compensated his solitary boyhood. Another enduring pleasure was hunting. He kept fine horses, and followed the hounds clumsily but enthusiastically almost to the time of his death in 1882.

Jane Grosvenor Cooke.



[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

THE DEANERY AT WINCHESTER.

The scene of the stories of "Barchester Towers."

Photogravure from a photograph.

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

THE LIBRARY AT HYCHWATER.

The scene of the scene of "Pictorial Towns"

Photograph from a photograph.

WAR

From 'Barchester Towers'

"GOOD heavens!" exclaimed the archdeacon, as he placed his foot on the gravel walk of the close, and raising his hat with one hand, passed the other somewhat violently over his now grizzled locks. Smoke issued forth from the uplifted beaver as it were a cloud of wrath; and the safety-valve of his anger opened, and emitted a visible steam, preventing positive explosion and probable apoplexy. "Good heavens!"—and the archdeacon looked up to the gray pinnacles of the cathedral tower, making a mute appeal to that still living witness which had looked down on the doings of so many bishops of Barchester.

"I don't think I shall ever like that Mr. Slope," said Mr. Harding.

"Like him!" roared the archdeacon, standing still for a moment to give more force to his voice; "like him!" All the ravens of the close cawed their assent. The old bells of the tower, in chiming the hour, echoed the words; and the swallows flying out from their nests mutely expressed a similar opinion. Like Mr. Slope! Why no, it was not very probable that any Barchester-bred living thing should like Mr. Slope!

"Nor Mrs. Proudie either," said Mr. Harding.

The archdeacon hereupon forgot himself. I will not follow his example, nor shock my readers by transcribing the term in which he expressed his feeling as to the lady who had been named. The ravens and the last lingering notes of the clock bells were less scrupulous, and repeated in corresponding echoes the very improper exclamation. The archdeacon again raised his hat, and another salutary escape of steam was effected.

There was a pause, during which the precentor tried to realize the fact that the wife of a bishop of Barchester had been thus designated, in the close of the cathedral, by the lips of its own archdeacon; but he could not do it.

"The bishop seems to be a quiet man enough," suggested Mr. Harding, having acknowledged to himself his own failure.

"Idiot!" exclaimed the doctor, who for the nonce was not capable of more than such spasmodic attempts at utterance.

"Well, he did not seem very bright," said Mr. Harding; "and yet he has always had the reputation of a clever man. I

suppose he's cautious and not inclined to express himself very freely."

The new bishop of Barchester was already so contemptible a creature in Dr. Grantly's eyes that he could not condescend to discuss his character. He was a puppet to be played by others; a mere wax doll, done up in an apron and a shovel hat, to be stuck on a throne or elsewhere, and pulled about by wires as others chose. Dr. Grantly did not choose to let himself down low enough to talk about Dr. Proudie; but he saw that he would have to talk about the other members of his household, the co-adjutor bishops, who had brought his Lordship down, as it were, in a box, and were about to handle the wires as they willed. This in itself was a terrible vexation to the archdeacon. Could he have ignored the chaplain, and have fought the bishop, there would have been, at any rate, nothing degrading in such a contest. Let the Queen make whom she would bishop of Barchester: a man, or even an ape, when once a bishop, would be a respectable adversary, if he would but fight, himself. But what was such a person as Dr. Grantly to do, when such another person as Mr. Slope was put forward as his antagonist?

If he, our archdeacon, refused the combat, Mr. Slope would walk triumphant over the field, and have the diocese of Barchester under his heel.

If, on the other hand, the archdeacon accepted as his enemy the man whom the new puppet bishop put before him as such, he would have to talk about Mr. Slope, and write about Mr. Slope, and in all matters treat with Mr. Slope, as a being standing in some degree on ground similar to his own. He would have to meet Mr. Slope; to— Bah! the idea was sickening. He could not bring himself to have to do with Mr. Slope.

"He is the most thoroughly bestial creature that ever I set my eyes upon," said the archdeacon.

"Who—the bishop?" asked the other innocently.

"Bishop! no;—I'm not talking about the bishop. How on earth such a creature got ordained! They'll ordain anybody now, I know: but he's been in the Church these ten years; and they used to be a little careful ten years ago."

"Oh! you mean Mr. Slope."

"Did you ever see any animal less like a gentleman?" asked Dr. Grantly.

"I can't say I felt myself much disposed to like him."

"Like him!" again shouted the doctor, and the assenting ravens again eaved an echo. "Of course you don't like him. It's not a question of liking. But what are we to do with him?"

"Do with him?" asked Mr. Harding.

"Yes;—what are we to do with him? How are we to treat him? There he is, and there he'll stay. He has put his foot in that palace, and he will never take it out again till he's driven. How are we to get rid of him?"

"I don't suppose he can do us much harm."

"Not do harm!—Well: I think you'll find yourself of a different opinion before a month is gone. What would you say now if he got himself put into the hospital? Would that be harm?"

Mr. Harding mused awhile, and then said he didn't think the new bishop would put Mr. Slope into the hospital.

"If he doesn't put him there, he'll put him somewhere else where he'll be as bad. I tell you that that man, to all intents and purposes, will be bishop of Barchester." Then again Dr. Grantly raised his hat, and rubbed his hand thoughtfully and sadly over his head.

"Impudent scoundrel!" he continued after a while. "To dare to cross-examine me about the Sunday schools in the dioecese,—and Sunday traveling too. I never in my life met his equal for sheer impudence. Why, he must have thought we were two candidates for ordination!"

"I declare I thought Mrs. Proudie was the worst of the two," said Mr. Harding.

"When a woman is impertinent, one must only put up with it, and keep out of her way in future. But I am not inclined to put up with Mr. Slope. 'Sabbath traveling!'" and the doctor attempted to imitate the peculiar drawl of the man he so much disliked: "'Sabbath traveling.' Those are the sort of men who will ruin the Church of England, and make the profession of a clergyman disreputable. It is not the dissenters or the papists that we should fear, but the set of eanting, low-bred hypocrites who are wriggling their way in among us; men who have no fixed principle, no standard ideas of religion or doctrine, but who take up some popular ery, as this fellow has done about 'Sabbath traveling.'"

Dr. Grantly did not again repeat the question aloud, but he did so constantly to himself, "What were they to do with Mr. Slope?"

How was he openly, before the world, to show that he utterly disapproved of and abhorred such a man?

Hitherto Barchester had escaped the taint of any extreme rigor of church doctrine. The clergymen of the city and neighborhood, though very well inclined to promote high-class principles, privileges, and prerogatives, had never committed themselves to tendencies which are somewhat too loosely called Puseyite practices. They all preached in their black gowns, as their fathers had done before them; they wore ordinary black cloth waistcoats; they had no candles on their altars, either lighted or unlighted; they made no peculiar genuflexions, and were contented to confine themselves to such ceremonial observances as had been in vogue for the last hundred years. The services were decently and demurely read in their parish churches, chanting was confined to the cathedral, and the science of intoning was unknown. One young man who had come direct from Oxford as a curate to Plumstead had, after the lapse of two or three Sundays, made a faint attempt, much to the bewilderment of the poorer part of the congregation. Dr. Grantly had not been present on the occasion; but Mrs. Grantly, who had her own opinion on the subject, immediately after the service expressed a hope that the young gentleman had not been taken ill, and offered to send him all kinds of condiments supposed to be good for a sore throat. After that there had been no more intoning at Plumstead Episcopi.

But now the archdeacon began to meditate on some strong measures of absolute opposition. Dr. Proudie and his crew were of the lowest possible order of Church of England clergymen; and therefore it behoved him, Dr. Grantly, to be of the very highest. Dr. Proudie would abolish all forms and ceremonies; and therefore Dr. Grantly felt the sudden necessity of multiplying them. Dr. Proudie would consent to deprive the Church of all collective authority and rule; and therefore Dr. Grantly would stand up for the full power of convocation, and the renewal of all its ancient privileges.

It was true that he could not himself intone the service; but he could procure the co-operation of any number of gentleman-like curates well trained in the mystery of doing so. He would not willingly alter his own fashion of dress; but he could people Barchester with young clergymen dressed in the longest frocks, and in the highest-breasted silk waistcoats. He certainly was not

prepared to cross himself, or to advocate the real presence; but without going this length, there were various observances, by adopting which he could plainly show his antipathy to such men as Dr. Proudie and Mr. Slope.

All these things passed through his mind as he paced up and down the close with Mr. Harding. War, war, internecine war was in his heart. He felt that, as regarded himself and Mr. Slope, one of the two must be annihilated as far as the city of Barehester was concerned; and he did not intend to give way until there was not left to him an inch of ground on which he could stand. He still flattered himself that he could make Barchester too hot to hold Mr. Slope; and he had no weakness of spirit to prevent his bringing about such a consummation if it were in his power.

"I suppose Susan must call at the palace," said Mr. Harding.

"Yes, she shall call there; but it shall be once and once only. I dare say 'the horses' won't find it convenient to come out to Plumstead very soon, and when that once is done the matter may drop."

"I don't suppose Eleanor need call. I don't think Eleanor would get on at all well with Mrs. Proudie."

"Not the least necessity in life," replied the archdeacon, reflecting that a ceremony which was necessary for his wife might not be at all binding on the widow of John Bold. "Not the slightest reason on earth why she should do so, if she doesn't like it. For myself, I don't think that any decent young woman should be subjected to the nuisance of being in the same room with that man."

And so the two clergymen parted; Mr. Harding going to his daughter's house, and the archdeacon seeking the seclusion of his brougham.

The new inhabitants of the palace did not express any higher opinion of their visitors than their visitors had expressed of them. Though they did not use quite such strong language as Dr. Grantly had done, they felt as much personal aversion, and were quite as well aware as he was that there would be a battle to be fought, and that there was hardly room for Proudieism in Barchester as long as Grantlyism was predominant.

Indeed, it may be doubted whether Mr. Slope had not already within his breast a better prepared system of strategy, a more accurately defined line of hostile conduct, than the archdeacon.

Dr. Grantly was going to fight because he found that he hated the man. Mr. Slope had predetermined to hate the man because he foresaw the necessity of fighting him. When he had first reviewed the *carte du pays*, previous to his entry into Barehester, the idea had occurred to him of conciliating the archdeacon, of cajoling and flattering him into submission, and of obtaining the upper hand by cunning instead of courage. A little inquiry, however, sufficed to convince him that all his cunning would fail to win over such a man as Dr. Grantly to such a mode of action as that to be adopted by Mr. Slope; and he then determined to fall back upon his courage. He at once saw that open battle against Dr. Grantly and all Dr. Grantly's adherents was a necessity of his position, and he deliberately planned the most expedient methods of giving offense.

Soon after his arrival, the bishop had intimated to the dean that with the permission of the canon then in residence, his chaplain would preach in the cathedral on the next Sunday. The canon in residence happened to be the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Vesey Stanhope, who at this time was very busy on the shores of the Lake of Como, adding to that unique collection of butterflies for which he is so famous. Or rather, he would have been in residence but for the butterflies and other such summer-day considerations; and the vicar-choral, who was to take his place in the pulpit, by no means objected to having his work done for him by Mr. Slope.

Mr. Slope accordingly preached; and if a preacher can have satisfaction in being listened to, Mr. Slope ought to have been gratified. I have reason to think that he was gratified, and that he left the pulpit with the conviction that he had done what he intended to do when he entered it.

On this occasion the new bishop took his seat for the first time in the throne allotted to him. New scarlet cushions and drapery had been prepared, with new gilt binding and new fringe. The old carved oak-wood of the throne, ascending with its numerous grotesque pinnacles half-way up to the roof of the choir, had been washed, and dusted, and rubbed, and it all looked very smart. Ah! how often sitting there, in happy early days, on those lowly benches in front of the altar, have I whiled away the tedium of a sermon in considering how best I might thread my way up amidst those wooden towers, and climb safely to the topmost pinnacle!

All Barchester went to hear Mr. Slope;—either for that or to gaze at the new bishop. All the best bonnets of the city were there, and moreover all the best glossy clerical hats. Not a stall but had its fitting occupant; for though some of the prebendaries might be away in Italy or elsewhere, their places were filled by brethren who flocked into Barchester on the occasion. The dean was there,—a heavy old man, now too old indeed to attend frequently in his place,—and so was the archdeacon. So also were the chancellor, the treasurer, the precentor, sundry canons and minor canons, and every lay member of the choir, prepared to sing the new bishop in with due melody and harmonious expression of sacred welcome.

The service was certainly very well performed. Such was always the case at Barchester, as the musical education of the choir had been good, and the voices had been carefully selected. The psalms were beautifully chanted; the *Te Deum* was magnificently sung; and the litany was given in a manner which is still to be found at Barchester, but, if my taste be correct, is to be found nowhere else. The litany in Barchester cathedral has long been the special task to which Mr. Harding's skill and voice have been devoted. Crowded audiences generally make good performers; and though Mr. Harding was not aware of any extraordinary exertion on his part, yet probably he rather exceeded his usual mark. Others were doing their best, and it was natural that he should emulate his brethren. So the service went on, and at last Mr. Slope got into the pulpit.

He chose for his text a verse from the precepts addressed by St. Paul to Timothy, as to the conduct necessary in a spiritual pastor and guide; and it was immediately evident that the good clergy of Barchester were to have a lesson.

“Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.” These were the words of his text; and with such a subject in such a place, it may be supposed that such a preacher would be listened to by such an audience. He was listened to with breathless attention, and not without considerable surprise. Whatever opinion of Mr. Slope might have been held in Barchester before he commenced his discourse, none of his hearers, when it was over, could mistake him either for a fool or a coward.

It would not be becoming were I to travesty a sermon, or even to repeat the language of it in the pages of a novel. In

endeavoring to depict the characters of the persons of whom I write, I am to a certain extent forced to speak of sacred things. I trust, however, that I shall not be thought to scoff at the pulpit, though some may imagine that I do not feel all the reverence that is due to the cloth. I may question the infallibility of the teachers, but I hope that I shall not therefore be accused of doubt as to the thing to be taught.

Mr. Slope, in commencing his sermon, showed no slight tact in his ambiguous manner of hinting that, humble as he was himself, he stood there as the mouthpiece of the illustrious divine who sat opposite to him; and having premised so much, he gave forth a very accurate definition of the conduct which that prelate would rejoice to see in the clergymen now brought under his jurisdiction. It is only necessary to say that the peculiar points insisted upon were exactly those which were most distasteful to the clergy of the diocese, and most averse to their practice and opinions; and that all those peculiar habits and privileges which have always been dear to high-church priests, to that party which is now scandalously called the high-and-dry church, were ridiculed, abused, and anathematized. Now, the clergymen of the diocese of Barchester are all of the high-and-dry church.

Having thus, according to his own opinion, explained how a clergyman should show himself approved unto God, as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, he went on to explain how the word of truth should be divided; and here he took a rather narrow view of the question, and fetched his arguments from afar. His object was to express his abomination of all ceremonious modes of utterance, to cry down any religious feeling which might be excited, not by the sense, but by the sound of words, and in fact to insult cathedral practices. Had St. Paul spoken of rightly pronouncing instead of rightly dividing the word of truth, this part of his sermon would have been more to the purpose; but the preacher's immediate object was to preach Mr. Slope's doctrine, and not St. Paul's, and he contrived to give the necessary twist to the text with some skill.

He could not exactly say, preaching from a cathedral pulpit, that chanting should be abandoned in cathedral services. By such an assertion, he would have overshot his mark and rendered himself absurd,—to the delight of his hearers. He could, however,—and did,—allude with heavy denunciations to the practice of intoning in parish churches, although the practice was

all-but unknown in the diocese; and from thence he came round to the undue preponderance which, he asserted, music had over meaning in the beautiful service which they had just heard. He was aware, he said, that the practices of our ancestors could not be abandoned at a moment's notice; the feelings of the aged would be outraged, and the minds of respectable men would be shocked. There were many, he was aware, of not sufficient calibre of thought to perceive, of not sufficient education to know, that a mode of service which was effective when outward ceremonies were of more moment than inward feelings, had become all-but barbarous at a time when inward conviction was everything, when each word of the minister's lips should fall intelligibly into the listener's heart. Formerly the religion of the multitude had been an affair of the imagination. Now, in these latter days, it had become necessary that a Christian should have a reason for his faith; should not only believe, but digest—not only hear, but understand. The words of our morning service,—how beautiful, how apposite, how intelligible they were, when read with simple and distinct decorum! but how much of the meaning of the words was lost when they were produced with all the meretricious charms of melody! etc., etc.

Here was a sermon to be preached before Mr. Archdeacon Grantly, Mr. Precentor Harding, and the rest of them! before a whole dean and chapter assembled in their own cathedral! before men who had grown old in the exercise of their peculiar services, with a full conviction of their excellence for all intended purposes! This too from such a man, a clerical parvenu, a man without a cure, a mere chaplain, an intruder among them; a fellow raked up, so said Dr. Grantly, from the gutters of Marylebone! They had to sit through it. None of them, not even Dr. Grantly, could close his ears, nor leave the house of God during the hours of service. They were under an obligation of listening, and that too without any immediate power of reply.

There is perhaps no greater hardship at present inflicted on mankind, in civilized and free countries, than the necessity of listening to sermons. No one but a preaching clergyman has, in these realms, the power of compelling an audience to sit silent and be tormented. No one but a preaching clergyman can revel in platitudes, truisms, and untruisms, and yet receive, as his undisputed privilege, the same respectful demeanor as though words of impassioned eloquence or persuasive logic fell from his

lips. Let a professor of law or physic find his place in a lecture-room, and there pour forth jejune words and useless empty phrases, and he will pour them forth to empty benches. Let a barrister attempt to talk without talking well, and he will talk but seldom. A judge's charge need be listened to perforce by none but the jury, prisoner, and jailer. A Member of Parliament can be coughed down or counted out. Town councilors can be tabooed. But no one can rid himself of the preaching clergyman. He is the bore of the age, the old man whom we Sindbads cannot shake off, the nightmare that disturbs our Sunday's rest, the incubus that overloads our religion and makes God's service distasteful. We are not forced into church! No; but we desire more than that. We desire not to be forced to stay away. We desire, nay, we are resolute, to enjoy the comfort of public worship: but we desire also that we may do so without an amount of tedium which ordinary human nature cannot endure with patience; that we may be able to leave the house of God without that anxious longing for escape which is the common consequence of common sermons.

With what complacency will a young parson deduce false conclusions from misunderstood texts, and then threaten us with all the penalties of Hades if we neglect to comply with the injunctions he has given us! Yes, my too self-confident juvenile friend, I do believe in those mysteries which are so common in your mouth; I do believe in the unadulterated Word which you hold there in your hand: but you must pardon me if, in some things, I doubt your interpretation. The Bible is good, the Prayer-Book is good; nay, you yourself would be acceptable, if you would read to me some portion of those time-honored discourses which our great divines have elaborated in the full maturity of their powers. But you must excuse me, my insufficient young lecturer, if I yawn over your imperfect sentences, your repeated phrases, your false pathos, your drawlings and denouncings, your humming and hawing, your oh-ing and ah-ing, your black gloves and your white handkerchief. To me, it all means nothing; and hours are too precious to be so wasted — if one could only avoid it.

And here I must make a protest against the pretense, so often put forward by the working clergy, that they are overburdened by the multitude of sermons to be preached. We are all too fond of our own voices, and a preacher is encouraged in the vanity of making his heard by the privilege of a compelled

audience. His sermon is the pleasant morsel of his life, his delicious moment of self-exaltation. "I have preached nine sermons this week," said a young friend to me the other day, with hand languidly raised to his brow, the picture of an overburdened martyr. "Nine this week, seven last week, four the week before. I have preached twenty-three sermons this month. It is really too much." "Too much indeed," said I, shuddering; "too much for the strength of any one." "Yes," he answered meekly, "indeed it is; I am beginning to feel it painfully." "Would," said I, "you could feel it; would that you could be made to feel it." But he never guessed that my heart was wrung for the poor listeners.

There was, at any rate, no tedium felt in listening to Mr. Slope on the occasion in question. His subject came too home to his audience to be dull; and to tell the truth, Mr. Slope had the gift of using words forcibly. He was heard through his thirty minutes of eloquence with mute attention and open ears; but with angry eyes, which glared round from one enraged parson to another, with wide-spread nostrils from which already burst forth fumes of indignation, and with many shufflings of the feet and uneasy motions of the body, which betokened minds disturbed, and hearts not at peace with all the world.

At last the bishop, who, of all the congregation, had been most surprised, and whose hair almost stood on end with terror, gave the blessing in a manner not at all equal to that in which he had long been practicing it in his own study, and the congregation was free to go their way.

THE BISHOP OF BARCHESTER IS CRUSHED

From 'The Last Chronicle of Barset'

WHO inquires why it is that a little greased flour rubbed in among the hair on a footman's head,—just one dab here and another there,—gives such a tone of high life to the family? And seeing that the thing is so easily done, why do not more people attempt it? The tax on hair-powder is but thirteen shillings a year. It may indeed be that the slightest dab in the world justifies the wearer in demanding hot meat three times a day, and wine at any rate on Sundays. I think, however, that a bishop's wife may enjoy the privilege without such heavy

attendant expense; otherwise the man who opened the bishop's door to Mr. Crawley would hardly have been so ornamented.

The man asked for a card. "My name is Mr. Crawley," said our friend. "The bishop has desired me to come to him at this hour. Will you be pleased to tell him that I am here." The man again asked for a card. "I am not bound to carry with me my name printed on a ticket," said Mr. Crawley. "If you cannot remember it, give me pen and paper, and I will write it." The servant, somewhat awed by the stranger's manner, brought the pen and paper, and Mr. Crawley wrote his name —

«THE REV. JOSIAH CRAWLEY, M. A.,
Perpetual Curate of Hogglesstock.»

He was then ushered into a waiting-room; but to his disappointment, was not kept there waiting long. Within three minutes he was ushered into the bishop's study, and into the presence of the two great luminaries of the diocese. He was at first somewhat disconcerted by finding Mrs. Proudie in the room. In the imaginary conversation with the bishop which he had been preparing on the road, he had conceived that the bishop would be attended by a chaplain, and he had suited his words to the joint discomfiture of the bishop and of the lower clergyman; but now the line of his battle must be altered. This was no doubt an injury, but he trusted to his courage and readiness to enable him to surmount it. He had left his hat behind him in the waiting-room, but he kept his old short cloak still upon his shoulders; and when he entered the bishop's room his hands and arms were hid beneath it. There was something lowly in this constrained gait. It showed at least that he had no idea of being asked to shake hands with the august persons he might meet. And his head was somewhat bowed, though his great, bald, broad forehead showed itself so prominent, that neither the bishop nor Mrs. Proudie could drop it from their sight during the whole interview. He was a man who when seen could hardly be forgotten. The deep, angry, remonstrant eyes, the shaggy eyebrows, telling tales of frequent anger,—of anger frequent but generally silent,—the repressed indignation of the habitual frown, the long nose and large powerful mouth, the deep furrows on the cheek, and the general look of thought and suffering, all combined to make the appearance of the man remarkable, and to describe to the beholders at once his true character. No one

ever on seeing Mr. Crawley took him to be a happy man, or a weak man, or an ignorant man, or a wise man.

"You are very punctual, Mr. Crawley," said the bishop. Mr. Crawley simply bowed his head, still keeping his hands beneath his cloak. "Will you not take a chair nearer to the fire?" Mr. Crawley had not seated himself, but had placed himself in front of a chair at the extreme end of the room, resolved that he would not use it unless he were duly asked. Now he seated himself,—still at a distance.

"Thank you, my lord," he said: "I am warm with walking, and if you please, will avoid the fire."

"You have not walked, Mr. Crawley?"

"Yes, my lord. I have been walking."

"Not from Hoggstock!"

Now, this was a matter which Mr. Crawley certainly did not mean to discuss with the bishop. It might be well for the bishop to demand his presence in the palace, but it could be no part of the bishop's duty to inquire how he got there. "That, my lord, is a matter of no moment," said he. "I am glad at any rate that I have been enabled to obey your Lordship's order in coming hither on this morning."

Hitherto Mrs. Proudie had not said a word. She stood back in the room, near the fire,—more backward a good deal than she was accustomed to do when clergymen made their ordinary visits. On such occasions she would come forward and shake hands with them graciously,—graciously even if proudly: but she felt that she must do nothing of that kind now; there must be no shaking hands with a man who had stolen a cheque for twenty pounds! It might probably be necessary to keep Mr. Crawley at a distance; and therefore she had remained in the background. But Mr. Crawley seemed to be disposed to keep himself in the background, and therefore she could speak. "I hope your wife and children are well, Mr. Crawley?" she said.

"Thank you, madam, my children are well, and Mrs. Crawley suffers no special ailment at present."

"That is much to be thankful for, Mr. Crawley." Whether he were or were not thankful for such mercies as these, was no business of the bishop or the bishop's wife. That was between him and his God. So he would not even bow to this civility, but sat with his head erect, and with a great frown on his heavy brow.

Then the bishop rose from his chair to speak, intending to take up a position on the rug. But as he did so Mr. Crawley rose also, and the bishop found that he would thus lose his expected vantage. "Will you not be seated, Mr. Crawley?" said the bishop. Mr. Crawley smiled, but stood his ground. Then the bishop returned to his arm-chair, and Mr. Crawley also sat down again. "Mr. Crawley," began the bishop, "this matter which came the other day before the magistrates at Silverbridge has been a most unfortunate affair. It has given me, I can assure you, the most sincere pain."

Mr. Crawley had made up his mind how far the bishop should be allowed to go without a rebuke. He had told himself that it would only be natural, and would not be unbecoming, that the bishop should allude to the meeting of the magistrates and to the alleged theft, and that therefore such allusion should be endured with patient humility. And moreover, the more rope he gave the bishop, the more likely the bishop would be to entangle himself. It certainly was Mr. Crawley's wish that the bishop should entangle himself. He therefore replied very meekly, "It has been most unfortunate, my lord."

"I have felt for Mrs. Crawley very deeply," said Mrs. Proudie. Mr. Crawley had now made up his mind that as long as it was possible he would ignore the presence of Mrs. Proudie altogether; and therefore he made no sign that he heard the latter remark.

"It has been most unfortunate," continued the bishop. "I have never before had a clergyman in my diocese placed in so distressing a position."

"That is a matter of opinion, my lord," said Mr. Crawley, who at that moment thought of a crisis which had come in the life of another clergyman in the diocese of Barchester, with the circumstances of which he had by chance been made acquainted.

"Exactly," said the bishop. "And I am expressing my opinion." Mr. Crawley, who understood fighting, did not think that the time had yet come for striking a blow, so he simply bowed again. "A most unfortunate position, Mr. Crawley," continued the bishop. "Far be it from me to express an opinion upon the matter, which will have to come before a jury of your countrymen. It is enough for me to know that the magistrates assembled at Silverbridge—gentlemen to whom no doubt you must be known, as most of them live in your neighborhood—have heard evidence upon the subject—"

"Most convincing evidence," said Mrs. Proudie, interrupting her husband. Mr. Crawley's black brow became a little blacker as he heard the word, but still he ignored the woman. He not only did not speak, but did not turn his eye upon her.

"They have heard the evidence on the subject," continued the bishop, "and they have thought it proper to refer the decision as to your innocence or your guilt to a jury of your countrymen."

"And they were right," said Mr. Crawley.

"Very possibly. I don't deny it. Probably," said the bishop, whose eloquence was somewhat disturbed by Mr. Crawley's ready acquiescence.

"Of course they were right," said Mrs. Proudie.

"At any rate it is so," said the bishop. "You are in the position of a man amenable to the criminal laws of the land."

"There are no criminal laws, my lord," said Mr. Crawley; "but to such laws as there are, we are all amenable,—your Lordship and I alike."

"But you are so in a very particular way. I do not wish to remind you what might be your condition now, but for the interposition of private friends."

"I should be in the condition of a man not guilty before the law,—guiltless, as far as the law goes,—but kept in durance, not for faults of his own, but because otherwise, by reason of *laches* in the police, his presence at the assizes might not be insured. In such a position a man's reputation is made to hang for a while on the trust which some friends or neighbors may have in it. I do not say that the test is a good one."

"You would have been put in prison, Mr. Crawley, because the magistrates were of the opinion that you had taken Mr. Soames's cheque," said Mrs. Proudie. On this occasion he did look at her. He turned one glance upon her from under his eyebrows, but he did not speak.

"With all that I have nothing to do," said the bishop.

"Nothing whatever, my lord," said Mr. Crawley.

"But, bishop, I think that you have," said Mrs. Proudie. "The judgment formed by the magistrates as to the conduct of one of your clergymen makes it imperative upon you to act in the matter."

"Yes, my dear, yes; I am coming to that. What Mrs. Proudie says is perfectly true. I have been constrained most unwillingly to take action in this matter. It is undoubtedly the fact that you

must at the next assizes surrender yourself at the court-house yonder, to be tried for this offense against the laws."

"That is true. If I be alive, my lord, and have strength sufficient, I shall be there."

"You must be there," said Mrs. Proudie. "The police will look to that, Mr. Crawley." She was becoming very angry in that the man would not answer her a word. On this occasion again he did not even look at her.

"Yes; you will be there," said the bishop. "Now that is, to say the least of it, an unseemly position for a beneficed clergyman."

"You said before, my lord, that it was an unfortunate position; and the word, methinks, was better chosen."

"It is very unseemly, very unseemly indeed," said Mrs. Proudie; "nothing could possibly be more unseemly. The bishop might very properly have used a much stronger word."

"Under these circumstances," continued the bishop, "looking to the welfare of your parish, to the welfare of the diocese, and allow me to say, Mr. Crawley, to the welfare of yourself also—"

"And especially to the souls of the people," said Mrs. Proudie.

The bishop shook his head. It is hard to be impressively eloquent when one is interrupted at every best turned period, even by a supporting voice. "Yes;—and looking of course to the religious interests of your people, Mr. Crawley, I came to the conclusion that it would be expedient that you should cease your ministrations for a while." The bishop paused, and Mr. Crawley bowed his head. "I therefore sent over to you a gentleman with whom I am well acquainted—Mr. Thumble—with a letter from myself, in which I endeavored to impress upon you, without the use of any severe language, what my convictions were."

"Severe words are often the best mercy," said Mrs. Proudie. Mr. Crawley had raised his hand, with his finger out, preparatory to answering the bishop. But as Mrs. Proudie had spoken he dropped his finger and was silent.

"Mr. Thumble brought me back your written reply," continued the bishop, "by which I was grieved to find that you were not willing to submit yourself to my counsel in the matter."

"I was most unwilling, my lord. Submission to authority is at times a duty;—and at times opposition to authority is a duty also."

"Opposition to just authority cannot be a duty, Mr. Crawley."

"Opposition to usurped authority is an imperative duty," said Mr. Crawley.

"And who is to be the judge?" demanded Mrs. Proudie. Then there was silence for a while; when, as Mr. Crawley made no reply, the lady repeated her question. "Will you be pleased to answer my question, sir? Who, in such a case, is to be the judge?" But Mr. Crawley did not please to answer. "The man is obstinate," said Mrs. Proudie.

"I had better proceed," said the bishop. "Mr. Thumble brought me back your reply, which grieved me greatly."

"It was contumacious and indecent," said Mrs. Proudie.

The bishop again shook his head, and looked so unutterably miserable that a smile came across Mr. Crawley's face. After all, others besides himself had their troubles and trials. Mrs. Proudie saw and understood the smile, and became more angry than ever. She drew her chair close to the table, and began to fidget with her fingers among the papers. She had never before encountered a clergyman so contumacious, so indecent, so unreverend,—so upsetting. She had had to do with men difficult to manage,—the archdeacon, for instance; but the archdeacon had never been so impertinent to her as this man. She had quarreled once openly with a chaplain of her husband's, a clergyman whom she herself had introduced to her husband, and who had treated her very badly,—but not so badly, not with such unscrupulous violence, as she was now encountering from this ill-clothed beggarly man, this perpetual curate, with his dirty broken boots, this already half-convicted thief! Such was her idea of Mr. Crawley's conduct to her, while she was fingering the papers, simply because Mr. Crawley would not speak to her.

"I forget where I was," said the bishop. "Oh, Mr. Thumble came back, and I received your letter;—of course I received it. And I was surprised to learn from that, that in spite of what had occurred at Silverbridge, you were still anxious to continue the usual Sunday ministrations in your church."

"I was determined that I would do my duty at Hogglegstock as long as I might be left there to do it," said Mr. Crawley.

"Duty!" said Mrs. Proudie.

"Just a moment, my dear," said the bishop. "When Sunday came, I had no alternative but to send Mr. Thumble over again to Hogglegstock. It occurred to us—to me and Mrs. Proudie—"

"I will tell Mr. Crawley just now what has occurred to me," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Yes;—just so. And I am sure that he will take it in good part. It occurred to me, Mr. Crawley, that your first letter might have been written in haste."

"It was written in haste, my lord: your messenger was waiting."

"Yes;—just so. Well, so I sent him again, hoping that he might be accepted as a messenger of peace. It was a most disagreeable mission for any gentleman, Mr. Crawley."

"Most disagreeable, my lord."

"And you refused him permission to obey the instructions which I had given him! You would not let him read from your desk, or preach from your pulpit."

"Had I been Mr. Thumble," said Mrs. Proudie, "I would have read from that desk and I would have preached from that pulpit."

Mr. Crawley waited a moment, thinking that the bishop might perhaps speak again; but as he did not, but sat expectant, as though he had finished his discourse and now expected a reply, Mr. Crawley got up from his seat and drew near to the table. "My lord," he began, "it has all been just as you have said. I did answer your first letter in haste."

"The more shame for you," said Mrs. Proudie.

"And therefore, for aught I know, my letter to your Lordship may be so worded as to need some apology."

"Of course it needs an apology," said Mrs. Proudie.

"But for the matter of it, my lord, no apology can be made, nor is any needed. I did refuse to your messenger permission to perform the services of my church, and if you send twenty more, I shall refuse them all,—till the time may come when it will be your Lordship's duty, in accordance with the laws of the Church, as borne out and backed by the laws of the land, to provide during my constrained absence for the spiritual wants of those poor people at Hogglestock."

"Poor people, indeed," said Mrs. Proudie. "Poor wretches!"

"And my lord, it may be that it shall soon be your Lordship's duty to take due and legal steps for depriving me of my benefice at Hogglestock;—nay, probably for silencing me altogether as to the exercise of my sacred profession!"

"Of course it will, sir. Your gown will be taken from you," said Mrs. Proudie. The bishop was looking with all his eyes up

at the great forehead and great eyebrows of the man, and was so fascinated by the power that was exercised over him by the other man's strength that he hardly now noticed his wife.

"It may well be so," continued Mr. Crawley. "The circumstances are strong against me; and though your Lordship has altogether misunderstood the nature of the duty performed by the magistrates in sending my case for trial,—although, as it seems to me, you have come to conclusions in this matter in ignorance of the very theory of our laws,—"

"Sir!" said Mrs. Proudie.

"Yet I can foresee the probability that a jury may discover me to have been guilty of theft."

"Of course the jury will do so," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Should such verdict be given, then, my lord, your interference will be legal, proper, and necessary. And you will find that, even if it be within my power to oppose obstacles to your Lordship's authority, I will oppose no such obstacle. There is, I believe, no appeal in criminal cases."

"None at all," said Mrs. Proudie. "There is no appeal against your bishop. You should have learned that before."

"But till that time shall come, my lord, I shall hold my own at Hogglestock as you hold your own here at Barchester. Nor have you more power to turn me out of my pulpit by your mere voice, than I have to turn you out of your throne by mine. If you doubt me, my lord, your Lordship's ecclesiastical court is open to you. Try it there."

"You defy us, then?" said Mrs. Proudie.

"My lord, I grant your authority as bishop to be great, but even a bishop can only act as the law allows him."

"God forbid that I should do more," said the bishop.

"Sir, you will find that your wicked threats will fall back upon your own head," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Peace, woman," Mr. Crawley said, addressing her at last. The bishop jumped out of his chair at hearing the wife of his bosom called a woman. But he jumped rather in admiration than in anger. He had already begun to perceive that Mr. Crawley was a man who had better be left to take care of the souls at Hogglestock, at any rate till the trial should come on.

"Woman!" said Mrs. Proudie, rising to her feet as though she really intended some personal encounter.

"Madam," said Mr. Crawley, "you should not interfere in these matters. You simply debase your husband's high office.

The distaff were more fitting for you. My lord, good morning." And before either of them could speak again, he was out of the room, and through the hall, and beyond the gate, and standing beneath the towers of the cathedral. Yes, he had, he thought, crushed the bishop. He had succeeded in crumpling the bishop up within the clutch of his fist.

He started in a spirit of triumph to walk back on his road towards Hoggstock. He did not think of the long distance before him for the first hour of his journey. He had had his victory, and the remembrance of that braced his nerves and gave elasticity to his sinews; and he went stalking along the road with rapid strides, muttering to himself from time to time as he went along some word about Mrs. Proudie and her distaff. Mr. Thumble would not, he thought, come to him again,—not, at any rate, till the assizes were drawing near. And he had resolved what he would do then. When the day of his trial was near, he would himself write to the bishop, and beg that provision might be made for his church, in the event of the verdict going against him. His friend Dean Arabin was to be home before that time, and the idea had occurred to him of asking the dean to see to this. But the other would be the more independent course, and the better. And there was a matter as to which he was not altogether well pleased with the dean, although he was so conscious of his own peculiarities as to know that he could hardly trust himself for a judgment. But at any rate, he would apply to the bishop—to the bishop whom he had just left prostrate in his palace—when the time of his trial should be close at hand.

Full of such thoughts as these, he went along almost gayly, nor felt the fatigue of the road till he had covered the first five miles out of Barchester. It was nearly four o'clock, and the thick gloom of the winter evening was making itself felt. And then he began to be fatigued. He had not as yet eaten since he had left his home in the morning; and he now pulled a crust out of his pocket and leaned against a gate as he crunched it. There were still ten miles before him, and he knew that such an addition to the work he had already done would task him very severely. Farmer Mangle had told him that he would not leave Framley Mill till five, and he had got time to reach Framley Mill by that time. But he had said that he would not return to Framley Mill, and he remembered his suspicion that his wife and Farmer Mangle between them had cozened him. No: he would persevere and walk,—walk, though he should drop upon the

road. He was now nearer fifty than forty years of age, and hardships as well as time had told upon him. He knew that though his strength was good for the commencement of a hard day's work, it would not hold out for him as it used to do. He knew that the last four miles in the dark night would be very sad with him. But still he persevered; endeavoring, as he went, to cherish himself with the remembrance of his triumph.

He passed the turning going down to Framley with courage; but when he came to the further turning, by which the cart would return from Framley to the Hoggstock road, he looked wistfully down the road for Farmer Mangle. But Farmer Mangle was still at the mill, waiting in expectation that Mr. Crawley might come to him. But the poor traveler paused here barely for a minute, and then went on; stumbling through the mud, striking his ill-covered feet against the rough stones in the dark, sweating in his weakness, almost tottering at times, and calculating whether his remaining strength would serve to carry him home. He had almost forgotten the bishop and his wife before at last he grasped the wicket gate leading to his own door.

"O mamma, here is papa!"

"But where is the cart? I did not hear the wheels," said Mrs. Crawley.

"O mamma, I think papa is ill." Then the wife took her drooping husband by both arms and strove to look him in the face.

"He has walked all the way, and he is ill," said Jane.

"No, my dear, I am very tired, but not ill. Let me sit down, and give me some bread and tea, and I shall recover myself." Then Mrs. Crawley, from some secret hoard, got him a small modicum of spirits, and gave him meat and tea; and he was docile, and obeying her behests, allowed himself to be taken to his bed.

"I do not think the bishop will send for me again," he said, as she tucked the clothes around him.

THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE NOVELIST

From the 'Autobiography'

A VAST proportion of the teaching of the day—greater, probably, than many of us have acknowledged to ourselves—comes from novels which are in the hands of all readers. It is from them that girls learn what is expected from them, and what they are to expect, when lovers come; and also from them that young men unconsciously learn what are, or should be, or may be, the charms of love,—though I fancy that few young men will think so little of their natural instincts and powers as to believe that I am right in saying so. Many other lessons also are taught. In these times, when the desire to be honest is pressed so hard, is so violently assaulted by the ambition to be great; in which riches are the easiest road to greatness; when the temptations to which men are subjected dull their eyes to the perfected iniquities of others; when it is so hard for a man to decide vigorously that the pitch which so many are handling will defile him if it be touched,—men's conduct will be actuated much by that which is from day to day depicted to them as leading to glorious or inglorious results. . . . The young man who in a novel becomes a hero, perhaps a Member of Parliament, and almost a prime minister, by trickery, falsehood, and flash cleverness, will have many followers, whose attempts to rise in the world ought to lie heavily on the conscience of the novelists who create fictitious Cagliostros. . . .

Thinking of all this, as a novelist surely must do,—as I certainly have done through my whole career,—it becomes to him a matter of deep conscience how he shall handle those characters by whose words and doings he hopes to interest his readers. . . . The writer of stories must please, or he will be nothing. And he must teach, whether he wish to teach or no. How shall he teach lessons of virtue, and at the same time make himself a delight to his readers? The novelist, if he have a conscience, must preach his sermons with the same purpose as the clergyman, and must have his own system of ethics. If he can do this efficiently, if he can make virtue alluring and vice ugly, while he charms his readers instead of wearying them, then I think Mr. Carlyle need not call him distressed, nor talk of that long ear of fiction, nor question whether he be or not the most foolish of existing mortals.



I. TURGÉNIEFF

IVAN TURGENEFF

(1818-1883)

BY HENRY JAMES

THERE is perhaps no novelist of alien race who more naturally than Ivan Turgeneff inherits a niche in a Library for English readers; and this not because of any advance or concession that in his peculiar artistic independence he ever made, or could dream of making, such readers, but because it was one of the effects of his peculiar genius to give him, even in his lifetime, a special place in the regard of foreign publics. His position is in this respect singular; for it is his Russian savor that as much as anything has helped generally to domesticate him.

Born in 1818, at Orel in the heart of Russia, and dying in 1883, at Bougival near Paris, he had spent in Germany and France the latter half of his life; and had incurred in his own country in some degree the reprobation that is apt to attach to the absent,—the penalty they pay for such extension or such beguilement as they may have happened to find over the border. He belonged to the class of large rural proprietors of land and of serfs; and with his ample patrimony, offered one of the few examples of literary labor achieved in high independence of the question of gain,—a character that he shares with his illustrious contemporary Tolstoy, who is of a type in other respects so different. It may give us an idea of his primary situation to imagine some large Virginian or Carolinian slaveholder, during the first half of the century, inclining to "Northern" views; and becoming (though not predominantly under pressure of these, but rather by the operation of an exquisite genius) the great American novelist—one of the great novelists of the world. Born under a social and political order sternly repressive, all Turgeneff's deep instincts, all his moral passion, placed him on the liberal side; with the consequence that early in life, after a period spent at a German university, he found himself, through the accident of a trifling public utterance, under such suspicion in high places as to be sentenced to a term of tempered exile,—confinement to his own estate. It was partly under these circumstances perhaps that he gathered material for the work from the appearance of which his reputation dates,—'A Sportsman's Sketches,' published in two volumes in 1852. This admirable collection of impressions of homely country life, as the old state of servitude had made it, is often spoken of as having borne to the great decree

of Alexander II. the relation borne by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's famous novel to the emancipation of the Southern slaves. Incontestably, at any rate, Turgeneff's rustic studies sounded, like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a particular hour: with the difference, however, of not having at the time produced an agitation,—of having rather presented the case with an art too insidious for instant recognition, an art that stirred the depths more than the surface.

The author was designated promptly enough, at any rate, for such influence as might best be exercised at a distance: he traveled, he lived abroad; early in the sixties he was settled in Germany; he acquired property at Baden-Baden, and spent there the last years of the prosperous period—in the history of the place—of which the Franco-Prussian War was to mark the violent term. He cast in his lot after that event mainly with the victims of the lost cause; setting up a fresh home in Paris,—near which city he had, on the Seine, a charming alternate residence,—and passing in it, and in the country, save for brief revisitations, the remainder of his days. His friendships, his attachments, in the world of art and of letters, were numerous and distinguished; he never married; he produced, as the years went on, without precipitation or frequency; and these were the years during which his reputation gradually established itself as, according to the phrase, European,—a phrase denoting in this case, perhaps, a public more alert in the United States even than elsewhere.

Tolstoy, his junior by ten years, had meanwhile come to fruition; though, as in fact happened, it was not till after Turgeneff's death that the greater fame of 'War and Peace' and of 'Anna Karénina' began to be blown about the world. One of the last acts of the elder writer, performed on his death-bed, was to address to the other (from whom for a considerable term he had been estranged by circumstances needless to reproduce) an appeal to return to the exercise of the genius that Tolstoy had already so lamentably, so monstrously forsworn. "I am on my death-bed; there is no possibility of my recovery. I write you expressly to tell you how happy I have been to be your contemporary, and to utter my last, my urgent prayer. Come back, my friend, to your literary labors. That gift came to you from the source from which all comes to us. Ah, how happy I should be could I think you would listen to my entreaty! My friend, great writer of our Russian land, respond to it, obey it!" These words, among the most touching surely ever addressed by one great spirit to another, throw an indirect light—perhaps I may even say a direct one—upon the nature and quality of Turgeneff's artistic temperament; so much so that I regret being without opportunity, in this place, to gather such aid for a portrait of him as might be supplied by following out the unlikeness between the pair.

It would be too easy to say that Tolstoy was, from the Russian point of view, for home consumption, and Turgeneff for foreign: 'War and Peace' has probably had more readers in Europe and America than 'A House of Gentlefolk' or 'On the Eve' or 'Smoke,'—a circumstance less detrimental than it may appear to my claim of our having, in the Western world, supremely adopted the author of the latter works. Turgeneff is in a peculiar degree what I may call the novelists' novelist,—an artistic influence extraordinarily valuable and ineradicably established. The perusal of Tolstoy—a wonderful mass of life—is an immense event, a kind of splendid accident, for each of us: his name represents nevertheless no such eternal spell of method, no such quiet irresistibility of presentation, as shines, close to us and lighting our possible steps, in that of his precursor. Tolstoy is a reflector as vast as a natural lake; a monster harnessed to his great subject—all human life!—as an elephant might be harnessed, for purposes of traction, not to a carriage, but to a coach-house. His own case is prodigious, but his example for others dire: disciples not elephantine he can only mislead and betray.

One by one, for thirty years, with a firm, deliberate hand, with intervals and patiences and waits, Turgeneff pricked in his sharp outlines. His great external mark is probably his concision: an ideal he never threw over,—it shines most perhaps even when he is least brief,—and that he often applied with a rare felicity. He has masterpieces of a few pages; his perfect things are sometimes his least prolonged. He abounds in short tales, episodes clipped as by the scissors of Atropos; but for a direct translation of the whole we have still to wait,—depending meanwhile upon the French and German versions, which have been, instead of the original text (thanks to the paucity among us of readers of Russian), the source of several published in English. For the novels and 'A Sportsman's Sketches' we depend upon the nine volumes (1897) of Mrs. Garnett. We touch here upon the remarkable side, to our vision, of the writer's fortune,—the anomaly of his having constrained to intimacy even those who are shut out from the enjoyment of his medium, for whom that question is positively prevented from existing. Putting aside extrinsic intimations, it is impossible to read him without the conviction of his being, in the vividness of his own tongue, of the strong type of those made to bring home to us the happy truth of the unity, in a generous talent, of material and form,—of their being inevitable faces of the same medal; the type of those, in a word, whose example deals death to the perpetual clumsy assumption that subject and style are—æsthetically speaking, or in the living work—different and separable things. We are conscious, reading him in a language not his own, of not being reached by his personal tone, his individual accent.

It is a testimony therefore to the intensity of his presence, that so much of his particular charm does reach us; that the mask turned to us has, even without his expression, still so much beauty. It is the beauty (since we must try to formulate) of the finest presentation of the familiar. His vision is of the world of character and feeling, the world of the relations life throws up at every hour and on every spot; he deals little, on the whole, in the miracles of chance,—the hours and spots over the edge of time and space; his air is that of the great central region of passion and motive, of the usual, the inevitable, the intimate—the intimate for weal or woe. No theme that he ever chooses but strikes us as full; yet with all have we the sense that their animation comes from within, and is not pinned to their backs like the pricking objects used of old in the horse-races of the Roman carnival, to make the animals run. Without a patch of "plot" to draw blood, the story he mainly tells us, the situation he mainly gives, runs as if for dear life. His first book was practically full evidence of what, if we have to specify, is finest in him,—the effect, for the commonest truth, of an exquisite envelope of poetry. In this medium of feeling,—full, as it were, of all the echoes and shocks of the universal danger and need,—everything in him goes on; the sense of fate and folly and pity and wonder and beauty. The tenderness, the humor, the variety of 'A Sportsman's Sketches' revealed on the spot an observer with a rare imagination. These faculties had attached themselves, together, to small things and to great: to the misery, the simplicity, the piety, the patience, of the unemancipated peasant; to all the natural wonderful life of earth and air and winter and summer and field and forest; to queer apparitions of country neighbors, of strange local eccentrics; to old-world practices and superstitions; to secrets gathered and types disintegrated and impressions absorbed in the long, close contacts with man and nature involved in the passionate pursuit of game. Magnificent in stature and original vigor, Turgeneff, with his love of the chase, or rather perhaps of the inspiration he found in it, would have been the model of the mighty hunter, had not such an image been a little at variance with his natural mildness, the softness that often accompanies the sense of an extraordinary reach of limb and play of muscle. He was in person the model rather of the strong man at rest: massive and towering, with the voice of innocence and the smile almost of childhood. What seemed still more of a contradiction to so much of him, however, was that his work was all delicacy and fancy, penetration and compression.

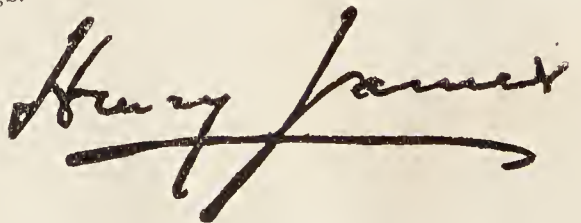
If I add, in their order of succession, 'Rudin,' 'Fathers and Children,' 'Spring Floods,' and 'Virgin Soil,' to the three novels I have (also in their relation of time) named above, I shall have indicated the larger blocks of the compact monument, with a base resting

deep and interstices well filled, into which that work disposes itself. The list of his minor productions is too long to draw out: I can only mention, as a few of the most striking—'A Correspondence,' 'The Wayside Inn,' 'The Brigadier,' 'The Dog,' 'The Jew,' 'Visions,' 'Mumu,' 'Three Meetings,' 'A First Love,' 'The Forsaken,' 'Assia,' 'The Journal of a Superfluous Man,' 'The Story of Lieutenant Yergunov,' 'A King Lear of the Steppe.' The first place among his novels would be difficult to assign: general opinion probably hesitates between 'A House of Gentlefolk' and 'Fathers and Children.' My own predilection is great for the exquisite 'On the Eve'; though I admit that in such a company it draws no supremacy from being exquisite. What is less contestable is that 'Virgin Soil'—published shortly before his death, and the longest of his fictions—has, although full of beauty, a minor perfection.

Character, character expressed and exposed, is in all these things what we inveterately find. Turgeneff's sense of it was the great light that artistically guided him; the simplest account of him is to say that the mere play of it constitutes in every case his sufficient drama. No one has had a closer vision, or a hand at once more ironic and more tender, for the individual figure. He sees it with its minutest signs and tricks,—all its heredity of idiosyncrasies, all its particulars of weakness and strength, of ugliness and beauty, of oddity and charm; and yet it is of his essence that he sees it in the general flood of life, steeped in its relations and contacts, struggling or submerged, a hurried particle in the stream. This gives him, with his quiet method, his extraordinary breadth; dissociates his rare power to particularize from dryness or hardness, from any peril of caricature. He understands so much that we almost wonder he can express anything; and his expression is indeed wholly in absolute projection, in illustration, in giving of everything the unexplained and irresponsible specimen. He is of a spirit so human that we almost wonder at his control of his matter; of a pity so deep and so general that we almost wonder at his curiosity. The element of poetry in him is constant, and yet reality stares through it without the loss of a wrinkle. No one has more of that sign of the born novelist which resides in a respect unconditioned for the freedom and vitality, the absoluteness when summoned, of the creatures he invokes; or is more superior to the strange and second-rate policy of explaining or presenting them by reprobation or apology,—of taking the short cuts and anticipating the emotions and judgments about them that should be left, at the best, to the perhaps not most intelligent reader. And yet his system, as it may summarily be called, of the mere particularized report, has a lucidity beyond the virtue of the cruder moralist.

If character, as I say, is what he gives us at every turn, I should speedily add that he offers it not in the least as a synonym, in our Western sense, of resolution and prosperity. It wears the form of the almost helpless detachment of the short-sighted individual soul; and the perfection of his exhibition of it is in truth too often but the intensity of what, for success, it just does not produce. What works in him most is the question of the will; and the most constant induction he suggests, bears upon the sad figure that principle seems mainly to make among his countrymen. He had seen—he suggests to us—its collapse in a thousand quarters; and the most general tragedy, to his view, is that of its desperate adventures and disasters, its inevitable abdication and defeat. But if the men, for the most part, let it go, it takes refuge in the other sex; many of the representatives of which, in his pages, are supremely strong—in wonderful addition, in various cases, to being otherwise admirable. This is true of such a number—the younger women, the girls, the “heroines” in especial—that they form in themselves, on the ground of moral beauty, of the finest distinction of soul, one of the most striking groups the modern novel has given us. They are heroines to the letter, and of a heroism obscure and undecorated: it is almost they alone who have the energy to determine and to act. Elena, Lisa, Tatyana, Gemma, Marianna—we can write their names and call up their images, but I lack space to take them in turn. It is by a succession of the finest and tenderest touches that they live; and this, in all Turgeneff’s work, is the process by which he persuades and succeeds.

It was his own view of his main danger that he sacrificed too much to detail; was wanting in composition, in the gift that conduces to unity of impression. But no novelist is closer and more cumulative; in none does distinction spring from a quality of truth more independent of everything but the subject, but the idea itself. This idea, this subject, moreover,—a spark kindled by the innermost friction of things,—is always as interesting as an unopened telegram. The genial freedom—with its exquisite delicacy—of his approach to this “innermost” world, the world of our finer consciousness, has in short a side that I can only describe and commemorate as nobly disinterested; a side that makes too many of his rivals appear to hold us in comparison by violent means, and introduce us in comparison to vulgar things.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Henry James". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends across the width of the text.

THE DEATH OF BAZAROV

From 'Fathers and Children'

B AZAROV'S old parents were all the more overjoyed by their son's arrival, as it was quite unexpected. Arina Vlasyevna was greatly excited, and kept running backwards and forwards in the house, so that Vassily Ivanovitch compared her to a "hen partridge"; the short tail of her abbreviated jacket did in fact, give her something of a bird-like appearance. He himself merely growled, and gnawed the amber mouth-piece of his pipe; or clutching his neck with his fingers, turned his head round, as though he were trying whether it were properly screwed on; then all at once he opened his wide mouth and went off into a perfectly noiseless chuckle.

"I've come to you for six whole weeks, governor," Bazarov said to him. "I want to work, so please don't hinder me now."

"You shall forget my face completely, if you call that hindering you!" answered Vassily Ivanovitch.

He kept his promise. After installing his son as before in his study, he almost hid himself away from him, and he kept his wife from all superfluous demonstrations of tenderness. "On Enyusha's first visit, my dear soul," he said to her, "we bothered him a little; we must be wiser this time." Arina Vlasyevna agreed with her husband; but that was small compensation, since she saw her son only at meals, and was now absolutely afraid to address him. "Enyushenka—" she would say sometimes; and before he had time to look round, she was nervously fingering the tassels of her reticule, and faltering, "Never mind, never mind, I only—" and afterwards she would go to Vassily Ivanovitch, and, her cheek in her hand, would consult him: "If you could only find out, darling, which Enyusha would like for dinner to-day,—cabbage broth or beet-root soup?"—"But why didn't you ask him yourself?"—"Oh, he will get sick of me!"

Bazarov, however, soon ceased to shut himself up: the fever of work fell away, and was replaced by dreary boredom or vague restlessness. A strange weariness began to show itself in all his movements; even his walk, firm, bold, and strenuous, was changed. He gave up walking in solitude, and began to seek society; he drank tea in the drawing-room, strolled about the kitchen-garden with Vassily Ivanovitch, and smoked with him in silence; once even asked after Father Alexey. Vassily Ivanovitch at first rejoiced at this change, but his joy was not long-lived. "Enyusha's

breaking my heart," he complained in secret to his wife: "it's not that he's discontented or angry—that would be nothing; he's sad, he's sorrowful—that's what's so terrible. He's always silent. If he'd only abuse us!—He's growing thin, he's lost his color." "Mercy on us, mercy on us!" whispered the old woman: "I would put an amulet on his neck, but of course he won't allow it."

Vassily Ivanovitch several times attempted in the most circumspect manner to question Bazarov about his work, about his health, and about Arkady. But Bazarov's replies were reluctant and casual; and once, noticing that his father was trying gradually to lead up to something in conversation, he said to him in a tone of vexation, "Why do you always seem to be walking round me on tiptoe? That way's worse than the old one." "There, there, I meant nothing!" poor Vassily Ivanovitch answered hurriedly. So his diplomatic hints remained fruitless. He hoped to awaken his son's sympathy one day by beginning, apropos of the approaching emancipation of the peasantry, to talk about progress; but the latter responded indifferently, "Yesterday I was walking under the fence, and I heard the peasant boys here bawling a street song instead of some old ballad. That's what progress is."

Sometimes Bazarov went into the village, and in his usual bantering tone entered into conversation with some peasant. "Come," he would say to him, "expound your views on life to me, brother: you see, they say all the strength and future of Russia lies in your hands; a new epoch in history will be started by you—you give us our real language and our laws."

The peasant either made no reply, or articulated a few words of this sort: "Well, we'll try—because, you see, to be sure—"

"You explain to me what your *mir* is," Bazarov interrupted; "and is it the same *mir* that is said to rest on three fishes?"

"That, little father, is the earth that rests on three fishes," the peasant would declare soothingly, in a kind of patriarchal, simple-hearted sing-song: "and over against ours—that is to say, the *mir*—we know there's the master's will; wherefore you are our fathers. And the stricter the master's rule, the better for the peasant."

After listening to such a reply one day, Bazarov shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and turned away, while the peasant sauntered slowly homewards.

"What was he talking about?" inquired another peasant of middle age and surly aspect, who at a distance from the door

of his hut had been following his conversation with Bazarov. "Arrears, eh?"

"Arrears? no indeed, mate!" answered the first peasant, and now there was no trace of patriarchal sing-song in his voice; on the contrary, there was a certain scornful gruffness to be heard in it: "oh, he clacked away about something or other: wanted to stretch his tongue a bit. Of course, he's a gentleman: what does he understand?"

"What should he understand!" answered the other peasant, and jerking back their caps and pushing down their belts, they proceeded to deliberate upon their work and their wants. Alas! Bazarov, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously,—Bazarov, who knew how to talk to peasants (as he had boasted in his dispute with Pavel Petrovitch),—did not in his self-confidence even suspect that in their eyes he was all the while something of the nature of a buffooning clown.

He found employment for himself at last, however. One day Vassily Ivanovitch bound up a peasant's wounded leg before him, but the old man's hands trembled, and he could not manage the bandages; his son helped him, and from time to time began to take a share in his practice,—though at the same time he was constantly sneering both at the remedies he himself advised, and at his father who hastened to make use of them. But Bazarov's jeers did not in the least perturb Vassily Ivanovitch; they were positively a comfort to him. Holding his greasy dressing-gown across his stomach with two fingers, and smoking his pipe, he used to listen with enjoyment to Bazarov; and the more malicious his sallies, the more good-humoredly did his delighted father chuckle, showing every one of his black teeth. He used even to repeat these sometimes flat or pointless retorts; and would, for instance, for several days constantly, without rhyme or reason, reiterate, "Not a matter of the first importance!" simply because his son, on hearing he was going to matins, had made use of that expression. "Thank God! he has got over his melancholy!" he whispered to his wife: "how he gave it to me to-day! It was splendid!" Moreover, the idea of having such an assistant excited him to ecstasy, filled him with pride. "Yes, yes," he would say to some peasant woman, in a man's cloak and a cap shaped like a horn, as he handed her a bottle of Goulard's extract or a box of white ointment, "you ought to be thanking God, my good woman, every minute that my son is staying with me: you

will be treated now by the most scientific, most modern method. Do you know what that means? The Emperor of the French, Napoleon, even, has no better doctor." And the peasant woman, who had come to complain that she felt so sort of queer all over (the exact meaning of these words she was not able, however, herself to explain), merely bowed low and rummaged in her bosom, where four eggs lay tied up in the corner of a towel.

Bazarov once even pulled out a tooth for a passing peddler of cloth; and though this tooth was an average specimen, Vassily Ivanovitch preserved it as a curiosity, and incessantly repeated, as he showed it to Father Alexey, "Just look, what a fang! The force Yevgeny has! The peddler seemed to leap into the air. If it had been an oak, he'd have rooted it up!"

"Most promising!" Father Alexey would comment at last; not knowing what answer to make, and how to get rid of the ecstatic old man.

One day a peasant from a neighboring village brought his brother to Vassily Ivanovitch, ill with typhus. The unhappy man, lying flat on a truss of straw, was dying: his body was covered with dark patches; he had long ago lost consciousness. Vassily Ivanovitch expressed his regret that no one had taken steps to procure medical aid sooner, and declared there was no hope. And in fact the peasant did not get his brother home again: he died in the cart.

Three days later Bazarov came into his father's room and asked him if he had any caustic.

"Yes: what do you want it for?"

"I must have some—to burn a cut."

"For whom?"

"For myself."

"What, yourself? Why is that? What sort of a cut? Where is it?"

"Look here, on my finger. I went to-day to the village, you know, where they brought that peasant with typhus fever. They were just going to open the body, for some reason or other, and I've had no practice of that sort for a long while."

"Well?"

"Well, so I asked the district doctor about it; and so I dissected it."

Vassily Ivanovitch all at once turned quite white; and, without uttering a word, rushed to his study, from which he returned at

once with a bit of caustic in his hand. Bazarov was about to take it and go away.

"For mercy's sake," said Vassily Ivanovitch, "let me do it myself."

Bazarov smiled. "What a devoted practitioner!"

"Don't laugh, please. Show me your finger. The cut is not a large one. Do I hurt?"

"Press harder; don't be afraid."

Vassily Ivanovitch stopped. "What do you think, Yevgeny;—wouldn't it be better to burn it with hot iron?"

"That ought to have been done sooner: the caustic even is useless, really, now. If I've taken the infection, it's too late now."

"How! too late—" Vassily Ivanovitch could scarcely articulate the words.

"I should think so! It's more than four hours ago."

Vassily Ivanovitch burnt the cut a little more. "But had the district doctor no caustic?"

"No."

"How was that? Good heavens! A doctor not have such an indispensable thing as that!"

"You should have seen his lancets," observed Bazarov as he walked away.

Up till late that evening, and all the following day, Vassily Ivanovitch kept catching at every possible excuse to go into his son's room; and though far from referring to the cut,—he even tried to talk about the most irrelevant subjects,—he looked so persistently into his face, and watched him in such trepidation, that Bazarov lost patience and threatened to go away. Vassily Ivanovitch gave him a promise not to bother him; the more readily as Arina Vlashevna, from whom of course he kept it all secret, was beginning to worry him as to why he did not sleep, and what had come over him. For two whole days he held himself in, though he did not at all like the look of his son, whom he kept watching stealthily; but on the third day, at dinner, he could bear it no longer. Bazarov sat with downcast looks, and had not touched a single dish.

"Why don't you eat, Yevgeny?" he inquired, putting on an expression of the most perfect carelessness. "The food, I think, is very nicely cooked."

"I don't want anything, so I don't eat."

"Have you no appetite? And your head—" he added timidly—"does it ache?"

"Yes. Of course it aches."

Arina Vlasyevna sat up and was all alert.

"Don't be angry, please, Yevgeny," continued Vassily Ivanovitch: "won't you let me feel your pulse?"

Bazarov got up. "I can tell you without feeling my pulse: I'm feverish."

"Has there been any shivering?"

"Yes, there has been shivering too. I'll go and lie down, and you can send me some lime-flower tea. I must have caught cold."

"To be sure, I heard you coughing last night," observed Arina Vlasyevna.

"I've caught cold," repeated Bazarov; and he went away.

Arina Vlasyevna busied herself about the preparation of the decoction of lime-flowers, while Vassily Ivanovitch went into the next room and clutched at his hair in silent desperation.

Bazarov did not get up again that day, and passed the whole night in heavy, half-unconscious torpor. At one o'clock in the morning, opening his eyes with an effort, he saw by the light of a lamp his father's pale face bending over him, and told him to go away. The old man begged his pardon, but he quickly came back on tiptoe; and half hidden by the cupboard door, he gazed persistently at his son. Arina Vlasyevna did not go to bed either, and leaving the study door just open a very little, she kept coming up to it to listen "how Enyusha was breathing," and to look at Vassily Ivanovitch. She could see nothing but his motionless bent back, but even that afforded her some faint consolation. In the morning Bazarov tried to get up: he was seized with giddiness, his nose began to bleed; he lay down again. Vassily Ivanovitch waited on him in silence; Arina Vlasyevna went in to him and asked him how he was feeling. He answered, "Better," and turned to the wall. Vassily Ivanovitch gesticulated at his wife with both hands; she bit her lips so as not to cry, and went away. The whole house seemed suddenly darkened; every one looked gloomy; there was a strange hush; a shrill cock was carried away from the yard to the village, unable to comprehend why he should be treated so. Bazarov still lay turned to the wall. Vassily Ivanovitch tried to address him with various questions; but they fatigued Bazarov, and the old man sank into his

arm-chair, motionless, only cracking his finger-joints now and then. He went for a few minutes into the garden; stood there like a statue, as though overwhelmed with unutterable bewilderment (the expression of amazement never left his face all through); and went back again to his son, trying to avoid his wife's questions. She caught him by the arm at last, and passionately,—almost menacingly,—said, "What is wrong with him?" Then he came to himself, and forced himself to smile at her in reply; but to his own horror, instead of a smile, he found himself taken somehow by a fit of laughter. He had sent at day-break for a doctor. He thought it necessary to inform his son of this, for fear he should be angry. Bazarov suddenly turned over on the sofa, bent a fixed dull look on his father, and asked for drink.

Vassily Ivanovitch gave him some water, and as he did so felt his forehead. It seemed on fire.

"Governor," began Bazarov, in a slow, drowsy voice, "I'm in a bad way: I've got the infection, and in a few days you'll have to bury me."

Vassily Ivanovitch staggered back, as though some one had aimed a blow at his legs.

"Yevgeny!" he faltered, "what do you mean? God have mercy on you! You've caught cold!"

"Hush!" Bazarov interposed deliberately. "A doctor can't be allowed to talk like that. There's every symptom of infection: you know yourself."

"Where are the symptoms—of infection, Yevgeny? Good heavens!"

"What's this?" said Bazarov; and pulling up his shirt-sleeve, he showed his father the ominous red patches coming out on his arm.

Vassily Ivanovitch was shaking and chill with terror.

"Supposing," he said at last, "even supposing—if even there's something like—infection—"

"Pyæmia," put in his son.

"Well, well—something of the epidemic—"

"Pyæmia," Bazarov repeated sharply and distinctly; "have you forgotten your text-books?"

"Well, well—as you like. Anyway, we will cure you!"

"Come, that's humbug. But that's not the point. I didn't expect to die so soon; it's a most unpleasant incident, to tell the truth. You and mother ought to make the most of your strong

religious belief; now's the time to put it to the test." He drank off a little water. "I want to ask you about one thing — while my head is still under my control. To-morrow or next day my brain, you know, will send in its resignation. I'm not quite certain even now whether I'm expressing myself clearly. While I've been lying here, I've kept fancying red dogs were running round me, while you were making them point at me, as if I were a woodcock. Just as if I were drunk. Do you understand me all right?"

"I assure you, Yevgeny, you are talking perfectly correctly."

"All the better. You told me you'd sent for the doctor. You did that to comfort yourself; — comfort me too: send a messenger —"

"To Arkady Nikolaitch?" put in the old man.

"Who's Arkady Nikolaitch?" said Bazarov, as though in doubt. "Oh, yes! that chicken! No, let him alone: he's turned jackdaw now. Don't be surprised: that's not delirium yet. You send a messenger to Madame Odintsov, Anna Sergyevna; she's a lady with an estate. Do you know?" (Vassily Ivanovitch nodded.) "Yevgeny Bazarov, say, sends his greetings, and sends word he is dying. Will you do that?"

"Yes, I will do it. But is it a possible thing for you to die, Yevgeny? Think only! Where would divine justice be after that?"

"I know nothing about that; only you send the messenger."

"I'll send this minute, and I'll write a letter myself."

"No, why? Say I sent greetings; nothing more is necessary. And now I'll go back to my dogs. Strange! I want to fix my thoughts on death, and nothing comes of it. I see a kind of blur — and nothing more."

He turned painfully back to the wall again; while Vassily Ivanovitch went out of the study, and struggling as far as his wife's bedroom, simply dropped down on to his knees before the holy pictures.

"Pray, Arina, pray for us!" he moaned: "our son is dying."

The doctor — the same district doctor who had had no caustic — arrived; and after looking at the patient, advised them to persevere with a cooling treatment, and at that point said a few words of the chance of recovery.

"Have you ever chanced to see people in my state *not* set off for Elysium?" asked Bazarov; and suddenly snatching the leg of a heavy table that stood near his sofa, he swung it round,

and pushed it away. "There's strength, there's strength," he murmured;—"everything's here still, and I must die! An old man at least has time to be weaned from life, but I— Well, go and try to disprove death. Death will disprove you, and that's all! Who's crying there?" he added, after a short pause. "Mother? Poor thing! Whom will she feed now with her exquisite beet-root soup? You, Vassily Ivanovitch, whimpering too, I do believe! Why, if Christianity's no help to you, be a philosopher, a Stoic, or what not! Why, didn't you boast you were a philosopher?"

"Me a philosopher!" wailed Vassily Ivanovitch, while the tears fairly streamed down his cheeks.

Bazarov got worse every hour; the progress of the disease was rapid, as is usually the way in cases of surgical poisoning. He still had not lost consciousness, and understood what was said to him; he was still struggling. "I don't want to lose my wits," he muttered, clenching his fists: "what rot it all is!" And at once he would say, "Come, take ten from eight, what remains?" Vassily Ivanovitch wandered about like one possessed; proposed first one remedy, then another; and ended by doing nothing but cover up his son's feet. "Try cold pack—emetic—mustard plasters on the stomach—bleeding," he would murmur with an effort. The doctor, whom he had entreated to remain, agreed with him; ordered the patient lemonade to drink; and for himself asked for a pipe, and something "warming and strengthening,"—that is to say, brandy. Arina Vlasyevna sat on a low stool near the door, and only went out from time to time to pray. A few days before, a looking-glass had slipped out of her hands and been broken, and this she had always considered an omen of evil; even Anfisushka could say nothing to her. Timofeitch had gone off to Madame Odintsov's.

That night passed badly for Bazarov. He was in the agonies of high fever. Towards morning he was a little easier. He asked for Arina Vlasyevna to comb his hair, kissed her hand, and swallowed two gulps of tea. Vassily Ivanovitch revived a little.

"Thank God!" he kept declaring; "the crisis is coming, the crisis is at hand!"

"There, to think now," murmured Bazarov, "what a word can do! He's found it; he's said 'crisis,' and is comforted. It's an astounding thing how man believes in words. If he's told he's a fool, for instance, though he's not thrashed, he'll be

wretched; call him a clever fellow, and he'll be delighted if you go off without paying him."

This little speech of Bazarov's, recalling his old retorts, moved Vassily Ivanovitch greatly.

"Bravo! well said, very good!" he cried, making as though he were clapping his hands.

Bazarov smiled mournfully.

"So what do you think," he said: "is the crisis over, or coming?"

"You are better, that's what I see; that's what rejoices me," answered Vassily Ivanovitch.

"Well, that's good: rejoicings never come amiss. And to her, do you remember? did you send?"

"To be sure I did."

The change for the better did not last long. The disease resumed its onslaughts. Vassily Ivanovitch was sitting by Bazarov. It seemed as though the old man were tormented by some special anguish. He was several times on the point of speaking—and could not.

"Yevgeny!" he brought out at last; "my son, my one dear son!"

This unfamiliar mode of address produced an effect on Bazarov. He turned his head a little, and obviously trying to fight against the load of oblivion weighing upon him, he articulated, "What is it, father?"

"Yevgeny," Vassily Ivanovitch went on, and he fell on his knees before Bazarov, though the latter had closed his eyes and could not see him. "Yevgeny, you are better now: please God, you will get well; but make use of this time,—comfort your mother and me, perform the duty of a Christian! What it means for me to say this to you—it's awful; but still more awful—for ever and ever, Yevgeny—think a little, what—"

The old man's voice broke; and a strange look passed over his son's face, though he still lay with closed eyes.

"I won't refuse, if that can be any comfort to you," he brought out at last; "but it seems to me there's no need to be in a hurry. You say yourself I am better."

"Oh, yes, Yevgeny, better certainly; but who knows? it is all in God's hands, and in doing the duty—"

"No, I will wait a bit," broke in Bazarov. "I agree with you that the crisis has come. And if we're mistaken, well! they give the sacrament to men who're unconscious, you know."

"Yevgeny, I beg—"

"I'll wait a little. And now I want to go to sleep. Don't disturb me." And he laid his head back on the pillow.

The old man rose from his knees, sat down in the arm-chair, and clutching his beard, began biting his own fingers.

The sound of a light carriage on springs—that sound which is peculiarly impressive in the wilds of the country—suddenly struck upon his hearing. Nearer and nearer rolled the light wheels; now even the neighing of the horses could be heard. Vassily Ivanovitch jumped up and ran to the little window. There drove into the court-yard of his little house a carriage with seats for two, with four horses harnessed abreast. Without stopping to consider what it could mean, with a rush of a sort of senseless joy, he ran out on to the steps. A groom in livery was opening the carriage doors; a lady in a black veil and a black mantle was getting out of it.

"I am Madame Odintsov," she said. "Yevgeny Vassilyitch is still living? You are his father? I have a doctor with me."

"Benefactress!" cried Vassily Ivanovitch; and snatching her hand, he pressed it convulsively to his lips; while the doctor brought by Anna Sergyevna, a little man in spectacles, of German physiognomy, stepped very deliberately out of the carriage. "Still living, my Yevgeny is living, and now he will be saved! Wife! wife! An angel from heaven has come to us."

"What does it mean, good Lord!" faltered the old woman, running out of the drawing-room; and comprehending nothing, she fell on the spot at Anna Sergyevna's feet, in the passage, and began kissing her garments like a madwoman.

"What are you doing!" protested Anna Sergyevna; but Arina Vlasyevna did not heed her, while Vassily Ivanovitch could only repeat, "An angel! an angel!"

"Wo ist der Kranke? [where is the patient?]" said the doctor at last, with some impatience.

Vassily Ivanovitch recovered himself. "Here, here;—follow me, würdigster Herr Collega," he added through old associations.

"Ah!" articulated the German, grinning sourly.

Vassily Ivanovitch led him into the study. "The doctor from Anna Sergyevna Odintsov," he said, bending down quite to his son's ear, "and she herself is here."

Bazarov suddenly opened his eyes. "What did you say?"

"I say that Anna Sergyevna is here; and has brought this gentleman, a doctor, to you."

Bazarov moved his eyes about him. "She is here? I want to see her."

"You shall see her, Yevgeny; but first we must have a little talk with the doctor. I will tell him the whole history of your illness, since Sidor Sidoritch" (this was the name of the district doctor) "has gone; and we will have a little consultation."

Bazarov glanced at the German. "Well, talk away quickly, only not in Latin: you see, I know the meaning of *jam moritur*."

"Der Herr scheint des Deutschen mächtig zu sein," began the new follower of Æsculapius, turning to Vassily Ivanovitch.

"Ich—gabe— We had better speak Russian," said the old man.

"Ah, ah! so that's how it is. To be sure—" And the consultation began.

Half an hour later, Anna Sergyevna, conducted by Vassily Ivanovitch, came into the study. The doctor had had time to whisper to her that it was hopeless even to think of the patient's recovery.

She looked at Bazarov—and stood still in the doorway; so greatly was she impressed by the inflamed and at the same time deathly face, with its dim eyes fastened upon her. She felt simply dismayed, with a sort of cold and suffocating dismay: the thought that she would not have felt like that if she had really loved him flashed instantaneously through her brain.

"Thanks," he said painfully: "I did not expect this. It's a deed of mercy. So we have seen each other again, as you promised."

"Anna Sergyevna has been so kind," began Vassily Ivanovitch.

"Father, leave us alone. Anna Sergyevna, you will allow it, I fancy, now?"

With a motion of his head, he indicated his prostrate helpless frame.

Vassily Ivanovitch went out.

"Well, thanks," repeated Bazarov. "This is royally done. Monarchs, they say, visit the dying too."

"Yevgeny Vassilyitch, I hope—"

"Ah, Anna Sergyevna, let us speak the truth. It's all over with me. I'm under the wheel. So it turns out that it was useless to think of the future. Death's an old joke, but it comes fresh to every one. So far I'm not afraid—but there, senselessness is coming, and then it's all up!" he waved his hand feebly. "Well, what had I to say to you? I loved you! There was no

sense in that even before, and less than ever now. Love is a form, and my own form is already breaking up. Better say how lovely you are! And now here you stand, so beautiful—” Anna Sergyevna gave an involuntary shudder. “Never mind, don’t be uneasy. Sit down there. Don’t come close to me: you know my illness is catching.”

Anna Sergyevna swiftly crossed the room, and sat down in the arm-chair near the sofa on which Bazarov was lying.

“Noble-hearted!” he whispered. “Oh, how near, and how young, and fresh, and pure—in this loathsome room! Well, good-bye! live long,—that’s the best of all,—and make the most of it while there is time. You see what a hideous spectacle: the worm half crushed, but writhing still. And you see, I thought too, I’d break down so many things: I wouldn’t die—why should I!—there were problems to solve, and I was a giant! And now all the problem for the giant is, how to die decently—though that makes no difference to any one either. Never mind: I’m not going to turn tail.”

Bazarov was silent, and began feeling with his hand for the glass. Anna Sergyevna gave him some drink: not taking off her glove, and drawing her breath timorously.

“You will forget me,” he began again: “the dead’s no companion for the living. My father will tell you what a man Russia is losing. That’s nonsense, but don’t contradict the old man. Whatever toy will comfort the child—you know. And be kind to mother. People like them aren’t to be found in your great world if you look by daylight with a candle. I was needed by Russia. No, it’s clear, I wasn’t needed. And who is needed? The shoemaker’s needed, the tailor’s needed, the butcher—gives us meat—the butcher—wait a little, I’m getting mixed. There’s a forest here—”

Bazarov put his hand to his brow.

Anna Sergyevna bent down to him. “Yevgeny Vassilyitch, I am here —”

He at once took his hand away, and raised himself.

“Good-bye,” he said with sudden force, and his eyes gleamed with their last light. “Good-bye. Listen—you know I didn’t kiss you then. Breathe on the dying lamp, and let it go out.”

Anna Sergyevna put her lips to his forehead.

“Enough!” he murmured, and dropped back on to the pillow. “Now—darkness—”

Anna Sergyevna went softly out. "Well?" Vassily Ivanovitch asked her in a whisper.

"He has fallen asleep," she answered, scarce audibly. Bazarov was not fated to awaken. Towards evening he sank into complete unconsciousness, and the following day he died. Father Alexey performed the last rites of religion over him. When they anointed him with the last unction, when the holy oil touched his breast, one eye opened; and it seemed as though at the sight of the priest in his vestments, the smoking censers, the light before the image, something like a shudder of horror passed over the death-stricken face. When at last he had breathed his last, and there arose a universal lamentation in the house, Vassily Ivanovitch was seized by a sudden frenzy. "I said I should rebel," he shrieked hoarsely, with his face inflamed and distorted, shaking his fist in the air, as though threatening some one; "and I rebel, I rebel!" But Arina Vlasyevna, all in tears, hung upon his neck, and both fell on their faces together. "Side by side," Anfisushka related afterwards in the servants' room, "they drooped their poor heads like lambs at noonday."

But the heat of noonday passes, and evening comes and night; and then too the return to the kindly refuge, where sleep is sweet for the weary and heavy-laden.

LAVRETSKY

From 'A House of Gentlefolk'

AND so—eight years have passed by. Once more the breezes of spring breathed brightness and rejoicing from the heavens; once more spring was smiling upon the earth and upon men; once more under her caresses everything was turning to blossom, to love, to song. The town of O—— had undergone little change in the course of these eight years: but Marfa Dmitrievna's house seemed to have grown younger; its freshly painted walls gave a bright welcome, and the panes of its open windows were crimson, shining in the setting sun; from these windows the light merry sound of ringing young voices and continual laughter floated into the street; the whole house seemed astir with life and brimming over with gayety. The lady of the house herself had long been in her tomb; Marya Dmitrievna had

died two years after Lisa took the veil, and Marfa Timofyevna had not long survived her niece; they lay side by side in the cemetery of the town. Nastasya Karpovna too was no more. For several years the faithful old woman had gone every week to say a prayer over her friend's ashes: her time had come, and now her bones too lay in the damp earth. But Marya Dmitrievna's house had not passed into strangers' hands; it had not gone out of her family; the home had not been broken up. Lenotchka, transformed into a slim, beautiful young girl; and her betrothed lover, a fair-haired officer of hussars; Marya Dmitrievna's son, who had just been married in Petersburg and had come with his young wife for the spring to O——; his wife's sister, a school-girl of sixteen, with glowing cheeks and bright eyes; Shurotchka, grown up and also pretty,—made up the youthful household, whose laughter and talk set the walls of the Kalitins's house resounding. Everything in the house was changed; everything was in keeping with its new inhabitants. Beardless scrvant lads, grinning and full of fun, had replaced the sober old scrvants of former days. Two setter dogs dashed wildly about and gamboled over the sofas, where the fat Roska had at one time waddled in solemn dignity. The stables were filled with slender racers, spirited carriage horses, fiery outriders with plaited manes, and riding-horses from the Don. The breakfast, dinner, and supper hours were all in confusion and disorder; in the words of the neighbors, "unheard-of arrangements" were made.

On the evening of which we are speaking, the inhabitants of the Kalitins's house (the eldest of them, Lenotchka's betrothed, was only twenty-four) were engaged in a game, which, though not of a very complicated nature, was, to judge from their merry laughter, exceedingly entertaining to them,—they were running about the rooms chasing one another; the dogs too were running and barking; and the canaries, hanging in cages above the windows, were straining their throats in rivalry, and adding to the general uproar by the shrill trilling of their piercing notes. At the very height of this deafening merry-making, a mud-bespattered carriage stopped at the gate; and a man of five-and-forty, in a traveling dress, stepped out of it, and stood still in amazement. He stood a little time without stirring, watching the house with attentive eyes; then went through the little gate in the courtyard, and slowly mounted the steps. In the hall he met no one: but the door of a room was suddenly flung open, and out of it

rushed Shurotchka, flushed and hot; and instantly, with a ringing shout, all the young party in pursuit of her. They stopped short at once, and were quiet, at the sight of a stranger; but their clear eyes fixed on him wore the same friendly expression, and their fresh faces were still smiling as Marya Dmitrievna's son went up to the visitor, and asked him cordially what he could do for him.

"I am Lavretsky," replied the visitor.

He was answered by a shout of friendliness; and not because these young people were greatly delighted at the arrival of a distant, almost forgotten, relation, but simply because they were ready to be delighted and make a noise at every opportunity. They surrounded Lavretsky at once; Lenotchka, as an old acquaintance, was the first to call him by his name, and assured him that in a little while she would certainly have recognized him. She presented him to the rest of the party, calling each, even her betrothed, by their pet names. They all trooped through the dining-room into the drawing-room. The walls of both rooms had been repapered; but the furniture remained the same. Lavretsky recognized the piano; even the embroidery frame in the window was just the same, and in the same position, and it seemed with the same unfinished embroidery on it, as eight years ago.

They made him sit down in a comfortable arm-chair; all sat down politely in a circle round him. Questions, exclamations, and anecdotes followed.

"It's a long time since we have seen you," observed Lenotchka simply, "and Varvara Pavlovna we have seen nothing of either."

"Well, no wonder!" her brother hastened to interpose: "I carried you off to Petersburg, and Fedor Ivan'itch has been living all the time in the country."

"Yes, and mamma died soon after then."

"And Marfa Timofyevna," observed Shurotchka.

"And Nastasya Karpovna," added Lenotchka, "and Monsieur Lemm."

"What? is Lemm dead?" inquired Lavretsky.

"Yes," replied young Kalitin, "he left here for Odessa — they say some one enticed him there; and there he died."

"You don't happen to know — did he leave any music?"

"I don't know; not very likely."

All were silent and looked about them. A slight cloud of melancholy flitted over all the young faces.

"But Matross is alive," said Lenotchka suddenly.

"And Gedeonovsky," added her brother.

At Gedeonovsky's name a merry laugh broke out at once.

"Yes, he is alive, and as great a liar as ever," Marya Dmitrievna's son continued; "and only fancy, yesterday this madcap" — pointing to the schoolgirl, his wife's sister — "put some pepper in his snuff-box."

"How he did sneeze!" cried Lenotchka; and again there was a burst of unrestrained laughter.

"We have had news of Lisa lately," observed young Kalitin, — and again a hush fell upon all: "there was good news of her; she is recovering her health a little now."

"She is still in the same convent?" Lavretsky asked, not without some effort.

"Yes, still in the same."

"Does she write to you?"

"No, never; but we get news through other people."

A sudden and profound silence followed. "A good angel is passing by," all were thinking.

"Wouldn't you like to go into the garden?" said Kalitin, turning to Lavretsky: "it is very nice now, though we have let it run wild a little."

Lavretsky went out into the garden, and the first thing that met his eyes was the very garden seat on which he had once spent with Lisa those few blissful moments, never repeated. It had grown black and warped; but he recognized it, and his soul was filled with that emotion unequalled for sweetness and for bitterness,—the emotion of keen sorrow for vanished youth, for the happiness which has once been possessed. He walked along the avenues with the young people: the lime-trees looked hardly older or taller in the eight years, but their shade was thicker; on the other hand, all the bushes had sprung up, the raspberry bushes had grown strong, the hazels were a tangled thicket, and from all sides rose the fresh scent of the trees and grass and lilac.

"This would be a nice place for Puss-in-the-Corner," cried Lenotchka suddenly, as they came upon a small green lawn, surrounded by lime-trees; "and we are just five, too."

"Have you forgotten Fedor Ivan'itch?" replied her brother, "or didn't you count yourself?"

Lenotchka blushed slightly.

“But would Fedor Ivan’itch, at his age—” she began.

“Please play your games,” Lavretsky hastened to interpose; “don’t pay attention to me. I shall be happier myself when I am sure I am not in your way. And there’s no need for you to entertain me: we old fellows have an occupation you know nothing of yet, and which no amusement can replace—our memories.”

The young people listened to Lavretsky with polite but rather ironical respect,—as though a teacher were giving them a lesson,—and suddenly they all dispersed and ran to the lawn; four stood near trees, one in the middle, and the game began.

And Lavretsky went back into the house, went into the dining-room, drew near the piano and touched one of the keys; it gave out a faint but clear sound: on that note had begun the inspired melody with which long ago on that same happy night Lemm, the dead Lemm, had thrown him into such transports. Then Lavretsky went into the drawing-room, and for a long time he did not leave it: in that room where he had so often seen Lisa, her image rose most vividly before him; he seemed to feel the traces of her presence round him: but his grief for her was crushing, not easy to bear, it had none of the peace which comes with death. Lisa still lived somewhere, hidden and afar; he thought of her as of the living, but he did not recognize the girl he had once loved in that dim, pale shadow, cloaked in a nun’s dress and encircled in misty clouds of incense. Lavretsky would not have recognized himself, could he have looked at himself as mentally he looked at Lisa. In the course of these eight years he had passed that turning-point in life which many never pass, but without which no one can be a good man to the end: he had really ceased to think of his own happiness, of his personal aims. He had grown calm, and—why hide the truth?—he had grown old not only in face and in body, he had grown old in heart. To keep a young heart up to old age, as some say, is not only difficult, but almost ridiculous: he may well be content who has not lost his belief in goodness, his steadfast will, and his zeal for work. Lavretsky had good reason to be content: he had become actually an excellent farmer, he had really learnt to cultivate the land, and his labors were not only for himself,—he had, to the best of his powers, secured on a firm basis the welfare of his peasants.

Lavretsky went out of the house into the garden, and sat down on the familiar garden seat. And on this loved spot, facing

the house where for the last time he had vainly stretched out his hand for the enchanted cup which frothed and sparkled with the golden wine of delight, he, a solitary homeless wanderer, looked back upon his life; while the joyous shouts of the younger generation, who were already filling his place, floated across the garden to him. His heart was sad, but not weighed down nor bitter: much there was to regret, nothing to be ashamed of.

“Play away, be gay, grow strong, vigorous youth!” he thought—and there was no bitterness in his meditations: “your life is before you, and for you life will be easier; you have not, as we had, to find out a path for yourselves, to struggle, to fall, and to rise again in the dark; we had enough to do to last out,—and how many of us did not last out?—but you need only do your duty, work away, and the blessing of an old man be with you. For me, after to-day, after these emotions, there remains to take my leave at last; and though sadly, without envy, without any dark feelings, to say, in sight of the end, in sight of God who awaits me: ‘Welcome, lonely old age! burn out, useless life!’”

Lavretsky quietly rose and quietly went away; no one noticed him, no one detained him: the joyous cries sounded more loudly in the garden behind the thick green wall of high lime-trees. He took his seat in the carriage, and bade the coachman drive home, and not hurry the horses.

“And the end?” perhaps the dissatisfied reader will inquire. “What became of Lavretsky afterwards, and of Lisa?” But what is there to tell of people who, though still alive, have withdrawn from the battle-field of life? They say Lavretsky visited that remote convent where Lisa had hidden herself—that he saw her. Crossing over from choir to choir, she walked close past him, moving with the even, hurried, but meek walk of a nun: and she did not glance at him; only the eyelashes on the side towards him quivered a little, only she bent her emaciated face lower, and the fingers of her clasped hands, entwined with her rosary, were pressed still closer to one another. What were they both thinking, what were they feeling? Who can know? who can say? There are such moments in life, there are such feelings. One can but point to them—and pass them by.

THE DISTRICT DOCTOR

From 'A Sportsman's Sketches'

ONE day in autumn, on my way back from a remote part of the country, I caught cold and fell ill. Fortunately the fever attacked me in the district town, at the inn; I sent for the doctor. In half an hour the district doctor appeared,—a thin, dark-haired man of middle height. He prescribed me the usual sudorific; ordered a mustard plaster to be put on; very deftly slid a five-rouble note up his sleeve, coughing dryly and looking away as he did so: and then was getting up to go home, but somehow fell into talk and remained. I was exhausted with feverishness; I foresaw a sleepless night, and was glad of a little chat with a pleasant companion. Tea was served. My doctor began to converse freely. He was a sensible fellow, and expressed himself with vigor and some humor. Queer things happen in the world: you may live a long while with some people, and be on friendly terms with them, and never once speak openly with them from your soul; with others you have scarcely time to get acquainted, and all at once you are pouring out to him—or he to you—all your secrets, as though you were at confession. I don't know how I gained the confidence of my new friend: anyway, with nothing to lead up to it, he told me a rather curious incident; and here I will report his tale for the information of the indulgent reader. I will try to tell it in the doctor's own words.

"You don't happen to know," he began in a weak and quavering voice (the common result of the use of unmixed Berezov snuff), "you don't happen to know the judge here, Mylov—Pavel Lukitch? You don't know him? Well, it's all the same." (He cleared his throat and rubbed his eyes.) "Well, you see, the thing happened, to tell you exactly without mistake, in Lent, at the very time of the thaws. I was sitting at his house—our judge's, you know—playing preference. Our judge is a good fellow, and fond of playing preference. Suddenly" (the doctor made frequent use of this word "suddenly") "they tell me, 'There's a servant asking for you.' I say, 'What does he want?' They say, 'He has brought a note—it must be from a patient.' 'Give me the note,' I say. So it is from a patient—well and good; you understand—it's our bread and butter.

“But this is how it was: a lady, a widow, writes to me; she says, ‘My daughter is dying. Come, for God’s sake!’ she says; ‘and the horses have been sent for you.’ Well, that’s all right. But she was twenty miles from the town, and it was midnight out of doors, and the roads in such a state—my word! And as she was poor herself, one could not expect more than two silver roubles, and even that problematic; and perhaps it might only be a matter of a roll of linen and a sack of oatmeal in payment. However, duty, you know, before everything: a fellow-creature may be dying. I hand over my cards at once to Kalliopin, the member of the provincial commission, and return home. I look: a wretched little trap was standing at the steps, with peasant’s horses, fat—too fat—and their coat as shaggy as felt; and the coachman sitting with his cap off out of respect. Well, I think to myself, ‘It’s clear, my friend, these patients aren’t rolling in riches.’ You smile; but I tell you a poor man like me has to take everything into consideration. If the coachman sits like a prince, and doesn’t touch his cap, and even sneers at you behind his beard, and flicks his whip—then you may bet on six roubles. But this case, I saw, had a very different air. However, I think there’s no help for it: duty before everything. I snatch up the most necessary drugs, and set off.

“Will you believe it—I only just managed to get there at all. The road was infernal: streams, snow, watercourses, and the dike had suddenly burst there—that was the worst of it! However, I arrived at last. It was a little thatched house. There was a light in the windows; that meant they expected me. I was met by an old lady, very venerable, in a cap. ‘Save her!’ she says: ‘she is dying.’ I say, ‘Pray don’t distress yourself: where is the invalid?’—‘Come this way.’—I see a clean little room, a lamp in the corner; on the bed a girl of twenty, unconscious. She was in a burning heat, and breathing heavily; it was fever. There were two other girls, her sisters, scared and in tears. ‘Yesterday,’ they tell me, ‘she was perfectly well and had a good appetite; this morning she complained of her head, and this evening, suddenly, you see, like this.’ I say again, ‘Pray don’t be uneasy;’ it’s a doctor’s duty, you know;—and I went up to her and bled her, told them to put on a mustard plaster, and prescribed a mixture. Meantime I looked at her; I looked at her, you know—there, by God! I had never seen such a face! She was a beauty, in a word! I felt quite shaken with pity.

Such lovely features; such eyes! But thank God! she became easier; she fell into a perspiration, seemed to come to her senses, looked round, smiled, and passed her hand over her face. Her sisters bent over her. They ask, 'How are you?' 'All right,' she says, and turns away. I looked at her; she had fallen asleep. 'Well,' I say, 'now the patient should be left alone.' So we all went out on tiptoe; only a maid remained, in case she was wanted.

In the parlor there was a samovar standing on the table, and a bottle of rum; in our profession one can't get on without it. They gave me tea; asked me to stop the night. I consented: where could I go, indeed, at that time of night? The old lady kept groaning. 'What is it?' I say: 'she will live; don't worry yourself: you had better take a little rest yourself; it is about two o'clock.'—'But will you send to wake me if anything happens?'—'Yes, yes.'—The old lady went away, and the girls too went to their own room; they made up a bed for me in the parlor. Well, I went to bed—but I could not get to sleep, for a wonder! for in reality I was very tired. I could not get my patient out of my head. At last I could not put up with it any longer: I got up suddenly; I think to myself, 'I will go and see how the patient is getting on.' Her bedroom was next to the parlor. Well, I got up, and gently opened the door; how my heart beat! I looked in: the servant was asleep, her mouth wide open, and even snoring, the wretch! but the patient lay with her face towards me, and her arms flung wide apart, poor girl! I went up to her, when suddenly she opened her eyes and stared at me: 'Who is it? who is it?' I was in confusion. 'Don't be alarmed, madam,' I say: 'I am the doctor; I have come to see how you feel.'—'You the doctor?'—'Yes, the doctor; your mother sent for me from the town: we have bled you, madam; now pray go to sleep, and in a day or two, please God, we will set you on your feet again.'—'Ah, yes, yes, doctor, don't let me die—please, please.'—'Why do you talk like that? God bless you!' She is in a fever again, I think to myself; I felt her pulse: yes, she was feverish. She looked at me, and then took me by the hand: 'I will tell you why I don't want to die; I will tell you. Now we are alone; and only, please don't you—not to any one. Listen.' I bent down; she moved her lips quite to my ear; she touched my cheek with her hair—I confess my head went round—and began to whisper. I could make out nothing

of it. Ah, she was delirious! She whispered and whispered, but so quickly, and as if it were not in Russian; at last she finished, and shivering dropped her head on the pillow, and threatened me with her finger: 'Remember, doctor, to no one.' I calmed her somehow, gave her something to drink, waked the servant, and went away."

At this point the doctor again took snuff with exasperated energy, and for a moment seemed stupefied by its effects.

"However," he continued, "the next day, contrary to my expectations, the patient was no better. I thought and thought, and suddenly decided to remain there, even though my other patients were expecting me. And you know one can't afford to disregard that: one's practice suffers if one does. But in the first place, the patient was really in danger; and secondly, to tell the truth, I felt strongly drawn to her. Besides, I liked the whole family. Though they were really badly off, they were singularly—I may say cultivated people. Their father had been a learned man, an author: he died of course in poverty, but he had managed before he died to give his children an excellent education; he left a lot of books too. Either because I looked after the invalid very carefully, or for some other reason—anyway, I can venture to say all the household loved me as if I were one of the family.

"Meantime the roads were in a worse state than ever: all communications, so to say, were cut off completely; even medicine could with difficulty be got from the town. The sick girl was not getting better. Day after day, and day after day—but—here—" (The doctor made a brief pause.) "I declare I don't know how to tell you." (He again took snuff, coughed, and swallowed a little tea.) "I will tell you without beating about the bush. My patient—how should I say? Well, she had fallen in love with me—or no, it was not that she was in love—however—really, how should one say?" (The doctor looked down and grew red.) "No," he went on quickly: "in love, indeed! A man should not overestimate himself. She was an educated girl, clever and well-read; and I had even forgotten my Latin, one may say, completely. As to appearance" (the doctor looked himself over with a smile), "I am nothing to boast of there either. But God Almighty did not make me a fool: I don't take black for white; I know a thing or two; I could see very clearly, for instance, that Alexandra Andreëvna (that was her name) did not feel love for me, but had a friendly—so to say—inclination—

a respect or something for me. Though she herself perhaps mistook this sentiment, anyway this was her attitude: you may form your own judgment of it. But," added the doctor, who had brought out all these disconnected sentences without taking breath, and with obvious embarrassment, "I seem to be wandering rather—you won't understand anything like this. There, with your leave, I will relate it all in order."

He drank off a glass of tea, and began in a calmer voice.

"Well, then. My patient kept getting worse and worse. You are not a doctor, my good sir: you cannot understand what passes in a poor fellow's heart, especially at first, when he begins to suspect that the disease is getting the upper hand of him. What becomes of his belief in himself? You suddenly grow so timid: it's indescribable. You fancy then that you have forgotten everything you knew, and that the patient has no faith in you, and that other people begin to notice how distracted you are, and tell you the symptoms with reluctance; that they are looking at you suspiciously, whispering. Ah! it's horrid! There must be a remedy, you think, for this disease, if one could find it. Isn't this it? You try—no, that's not it! You don't allow the medicine the necessary time to do good. You clutch at one thing, then at another. Sometimes you take up a book of medical prescriptions—here it is, you think! Sometimes, by Jove, you pick one out by chance, thinking to leave it to fate. But meantime a fellow-creature's dying, and another doctor would have saved him. 'We must have a consultation,' you say: 'I will not take the responsibility on myself.' And what a fool you look at such times! Well, in time you learn to bear it: it's nothing to you. A man has died—but it's not your fault: you treated him by the rules.

"But what's still more torture to you is to see blind faith in you, and to feel yourself that you are not able to be of use. Well, it was just this blind faith that the whole of Alexandra Andreëvna's family had in me; they had forgotten to think that their daughter was in danger. I, too, on my side assure them that it's nothing; but meantime my heart sinks into my boots. To add to our troubles, the roads were in such a state that the coachman was gone for whole days together to get medicine. And I never left the patient's room; I could not tear myself away: I tell her amusing stories, you know, and play cards with her. I watch by her side at night. The old mother thanks me

with tears in her eyes; but I think to myself, 'I don't deserve your gratitude.' I frankly confess to you—there is no object in concealing it now—I was in love with my patient. And Alexandra Andreëvna had grown fond of me; sometimes she would not let any one be in her room but me. She began to talk to me, to ask me questions: where I had studied, how I lived, who are my people, whom I go to see. I feel that she ought not to talk; but forbid her to—forbid her resolutely, you know—I could not. Sometimes I held my head in my hands, and asked myself, 'What are you doing, villain?' And she would take my hand and hold it, give me a long, long look, and turn away, sigh, and say, 'How good you are!' Her hands were so feverish, her eyes so large and languid. 'Yes,' she says, 'you are a good, kind man; you are not like our neighbors. No, you are not like that. Why did I not know you till now!' 'Alexandra Andreëvna, calm yourself,' I say. 'I feel—believe me, I don't know how I have gained—but there, calm yourself. All will be right; you will be well again.'

"And meanwhile I must tell you," continued the doctor, bending forward and raising his eyebrows, "that they associated very little with the neighbors, because the smaller people were not on their level, and pride hindered them from being friendly with the rich. I tell you, they were an exceptionally cultivated family; so you know it was gratifying for me. She would only take her medicine from my hands; she would lift herself up, poor girl, with my aid, take it, and gaze at me. My heart felt as if it were bursting. And meanwhile she was growing worse and worse, worse and worse, all the time: she will die, I think to myself; she must die. Believe me, I would sooner have gone to the grave myself: and here were her mother and sisters watching me, looking into my eyes; and their faith in me was wearing away.—'Well, how is she?'—'Oh, all right, all right!'—All right, indeed! My mind was failing me.

"Well, I was sitting one night alone again by my patient. The maid was sitting there too, and snoring away in full swing: I can't find fault with the poor girl, though,—she was worn out too. Alexandra Andreëvna had felt very unwell all the evening; she was very feverish. Until midnight she kept tossing about: at last she seemed to fall asleep; at least she lay still without stirring. The lamp was burning in the corner before the holy image. I sat there, you know, with my head bent; I even dozed

a little. Suddenly it seemed as though some one touched me in the side; I turned round. Good God! Alexandra Andreëvna was gazing with intent eyes at me, her lips parted, her cheeks seemed burning.—‘What is it?’—‘Doctor, shall I die?’—‘Merciful Heavens!’—‘No, doctor, no: please don’t tell me I shall live—don’t say so. If you knew—listen! for God’s sake don’t conceal my real position,’ and her breath came so fast. ‘If I can know for certain that I must die, then I will tell you all—all!’—‘Alexandra Andreëvna, I beg!’—‘Listen: I have not been asleep at all. I have been looking at you a long while. For God’s sake!—I believe in you; you are a good man, an honest man; I entreat you by all that is sacred in the world—tell me the truth! If you knew how important it is for me. Doctor, for God’s sake tell me. Am I in danger?’—‘What can I tell you, Alexandra Andreëvna, pray?’—‘For God’s sake, I beseech you!’—‘I can’t disguise from you,’ I say, ‘Alexandra Andreëvna, you are certainly in danger; but God is merciful.’—‘I shall die, I shall die.’ And it seemed as though she were pleased, her face grew so bright; I was alarmed.—‘Don’t be afraid, don’t be afraid! I am not frightened of death at all.’ She suddenly sat up and leaned on her elbow. ‘Now, yes, now I can tell you that I thank you with my whole heart—that you are kind and good—that I love you!’ I stare at her like one possessed; it was terrible for me, you know.—‘Do you hear, I love you!’—‘Alexandra Andreëvna, how have I deserved—’ ‘No, no, you don’t—you don’t understand me.’ And suddenly she stretched out her arms, and taking my head in her hands, she kissed it.

‘Believe me, I almost screamed aloud. I threw myself on my knees, and buried my head in the pillow. She did not speak; her fingers trembled in my hair; I listen; she is weeping. I began to soothe her, to assure her;—I really don’t know what I did say to her. ‘You will wake up the girl,’ I say to her: ‘Alexandra Andreëvna, I thank you— Believe me— Calm yourself.’ ‘Enough, enough!’ she persisted: ‘never mind all of them; let them awake, then; let them come in—it does not matter: I am dying, you see. And what do you fear? why are you afraid? Lift up your head.—Or perhaps you don’t love me; perhaps I am wrong. In that case, forgive me.’—‘Alexandra Andreëvna, what are you saying! I love you, Alexandra Andreëvna.’ She looked straight into my eyes, and opened her arms wide. ‘Then take me in your arms.’ I tell you frankly, I don’t know how it

was I did not go mad that night. I feel that my patient is killing herself; I see that she is not fully herself; I understand, too, that if she did not consider herself on the point of death she would never have thought of me: and indeed, say what you will, it's hard to die at twenty without having known love; this was what was torturing her; this was why, in despair, she caught at me—do you understand now? But she held me in her arms, and would not let me go. 'Have pity on me, Alexandra Andreëvna, and have pity on yourself,' I say. 'Why,' she says, 'what is there to think of? You know I must die.' This she repeated incessantly. 'If I knew that I should return to life, and be a proper young lady again, I should be ashamed—of course, ashamed; but why now?'—'But who has said you will die?'—'Oh, no, leave off! you will not deceive me; you don't know how to lie—look at your face.'—'You shall live, Alexandra Andreëvna: I will cure you; we will ask your mother's blessing—we will be united—we will be happy.'—'No, no, I have your word,—I must die: you have promised me—you have told me.'

"It was cruel for me—cruel for many reasons. And see what trifling things can do sometimes; it seems nothing at all, but it's painful. It occurred to her to ask me what is my name; not my surname, but my first name. I must needs be so unlucky as to be called Trifon. Yes indeed—Trifon Ivan'itch. Every one in the house called me doctor. However, there's no help for it. I say, 'Trifon, madam.' She frowned, shook her head, and muttered something in French—ah, something unpleasant, of course! And then she laughed—disagreeably too. Well, I spent the whole night with her in this way. Before morning I went away, feeling as though I were mad. When I went again into her room it was daytime, after morning tea. Good God! I could scarcely recognize her; people are laid in their grave looking better than that. I swear to you, on my honor, I don't understand—I absolutely don't understand—now, how I lived through that experience. Three days and nights my patient still lingered on. And what nights! What things she said to me! And on the last night—only imagine to yourself—I was sitting near her, and kept praying to God for one thing only: 'Take her,' I said, 'quickly, and me with her.'

"Suddenly the old mother comes unexpectedly into the room. I had already the evening before told her—the mother—there

was little hope, and it would be well to send for a priest. When the sick girl saw her mother she said: 'It's very well you have come: look at us, we love one another; we have given each other our word.' 'What does she say, doctor? what does she say?' I turned livid. 'She is wandering,' I say: 'the fever.' But she—'Hush, hush; you told me something quite different just now, and have taken my ring. Why do you pretend? My mother is good—she will forgive—she will understand—and I am dying. I have no need to tell lies; give me your hand.' I jumped up and ran out of the room. The old lady, of course, guessed how it was.

"I will not, however, weary you any longer; and to me too, of course, it's painful to recall all this. My patient passed away the next day. God rest her soul!" the doctor added, speaking quickly and with a sigh. "Before her death she asked her family to go out and leave me alone with her."

"'Forgive me,' she said: 'I am perhaps to blame towards you— My illness— But believe me, I have loved no one more than you: do not forget me—keep my ring.'"

The doctor turned away; I took his hand.

"Ah!" he said, "let us talk of something else;—or would you care to play preference for a small stake? It is not for people like me to give way to exalted emotions. There's only one thing for me to think of: how to keep the children from crying and the wife from scolding. Since then, you know, I have had time to enter into lawful wedlock, as they say.—Oh! I took a merchant's daughter—seven thousand for her dowry. Her name's Akulina: it goes well with Trifon. She is an ill-tempered woman, I must tell you, but luckily she's asleep all day.—Well, shall it be preference?"

We sat down to preference for halfpenny points. Trifon Ivan'itch won two roubles and a half from me, and went home late, well pleased with his success.

BYEZHIN PRAIRIE

From 'A Sportsman's Sketches'

I FOUND out at last where I had got to. This plain was well known in our parts under the name of Byezhin Prairie.

But there was no possibility of returning home, especially at night; my legs were sinking under me from weariness. I decided to get down to the fires and to wait for the dawn in the company of these men, whom I took for drovers. I got down successfully; but I had hardly let go of the last branch I had grasped, when suddenly two large shaggy white dogs rushed angrily barking upon me. The sound of ringing boyish voices came from round the fires; two or three boys quickly got up from the ground. I called back in response to their shouts of inquiry. They ran up to me, and at once called off the dogs, who were especially struck by the appearance of my Dianka. I came down to them.

I had been mistaken in taking the figures sitting round the fires for drovers. They were simply peasant boys from a neighboring village, who were in charge of a drove of horses. In hot summer weather with us they drive the horses out at night to graze in the open country: the flies and gnats would give them no peace in the daytime; they drive out the drove towards evening, and drive them back in the early morning: it's a great treat for the peasant boys. Bare-headed, in old fur capes, they bestride the most spirited nags, and scurry along with merry cries and hooting and ringing laughter, swinging their arms and legs, and leaping into the air. The fine dust is stirred up in yellow clouds and moves along the road; the tramp of hoofs in unison resounds afar: the horses race along, pricking up their ears; in front of all, with his tail in the air and thistles in his tangled mane, prances some shaggy chestnut, constantly shifting his paces as he goes.

I told the boys I had lost my way, and sat down with them. They asked me where I came from, and then were silent for a little and turned away. Then we talked a little again. I lay down under a bush, whose shoots had been nibbled off, and began to look round. It was a marvelous picture: about the fire a red ring of light quivered, and seemed to swoon away in the embrace of a background of darkness; the flame, flaring up from time to time, cast swift flashes of light beyond the boundary of

this circle; a fine tongue of light licked the dry twigs and died away at once; long thin shadows, in their turn breaking in for an instant, danced right up to the very fires; darkness was struggling with light. Sometimes when the fire burnt low and the circle of light shrank together, suddenly out of the encroaching darkness a horse's head was thrust in,—bay, with striped markings, or all white,—stared with intent blank eyes upon us, nipped hastily the long grass, and drawing back again, vanished instantly. One could only hear it still munching and snorting. From the circle of light it was hard to make out what was going on in the darkness; everything close at hand seemed shut off by an almost black curtain; but farther away, hills and forests were dimly visible in long blurs upon the horizon.

The dark unclouded sky stood, inconceivably immense, triumphant, above us in all its mysterious majesty. One felt a sweet oppression at one's heart, breathing in that peculiar, overpowering yet fresh fragrance—the fragrance of a summer night in Russia. Scarcely a sound was to be heard around. Only at times, in the river near, the sudden splash of a big fish leaping, and the faint rustle of a reed on the bank, swaying lightly as the ripples reached it. The fires alone kept up a subdued crackling.

The boys sat round them; there too sat the two dogs, who had been so eager to devour me. They could not for long after reconcile themselves to my presence, and drowsily blinking and staring into the fire, they growled now and then with an unwonted sense of their own dignity; first they growled, and then whined a little, as though deploring the impossibility of carrying out their desires. There were altogether five boys: Fedya, Pavlusha, Ilyusha, Kostya, and Vanya.—From their talk I learnt their names, and I intend now to introduce them to the reader.

The first and eldest of all, Fedya, one would take to be about fourteen. He was a well-made boy, with good-looking, delicate, rather small features, curly fair hair, bright eyes, and a perpetual half merry, half careless smile. He belonged by all appearances to a well-to-do family; and had ridden out to the prairie not through necessity, but for amusement. He wore a gay print shirt, with a yellow border; a short new overcoat slung round his neck was almost slipping off his narrow shoulders; a comb hung from his blue belt. His boots, coming a little way up the leg, were certainly his own—not his father's. The second boy,

Pavlusha, had tangled black hair, gray eyes, broad cheek-bones, a pale face pitted with small-pox, a large but well-cut mouth; his head altogether was large—"a beer-barrel head," as they say—and his figure was square and clumsy. He was not a good-looking boy—there's no denying it!—and yet I liked him: he looked very sensible and straightforward, and there was a vigorous ring in his voice. He had nothing to boast of in his attire: it consisted simply of a homespun shirt and patched trousers. The face of the third, Ilyusha, was rather uninteresting: it was a long face, with short-sighted eyes and a hook nose; it expressed a kind of dull, fretful uneasiness; his tightly drawn lips seemed rigid; his contracted brow never relaxed; he seemed continually blinking from the firelight. His flaxen—almost white—hair hung out in thin wisps under his low felt hat, which he kept pulling down with both hands over his ears. He had on new bast-shoes and leggings; a thick string, wound three times round his figure, carefully held together his neat black smock. Neither he nor Pavlusha looked more than twelve years old. The fourth, Kostya, a boy of ten, aroused my curiosity by his thoughtful and sorrowful look. His whole face was small, thin, freckled, pointed at the chin like a squirrel's; his lips were barely perceptible: but his great black eyes, that shone with liquid brilliance, produced a strange impression; they seemed trying to express something for which the tongue—his tongue, at least—had no words. He was undersized and weakly, and dressed rather poorly. The remaining boy, Vanya, I had not noticed at first: he was lying on the ground, peacefully curled up under a square rug, and only occasionally thrust his curly brown head out from under it; this boy was seven years old at the most.

So I lay under the bush at one side and looked at the boys. A small pot was hanging over one of the fires: in it potatoes were cooking. Pavlusha was looking after them, and on his knees he was trying them by poking a splinter of wood into the boiling water. Fedya was lying leaning on his elbow, and smoothing out the skirts of his coat. Ilyusha was sitting beside Kostya, and still kept blinking constrainedly. Kostya's head drooped despondently, and he looked away into the distance. Vanya did not stir under his rug. I pretended to be asleep. Little by little, the boys began talking again.

At first they gossiped of one thing and another,—the work of to-morrow, the horses; but suddenly Fedya turned to Ilyusha,

and as though taking up again an interrupted conversation, asked him:—

“Come then, so you’ve seen the domovoy?”

“No, I didn’t see him, and no one ever can see him,” answered Ilyusha, in a weak hoarse voice, the sound of which was wonderfully in keeping with the expression of his face: “I heard him. Yes, and not I alone.”

“Where does he live—in your place?” asked Pavlusha.

“In the old paper-mill.”

“Why, do you go to the factory?”

“Of course we do. My brother Avdushka and I, we are paper-glazers.”

“I say—factory hands!”

“Well, how did you hear it, then?” asked Fedya.

“It was like this. It happened that I and my brother Avdushka, with Fyodor of Mihyevska, and Ivashka the Squint-eyed, and the other Ivashka who comes from the Red Hills, and Ivashka of Suhorukov too, and there were some other boys there as well,—there were ten of us boys there altogether,—the whole shift that is,—it happened that we spent the night at the paper-mill; that’s to say, it didn’t happen, but Nazarov the overseer kept us. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘should you waste time going home, boys? There’s a lot of work to-morrow; so don’t go home, boys.’ So we stopped, and were all lying down together; and Avdushka had just begun to say, ‘I say, boys, suppose the domovoy were to come?’ And before he’d finished saying so, some one suddenly began walking over our heads: we were lying down below, and he began walking up-stairs overhead where the wheel is. We listened: he walked; the boards seemed to be bending under him, they creaked so; then he crossed over, above our heads: all of a sudden the water began to drip and drip over the wheel; the wheel rattled and rattled and again began to turn, though the sluices of the conduit above had been let down. We wondered who could have lifted them up so that the water could run; anyway, the wheel turned and turned a little, and then stopped. Then he went to the door overhead, and began coming down-stairs, and came down like this, not hurrying himself; and the stairs seemed to groan under him too.

“Well, he came right down to our door, and waited and waited—and all of a sudden the door simply flew open. We were in a fright; we looked—there was nothing. Suddenly what if the net

on one of the vats didn't begin moving; it got up, and went rising and ducking and moving in the air as though some one were stirring with it, and then it was in its place again. Then at another vat a hook came off its nail, and then was on its nail again; and then it seemed as if some one came to the door, and suddenly coughed and choked like a sheep, but so loudly! We all fell down in a heap and huddled against one another. Just weren't we in a fright that night!"

"I say!" murmured Pavel, "what did he cough for?"

"I don't know: perhaps it was the damp."

All were silent for a little.

"Well," inquired Fedya, "are the potatoes done?"

Pavlusha tried them.

"No, they are raw.—My, what a splash!" he added, turning his face in the direction of the river: "that must be a pike. And there's a star falling."

"I say, I can tell you something, brothers," began Kostya in a shrill little voice: "listen what my dad told me the other day."

"Well, we are listening," said Fedya with a patronizing air.

"You know Gavrila, I suppose, the carpenter up in the big village?"

"Yes, we know him."

"And do you know why he is so sorrowful always, never speaks? do you know? I'll tell you why he's so sorrowful; he went one day, daddy said,—he went, brothers, into the forest nutting. So he went nutting into the forest and lost his way; he went on—God only can tell where he got to. So he went on and on, brothers; but 'twas no good! he could not find the way: and so night came on out of doors. So he sat down under a tree. 'I'll wait till morning,' thought he. He sat down and began to drop asleep. So as he was falling asleep, suddenly he heard some one call him. He looked up: there was no one. He fell asleep again; again he was called. He looked and looked again; and in front of him there sat a russalka on a branch, swinging herself and calling him to her, and simply dying with laughing, she laughed so. And the moon was shining bright, so bright, the moon shone so clear,—everything could be seen plain, brothers. So she called him, and she herself was as bright and as white sitting on the branch as some dace or roach, or like some little carp so white and silvery. Gavrila the carpenter almost fainted, brothers; but she laughed without stopping, and

kept beckoning him to her like this. Then Gavrilá was just getting up; he was just going to yield to the russalka, brothers, but—the Lord put it into his heart, doubtless—he crossed himself, like this. And it was so hard for him to make that cross, brothers: he said, ‘My hand was simply like a stone; it would not move.’—Ugh! the horrid witch.—So when he made the cross, brothers, the russalka she left off laughing, and all at once how she did cry. She cried, brothers, and wiped her eyes with her hair, and her hair was green as any hemp. So Gavrilá looked and looked at her, and at last he fell to questioning her. ‘Why are you weeping, wild thing of the woods?’ And the russalka began to speak to him like this: ‘If you had not crossed yourself, man,’ she says, ‘you should have lived with me in gladness of heart to the end of your days; and I weep, I am grieved at heart, because you crossed yourself: but I will not grieve alone; you too shall grieve at heart till the end of your days.’ Then she vanished, brothers, and at once it was plain to Gavrilá how to get out of the forest. Only since then he goes always sorrowful, as you see.”

“Ugh!” said Fedya after a brief silence; “but how can such an evil thing of the woods ruin a Christian soul?—He did not listen to her!”

“And I say!” said Kostya: “Gavrilá said that her voice was as shrill and as plaintive as a toad’s.”

“Did your father tell you that himself?” Fedya went on.

“Yes. I was lying in the loft. I heard it all.”

“It’s a strange thing. Why should he be sorrowful? But I suppose she liked him, since she called him.”

“Ay, she liked him!” put in Ilyusha. “Yes, indeed! she wanted to tickle him to death, that’s what she wanted. That’s what they do, those russalkas.”

“There ought to be russalkas here too, I suppose,” observed Fedya.

“No,” answered Kostya: “this is a holy open place. There’s one thing, though: the river’s near.”

All were silent. Suddenly from out of the distance came a prolonged, resonant, almost wailing sound,—one of those inexplicable sounds of the night, which break upon a profound stillness, rise upon the air, linger, and slowly die away at last. You listen: it is as though there was nothing, yet it echoes still. It is as though some one had uttered a long, long cry upon the

very horizon; as though some other had answered him with shrill harsh laughter in the forest: and a faint, hoarse hissing hovers over the river. The boys looked round about, shivering.

"Christ's aid be with us!" whispered Ilyusha.

"Ah, you craven crows!" cried Pavel, "what are you frightened of? Look, the potatoes are done." (They all came up to the pot and began to eat the smoking potatoes; only Vanya did not stir.) "Well, aren't you coming?" said Pavel.

But he did not creep out from under his rug. The pot was soon completely emptied.

"Have you heard, boys," began Ilyusha, "what happened with us at Varnavitsi?"

"Near the dam?" asked Fedya.

"Yes, yes, near the dam, the broken-down dam. That is a haunted place, such a haunted place, and so lonely. All round there are pits and quarries, and there are always snakes in pits."

"Well, what did happen? Tell us."

"Well, this is what happened. You don't know, perhaps, Fedya, but there a drowned man was buried; he was drowned long, long ago, when the water was still deep: only his grave can still be seen, though it can only just be seen—like this—a little mound. So one day the bailiff called the huntsman Yermil, and says to him, 'Go to the post, Yermil.' Yermil always goes to the post for us. He has let all his dogs die: they never will live with him, for some reason, and they have never lived with him, though he's a good huntsman, and every one liked him. So Yermil went to the post, and he stayed a bit in the town; and when he rode back, he was a little tipsy. It was night,—a fine night; the moon was shining. So Yermil rode across the dam: his way lay there. So as he rode along, he saw on the drowned man's grave a little lamb, so white and curly and pretty, running about. So Yermil thought, 'I will take him;' and he got down and took him in his arms. But the little lamb didn't take any notice. So Yermil goes back to his horse, and the horse stares at him, and snorts and shakes his head; however, he said 'whoa' to him and sat on him with the lamb, and rode on again; he held the lamb in front of him. He looks at him; and the lamb looks him straight in the face, like this. Yermil the huntsman felt upset. 'I don't remember,' he said, 'that lambs ever look at any one like that;' however, he began to stroke it like this

on its wool, and to say, 'Chucky! chucky!' And the lamb suddenly showed its teeth and said too, 'Chucky! chucky!'"

The boy who was telling the story had hardly uttered this last word, when suddenly both dogs got up at once, and barking convulsively, rushed away from the fire and disappeared in the darkness. All the boys were alarmed. Vanya jumped up from under his rug. Pavlusha ran shouting after the dogs. Their barking quickly grew fainter in the distance. There was the noise of the uneasy tramp of the frightened drove of horses. Pavlusha shouted aloud, "Hey Gray! Beetle!" In a few minutes the barking ceased; Pavel's voice sounded still in the distance.

A little time more passed; the boys kept looking about in perplexity, as though expecting something to happen. Suddenly the tramp of a galloping horse was heard; it stopped short at the pile of wood, and hanging on to the mane, Pavel sprang nimbly off it. Both the dogs also leaped into the circle of light, and at once sat down, their red tongues hanging out.

"What was it? what was it?" asked the boys.

"Nothing," answered Pavel, waving his hand to his horse; "I suppose the dogs scented something. I thought it was a wolf," he added, calmly drawing deep breaths into his chest.

I could not help admiring Pavel. He was very fine at that moment. His ugly face, animated by his swift ride, glowed with hardihood and determination. Without even a switch in his hand, he had, without the slightest hesitation, rushed out into the night alone to face a wolf. "What a splendid fellow!" I thought, looking at him.

"Have you seen any wolves, then?" asked the trembling Kostya.

"There are always a good many of them here," answered Pavel; "but they are only troublesome in the winter."

He crouched down again before the fire. As he sat down on the ground, he laid his hand on the shaggy head of one of the dogs. For a long while the flattered brute did not turn his head, gazing sidewise with grateful pride at Pavlusha.

Vanya lay down under his rug again.

"What dreadful things you were telling us, Ilyusha!" began Fedya; whose part it was, as the son of a well-to-do peasant, to lead the conversation. (He spoke little himself, apparently afraid of lowering his dignity.) "And then some evil spirit set the dogs barking. Certainly I have heard that place was haunted."

“Varnavitsi? I should think it was haunted! More than once, they say, they have seen the old master there—the late master. He wears, they say, a long-skirted coat, and keeps groaning like this, and looking for something on the ground. Once grandfather Trofimitch met him. ‘What,’ says he, ‘your Honor, Ivan Ivan’itch, are you pleased to look for on the ground?’”

“He asked him?” put in Fedya in amazement.

“Yes, he asked him.”

“Well, I call Trofimitch a brave fellow after that. Well, what did he say?”

“‘I am looking for the herb that cleaves all things,’ says he. But he speaks so thickly, so thickly.—‘And what, your Honor, Ivan Ivan’itch, do you want with the herb that cleaves all things?’—‘The tomb weighs on me; it weighs on me, Trofimitch: I want to get away—away.’”

“My word!” observed Fedya: “he didn’t enjoy his life enough, I suppose.”

“What a marvel!” said Kostya. “I thought one could only see the departed on All Hallows’ day.”

“One can see the departed any time,” Ilyusha interposed with conviction. From what I could observe, I judged he knew the village superstitions better than the others. “But on All Hallows’ day you can see the living too; those, that is, whose turn it is to die that year. You need only sit in the church porch, and keep looking at the road. They will come by you along the road; those, that is, who will die that year. Last year old Ulyana went to the porch.”

“Well, did she see any one?” asked Kostya inquisitively.

“To be sure she did. At first she sat a long, long while, and saw no one, and heard nothing; only it seemed as if some dog kept whining and whining like this, somewhere. Suddenly she looks up: a boy comes along the road with only a shirt on. She looked at him. It was Ivashka Fedosyev.”

“He who died in the spring?” put in Fedya.

“Yes, he. He came along and never lifted up his head. But Ulyana knew him. And then she looks again: a woman came along. She stared and stared at her. Ah, God Almighty! it was herself coming along the road; Ulyana herself.”

“Could it be herself?” asked Fedya.

“Yes, by God, herself.”

"Well, but she is not dead yet, you know?"

"But the year is not over yet. And only look at her: her life hangs on a thread."

All were still again. Pavel threw a handful of dry twigs on to the fire. They were soon charred by the suddenly leaping flame; they cracked and smoked, and began to contract, curling up their burning ends. Gleams of light in broken flashes glanced in all directions, especially upwards. Suddenly a white dove flew straight into the bright light, fluttered round and round in terror, bathed in the red glow, and disappeared with a whir of its wings.

"It's lost its home, I suppose," remarked Pavel. "Now it will fly till it gets somewhere where it can rest till dawn."

"Why, Pavlusha," said Kostya, "might it not be a just soul flying to heaven?"

Pavel threw another handful of twigs on to the fire.

"Perhaps," he said at last.

"But tell us, please, Pavlusha," began Fedya, "what was seen in your parts at Shalamovy at the heavenly portent?"*

"When the sun could not be seen? Yes, indeed."

"Were you frightened then?"

"Yes; and we weren't the only ones. Our master, though he talked to us beforehand, and said there would be a heavenly portent, yet when it got dark, they say he himself was frightened out of his wits. And in the house-serfs' cottage, the old woman, directly it grew dark, broke all the dishes in the oven with the poker. 'Who will eat now?' she said: 'the last day has come.' So the soup was all running about the place. And in the village there were such tales about among us: that white wolves would run over the earth, and would eat men; that a bird of prey would pounce down on us; and that they would even see Trishka."†

"What is Trishka?" asked Kostya.

"Why, don't you know?" interrupted Ilyusha warmly. "Why, brother, where have you been brought up, not to know Trishka? You're a stay-at-home, one-eyed lot in your village, really! Trishka will be a marvelous man, who will come one day, and he will be such a marvelous man that they will never be able to catch him, and never be able to do anything with him; he will

*This is what the peasants call an eclipse.

†The popular belief in Trishka is probably derived from some tradition of Antichrist.

be such a marvelous man. The people will try to take him; for example, they will come after him with sticks, they will surround him, but he will blind their eyes so that they fall upon one another. They will put him in prison, for example: he will ask for a little water to drink in a bowl; they will bring him the bowl, and he will plunge into it and vanish from their sight. They will put chains on him, but he will only clap his hands—they will fall off him. So this Trishka will go through villages and towns; and this Trishka will be a wily man,—he will lead astray Christ's people, and they will be able to do nothing to him. He will be such a marvelous wily man.

“Well, then,” continued Pavel, in his deliberate voice, “that's what he's like. And so they expected him in our parts. The old men declared that directly the heavenly portent began, Trishka would come. So the heavenly portent began. All the people were scattered over the street, in the fields, waiting to see what would happen. Our place, you know, is open country. They look: and suddenly down the mountain-side from the big village comes a man of some sort; such a strange man, with such a wonderful head, that all scream, ‘Oy, Trishka is coming! Oy, Trishka is coming!’ and all run in all directions! Our elder crawled into a ditch; his wife stumbled on the door-board and screamed with all her might; she terrified her yard-dog, so that he broke away from his chain and over the hedge and into the forest; and Kuzka's father, Dorofyitch, ran into the oats, lay down there, and began to cry like a quail. ‘Perhaps,’ says he, ‘the Enemy, the Destroyer of Souls, will spare the birds at least.’ So they were all in such a scare! But he that was coming was our cooper Vavila; he had bought himself a new pitcher, and had put the empty pitcher over his head.”

All the boys laughed; and again there was a silence for a while, as often happens when people are talking in the open air. I looked out into the solemn, majestic stillness of the night: the dewy freshness of late evening had been succeeded by the dry heat of midnight; the darkness still had long to lie in a soft curtain over the slumbering fields; there was still a long while left before the first whisperings, the first dewdrops of dawn. There was no moon in the heavens: it rose late at that time. Countless golden stars, twinkling in rivalry, seemed all running softly towards the Milky Way; and truly, looking at them, you were almost conscious of the whirling, never-resting motion of

the earth. A strange, harsh, painful cry sounded twice together over the river, and a few moments later was repeated farther down.

Kostya shuddered. "What was that?"

"That was a heron's cry," replied Pavel tranquilly.

"A heron," repeated Kostya. "And what was it, Pavlusha, I heard yesterday evening?" he added after a short pause: "you perhaps will know."

"What did you hear?"

"I will tell you what I heard. I was going from Stony Ridge to Shashkino; I went first through our walnut wood, and then passed by a little pool,—you know where there's a sharp turn down to the ravine,—there is a water-pit there, you know; it is quite overgrown with reeds; so I went near this pit, brothers, and suddenly from this came a sound of some one groaning, and piteously, so piteously: 'oo-oo, oo-oo!' I was in such a fright, my brothers: it was late, and the voice was so miserable. I felt as if I should cry myself. What could that have been, eh?"

"It was in that pit the thieves drowned Akim the forester last summer," observed Pavel; "so perhaps it was his soul lamenting."

"Oh dear, really, brothers," replied Kostya, opening wide his eyes, which were round enough before, "I did not know they had drowned Akim in that pit. Shouldn't I have been frightened if I'd known!"

"But they say there are little tiny frogs," continued Pavel, "who cry piteously like that."

"Frogs? Oh, no, it was not frogs; certainly not." (A heron again uttered a cry above the river.) "Ugh, there it is!" Kostya cried involuntarily: "it is just like a wood-spirit shrieking."

"The wood-spirit does not shriek: it is dumb," put in Ilyusha; "it only claps its hands and rattles."

"And have you seen it, then,—the wood-spirit?" Fedya asked him ironically.

"No, I have not seen it, and God preserve me from seeing it; but others have seen it. Why, one day it misled a peasant in our parts, and led him through the woods, and all in a circle in one field. He scarcely got home till daylight."

"Well, and did he see it?"

"Yes. He says it was a big, big creature, dark, wrapped up, just like a tree: you could not make it out well; it seemed to

hide away from the moon, and kept staring and staring with its great eyes, and winking and winking with them."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Fedya, with a slight shiver and a shrug of the shoulders: "pfoo!"

"And how does such an unclean brood come to exist in the world?" said Pavel: "it's a wonder."

"Don't speak ill of it: take care, it will hear you," said Ilyusha.

Again there was a silence.

"Look, look, brothers," suddenly came Vanya's childish voice; "look at God's little stars,—they are swarming like bees!"

He put his fresh little face out from under his rug, leaned on his little fist, and slowly lifted up his large soft eyes. The eyes of all the boys were raised to the sky, and they were not lowered quickly.

"Well, Vanya," began Fedya caressingly, "is your sister An-yutka well?"

"Yes, she is very well," replied Vanya with a slight lisp.

"You ask her, why doesn't she come to see us?"

"I don't know."

"You tell her to come."

"Very well."

"Tell her I have a present for her."

"And a present for me too?"

"Yes, you too."

Vanya sighed.

"No; I don't want one. Better give it to her: she is so kind to us at home."

And Vanya laid his head down again on the ground. Pavel got up and took the empty pot in his hand.

"Where are you going?" Fedya asked him.

"To the river, to get water: I want some water to drink."

The dogs got up and followed him.

"Take care you don't fall into the river!" Ilyusha cried after him.

"Why should he fall in?" said Fedya. "He will be careful."

"Yes, he will be careful. But all kinds of things happen: he will stoop over, perhaps, to draw the water, and the water-spirit will clutch him by the hand, and drag him to him. Then they will say, 'The boy fell into the water.' Fell in, indeed!—There, he has crept in among the reeds," he added, listening.

The reeds certainly "shished," as they call it among us, as they were parted.

"But is it true," asked Kostya, "that crazy Akulina has been mad ever since she fell into the water?"

"Yes, ever since. How dreadful she is now! But they say she was a beauty before then. The water-spirit bewitched her. I suppose he did not expect they would get her out so soon. So down there at the bottom he bewitched her."

(I had met this Akulina more than once. Covered with rags, fearfully thin, with face as black as a coal, blear-eyed and forever grinning, she would stay whole hours in one place in the road, stamping with her feet, pressing her fleshless hands to her breast, and slowly shifting from one leg to the other, like a wild beast in a cage. She understood nothing that was said to her, and only chuckled spasmodically from time to time.)

"But they say," continued Kostya, "that Akulina threw herself into the river because her lover had deceived her."

"Yes, that was it."

"And do you remember Vasya?" added Kostya mournfully.

"What Vasya?" asked Fedya.

"Why, the one who was drowned," replied Kostya, "in this very river. Ah, what a boy he was! What a boy he was! His mother, Feklista, how she loved him, her Vasya! And she seemed to have a foreboding, Feklista did, that harm would come to him from the water. Sometimes when Vasya went with us boys in the summer to bathe in the river, she used to be trembling all over. The other women did not mind; they passed by with the pails and went on: but Feklista put her pail down on the ground, and set to calling him, 'Come back, come back, my little joy; come back, my darling!' And no one knows how he was drowned. He was playing on the bank, and his mother was there haymaking; suddenly she hears, as though some one was blowing bubbles through the water, and behold! there was only Vasya's little cap to be seen swimming on the water. You know since then Feklista has not been right in her mind: she goes and lies down at the place where he was drowned; she lies down, brothers, and sings a song;—you remember Vasya was always singing a song like that, so she sings it too, and weeps and weeps, and bitterly rails against God."

"Here is Pavlusha coming," said Fedya.

Pavel came up to the fire with a full pot in his hand.

"Boys," he began after a short silence, "something bad happened."

"Oh, what?" asked Kostya hurriedly.

"I heard Vasya's voice."

They all seemed to shudder.

"What do you mean? What do you mean?" stammered Kostya.

"I don't know. Only I went to stoop down to the water; suddenly I hear my name called in Vasya's voice, as though it came from below water: 'Pavlusha, Pavlusha, come here.' I came away. But I fetched the water, though."

"Ah, God have mercy upon us!" said the boys, crossing themselves.

"It was the water-spirit calling you, Pavel," said Fedya: "we were just talking of Vasya."

"Ah, it's a bad omen," said Ilyusha deliberately.

"Well, never mind, don't bother about it," Pavel declared stoutly, and he sat down again: "no one can escape his fate."

The boys were still. It was clear that Pavel's words had produced a strong impression on them. They began to lie down before the fire, as though preparing to go to sleep.

"What is that?" asked Kostya, suddenly lifting his head.

Pavel listened.

"It's the curlews flying and whistling."

"Where are they flying to?"

"To a land where, they say, there is no winter."

"But is there such a land?"

"Yes."

"Is it far away?"

"Far, far away, beyond the warm seas."

Kostya sighed and shut his eyes.

More than three hours had passed since I first came across the boys. The moon at last had risen; I did not notice it at first, it was such a tiny crescent. This moonless night was as solemn and hushed as it had been at first. But already many stars that not long before had been high up in the heavens, were setting over the earth's dark rim: everything around was perfectly still, as it is only still towards morning; all was sleeping the deep unbroken sleep that comes before daybreak. Already the fragrance in the air was fainter; once more a dew seemed falling.

How short are nights in summer! The boys' talk died down when the fires did. The dogs even were dozing; the horses, so far as I could make out, in the hardly perceptible, faintly shining light of the stars, were asleep with downcast heads. I fell into a state of weary unconsciousness, which passed into sleep.

THE SINGERS

From 'A Sportsman's Sketches'

WHEN I went into the Welcome Resort, a fairly large party were already assembled there.

In his usual place behind the bar, almost filling up the entire opening in the partition, stood Nikolai Ivan'itch in a striped print shirt; with a lazy smile on his full face, he poured out with his plump white hand two glasses of spirits for the Blinkard and the Gabbler as they came in: behind him, in a corner near the window, could be seen his sharp-eyed wife. In the middle of the room was standing Yashka the Turk,—a thin, graceful fellow of three-and-twenty, dressed in a long-skirted coat of blue nankin. He looked a smart factory hand; and could not, to judge by his appearance, boast of very good health. His hollow cheeks, his large restless gray eyes, his straight nose with its delicate mobile nostrils, his pale-brown curls brushed back over the sloping white brow, his full but beautiful, expressive lips, and his whole face, betrayed a passionate and sensitive nature. He was in a state of great excitement: he blinked, his breathing was hurried, his hands shook as though in fever, and he was really in a fever—that sudden fever of excitement which is so well known to all who have to speak and sing before an audience. Near him stood a man of about forty, with broad shoulders and broad jaws, with a low forehead, narrow Tartar eyes, a short flat nose, a square chin, and shining black hair coarse as bristles. The expression of his face—a swarthy face, with a sort of leaden hue in it—and especially of his pale lips, might almost have been called savage, if it had not been so still and dreamy. He hardly stirred a muscle; he only looked slowly about him like a bull under the yoke. He was dressed in a sort of surtout, not over new, with smooth brass buttons; an old black-silk handkerchief was twisted round his immense neck. He was called the Wild Master.

Right opposite him, on a bench under the holy pictures, was sitting Yashka's rival, the booth-keeper from Zhizdry; he was a short, stoutly built man about thirty, pock-marked and curly-headed, with a blunt, turn-up nose, lively brown eyes, and a scanty beard. He looked keenly about him; and sitting with his hands under him, he kept carelessly swinging his legs and tapping with his feet, which were encased in stylish top-boots with a colored edging. He wore a new thin coat of gray cloth,—with a plush collar in sharp contrast with the crimson shirt below,—buttoned close across the chest. In the opposite corner, to the right of the door, a peasant sat at the table in a narrow, shabby smock-frock, with a huge rent on the shoulder. The sunlight fell in a narrow, yellowish streak through the dusty panes of the two small windows, but it seemed as if it struggled in vain with the habitual darkness of the room: all the objects in it were dimly—as it were patchily—lighted up. On the other hand, it was almost cool in the room; and the sense of stifling heat dropped off me like a weary load directly I crossed the threshold.

My entrance, I could see, was at first somewhat disconcerting to Nikolai Ivan'itch's customers; but observing that he greeted me as a friend, they were reassured, and took no more notice of me. I asked for some beer, and sat down in the corner, near the peasant in the ragged smock.

"Well, well," piped the Gabbler, suddenly draining a glass of spirits at one gulp, and accompanying his exclamation with the strange gesticulations without which he seemed unable to utter a single word: "what are we waiting for? If we're going to begin, then begin. Hey, Yashka?"

"Begin, begin," chimed in Nikolai Ivan'itch approvingly.

"Let's begin, by'all means," observed the booth-keeper coolly, with a self-confident smile: "I'm ready."

"And I'm ready," Yakov pronounced in a voice thrilled with excitement.

"Well, begin, lads," whined the Blinkard. But in spite of the unanimously expressed desire, neither began; the booth-keeper did not even get up from the bench: they all seemed to be waiting for something.

"Begin!" said the Wild Master sharply and sullenly. Yashka started. The booth-keeper pulled down his girdle and cleared his throat.

"But who's to begin?" he inquired in a slightly changed voice, of the Wild Master, who still stood motionless in the middle of the room, his stalwart legs wide apart, and his powerful arms thrust up to the elbow into his breeches pockets.

"You, you, booth-keeper," stammered the Gabbler; "you, to be sure, brother."

The Wild Master looked at him from under his brows. The Gabbler gave a faint squeak, in confusion looked away at the ceiling, twitched his shoulder, and said no more.

"Cast lots," the Wild Master pronounced emphatically; "and the pot on the table."

Nikolai Ivan'itch bent down, and with a gasp picked up the pot of beer from the floor, and set it on the table.

The Wild Master glanced at Yakov, and said, "Come."

Yakov fumbled in his pockets, took out a halfpenny, and marked it with his teeth. The booth-keeper pulled from under the skirts of his long coat a new leather purse, deliberately untied the string, and shaking out a quantity of small change into his hand, picked out a new halfpenny. The Gabbler held out his dirty cap, with its broken peak hanging loose; Yakov dropped his halfpenny in, and the booth-keeper his.

"You must pick out one," said the Wild Master, turning to the Blinkard.

The Blinkard smiled complacently, took the cap in both hands, and began shaking it.

For an instant a profound silence reigned; the halfpennies clinked faintly, jingling against each other. I looked around attentively: every face wore an expression of intense expectation; the Wild Master himself showed signs of uneasiness; my neighbor even, the peasant in the tattered smock, craned his neck inquisitively. The Blinkard put his hand into the cap and took out the booth-keeper's halfpenny; every one drew a long breath. Yakov flushed, and the booth-keeper passed his hand over his hair.

"There, I said you'd begin," cried the Gabbler; "didn't I say so?"

"There, there, don't cluck," remarked the Wild Master contemptuously. "Begin," he went on, with a nod to the booth-keeper.

"What song am I to sing?" asked the booth-keeper, beginning to be nervous.

"What you choose," answered the Blinkard; "sing what you think best."

"What you choose, to be sure," Nikolai Ivan'itch chimed in, slowly smoothing his hand on his breast; "you're quite at liberty about that. Sing what you like; only sing well: and we'll give a fair decision afterwards."

"A fair decision, of course," put in the Gabbler, licking the edge of his empty glass.

"Let me clear my throat a bit, mates," said the booth-keeper, fingering the collar of his coat.

"Come, come, no nonsense — begin!" protested the Wild Master, and he looked down.

The booth-keeper thought a minute, shook his head, and stepped forward. Yakov's eyes were riveted upon him.

But before I enter upon a description of the contest itself, I think it will not be amiss to say a few words about each of the personages taking part in my story. The lives of some of them were known to me already when I met them in the Welcome Resort; I collected some facts about the others later on.

Let us begin with the Gabbler. This man's real name was Evgraf Ivanovitch; but no one in the whole neighborhood knew him as anything but the Gabbler, and he himself referred to himself by that nickname, so well did it fit him. Indeed, nothing could have been more appropriate to his insignificant, ever-restless features. He was a dissipated, unmarried house-serf, whose own masters had long ago got rid of him; and who, without any employment, without earning a halfpenny, found means to get drunk every day at other people's expense. He had a great number of acquaintances who treated him to drinks of spirits and tea, though they could not have said why they did so themselves; for far from being entertaining in company, he bored every one with his meaningless chatter, his insufferable familiarity, his spasmodic gestures, and incessant, unnatural laugh. He could neither sing nor dance; he had never said a clever or even a sensible thing in his life; he chattered away, telling lies about everything — a regular Gabbler! And yet not a single drinking-party for thirty miles around took place without his lank figure turning up among the guests; so that they were used to him by now, and put up with his presence as a necessary evil. They all, it is true, treated him with contempt; but the Wild Master was the only one who knew how to keep his foolish sallies in check.

The Blinkard was not in the least like the Gabbler. His nickname, too, suited him, though he was no more given to blinking than other people: it is a well-known fact that the Russian peasants have a talent for finding good nicknames. In spite of my endeavors to get more detailed information about this man's past, many passages in his life have remained spots of darkness to me, and probably to many other people: episodes buried, as the bookmen say, in the darkness of oblivion. I could only find out that he was once a coachman in the service of an old childless lady; that he had run away with three horses he was in charge of; had been lost for a whole year: and, no doubt convinced by experience of the drawbacks and hardships of a wandering life, he had gone back, a cripple, and flung himself at his mistress's feet. He succeeded in a few years in smoothing over his offense by his exemplary conduct; and gradually getting higher in her favor, at last gained her complete confidence, was made a bailiff, and on his mistress's death turned out—in what way was never known—to have received his freedom. He got admitted into the class of tradesmen; rented patches of market garden from the neighbors; grew rich, and now was living in ease and comfort. He was a man of experience, who knew on which side his bread was buttered; was more actuated by prudence than by either good or ill nature; had knocked about, understood men, and knew how to turn them to his own advantage. He was cautious, and at the same time enterprising, like a fox; though he was as fond of gossip as an old woman, he never let out his own affairs, while he made every one else talk freely of theirs. He did not affect to be a simpleton, though, as so many crafty men of his sort do: indeed, it would have been difficult for him to take any one in, in that way; I have never seen a sharper, keener pair of eyes than his tiny cunning little "peepers," as they call them in Orel. They were never simply looking about; they were always looking one up and down and through and through. The Blinkard would sometimes ponder for weeks together over some apparently simple undertaking; and again he would suddenly decide on a desperately bold line of action, which one would fancy would bring him to ruin. But it would be sure to turn out all right: everything would go smoothly. He was lucky, and believed in his own luck, and believed in omens. He was exceedingly superstitious in general. He was not liked, because he would have nothing much to do with any one; but

he was respected. His whole family consisted of one little son, whom he idolized, and who, brought up by such a father, is likely to get on in the world. "Little Blinkard 'll be his father over again," is said of him already, in undertones, by the old men, as they sit on their mud walls gossiping on summer evenings; and every one knows what that means,—there is no need to say more.

As to Yashka the Turk, and the booth-keeper, there is no need to say much about them. Yakov—called the Turk because he actually was descended from a Turkish woman, a prisoner from the war—was by nature an artist in every sense of the word; and by calling, a ladler in a paper factory belonging to a merchant. As for the booth-keeper, his career, I must own, I know nothing of; he struck me as being a smart townsman of the tradesman class, ready to turn his hand to anything. But the Wild Master calls for a more detailed account.

The first impression the sight of this man produced on you was a sense of coarse, heavy, irresistible power. He was clumsily built,—a "shambler," as they say about us: but there was an air of triumphant vigor about him; and strange to say, his bear-like figure was not without a certain grace of its own, proceeding perhaps from his absolutely placid confidence in his own strength. It was hard to decide at first to what class this Hercules belonged: he did not look like a house-serf, nor a tradesman, nor an impoverished clerk out of work, nor a small ruined land-owner such as takes to being a huntsman or a fighting man: he was, in fact, quite individual. No one knew where he came from, or what brought him into our district: it was said that he came of free peasant-proprietor stock, and had once been in the government service somewhere, but nothing positive was known about this; and indeed there was no one from whom one could learn,—certainly not from him: he was the most silent and morose of men. So much so that no one knew for certain what he lived on: he followed no trade, visited no one, associated with scarcely any one; yet he had money to spend; little enough, it is true, still he had some. In his behavior he was not exactly retiring—retiring was not a word that could be applied to him: he lived as though he noticed no one about him, and cared for no one. The Wild Master (that was the nickname they had given him; his real name was Pervlyesov) enjoyed an immense influence in the whole district: he was obeyed with eager promptitude,

though he had no kind of right to give orders to any one, and did not himself evince the slightest pretension to authority over the people with whom he came into casual contact. He spoke—they obeyed: strength always has an influence of its own. He scarcely drank at all, had nothing to do with women, and was passionately fond of singing. There was much that was mysterious about this man: it seemed as though vast forces sullenly reposed within him, knowing as it were, that once roused, once bursting free, they were bound to crush him and everything they came in contact with. And I am greatly mistaken if in this man's life there had not been some such outbreak; if it was not owing to the lessons of experience, to a narrow escape from ruin, that he now kept himself so tightly in hand. What especially struck me in him was the combination of a sort of inborn natural ferocity with an equally inborn generosity,—a combination I have never met in any other man.

And so the booth-keeper stepped forward; and half shutting his eyes, began singing in high falsetto. He had a fairly sweet and pleasant voice, though rather hoarse; he played with his voice like a woodlark, twisting and turning it in incessant roudades and trills up and down the scale,—continually returning to the highest notes, which he held and prolonged with special care. Then he would break off, and again suddenly take up the first motive with a sort of go-ahead daring. His modulations were at times rather bold, at times rather comical: they would have given a connoisseur great satisfaction, and have made a German furiously indignant. He was a Russian *tenore di grazia*, *ténor léger*. He sang a song to a lively dance-tune; the words of which—all that I could catch through the endless maze of variations, ejaculations, and repetitions—were as follows:—

“A tiny patch of land, young lass,
I'll plow for thee,
And tiny crimson flowers, young lass,
I'll sow for thee.”

He sang: all listened to him with great attention. He seemed to feel that he had to do with really musical people, and therefore was exerting himself to do his best. And they really are musical in our part of the country: the village of Sergievskoe on the Orel high-road is deservedly noted throughout Russia for its harmonious chorus singing. The booth-keeper sang for a long

while without evoking much enthusiasm in his audience,—he lacked the support of a chorus; but at last, after one particularly bold flourish, which set even the Wild Master smiling, the Gabbler could not refrain from a shout of delight. Every one was roused. The Gabbler and the Blinkard began joining in in an undertone, and exclaiming, “Bravely done! Take it, you rogue! Sing it out, you serpent! Hold it! That shake again, you dog you! May Herod confound your soul!” and so on. Nikolai Ivan’itch behind the bar was nodding his head from side to side approvingly. The Gabbler at last was swinging his legs, tapping with his feet and twitching his shoulder; while Yashka’s eyes fairly glowed like coals, and he trembled all over like a leaf, and smiled nervously. The Wild Master alone did not change countenance, and stood motionless as before; but his eyes, fastened on the booth-keeper, looked somewhat softened, though the expression of his lips was still scornful. Emboldened by the signs of general approbation, the booth-keeper went off in a whirl of flourishes; and began to round off such trills, to turn such shakes off his tongue, and to make such furious play with his throat, that when at last, pale, exhausted, and bathed in hot perspiration, he uttered the last dying note, his whole body flung back, a general united shout greeted him in a violent outburst. The Gabbler threw himself on his neck, and began strangling him in his long bony arms; a flush came out on Nikolai Ivan’itch’s oily face, and he seemed to have grown younger; Yashka shouted like mad, “Capital, capital!” Even my neighbor, the peasant in the torn smock, could not restrain himself; and with a blow of his fist on the table he cried, “Aha! well done, damn my soul, well done!” And he spat on one side with an air of decision.

“Well, brother, you’ve given us a treat!” bawled the Gabbler, not releasing the exhausted booth-keeper from his embraces; “you’ve given us a treat, there’s no denying! You’ve won, brother, you’ve won! I congratulate you—the quart’s yours! Yashka’s miles behind you, I tell you; miles—take my word for it.” And again he hugged the booth-keeper to his breast.

“There, let him alone, let him alone; there’s no being rid of you,” said the Blinkard with vexation; “let him sit down on the bench; he’s tired, see.—You’re a ninny, brother, a perfect ninny! What are you sticking to him like a wet leaf for?”

“Well, then, let him sit down, and I’ll drink to his health,” said the Gabbler, and he went up to the bar. “At your expense, brother,” he added, addressing the booth-keeper.

The latter nodded, sat down on the bench, pulled a piece of cloth out of his cap, and began wiping his face; while the Gabbler, with greedy haste, emptied his glass, and with a grunt, assumed, after the manner of confirmed drinkers, an expression of careworn melancholy.

"You sing beautifully, brother, beautifully," Nikolai Ivan'itch observed caressingly. "And now it's your turn, Yashka; mind, now, don't be afraid. We shall see who's who; we shall see. The booth-keeper sings beautifully, though; 'pon my soul, he does."

"Very beautifully," observed Nikolai Ivan'itch's wife, and she looked with a smile at Yakov.

"Beautifully, ha!" repeated my neighbor in an undertone.

"Ah, a wild man of the woods!" the Gabbler vociferated suddenly; and going up to the peasant with the rent on his shoulder, he pointed at him with his finger, while he pranced about and went off into an insulting guffaw. "Ha! ha! get along! wild man of the woods! Here's a ragamuffin from Woodland village! What brought you here?" he bawled amidst laughter.

The poor peasant was abashed, and was just about to get up and make off as fast as he could, when suddenly the Wild Master's iron voice was heard:—

"What does the insufferable brute mean?" he articulated, grinding his teeth.

"I wasn't doing nothing," muttered the Gabbler. "I didn't— I only —"

"There, all right, shut up!" retorted the Wild Master. "Yakov, begin!"

Yakov took himself by his throat:—

"Well, really, brothers— Something— H'm, I don't know, on my word, what —"

"Come, that's enough; don't be timid. For shame! why go back? Sing the best you can, by God's gift."

And the Wild Master looked down expectant. Yakov was silent for a minute; he glanced round, and covered his face with his hand. All had their eyes simply fastened upon him; especially the booth-keeper, on whose face a faint, involuntary uneasiness could be seen through his habitual expression of self-confidence and the triumph of his success. He leant back against the wall, and again put both hands under him, but did not swing his legs as before. When at last Yakov uncovered his face, it was pale as a dead man's; his eyes gleamed faintly under their drooping

lashes. He gave a deep sigh, and began to sing. The first sound of his voice was faint and unequal, and seemed not to come from his chest, but to be wafted from somewhere afar off, as though it had floated by chance into the room. A strange effect was produced on all of us by this trembling, resonant note: we glanced at one another, and Nikolai Ivan'itch's wife seemed to draw herself up. This first note was followed by another, bolder and prolonged, but still obviously quivering—like a harpstring, when, suddenly struck by a stray finger, it throbs in a last swiftly dying tremble; the second was followed by a third; and gradually gaining fire and breadth, the strains swelled into a pathetic melody.

“Not one little path ran into the field,” he sang; and sweet and mournful it was in our ears. I have seldom, I must confess, heard a voice like it: it was slightly hoarse, and not perfectly true; there was even something morbid about it at first: but it had genuine depth of passion, and youth and sweetness, and a sort of fascinating, careless, pathetic melancholy. A spirit of truth and fire, a Russian spirit, was sounding and breathing in that voice; and it seemed to go straight to your heart,—to go straight to all that was Russian in it. The song swelled and flowed. Yakov was clearly carried away by enthusiasm: he was not timid now; he surrendered himself wholly to the rapture of his art: his voice no longer trembled; it quivered, but with the scarce perceptible inward quiver of passion, which pierces like an arrow to the very soul of the listeners: and he steadily gained strength and firmness and breadth. I remember I once saw at sunset on a flat sandy shore, when the tide was low and the sea's roar came weighty and menacing from the distance, a great white sea-gull; it sat motionless, its silky bosom facing the crimson glow of the setting sun, and only now and then opening wide its great wings to greet the well-known sea, to greet the sinking lurid sun: I recalled it, as I heard Yakov. He sang, utterly forgetful of his rival and all of us; he seemed supported, as a bold swimmer by the waves, by our silent, passionate sympathy. He sang, and in every sound of his voice one seemed to feel something dear and akin to us; something of breadth and space, as though the familiar steppes were unfolding before our eyes and stretching away into endless distance.

I felt the tears gathering in my bosom and rising to my eyes; suddenly I was struck by dull, smothered sobs. I looked round;

the innkeeper's wife was weeping, her bosom pressed close to the window. Yakov threw a quick glance at her, and he sang more sweetly, more melodiously than ever; Nikolai Ivan'itch looked down; the Blinkard turned away; the Gabbler, quite touched, stood, his gaping mouth stupidly open; the humble peasant was sobbing softly in the corner, and shaking his head with a plaintive murmur; on the iron visage of the Wild Master, from under his overhanging brows, there slowly rolled a heavy tear; the booth-keeper raised his clenched fist to his brow, and did not stir. I don't know how the general emotion would have ended, if Yakov had not come to a full stop on a high, exceptionally shrill note—as though his voice had broken. No one called out, or even stirred: every one seemed to be waiting to see whether he was not going to sing more; but he opened his eyes as though wondering at our silence, looked round at all of us with a face of inquiry, and saw that the victory was his.

"Yasha," said the Wild Master, laying his hand on his shoulder—and he could say no more.

We all stood, as it were, petrified. The booth-keeper softly rose and went up to Yakov.

"You—yours—you've won," he articulated at last with an effort; and rushed out of the room. His rapid, decided action, as it were, broke the spell: we all suddenly fell into noisy, delighted talk. The Gabbler bounded up and down, stammered, and brandished his arms like mill sails; the Blinkard limped up to Yakov and began kissing him; Nikolai Ivan'itch got up and solemnly announced that he would add a second pot of beer from himself. The Wild Master laughed a sort of kind, simple laugh, which I should never have expected to see on his face; the humble peasant, as he wiped his eyes, cheeks, nose, and beard on his sleeves, kept repeating in his corner, "Ah, beautiful it was, by God! blast me for the son of a dog, but it was fine!" while Nikolai Ivan'itch's wife, her face red with weeping, got up quickly and went away. Yakov was enjoying his triumph like a child: his whole face was transformed, his eyes especially fairly glowed with happiness. They dragged him to the bar; he beckoned the weeping peasant up to it, and sent the innkeeper's little son to look after the booth-keeper, who was not found, however: and the festivities began. "You'll sing to us again; you're going to sing to us till evening," the Gabbler declared, flourishing his hands in the air.

I took one more look at Yakov, and went out. I did not want to stay—I was afraid of spoiling the impression I had received. But the heat was as insupportable as before. It seemed hanging in a thick, heavy layer right over the earth; over the dark-blue sky, tiny bright fires seemed whisking through the finest, almost black dust. Everything was still; and there was something hopeless and oppressive in this profound hush of exhausted nature. I made my way to a hay-loft, and lay down on the fresh-cut but already almost dry grass. For a long while I could not go to sleep; for a long while Yakov's irresistible voice was ringing in my ears. At last the heat and fatigue regained their sway, however, and I fell into a dead sleep. When I waked up, everything was in darkness: the hay scattered around smelt strong and was slightly damp; through the slender rafters of the half-open roof, pale stars were faintly twinkling. I went out. The glow of sunset had long died away, and its last trace showed in a faint light on the horizon; but above the freshness of the night there was still a feeling of heat in the atmosphere, lately baked through by the sun, and the breast still craved a draught of cool air. There was no wind, nor were there any clouds; the sky all round was clear and transparently dark, softly glimmering with innumerable but scarcely visible stars.

There were lights twinkling about the village; from the flaring tavern close by rose a confused, discordant din, amid which I fancied I recognized the voice of Yakov. Violent laughter came from there in an outburst at times. I went up to the little window and pressed my face against the pane. I saw a cheerless, though varied and animated scene. All were drunk—all from Yakov upwards. With breast bared, he sat on a bench, and singing in a thick voice a street song to a dance-tune, he lazily fingered and strummed on the strings of a guitar. His moist hair hung in tufts over his fearfully pale face. In the middle of the room, the Gabbler, completely "screwed" and without his coat, was hopping about in a dance before the peasant in the gray smock: the peasant, on his side, was with difficulty stamping and scraping with his feet, and grinning meaninglessly over his disheveled beard; he waved one hand from time to time, as much as to say, "Here goes!" Nothing could be more ludicrous than his face; however much he twitched up his eyebrows, his heavy lids would hardly rise, but seemed

lying upon his scarcely visible, dim, and mawkish eyes. He was in that amiable frame of mind of a perfectly intoxicated man, when every passer-by, directly he looks him in the face, is sure to say, "Bless you, brother, bless you!" The Blinkard, as red as a lobster, and his nostrils dilated wide, was laughing malignantly in a corner; only Nikolai Ivan'itch, as befits a good tavern-keeper, preserved his composure unchanged. The room was thronged with many new faces; but the Wild Master I did not see in it.

I turned away with rapid steps, and began descending the hill on which Kolotovka lies. At the foot of this hill stretches a wide plain; plunged in the misty waves of the evening haze, it seemed more immense, and was, as it were, merged in the darkening sky. I walked with long strides along the road by the ravine, when all at once from somewhere far away in the plain came a boy's clear voice: "Antropka! Antropka-a-a!" He shouted in obstinate and tearful desperation, with long, long drawing out of the last syllable.

He was silent for a few instants, and started shouting again. His voice rang out clear in the still, lightly slumbering air. Thirty times at least he had called the name Antropka; when suddenly, from the farthest end of the plain, as though from another world, there floated a scarcely audible reply:—

"Wha-a-t?"

The boy's voice shouted back at once with gleeful exasperation:—

"Come here, devil! woo-od imp!"

"What fo-or?" replied the other, after a long interval.

"Because dad wants to thrash you!" the first voice shouted back hurriedly.

The second voice did not call back again, and the boy fell to shouting "Antropka" once more. His cries, fainter and less and less frequent, still floated up to my ears, when it had grown completely dark, and I had turned the corner of the wood which skirts my village, and lies over three miles from Kolotovka. "Antropka-a-a!" was still audible in the air, filled with the shadows of night.

A LIVING RELIC

From 'A Sportsman's Sketches'

THE same day we made our way to my mother's peasant settlement,—the existence of which, I must confess, I had not even suspected till then. At this settlement, it turned out, there was a little lodge. It was very old, but as it had not been inhabited, it was clean: I passed a fairly tranquil night in it.

The next day I woke up very early. The sun had only just risen; there was not a single cloud in the sky; everything around shone with a double brilliance,—the brightness of the fresh morning rays and of yesterday's downpour. While they were harnessing me a cart, I went for a stroll about a small orchard, now neglected and run wild, which inclosed the little lodge on all sides with its fragrant, sappy growth. Ah, how sweet it was in the open air, under the bright sky, where the larks were trilling, whence their bell-like notes rained down like silvery beads! On their wings, doubtless, they had carried off drops of dew, and their songs seemed steeped in dew. I took my cap off my head and drew a glad deep breath. On the slope of a shallow ravine, close to the hedge, could be seen a beehive; a narrow path led to it, winding like a snake between dense walls of high grass and nettles, above which struggled up, God knows whence brought, the pointed stalks of dark-green hemp.

I turned along this path; I reached the beehive. Beside it stood a little wattled shanty, where they put the beehives for the winter. I peeped into the half-open door: it was dark, still, dry, within; there was a scent of mint and balm. In the corner were some trestles fitted together, and on them, covered with a quilt, a little figure of some sort. I was walking away—

"Master, master! Piotr Petrovitch!" I heard a voice, faint, slow, and hoarse, like the whispering of marsh rushes.

I stopped.

"Piotr Petrovitch! Come in, please!" the voice repeated. It came from the corner where were the trestles I had noticed.

I drew near, and was struck dumb with amazement. Before me lay a living human being; but what sort of a creature was it?

A head utterly withered, of a uniform coppery hue—like some very ancient holy picture, yellow with age; a sharp nose

like a keen-edged knife; the lips could barely be seen—only the teeth flashed white, and the eyes; and from under the kerchief some thin wisps of yellow hair straggled on to the forehead. At the chin, where the quilt was folded, two tiny hands of the same coppery hue were moving, the fingers slowly twitching like little sticks. I looked more intently: the face, far from being ugly, was positively beautiful, but strange and dreadful; and the face seemed the more dreadful to me that on it, on its metallic cheeks, I saw struggling—struggling and unable to form itself—a smile.

“You don’t recognize me, master?” whispered the voice again: it seemed to be breathed from the almost unmoving lips. “And indeed, how should you? I’m Lukerya. Do you remember who used to lead the dance at your mother’s, at Spasskoye? Do you remember I used to be leader of the choir too?”

“Lukerya!” I cried. “Is it you? Can it be?”

“Yes, it’s I, master—I, Lukerya.”

I did not know what to say, and gazed in stupefaction at the dark motionless face, with the clear, death-like eyes fastened upon me. Was it possible? This mummy Lukerya—the greatest beauty in all our household—that tall, plump, pink-and-white, singing, laughing, dancing creature! Lukerya, our smart Lukerya, whom all our lads were courting, for whom I heaved some secret sighs—I, a boy of sixteen!

“Mercy, Lukerya!” I said at last: “what is it has happened to you?”

“Oh, such a misfortune befell me! But don’t mind me, sir; don’t let my trouble revolt you: sit there on that little tub;—a little nearer, or you won’t be able to hear me. I’ve not much of a voice nowadays! Well, I am glad to see you! What brought you to Aleksyevka?”

Lukerya spoke very softly and feebly, but without pausing.

“Yermolai the huntsman brought me here. But you tell me—”

“Tell you about my trouble? Certainly, sir. It happened to me a long while ago now—six or seven years. I had only just been betrothed then to Vassily Polyakov—do you remember, such a fine-looking fellow he was, with curly hair?—he waited at table at your mother’s. But you weren’t in the country then; you had gone away to Moscow to your studies. We were very much in love, Vassily and me; I could never get him out of my head: and it was in the spring it all happened. Well, one

night—not long before sunrise, it was—I couldn't sleep: a nightingale in the garden was singing so wonderfully sweet! I could not help getting up and going out on to the steps to listen. It trilled and trilled; and all at once I fancied some one called me—it seemed like Vassya's voice—so softly: 'Lusha!' I looked round; and being half asleep, I suppose, I missed my footing and fell straight down from the top step, and flop on to the ground! And I thought I wasn't much hurt, for I got up directly and went back to my room. Only it seems something inside me—in my body—was broken. Let me get my breath—half a minute—sir."

Lukerya ceased, and I looked at her with surprise. What surprised me particularly was that she told her story almost cheerfully, without sighs and groans, not complaining nor asking for sympathy.

"Ever since that happened," Lukerya went on, "I began to pine away and get thin; my skin got dark; walking was difficult for me; and then—I lost the use of my legs altogether; I couldn't stand or sit; I had to lie down all the time. And I didn't care to eat or drink: I got worse and worse. Your mamma, in the kindness of her heart, made me see doctors, and sent me to a hospital. But there was no curing me. And not one doctor could even say what my illness was. What didn't they do to me?—they burnt my spine with hot irons, they put me in lumps of ice, and it was all no good. I got quite numb in the end. So the gentlemen decided it was no use doctoring me any more, and there was no sense in keeping cripples up at the great house; well, and so they sent me here—because I've relations here. So here I live, as you see."

Lukerya was silent again, and again she tried to smile.

"But this is awful—your position!" I cried; and not knowing how to go on, I asked, "and what of Vassily Polyakov?" A most stupid question it was.

Lukerya turned her eyes a little away.

"What of Polyakov? He grieved—he grieved for a bit—and he is married to another, a girl from Glinnoe. Do you know Glinnoe? It's not far from us. Her name's Agrafena. He loved me dearly—but you see, he's a young man: he couldn't stay a bachelor. And what sort of a helpmeet could I be? The wife he found for himself is a good, sweet woman—and they have children. He lives here; he's a clerk at a neighbor's; your

mamma let him go off with a passport, and he's doing very well, praise God."

"And so you go on lying here all the time?" I asked again.

"Yes, sir, I've been lying here seven years. In the summer-time I lie here in this shanty, and when it gets cold they move me out into the bath-house: I lie there."

"Who waits on you? Does any one look after you?"

"Oh, there are kind folks here as everywhere; they don't desert me. Yes, they see to me a little. As to food, I eat nothing to speak of: but water is here in the pitcher; it's always kept full of pure spring water. I can reach to the pitcher myself: I've one arm still of use. There's a little girl here, an orphan; now and then she comes to see me, the kind child. She was here just now. You didn't meet her? Such a pretty, fair little thing. She brings me flowers. We've some in the garden—there were some, but they've all disappeared. But you know, wild flowers too are nice; they smell even sweeter than garden flowers. Lilies of the valley, now—what could be sweeter?"

"And aren't you dull and miserable, my poor Lukerya?"

"Why, what is one to do? I wouldn't tell a lie about it. At first it was very wearisome: but later on I got used to it, I got more patient—it was nothing; there are others worse off still."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, some haven't a roof to shelter them, and there are some blind or deaf; while I, thank God, have splendid sight, and hear everything—everything. If a mole burrows in the ground—I hear even that. And I can smell every scent, even the faintest! When the buckwheat comes into flower in the meadow, or the lime-tree in the garden—I don't need to be told of it, even; I'm the first to know directly. Anyway, if there's the least bit of a wind blowing from that quarter. No, he who stirs God's wrath is far worse off than me. Look at this, again: any one in health may easily fall into sin; but I'm cut off even from sin. The other day, Father Aleksy, the priest, came to give me the sacrament, and he says, 'There's no need,' says he, 'to confess you: you can't fall into sin in your condition, can you?' But I said to him, 'How about sinning in thought, father?' 'Ah, well,' says he, and he laughed himself, 'that's no great sin.' But I fancy I'm no great sinner even in that way, in thought," Lukerya went on; "for I've trained myself not to think, and above all, not to remember. The time goes faster."

I must own I was astonished. "You're always alone, Lukerya: how can you prevent the thoughts from coming into your head? or are you constantly asleep?"

"Oh, no, sir! I can't always sleep. Though I've no great pain, still I've an ache, there,—right inside,—and in my bones too; it won't let me sleep as I ought. No; but there, I lie by myself; I lie here and lie here, and don't think: I feel that I'm alive, I breathe; and I put myself all into that. I look and listen. The bees buzz and hum in the hive; a dove sits on the roof and cooes; a hen comes along with her chickens to peck up crumbs; or a sparrow flies in, or a butterfly—that's a great treat for me. Last year some swallows even built a nest over there in the corner, and brought up their little ones. Oh, how interesting it was! One would fly to the nest, press close, feed a young one, and off again. Look again: the other would be in her place already. Sometimes it wouldn't fly in, but only fly past the open door; and the little ones would begin to squawk, and open their beaks directly. I was hoping for them back again the next year, but they say a sportsman here shot them with his gun. And what could he gain by it? It's hardly bigger, the swallow, than a beetle. What wicked men you are, you sportsmen!"

"I don't shoot swallows," I hastened to remark.

"And once," Lukerya began again, "it was comical, really. A hare ran in; it did, really! The hounds, I suppose, were after it; anyway, it seemed to tumble straight in at the door! It squatted quite near me, and sat so a long while; it kept sniffing with its nose, and twitching its whiskers—like a regular officer! and it looked at me. It understood, to be sure, that I was no danger to it. At last it got up, went hop-hop to the door, looked round in the doorway; and what did it look like? Such a funny fellow it was!"

Lukerya glanced at me, as much as to say, "Wasn't it funny?" To satisfy her, I laughed. She moistened her parched lips.

"Well, in the winter, of course, I'm worse off, because it's dark: to burn a candle would be a pity, and what would be the use? I can read, to be sure, and was always fond of reading; but what could I read? There are no books of any kind; and even if there were, how could I hold a book? Father Aleksy brought me a calendar to entertain me; but he saw it was no good, so he took and carried it away again. But even though

it's dark, there's always something to listen to: a cricket chirps, or a mouse begins scratching somewhere. That's when it's a good thing—not to think!—

“And I repeat the prayers too,” Lukerya went on, after taking breath a little; “only I don't know many of them—the prayers, I mean. And besides, why should I weary the Lord God? What can I ask him for? He knows better than I what I need. He has laid a cross upon me: that means that he loves me. So we are commanded to understand. I repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Hymn to the Virgin, the Supplication of all the Afflicted, and I lie still again, without any thought at all, and am all right!”

Two minutes passed by. I did not break the silence, and did not stir on the narrow tub which served me as a seat. The cruel stony stillness of the living, unlucky creature lying before me communicated itself to me; I too turned, as it were, numb.

“Listen, Lukerya,” I began at last; “listen to the suggestion I'm going to make to you. Would you like me to arrange for them to take you to a hospital—a good hospital in the town? Who knows—perhaps you might yet be cured; anyway, you would not be alone.”

Lukerya's eyebrows fluttered faintly. “Oh, no, sir,” she answered in a troubled whisper: “don't move me into a hospital; don't touch me. I shall only have more agony to bear there! How could they cure me now? Why, there was a doctor came here once; he wanted to examine me. I begged him for Christ's sake not to disturb me. It was no use. He began turning me over, pounding my hands and legs, and pulling me about. He said, ‘I'm doing this for science; I'm a servant of science—a scientific man! And you,’ he said, ‘really oughtn't to oppose me, because I've a medal given me for my labors, and it's for you simpletons I'm toiling.’ He mauled me about, told me the name of my disease—some wonderful long name—and with that he went away; and all my poor bones ached for a week after. You say I'm all alone; always alone. Oh, no, I'm not always: they come to see me. I'm quiet—I don't bother them. The peasant girls come in and chat a bit; a pilgrim woman will wander in, and tell me tales of Jerusalem, of Kiev, of the holy towns. And I'm not afraid of being alone. Indeed, it's better—ay, ay! Master, don't touch me, don't take me to the hospital. Thank you, you are kind: only don't touch me, there's a dear!”

"Well, as you like, as you like, Lukerya. You know I only suggested it for your good."

"I know, master, that it was for my good. But master dear, who can help another? Who can enter into his soul? Every man must help himself!—You won't believe me, perhaps: I lie here sometimes so alone; and it's as though there were no one else in the world but me. As if I alone were living! And it seems to me as though something were blessing me. I'm carried away by dreams that are really marvelous!"

"What do you dream of, then, Lukerya?"

"That too, master, I couldn't say: one can't explain. Besides, one forgets afterwards. It's like a cloud coming over and bursting; then it grows so fresh and sweet: but just what it was, there's no knowing! Only my idea is, if folks were near me, I should have nothing of that, and should feel nothing except my misfortune."

Lukerya heaved a painful sigh. Her breathing, like her limbs, was not under her control.

"When I come to think, master, of you," she began again, "you are very sorry for me. But you mustn't be too sorry, really! I'll tell you one thing; for instance, I sometimes, even now— Do you remember how merry I used to be in my time? A regular madeap! So do you know what? I sing songs even now."

"Sing? You?"

"Yes: I sing the old songs—songs for choruses, for feasts, Christmas songs, all sorts! I know such a lot of them, you see, and I've not forgotten them. Only dance songs I don't sing. In my state now, it wouldn't suit me."

"How do you sing them?—to yourself?"

"To myself, yes; and aloud too. I can't sing loud, but still one can understand it. I told you a little girl waits on me. A clever little orphan she is. So I have taught her: four songs she has learnt from me already. Don't you believe me? Wait a minute, I'll show you directly."

Lukerya took breath. The thought that this half-dead creature was making ready to begin singing raised an involuntary feeling of dread in me. But before I could utter a word, a long-drawn-out, hardly audible, but pure and true note, was quivering in my ears; it was followed by a second and a third. "In the meadows," sang Lukerya. She sang, the expression of her stony

face unchanged, even her eyes riveted on one spot. But how touchingly tinkled out that poor struggling little voice, that wavered like a thread of smoke; how she longed to pour out all her soul in it! I felt no dread now; my heart throbbed with unutterable pity.

"Ah, I can't!" she said suddenly. "I've not the strength: I'm so upset with joy at seeing you."

She closed her eyes.

I laid my hand on her tiny, chill fingers. She glanced at me, and her dark lids, fringed with golden eyelashes, closed again, and were still as an ancient statue's. An instant later they glistened in the half-darkness. They were moistened by a tear.

As before, I did not stir.

"How silly I am!" said Lukerya suddenly, with unexpected force, and opened her eyes wide; she tried to wink the tears out of them. "I ought to be ashamed! What am I doing? It's a long time since I have been like this—not since that day when Vassya Polyakov was here last spring. While he sat with me and talked, I was all right; but when he had gone away, how I did cry in my loneliness! Where did I get the tears from? But there! we girls get our tears for nothing. Master," added Lukerya, "perhaps you have a handkerchief. If you don't mind, wipe my eyes."

I made haste to carry out her desire, and left her the handkerchief. She refused it at first. "What good's such a gift to me?" she said. The handkerchief was plain enough, but clean and white. Afterwards she clutched it in her weak fingers, and did not loosen them again. As I got used to the darkness in which we both were, I could clearly make out her features; could even perceive the delicate flush that peeped out under the coppery hue of her face; could discover in the face, so at least it seemed to me, traces of its former beauty.

"You asked me, master," Lukerya began again, "whether I sleep. I sleep very little, but every time I fall asleep I've dreams—such splendid dreams! I'm never ill in my dreams; I'm always so well, and young. There's one thing's sad: I wake up and long for a good stretch, and I'm all as if I were in chains. I once had such an exquisite dream! Shall I tell it you? Well, listen. I dreamt I was standing in a meadow, and all round me was rye, so tall, and ripe as gold! and I had a reddish dog with me—such a wicked dog; it kept trying to bite me. And I had

a sickle in my hands: not a simple sickle; it seemed to be the moon itself—the moon as it is when it's the shape of a sickle. And with this same moon I had to cut the rye clean. Only I was very weary with the heat, and the moon blinded me, and I felt lazy; and corn-flowers were growing all about, and such big ones! And they all turned their heads to me. And I thought in my dream I would pick them: Vassya had promised to come, so I'd pick myself a wreath first; I'd still time to plait it. I began picking corn-flowers; but they kept melting away from between my fingers, do what I would. And I couldn't make myself a wreath. And meanwhile I heard some one coming up to me, so close, and calling, 'Lusha! Lusha!' 'Ah,' I thought, 'what a pity I hadn't time!' No matter, I put that moon on my head instead of corn-flowers. I put it on like a tiara, and I was all brightness directly; I made the whole field light around me. And, behold! over the very top of the ears there came gliding very quickly towards me, not Vassya, but Christ himself! And how I knew it was Christ I can't say: they don't paint him like that—only it was he! No beard, tall, young, all in white, only his belt was golden; and he held out his hand to me. 'Fear not,' said he, 'my bride adorned: follow me; you shall lead the choral dance in the heavenly kingdom, and sing the songs of Paradise.' And how I clung to his hand! My dog at once followed at my heels, but then we began to float upwards! he in front,—his wings spread wide over all the sky, long like a sea-gull's—and I after him! And my dog had to stay behind. Then only I understood that that dog was my illness, and that in the heavenly kingdom there was no place for it."

Lukerya paused a minute.

"And I had another dream, too," she began again; "but maybe it was a vision. I really don't know. It seemed to me I was lying in this very shanty; and my dead parents, father and mother, come to me and bow low to me, but say nothing. And I asked them, 'Why do you bow down to me, father and mother?' 'Because,' they said, 'you suffer much in this world, so that you have not only set free your own soul, but have taken a great burden from off us too. And for us in the other world it is much easier. You have made an end of your own sins; now you are expiating our sins.' And having said this, my parents bowed down to me again, and I could not see them; there was nothing but the walls to be seen. I was in great doubt afterwards what

had happened to me. I even told the priest of it in confession. Only he thinks it was not a vision, because visions come only to the clerical gentry."

"And I'll tell you another dream," Lukerya went on. "I dreamt I was sitting on the high-road, under a willow; I had a stick, had a wallet on my shoulders, and my head tied up in a kerchief, just like a pilgrim woman! And I had to go somewhere, a long, long way off, on a pilgrimage. And pilgrims kept coming past me: they came along slowly, all going one way; their faces were weary, and all very much like one another. And I dreamt that moving about among them was a woman, a head taller than the rest, and wearing a peculiar dress, not like ours—not Russian. And her face too was peculiar,—a worn face and severe. And all the others moved away from her; but she suddenly turns, and comes straight to me. She stood still, and looked at me; and her eyes were yellow, large, and clear as a falcon's. And I ask her, 'Who are you?' And she says to me, 'I'm your death.' Instead of being frightened, it was quite the other way: I was as pleased as could be; I crossed myself! And the woman, my death, says to me: 'I'm sorry for you, Lukerya, but I can't take you with me. Farewell!' Good God! how sad I was then! 'Take me,' said I, 'good mother; take me, darling!' And my death turned to me, and began speaking to me. I knew that she was appointing me my hour, but indistinctly, incomprehensibly. 'After St. Peter's day,' said she. With that I awoke. Yes, I have such wonderful dreams!"

Lukerya turned her eyes upwards, and sank into thought.

"Only the sad thing is, sometimes a whole week will go by without my getting to sleep once. Last year a lady came to see me, and she gave me a little bottle of medicine against sleeplessness; she told me to take ten drops at a time. It did me so much good, and I used to sleep; only the bottle was all finished long ago. Do you know what medicine that was, and how to get it?"

The lady had obviously given Lukerya opium. I promised to get her another bottle like it, and could not refrain from again wondering aloud at her patience.

"Ah, master!" she answered, "why do you say so? What do you mean by patience? There, Simeon Stylites now had patience certainly, great patience; for thirty years he stood on a pillar: And another saint had himself buried in the earth, right up to

his breast, and the ants ate his face. And I'll tell you what I was told by a good scholar: there was once a country, and the Ishmaelites made war on it, and they tortured and killed all the inhabitants; and do what they would, the people could not get rid of them. And there appeared among these people a holy virgin; she took a great sword, put on armor weighing eighty pounds, went out against the Ishmaelites, and drove them all beyond the sea. Only when she had driven them out, she said to them: 'Now burn me; for that was my vow, that I would die a death by fire for my people.' And the Ishmaelites took her and burnt her, and the people have been free ever since then! That was a noble deed, now! But what am I!"

I wondered to myself whence and in what shape the legend of Joan of Arc had reached her; and after a brief silence, I asked Lukerya how old she was.

"Twenty-eight—or nine. It won't be thirty. But why count the years! I've something else to tell you—"

Lukerya suddenly gave a sort of choked cough, and groaned.

"You are talking a great deal," I observed to her; "it may be bad for you."

"It's true," she whispered, scarce audibly; "it's time to end our talk; but what does it matter! Now, when you leave me, I can be silent as long as I like. Anyway, I've opened my heart."

I began bidding her good-by. I repeated my promise to send her the medicine, and asked her once more to think well and tell me if there wasn't anything she wanted.

"I want nothing: I am content with all, thank God!" she articulated with very great effort, but with emotion; "God give good health to all! But there, master, you might speak a word to your mamma: the peasants here are poor—if she could take the least bit off their rent! They've not land enough, and no advantages. They would pray to God for you. But I want nothing. I'm quite contented with all."

I gave Lukerya my word that I would carry out her request, and had already walked to the door. She called me back again.

"Do you remember, master," she said,—and there was a gleam of something wonderful in her eyes and on her lips,— "what hair I used to have? Do you remember, right down to my knees! It was long before I could make up my mind to it. Such hair as it was! But how could it be kept combed? In my

state! So I had it cut off. Yes. Well, good-by, master! I can't talk any more."

That day, before setting off to shoot, I had a conversation with the village constable about Lukerya. I learnt from him that in the village they called Lukerya the "Living Relic": that she gave them no trouble, however; they never heard complaint or repining from her. "She asks nothing, but on the contrary she's grateful for everything; a gentle soul, one must say, if any there be. Stricken of God," so the constable concluded, "for her sins, one must suppose; but we do not go into that. And as for judging her, no—no, we do not judge her. Let her be!"

A few weeks later I heard that Lukerya was dead. So her death had come for her—and "after St. Peter's day." They told me that on the day of her death she kept hearing the sound of bells, though it was reckoned over five miles from Aleksyevka to the church, and it was a week-day. Lukerya, however, had said that the sounds came not from the church, but from above! Probably she did not dare to say—from heaven.

MOSES COIT TYLER

(1835-)

THE literary historian who performs for his country a double service to criticism and literature deserves its gratitude. Admirable criticism often lacks the literary touch and tone,—yet these are especially welcome in the critic of literature. Professor Moses Coit Tyler, in the thorough-going and attractive studies he has for years been making of the American literary past, stands alone in the dignified endeavor to cover the whole field with scholarly care, and by the methods of broad comprehensive criticism. His task is still incomplete; but he has published exhaustive and stimulating volumes upon the literature of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, of such a quality as to declare him master of the field. His treatment of material that in some hands would inevitably prove dull in the handling, has made the tentative literary struggles and efforts warm and full of illumination.

To this attractiveness may be added the solid characteristics which go to make up the critic truly called to his vocation: judgment, the sense of proportion, an appreciation of what are the underlying principles in the development of American life and letters, and a sound moral insight. Professor Tyler is by birth and training the right sort of man to give a critical survey of the earlier American literature, which is in intent and result so predominantly earnest and ethical.

Moses Coit Tyler is a New-Englander; born in Griswold, Connecticut, on August 2d, 1835. He was graduated from Yale in 1857, and studied theology there and afterwards at Andover Theological Seminary, Andover, Massachusetts. From 1860 to 1862 he was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Poughkeepsie, New York. In 1863 he went to England, and resided there four years. On his return he was appointed to the English chair of the University of Michigan. In 1881 he became Professor of History at Cornell, which position he has since held. He was made a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1883.



MOSES COIT TYLER

Professor Tyler's literary activity began with the publication of the 'Brawnville Papers' in 1869,—a series of essays on physical culture. The initial part of his chief life work was put forth in 1878: 'A History of American Literature During the Colonial Time,' in two volumes. The preface announced the author's intention of making successive studies, covering the growth of American letters up to the present time. In 1897 'A Literary History of the American Revolution' appeared in pursuance of this scheme. Professor Tyler also published in 1879, in conjunction with Professor Henry Morley, a 'Manual of English Literature.' He contributed to the 'American Statesmen' Series the monograph on Patrick Henry (1887); and in 1894 appeared 'Three Men of Letters,'—appreciations of Bishop Berkeley, President Dwight, and Joel Barlow. A volume entitled 'Essays from the Nation' is made up of contributions to that journal while the writer was in England.

Professor Tyler's criticism of the American literary production is based upon a recognition of its vital relation to history, to politics, and society. He apprehends that the "penmen" have exerted an influence upon the course of American affairs not second to the statesmen and generals. This sense of the significant bearing of the native literature upon native life gives his study a fresh, interesting point of view. Hence it is a contribution to American history. When he shall have completed his survey and included the literature of the Republic up to the century-end, it will stand as the one authoritative and complete word upon the subject. Professor Tyler's style is very enjoyable for liveliness, color, and euphony. His writing has, distinctly, the artistic touch, and it is never dry, formal, or conventional either in manner or thought. The selections appended sufficiently illustrate this trait.

EARLY VERSE-WRITING IN NEW ENGLAND

From 'A History of American Literature.' Copyright 1878, by G. P. Putnam's Sons

A HAPPY surprise awaits those who come to the study of the early literature of New England with the expectation of finding it altogether arid in sentiment, or void of the spirit and aroma of poetry. The New-Englander of the seventeenth century was indeed a typical Puritan; and it will hardly be said that any typical Puritan of that century was a poetical personage. In proportion to his devotion to the ideas that won for him the derisive honor of his name, was he at war with nearly every form of the beautiful. He himself believed that there was an

inappeasable feud between religion and art; and hence the duty of suppressing art was bound up in his soul with the master-purpose of promoting religion. He cultivated the grim and the ugly. He was afraid of the approaches of Satan through the avenues of what is graceful and joyous. The principal business of men and women in this world seemed to him to be not to make it as delightful as possible, but to get through it as safely as possible. By a whimsical and horrid freak of unconscious Manichæism, he thought that whatever is good here is appropriated to God, and whatever is pleasant, to the Devil. It is not strange if he were inclined to measure the holiness of a man's life by its disagreeableness. In the logic and fury of his tremendous faith, he turned away utterly from music, from sculpture and painting, from architecture, from the adornments of costume, from the pleasures and embellishments of society,—because these things seemed only “the Devil's flippery and seduction” to his “ascetic soul, aglow with the gloomy or rapturous mysteries of his theology.” Hence, very naturally, he turned away likewise from certain great and splendid types of literature,—from the drama, from the playful and sensuous verse of Chaucer and his innumerable sons, from the secular prose writings of his contemporaries, and from all forms of modern lyric verse except the Calvinistic hymn.

Nevertheless the Puritan did not succeed in eradicating poetry from his nature. Of course, poetry was planted there too deep even for his theological grub-hooks to root it out. Though denied expression in one way, the poetry that was in him forced itself into utterance in another. If his theology drove poetry out of many forms in which it had been used to reside, poetry itself practiced a noble revenge by taking up its abode in his theology. His supreme thought was given to theology; and there he nourished his imagination with the mightiest and sublimest conceptions that a human being can entertain—conceptions of God and man, of angels and devils, of Providence and duty and destiny, of heaven, earth, hell. Though he stamped his foot in horror and scorn upon many exquisite and delicious types of literary art; stripped society of all its embellishments, life of all its amenities, sacred architecture of all its grandeur, the public service of divine worship of the hallowed pomp, the pathos and beauty, of its most reverend and stately forms; though his prayers were often a snuffle, his hymns a dolorous whine, his extemporized

liturgy a bleak ritual of ungainly postures and of harsh monotonous howls: yet the idea that filled and thrilled his soul was one in every way sublime, immense, imaginative, poetic,—the idea of the awful omnipotent Jehovah, his inexorable justice, his holiness, the inconceivable brightness of his majesty, the vastness of his unchanging designs along the entire range of his relations with the hierarchies of heaven, the principalities and powers of the pit, and the elect and the reprobate of the sons of Adam. How resplendent and superb was the poetry that lay at the heart of Puritanism, was seen by the sightless eyes of John Milton, whose great epic is indeed the epic of Puritanism.

Turning to Puritanism as it existed in New England, we may perhaps imagine it as solemnly declining the visits of the Muses of poetry, sending out to them the blunt but honest message—"Otherwise engaged." Nothing could be further from the truth. Of course, Thalia and Melpomene and Terpsichore could not under any pretense have been admitted; but Polyhymnia—why should not she have been allowed to come in? especially if she were willing to forsake her deplorable sisters, give up her pagan habits, and submit to Christian baptism. Indeed, the Muse of New England, whosoever that respectable damsel may have been, was a Muse by no means exclusive: such as she was, she cordially visited every one who would receive her—and every one would receive her. It is an extraordinary fact about these grave and substantial men of New England, especially during our earliest literary age, that they all had a lurking propensity to write what they sincerely believed to be poetry,—and this, in most cases, in unconscious defiance of the edicts of nature and of a predetermining Providence. Lady Mary Montagu said that in England, in her time, verse-making had become as common as taking snuff. In New England, in the age before that, it had become much more common than taking snuff—since there were some who did not take snuff. It is impressive to note, as we inspect our first period, that neither advanced age, nor high office, nor mental unfitness, nor previous condition of respectability, was sufficient to protect any one from the poetic vice. We read of venerable men, like Peter Bulkley, continuing to lapse into it when far beyond the great climacteric. Governor Thomas Dudley was hardly a man to be suspected of such a thing, yet even against him the evidence must be pronounced conclusive: some verses in his own handwriting were found upon

his person after his death. Even the sage and serious governor of Plymouth wrote ostensible poems: The renowned pulpit orator, John Cotton, did the same; although in some instances, he prudently concealed the fact by inscribing his English verse in Greek characters upon the blank leaves of his almanac. Here and there, even a town clerk, placing on record the deeply prosaic proceedings of the selectmen, would adorn them in the sacred costume of poetry. Perhaps, indeed, all this was their solitary condescension to human frailty. The earthly element, the passion, the carnal taint, the vanity, the weariness, or whatever else it be that in other men works itself off in a pleasure journey, in a flirtation, in going to the play, or in a convivial bout, did in these venerable men exhaust itself in the sly dissipation of writing verses. Remembering their unfriendly attitude toward art in general, this universal mania of theirs for some forms of the poetic art—this unrestrained proclivity toward the “lust of versification”—must seem to us an odd psychological freak. Or shall we rather say that it was not a freak at all, but a normal effort of nature, which, being unduly repressed in one direction, is accustomed to burst over all barriers in another; and that these grim and godly personages in the old times fell into the intemperance of rhyming, just as in later days, excellent ministers of the gospel and gray-haired deacons, recoiling from the sin and scandal of a game at billiards, have been known to manifest an inordinate joy in the orthodox frivolity of croquet? As respects the poetry which was perpetrated by our ancestors, it must be mentioned that a benignant Providence has its own methods of protecting the human family from intolerable misfortune; and that the most of this poetry has perished. Enough, however, has survived to furnish us with materials for everlasting gratitude, by enabling us in a measure to realize the nature and extent of the calamity which the Divine intervention has spared us.

It will be natural for us to suppose that at any rate, poetry in New England in the seventeenth century could not have been a *Gaya Sciencia*, as poetry was called in Provence in the thirteenth century. Even this, however, is not quite correct; for no inconsiderable part of early New England poetry has a positively facetious intention,—that part, namely, which consists of elegies and epitaphs. Our ancestors seem to have reserved their witticisms principally for tombstones and funerals. When a man died, his surviving friends were wont to conspire together to

write verses upon him,—and these verses often sparkled with the most elaborate and painful jests. Thus in 1647, upon the death of the renowned Thomas Hooker of Hartford, his colleague in the pastorate, Samuel Stone, wrote to an eminent minister in Massachusetts certain words of grave and cautious suggestion: "You may think whether it may not be comely for you and myself and some other elders, to make a few verses for Mr. Hooker, and transcribe them in the beginning of his book. I do but propound it." The appeal was effectual: and when, a few years later, it came Samuel Stone's turn to depart this life, those who outlived him rendered to his memory a similar service; his name furnishing an unusually pleasant opportunity for those ingenuities of allusion, and those literary quirks and puns, that were then thought to be among the graces of a threnody.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

From 'The Literary History of the American Revolution.' Copyright 1897, by Moses Coit Tyler. Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

IT is proper for us to remember that what we call criticism is not the only valid test of the genuineness and worth of any piece of writing of great practical interest to mankind: there is also the test of actual use and service in the world, in direct contact with the common-sense and the moral sense of large masses of men, under various conditions, and for a long period. Probably no writing which is not essentially sound and true has ever survived this test.

Neither from this test has the great Declaration any need to shrink. Probably no public paper ever more perfectly satisfied the immediate purposes for which it was set forth. From one end of the country to the other, and as fast as it could be spread among the people, it was greeted in public and in private with every demonstration of approval and delight. To a marvelous degree it quickened the friends of the Revolution for their great task. "This Declaration," wrote one of its signers but a few days after it had been proclaimed, "has had a glorious effect,—has made these colonies all alive." "With the Independency of the American States," said another political leader a few weeks later, "a new era in politics has commenced. Every consideration respecting the propriety or impropriety of a separation from

Britain is now entirely out of the question. . . . Our future happiness or misery, therefore, as a people, will depend entirely upon ourselves." Six years afterward, in a review of the whole struggle, a great American scholar expressed his sense of the relation of this document to it, by saying that "into the monumental act of Independence," Jefferson had "poured the soul of the continent."

Moreover, during the century and a quarter since the close of the Revolution, the influence of this State paper on the political character and the political conduct of the American people has been great beyond all calculation. For example, after we had achieved our own national deliverance, and had advanced into that enormous and somewhat corrupting material prosperity which followed the adoption of the Constitution, the development of the cotton interest, and the expansion of the republic into a trans-continental power, we fell, as is now most apparent, under an appalling national temptation,—the temptation to forget, or to repudiate, or to refuse to apply to the case of our human brethren in bondage, the very principles which we ourselves had once proclaimed as the basis of every rightful government, and as the ultimate source of our own claim to an untrammelled national life. The prodigious service rendered to us in this awful moral emergency by the Declaration of Independence was, that its public repetition at least once every year in the hearing of vast throngs of the American people, in every portion of the republic, kept constantly before our minds, in a form of almost religious sanctity, those few great ideas as to the dignity of human nature, and the sacredness of personality, and the indestructible rights of man as mere man, with which we had so gloriously identified the beginnings of our national existence, and upon which we had proceeded to erect all our political institutions both for the nation and for the States. It did, indeed, at last become very hard for us to listen each year to the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, and still to remain the owners and users and catchers of slaves; still harder, to accept the doctrine that the righteousness and prosperity of slavery was to be taken as the dominant policy of the nation. The logic of Calhoun was as flawless as usual, when he concluded that the chief obstruction in the way of his system was the preamble of the Declaration of Independence. Had it not been for the inviolable sacredness given by it to those sweeping aphorisms about the natural rights

of man, it may be doubted whether, under the vast practical inducements involved, Calhoun might not have succeeded in winning over an immense majority of the American people to the support of his compact and plausible scheme for making slavery the basis of the republic. It was the preamble of the Declaration of Independence which elected Lincoln, which sent forth the Emancipation Proclamation, which gave victory to Grant, which ratified the Thirteenth Amendment.

Moreover, we cannot doubt that the permanent effects of the great Declaration on the political and even the ethical ideals of the American people are wider and deeper than can be measured by our experience in grappling with any single political problem; for they touch all the spiritual springs of American national character, and they create, for us and for all human beings, a new standard of political justice and a new principle in the science of government.

“Much ridicule, a little of it not altogether undeserved,” says a brilliant English scholar of our time, who is also nobly distinguished in the sphere of English statesmanship, “has been thrown upon the opening clause of the Declaration of Independence, which asserts the inherent natural right of man to enjoy life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety. Yet there is an implied corollary in this, which enjoins the highest morality that in our present state we are able to think of as possible. If happiness is the right of our neighbor, then not to hinder him but to help him in its pursuit must plainly be our duty. If all men have a claim, then each man is under an obligation. The corollary thus involved is the corner-stone of morality. It was an act of good augury thus to inscribe happiness, as entering at once into the right of all and into the duty of all, in the very head and front of the new charter, as the base of a national existence and the first principle of a national government. The omen has not been falsified. The Americans have been true to their first doctrine. They have never swerved aside to set up caste and privilege, to lay down the doctrine that one man’s happiness ought to be an object of greater solicitude to society than any other man’s, or that one order should be encouraged to seek its prosperity through the depression of any other order. Their example proved infectious. The assertion in the New World that men have a right to happiness, and an obligation to promote the happiness of one another, struck a spark in the Old World. Political construction in America immediately preceded the last violent stage of demolition in Europe.”

We shall not here attempt to delineate the influence of this State paper upon mankind in general. Of course the emergence of the American Republic as an imposing world-power is a phenomenon which has now for many years attracted the attention of the human race. Surely no slight effect must have resulted from the fact that among all civilized peoples, the one American document best known is the Declaration of Independence; and that thus the spectacle of so vast and beneficent a political success has been everywhere associated with the assertion of the natural rights of man. "The doctrines it contained," says Buckle, "were not merely welcomed by a majority of the French nation, but even the government itself was unable to withstand the general feeling." "Its effect in hastening the approach of the French Revolution . . . was indeed most remarkable." Elsewhere also in many lands, among many peoples, it has been appealed to again and again as an inspiration for political courage, as a model for political conduct; and if, as the brilliant English historian just cited has affirmed, "that noble Declaration . . . ought to be hung up in the nursery of every king, and blazoned on the porch of every royal palace," it is because it has become the classic statement of political truths which must at last abolish kings altogether, or else teach them to identify their existence with the dignity and happiness of human nature.

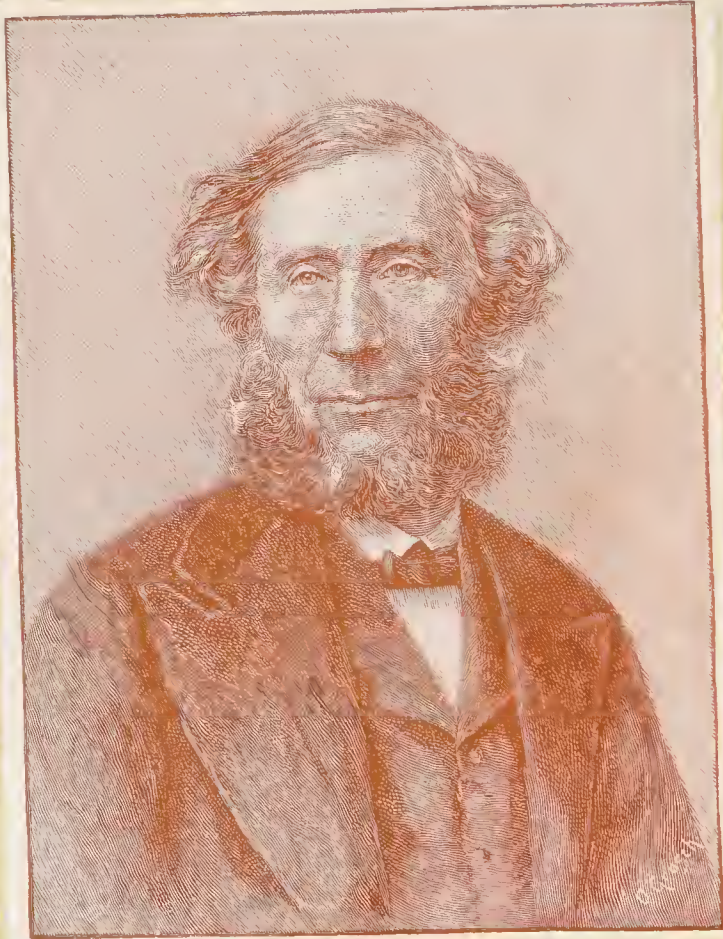
It would be unfitting, in a work like the present, to treat of the Declaration of Independence without making more than an incidental reference to its purely literary character.

Very likely most writings—even most writings of genuine and high quality—have had the misfortune of being read too little. There is, however, a misfortune—perhaps a greater misfortune—which has overtaken some literary compositions, and these not necessarily the noblest and the best: the misfortune of being read too much. At any rate, the writer of a piece of literature which has been neglected, need not be refused the consolation he may get from reflecting that he is at least not the writer of a piece of literature which has become hackneyed. Just this is the sort of calamity which seems to have befallen the Declaration of Independence. Is it, indeed, possible for us Americans, near the close of the nineteenth century, to be entirely just to the literary quality of this most monumental document—this much belauded, much bespouted, much beflouted document?—since in order to be so, we need to rid ourselves if we can of the obstreperous memories of a lifetime of Independence Days,

and to unlink and disperse the associations which have somehow confounded Jefferson's masterpiece with the rattle of firecrackers, with the flash and the splutter of burning tar-barrels, and with that unreserved, that gyratory and perspiratory eloquence, now for more than a hundred years consecrated to the return of our fateful Fourth of July.

Had the Declaration of Independence been what many a revolutionary State paper is,—a clumsy, verbose, and vapping production,—not even the robust literary taste and the all-forgiving patriotism of the American people could have endured the weariness, the nausea, of hearing its repetition in ten thousand different places, at least once every year for so long a period. Nothing which has not supreme literary merit has ever triumphantly endured such an ordeal, or ever been subjected to it. No man can adequately explain the persistent fascination which this State paper has had, and which it still has, for the American people, or its undiminished power over them, without taking into account its extraordinary literary merits: its possession of the witchery of true substance wedded to perfect form; its massiveness and incisiveness of thought; its art in the marshaling of the topics with which it deals; its symmetry, its energy, the definiteness and limpidity of its statements; its exquisite diction,—at once terse, musical, and electrical; and as an essential part of this literary outfit, many of those spiritual notes which can attract and enthrall our hearts,—veneration for God, veneration for man, veneration for principle, respect for public opinion, moral earnestness, moral courage, optimism, a stately and noble pathos,—finally, self-sacrificing devotion to a cause so great as to be herein identified with the happiness, not of one people only, or of one race only, but of human nature itself.

Upon the whole, this is the most commanding and the most pathetic utterance, in any age, in any language, of national grievances and of national purposes; having a Demosthenic momentum of thought, and a fervor of emotional appeal such as Tyrtaeus might have put into his war-songs. Indeed, the Declaration of Independence is a kind of war-song: it is a stately and a passionate chant of human freedom; it is a prose lyric of civil and military heroism. We may be altogether sure that no genuine development of literary taste among the American people in any period of our future history can result in serious misfortune to this particular specimen of American literature.



JOHN TYNDALL.

JOHN TYNDALL

(1820-1893)

JOHN TYNDALL was one of the many Irishmen who have contributed substantially to English thought. He was born at Leighlin Bridge, near Carlow, Ireland, on August 21st, 1820. His early education was got at home, and at the school in his native town; his grounding in English and mathematics being especially sound. In 1839 he became civil assistant to a division of the ordnance survey, and from 1844 to 1847 was a railway engineer at Manchester. He then became a teacher of physics at Queenwood College, Hampshire; and in 1848, desirous of further scientific study and culture, he went to Germany and heard the Marburg lectures of Bunsen and Knoblauch, working in the laboratory and making original investigations in magnetism. He secured his doctorate in 1857; and after more study in Berlin returned to England, where the publication of his scientific discoveries brought him a fellowship in the Royal Society. In 1853 he was, on the proposal of Faraday, elected to the chair of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution, with which he remained connected for more than thirty years, becoming its superintendent in 1867 and not retiring until 1887.

Professor Tyndall's long career, from its inception as a teacher and investigator, was one of fruitful discovery in the realm of physics and of brilliant exposition of scientific tenets. He began as a young man the study of radiant heat; and the problems of electricity, magnetism, and acoustics also engaged his attention, valuable books upon these subjects resulting. Such volumes as 'Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion' (1863), 'On Radiation' (1865), and 'Dust and Disease,' are among the more familiar. The scientific phenomena of glaciers interested him for many years, and from 1856 to his death he visited the Alps every season,—the initial journey was in company with Huxley, —and made studies, the deductions from which were embodied in a series of books very enjoyable in point of literary value. 'Mountaineering in 1861' (1862), and 'Hours of Exercise in the Alps' (1871), are typical of this class. The publications of Tyndall also include a large number of more technical treatises, adding substantially to his reputation as a physicist, and to the advancement of modern science in the field of his election. In 1872 he made a successful lecture tour in the United States; and devoted the proceeds to the establishment of

scholarships for the benefit of students doing original research in sciences. Degrees were conferred upon him by the universities of Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Oxford, the latter in spite of a protest that he taught materialism.

Tyndall was a man of marked force of character, unswerving in his loyalty to truth as he saw it, and gifted in the synthetic presentation of principles with lucidity, vigor, and eloquence. His literary quality is of the high order also to be found in the English Huxley or the German Haeckel. His Belfast Address in 1874, as president of the British Association,—which made a sensation as a bold, clear, uncompromising statement of the position of the present-day scientists,—is a masterly survey and summary of scientific progress, and very noble in its spirit and expression. The fine closing portion is one extract chosen to show Tyndall as a writer. A careful reading of the whole address is sufficient to relieve the speaker from the charge of being a materialist in any strict sense, for he distinctly disclaims that creed; confessing the mystery of the source of all life to be insoluble for the man of science, and giving full credit to the intuitional and creative faculties as authoritative within their province. The fairness of mind and breadth of vision, together with the literary merit, displayed in this address, make it one of the most remarkable deliverances upon science by a scholar of the time.

Professor Tyndall died at Haslemere, Surrey, England, on December 4th, 1893, from an overdose of chloral accidentally administered by his wife.

THE MATTERHORN

From 'Hours of Exercise in the Alps'

ON THE Thursday evening a violent thunder-storm had burst over Breuil, discharging new snow upon the heights, but also clearing the oppressive air. Though the heavens seemed clear in the early part of Friday, clouds showed a disposition to meet us from the south as we returned from the col. I inquired of my companion whether, in the event of the day being fine, he would be ready to start on Sunday. His answer was a prompt negative. In Val Tournanchè, he said, they always "sanctified the Sunday." I mentioned Bennen, my pious Catholic guide, whom I permitted and encouraged to attend his mass on all possible occasions, but who nevertheless always yielded without a murmur to the demands of the weather. The reasoning had its effect. On Saturday Maquignaz saw his confessor, and

THE MATTERHORN.

Photogravure from a photograph.

"This notion of decay, however, implied a reference to a period when the Matterhorn was in the full strength of mountainhood. My thoughts naturally ran back to its possible growth and origin. Nor did they halt there; but wandered on through molten worlds to that nebulous haze which philosophers have regarded, and with good reason, as the proximate source of all material things. I tried to look at this universal cloud, containing within itself the prediction of all that has since occurred; I tried to imagine it as the seat of those forces whose action was to issue in solar and stellar systems, and all that they involve. Did that formless fog contain potentially the *sadness* with which I regarded the Matterhorn? Did the *thought* which now ran back to it simply return to its primeval home? If so, had we not better recast our definitions of matter and force? for if life and thought be the very flower of both, any definition which omits life and thought must be inadequate if not untrue.

Questions like these, useless as they seem, may still have a practical outcome. For if the final goal of man has not been yet attained, if his development has not been yet arrested, who can say that such yearnings and questionings are not necessary to the opening of a finer vision, to the budding and the growth of diviner powers? Without this upward force could man have risen to his present height? When I look at the heavens and the earth, at my own body, at my strength and weakness of mind, even at these ponderings, and ask myself, Is there no being or thing in the universe that knows more about these matters than I do?—what is my answer? Supposing our theologic schemes of creation, condemnation, and redemption to be dissipated; and the warmth of denial which they excite, and which, as a motive force, can match the warmth of affirmation, dissipated at the same time: would the undeflected human mind return to the meridian of absolute neutrality as regards these ultra-physical questions? Is such a position one of stable equilibrium?

Such are the questions, without replies, which could run through consciousness during a ten-minutes halt upon the weathered spire of the Matterhorn."—*Tyndall*.



arranged with him to have a mass at two A. M. on Sunday; after which, unshaded by the sense of duties unperformed, he would commence the ascent.

The claims of religion being thus met, the point of next importance, that of money, was set at rest by my immediate acceptance of the tariff published by the Chanoine Carrel. The problem being thus reduced to one of muscular physics, we pondered the question of provisions, decided on a bill of fare, and committed its execution to the industrious mistress of the hotel.

A fog, impenetrable to vision, had filled the whole of the Val Tournanche on Saturday night, and the mountains were half concealed and half revealed by this fog when we rose on Sunday morning. The east at sunrise was lowering, and the light which streamed through the cloud orifices was drawn in ominous red bars across the necks of the mountains. It was one of those uncomfortable Laodicean days which engender indecision, —threatening, but not sufficiently so to warrant postponement. Two guides and two porters were considered necessary for the first day's climb. A volunteer, moreover, attached himself to our party, who carried a sheepskin as part of the furniture of the cabin. To lighten their labor, the porters took a mule with them as far as the quadruped could climb, and afterwards divided the load among themselves. While they did so I observed the weather. The sun had risen with considerable power, and had broken the cloud-plane to pieces. The severed clouds gathered into masses more or less spherical, and were rolled grandly over the ridges into Switzerland. Save for a swathe of fog which now and then wrapped its flanks, the Matterhorn itself remained clear; and strong hopes were raised that the progress of the weather was in the right direction.

We halted at the base of the Tête du Lion, a bold precipice formed by the sudden cutting down of the ridge which flanks the Val Tournanche to the right. From its base to the Matterhorn stretches the Col du Lion; crossed for the first time in 1860, by Mr. Hawkins, myself, and our two guides. We were now beside a snow gully, which was cut by a deep furrow along its centre, and otherwise scarred by the descent of stones. Here each man arranged his bundle and himself, so as to cross the gully in the minimum of time. The passage was safely made, a few flying shingle only coming down upon us. But danger declared itself where it was not expected. Joseph Maquignaz led the way up

the rocks. I was next, Pierre Maquignaz next, and last of all the porters. Suddenly a yell issued from the leader: "Cachez-vous!" I crouched instinctively against the rock, which formed a by no means perfect shelter, when a boulder buzzed past me through the air, smote the rocks below me, and with a savage hum flew down to the lower glacier. Thus warned, we swerved to an *arête*; and when stones fell afterwards, they plunged to the right or left of us.

In 1860 the great couloir which stretches from the Col du Lion downwards was filled with a *névé* of deep snow. But the atmospheric conditions which have caused the glaciers of Switzerland to shrink so remarkably during the last ten years have swept away this *névé*. We had descended it in 1860 hip-deep in snow, and I was now reminded of its steepness by the inclination of its bed. Maquignaz was incredulous when I pointed out to him the line of descent to which we had been committed, in order to avoid the falling stones of the Tête du Lion. Bennen's warnings on the occasion were very emphatic, and I could understand their wisdom now better than I did then.

When Mr. Hawkins and myself first tried the Matterhorn, a temporary danger, sufficient to quell for a time the enthusiasm even of our lion-hearted guide, was added to the permanent ones. Fresh snow had fallen two days before; it had quite oversprinkled the Matterhorn, converting the brown of its crags into an iron-gray; this snow had been melted and re-frozen, forming upon the rocks an enameling of ice. Besides their physical front, moreover, in 1860, the rocks presented a psychological one, derived from the rumor of their savage inaccessibility. The crags, the ice, and the character of the mountain, all conspired to stir the feelings. Much of the wild mystery has now vanished; especially at those points which in 1860 were places of virgin difficulty, but down which ropes now hang to assist the climber. The intrinsic grandeur of the Matterhorn, however, cannot be effaced.

After some hours of steady climbing, we halted upon a platform beside the tattered remnant of one of the tents employed by me in 1862. Here we sunned ourselves for an hour. We subsequently worked upward, scaling the crags and rounding the bases of those wild and wonderful rock-towers, into which the weather of ages has hewn the southern ridge of the Matterhorn. The work required knowledge, but with a fair amount of skill it is

safe work. I can fancy nothing more fascinating to a man given by nature and habit to such things than a climb alone among these crags and precipices. He need not be *theological*; but if complete, the grandeur of the place would certainly fill him with religious awe.

Looked at from Breuil, the Matterhorn presents two summits: the one, the summit proper, a square rock-tower in appearance; the other, which is really the end of a sharp ridge abutting against the rock-tower, an apparently conical peak. On this peak Bennen and myself planted our flagstaff in 1862. At some distance below it the mountain is crossed by an almost horizontal ledge, always loaded with snow, which from its resemblance to a white necktie has been called the Cravate. On this ledge a cabin was put together in 1867. It stands above the precipice where I quitted my rope in 1862. Up this precipice, by the aid of a thicker—I will not say a stronger—rope, we now scrambled; and following the exact route pursued by Bennen and myself five years previously, we came to the end of the Cravate. At some places the snow upon the ledge fell steeply from its junction with the cliff; deep step-cutting was also needed where the substance had been melted and re-congealed. The passage, however, was soon accomplished along the Cravate to the cabin, which was almost filled with snow.

Our first need was water. We could of course always melt the snow; but this would involve a wasteful expenditure of heat. The cliff at the base of which the hut was built, overhung; and from its edge the liquefied snow fell in showers beyond the cabin. Four ice-axes were fixed on the ledge, and over them was spread the residue of a second tent which I had left at Breuil in 1862. The water falling upon the canvas flowed towards its centre. Here an orifice was made, through which the liquid descended into vessels placed to receive it. Some modification of this plan might probably be employed with profit for the storing-up of water for drougthy years in England.

I lay for some hours in the warm sunshine, in presence of the Italian mountains, watching the mutations of the air. But when the sun sank, the air became chill, and we all retired to the cabin. We had no fire, though warmth was much needed. A lover of the mountains, and of his kind, had contributed an India-rubber mattress; on which I lay down, a light blanket being thrown over me, while the guides and porters were rolled

up in sheepskins. The mattress was a poor defense against the cold of the subjacent rock. I bore this for two hours, unwilling to disturb the guides; but at length it became intolerable. On learning my condition, however, the good fellows were soon alert; and folding a sheepskin around me, restored me gradually to a pleasant temperature. I fell asleep, and found the guides preparing breakfast and the morning well advanced when I opened my eyes.

It was past six o'clock when the two brothers and I quitted the cabin. The porters deemed their work accomplished, but they halted for a time to ascertain whether we were likely to be driven back or to push forward. We skirted the Cravate, and reached the bridge at its western extremity. This we ascended along the old route of Bennen and myself to the conical peak already referred to, which, as seen from Breuil, constitutes a kind of second summit of the Matterhorn. From this point to the base of the final precipice of the mountain stretches an *arête*, terribly hacked by the weather, but on the whole horizontal. When I first made the acquaintance of this savage ridge—called by Italians the Spalla—it was almost clear of snow. It was now loaded, the snow being beveled to an edge of exceeding sharpness. The slope to the left, falling towards Zmutt, was exceedingly steep, while the precipices on the right were abysmal. No other part of the Matterhorn do I remember with greater interest than this. It was terrible, but its difficulties were fairly within the grasp of human skill; and this association is more ennobling than where the circumstances are such as to make you conscious of your own helplessness. On one of the sharpest teeth of the ridge Joseph Maquignaz halted, and turning to me with a smile, remarked, "There is no room for giddiness here, sir." In fact, such possibilities in such places must be altogether excluded from the chapter of accidents of the climber.

It was at the end of this ridge, where it abuts against the last precipice of the Matterhorn, that my second flagstaff was left in 1862. I think there must have been something in the light falling upon this precipice, that gave it an aspect of greater verticality when I first saw it than it seemed to possess on the present occasion. We had however been struggling for many hours previously, and may have been dazed by our exertion. I cannot otherwise account for three of my party declining flatly to make any attempt upon the precipice. It looks very bad, but no real

climber with his strength unimpaired would pronounce it, without trial, insuperable. Fears of this rock-wall, however, had been excited long before we reached it. It was probably the addition of the psychological element to the physical—the reluctance to encounter new dangers on a mountain which had hitherto inspired a superstitious fear—that quelled further exertion.

Seven hundred feet, if the barometric measurement can be trusted, of very difficult rock-work now lay above us. In 1862 this height had been underestimated by both Bennen and myself. Of the 14,800 feet of the Matterhorn, we then thought we had accomplished 14,600. If the barometer speaks truly, we had only cleared 14,200.

Descending the end of the ridge, we crossed a narrow cleft and grappled with the rocks at the other side of it. Our ascent was oblique, bearing to the right. The obliquity at one place fell to horizontality, and we had to work on the level round a difficult protuberance of rock. We cleared the difficulty without haste, and then rose straight against the precipice. Above us a rope hung down the cliff, left there by Maquignaz on the occasion of his first ascent. We reached the end of this rope, and some time was lost by my guide in assuring himself that it was not too much frayed by friction. Care in testing it was doubly necessary; for the rocks, bad in themselves, were here crusted with ice. The rope was in some places a mere hempen core surrounded by a casing of ice, over which the hands slid helplessly. Even with the aid of the rope in this condition it required an effort to get to the top of the precipice, and we willingly halted there to take a minute's breath. The ascent was virtually accomplished, and a few minutes more of rapid climbing placed us on the lightning-smitten top. Thus ended the long contest between me and the Matterhorn.

The day thus far had swung through alternations of fog and sunshine. While we were on the ridge below, the air at times was blank and chill with mist; then with rapid solution the cloud would vanish, and open up the abysses right and left of us. On our attaining the summit a fog from Italy rolled over us, and for some minutes we were clasped by a cold and clammy atmosphere. But this passed rapidly away, leaving above us a blue heaven, and far below us the sunny meadows of Zermatt. The mountains were almost wholly unclouded, and such clouds as lingered amongst them only added to their magnificence.

The Dent d'Érin, the Dent Blanche, the Gabelhorn, the Mischabel, the range of heights between it and Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, and the Breithorn, were all at hand, and clear; while the Weiss-horn, noblest and most beautiful of all, shook out a banner towards the north, formed by the humid southern air as it grazed the crest of the mountain.

The world of peaks and glaciers surrounding this immediate circlet of giants was also open to us up to the horizon. Our glance over it was brief; for it was eleven o'clock, and the work before us soon claimed all our attention. I found the débris of my former expedition everywhere: below, the fragments of my tents, and on the top a piece of my ladder fixed in the snow as a flagstaff. The summit of the Matterhorn is a sharp horizontal *arête*, and along this we now moved eastward. On our left was the roof-like slope of snow seen from the Riffel and Zermatt; on our right were the savage precipices which fall into Italy. Looking to the further end of the ridge, the snow there seemed to be trodden down; and I drew my companions' attention to the apparent footmarks. As we approached the place, it became evident that human feet had been there two or three days previously. I think it was Mr. Elliot of Brighton who had made this ascent,—the first accomplished from Zermatt since 1865. On the eastern end of the ridge we halted to take a little food; not that I seemed to need it,—it was the remonstrance of reason rather than the consciousness of physical want that caused me to do so.

We took our ounce of nutriment and gulp of wine (my only sustenance during the entire day), and stood for a moment silently and earnestly looking down towards Zermatt. There was a certain official formality in the manner in which the guides turned to me and asked, "Êtes-vous content d'essayer?" ["Are you willing to try?"] A sharp responsive "Oui!" set us immediately in motion. It was nearly half past eleven when we quitted the summit. The descent of the roof-like slope already referred to offered no difficulty; but the gradient very soon became more formidable.

One of the two faces of the Matterhorn pyramid, seen from Zermatt, falls towards the Zmutt glacier, and has a well-known snow plateau at its base. The other face falls towards the Furgge glacier. We were on the former. For some time, however, we kept close to the *arête* formed by the intersection of the two

faces of the pyramid; because nodules of rock jutted from it which offered a kind of footing. These rock protuberances helped us in another way: round them an extra rope which we carried was frequently doubled, and we let ourselves down by the rope as far as it could reach, liberating it afterwards (sometimes with difficulty) by a succession of jerks. In the choice and use of these protuberances the guides showed both judgment and skill. The rocks became gradually larger and more precipitous, a good deal of time being consumed in dropping down and doubling round them. Still we preferred them to the snow slope at our left as long as they continued practicable.

This they at length ceased to be, and we had to commit ourselves to the slope. It was in the worst possible condition. When snow first falls at these great heights it is usually dry, and has no coherence. It resembles to some extent flour, or sand, or sawdust. Shone upon by a strong sun, it partly melts, shrinks, and becomes more consolidated; and when subsequently frozen it may be safely trusted. Even though the melting of the snow and its subsequent freezing may only be very partial, the cementing of the granules adds immensely to the safety of the footing. Hence the advantage of descending such a slope before the sun has had time to unlock the rigidity of the night's frost. But we were on the steepest Matterhorn slope during the two hottest hours of the day, and the sun had done his work effectually. The layer of snow was about fifteen inches thick. In treading it we came immediately upon the rock, which in most cases was too smooth to furnish either prop or purchase. It was on this slope that the Matterhorn catastrophe occurred; it is on this slope that other catastrophes will occur, if this mountain should ever become fashionable.

Joseph Maquignaz was the leader of our little party; and a brave, cool, and competent leader he proved himself to be. He was silent, save when he answered his brother's anxious and oft-repeated question, "Es-tu bien placé, Joseph?" Along with being perfectly cool and brave, he seemed to be perfectly truthful. He did not pretend to be "bien placé" when he was not, nor avow a power of holding which he knew he did not possess. Pierre Maquignaz is, I believe, under ordinary circumstances, an excellent guide, and he enjoys the reputation of being never tired. But in such circumstances as we encountered on the Matterhorn he is not the equal of his brother. Joseph, if I may

use the term, is a man of high boiling point, his constitutional *sangfroid* resisting the ebullition of fear. Pierre, on the contrary, shows a strong tendency to boil over in perilous places.

Our progress was exceedingly slow, but it was steady and continued. At every step our leader trod the snow cautiously, seeking some rugosity on the rock beneath it. This however was rarely found, and in most cases he had to establish a mechanical attachment between the snow and the slope which bore it. No semblance of a slip occurred in the case of any one of us; and had it occurred, I do not think the worst consequences could have been avoided. I wish to stamp this slope of the Matterhorn with the character that really belonged to it when I descended it; and I do not hesitate to say that the giving way of any one of our party would have carried the whole of us to ruin. Why, then, it may be asked, employ the rope? The rope, I reply, notwithstanding all its possible drawbacks under such circumstances, is the safeguard of the climber. Not to speak of the moral effect of its presence, an amount of help upon a dangerous slope that might be measured by the gravity of a few pounds is often of incalculable importance; and thus, though the rope may be not only useless but disastrous if the footing be clearly lost, and the glissade fairly begun, it lessens immensely the chance of this occurrence.

With steady perseverance, difficulties upon a mountain, as elsewhere, come to an end. We were finally able to pass from the face of the pyramid to its rugged edge, where it was a great relief to feel that honest strength and fair skill, which might have gone for little on the slope, were masters of the situation.

Standing on the *arête*, at the foot of a remarkable cliff gable seen from Zermatt, and permitting the vision to range over the Matterhorn, its appearance is exceedingly wild and impressive. Hardly two things can be more different than the two aspects of the mountain from above and below. Seen from the Riffel, or Zermatt, it presents itself as a compact pyramid, smooth and steep, and defiant of the weathering air. From above, it seems torn to pieces by the frosts of ages; while its vast facettes are so foreshortened as to stretch out into the distance like plains. But this underestimate of the steepness of the mountain is checked by the deportment of its stones. Their discharge along the side of the pyramid to-day was incessant; and at any moment, by detaching a single boulder, we could let loose a cataract of them,

which flew with wild rapidity and with a thunderous clatter down the mountain. We once wandered too far from the *arête*, and were warned back to it by a train of these missiles sweeping past us.

As long as our planet yields less heat to space than she receives from the bodies of space, so long will the forms upon her surface undergo mutation; and as soon as equilibrium in regard to heat has been established, we shall have, as Thomson has pointed out, not peace but death. Life is the product and accompaniment of change; and the selfsame power that tears the flanks of the hills to pieces is the mainspring of the animal and vegetable worlds. Still there is something chilling in the contemplation of the irresistible and remorseless character of those infinitesimal forces, whose integration through the ages pulls down even the Matterhorn. Hacked and hurt by time, the aspect of the mountain from its higher crags saddened me. Hitherto the impression that it made was that of savage strength; but here we had inexorable decay.

This notion of decay, however, implied a reference to a period when the Matterhorn was in the full strength of mountainhood. My thoughts naturally ran back to its possible growth and origin. Nor did they halt there; but wandered on through molten worlds to that nebulous haze which philosophers have regarded, and with good reason, as the proximate source of all material things. I tried to look at this universal cloud, containing within itself the prediction of all that has since occurred; I tried to imagine it as the seat of those forces whose action was to issue in solar and stellar systems, and all that they involve. Did that formless fog contain potentially the *sadness* with which I regarded the Matterhorn? Did the *thought* which now ran back to it simply return to its primeval home? If so, had we not better recast our definitions of matter and force? for if life and thought be the very flower of both, any definition which omits life and thought must be inadequate if not untrue.

Questions like these, useless as they seem, may still have a practical outcome. For if the final goal of man has not been yet attained, if his development has not been yet arrested, who can say that such yearnings and questionings are not necessary to the opening of a finer vision, to the budding and the growth of diviner powers? Without this upward force could man have risen to his present height? When I look at the heavens and the

earth, at my own body, at my strength and weakness of mind, even at these ponderings, and ask myself, Is there no being or thing in the universe that knows more about these matters than I do?—what is my answer? Supposing our theologic schemes of creation, condemnation, and redemption to be dissipated; and the warmth of denial which they excite, and which, as a motive force, can match the warmth of affirmation, dissipated at the same time: would the undeflected human mind return to the meridian of absolute neutrality as regards these ultra-physical questions? Is such a position one of stable equilibrium?

Such are the questions, without replies, which could run through consciousness during a ten-minutes' halt upon the weathered spire of the Matterhorn.

We shook the rope away from us, and went rapidly down the rocks. The day was well advanced when we reached the cabin, and between it and the base of the pyramid we missed our way. It was late when we regained it, and by the time we reached the ridge of the Hörnli we were unable to distinguish rock from ice. We should have fared better than we did if we had kept along the ridge and felt our way to the Schwarz See, whence there would have been no difficulty in reaching Zermatt; but we left the Hörnli to our right, and found ourselves incessantly checked in the darkness by ledges and precipices, possible and actual. We were afterwards entangled in the woods of Zmutt, carving our way wearily through bush and bramble, and creeping at times along dry and precipitous stream-beds. But we finally struck the path and followed it to Zermatt, which we reached between one and two o'clock in the morning.

THE CLAIMS OF SCIENCE

From the 'Belfast Address'

TRACE the line of life backwards, and see it approaching more and more to what we call the purely physical condition.

We come at length to those organisms which I have compared to drops of oil suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water. We reach the *protogenes* of Haeckel, in which we have "a type distinguishable from a fragment of albumen only by its finely granular character." Can we pause here? We break a

magnet and find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking; but however small the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we can break no longer, we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules. Are we not urged to do *something* similar in the case of life? Is there not a temptation to close to some extent with Lucretius, when he affirms that "Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods"? or with Bruno, when he declares that Matter is not "that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother, who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb"? Believing as I do in the continuity of nature, I cannot stop abruptly where our microscopes cease to be of use. Here the vision of the mind authoritatively supplements the vision of the eye. By an intellectual necessity I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that Matter—which we, in our ignorance of its latent powers, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium—the promise and potency of all terrestrial life.

If you ask me whether there exists the least evidence to prove that any form of life can be developed out of matter, without demonstrable antecedent life, my reply is that evidence considered perfectly conclusive by many has been adduced; and that, were some of us who have pondered this question to follow a very common example, and accept testimony because it falls in with our belief, we also should eagerly close with the evidence referred to. But there is in the true man of science a wish stronger than the wish to have his beliefs upheld,—namely, the wish to have them true; and this stronger wish causes him to reject the most plausible support if he has reason to suspect that it is vitiated by error. Those to whom I refer as having studied this question, believing the evidence offered in favor of "spontaneous generation" to be thus vitiated, cannot accept it. They know full well that the chemist now prepares from inorganic matter a vast array of substances which were some time ago regarded as the sole products of vitality. They are intimately acquainted with the structural power of matter as evidenced in the phenomena of crystallization. They can justify scientifically their *belief* in its potency, under the proper conditions, to produce organisms. But in reply to your question, they will frankly admit their inability

to point to any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed save from demonstrable antecedent life. As already indicated, they draw the line from the highest organisms through lower ones down to the lowest; and it is the prolongation of this line by the intellect beyond the range of the senses that leads them to the conclusion which Bruno so boldly enunciated.

The "materialism" here professed may be vastly different from what you suppose, and I therefore crave your gracious patience to the end. "The question of an external world," says Mr. J. S. Mill, "is the great battle-ground of metaphysics." Mr. Mill himself reduces external phenomena to "possibilities of sensation." Kant, as we have seen, made time and space "forms" of our own intuitions. Fichte, having first by the inexorable logic of his understanding proved himself to be a mere link in that chain of eternal causation which holds so rigidly in nature, violently broke the chain by making nature, and all that it inherits, an apparition of his own mind. And it is by no means easy to combat such notions. For when I say I see you, and that I have not the least doubt about it, the reply is, that what I am really conscious of is an affection of my own retina. And if I urge that I can check my sight of you by touching you, the retort would be that I am equally transgressing the limits of fact; for what I am really conscious of is, not that you are there, but that the nerves of my hand have undergone a change. All we hear, and see, and touch, and taste, and smell, are, it would be urged, mere variations of our own condition, beyond which, even to the extent of a hair's-breadth, we cannot go. That anything answering to our impressions exists outside of ourselves is not a *fact*, but an *inference*, to which all validity would be denied by an idealist like Berkeley, or by a skeptic like Hume. Mr. Spencer takes another line. With him, as with the uneducated man, there is no doubt or question as to the existence of an external world. But he differs from the uneducated, who think that the world really *is* what consciousness represents it to be. Our states of consciousness are mere *symbols* of an outside entity, which produces them and determines the order of their succession, but the real nature of which we can never know. In fact, the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man. As little in our day as in the days of Job can man by searching find this Power out. Considered fundamentally, then, it is by the operation of an insoluble

mystery that life on earth is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded, from their prepotent elements in the unmeasurable past. There is, you will observe, no very rank materialism here.

The strength of the doctrine of evolution consists, not in an experimental demonstration (for the subject is hardly accessible to this mode of proof), but in its general harmony with scientific thought.

From contrast, moreover, it derives enormous relative strength. On the one side, we have a theory (if it could with any propriety be so called) derived, as were the theories referred to at the beginning of this address, not from the study of nature, but from the observation of men—a theory which converts the Power whose garment is seen in the visible universe into an artificer, fashioned after the human model, and acting by broken efforts as a man is seen to act. On the other side, we have the conception that all we see around us, and all we feel within us,—the phenomena of physical nature as well as those of the human mind,—have their unsearchable roots in a cosmical life (if I dare apply the term), an infinitesimal span of which is offered to the investigation of man. And even this span is only knowable in part. We can trace the development of a nervous system, and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubting certainty that they go hand in hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them. An Archimedean fulcrum is here required which the human mind cannot command; and the effort to solve the problem, to borrow a comparison from an illustrious friend of mine, is like the effort of a man trying to lift himself by his own waistband. All that has been here said is to be taken in connection with this fundamental truth. When “nascent senses” are spoken of, when “the differentiation of a tissue at first vaguely sensitive all over” is spoken of, and when these processes are associated with “the modification of an organism by its environment,” the same parallelism, without contact or even approach to contact, is implied. Man the *object* is separated by an impassable gulf from man the *subject*. There is no motor energy in intellect to carry it without logical rupture from the one to the other.

Further, the doctrine of evolution derives man in his totality from the interaction of organism and environment through

countless ages past. The human understanding, for example,—that faculty which Mr. Spencer has turned so skillfully round upon its own antecedents,—is itself a result of the play between organism and environment through cosmic ranges of time. Never surely did prescription plead so irresistible a claim. But then it comes to pass that, over and above his understanding, there are many other things appertaining to man whose prescriptive rights are quite as strong as those of the understanding itself. It is a result, for example, of the play of organism and environment, that sugar is sweet and that aloes are bitter, that the smell of henbane differs from the perfume of a rose. Such facts of consciousness (for which, by the way, no adequate reason has yet been rendered) are quite as old as the understanding; and many other things can boast an equally ancient origin. Mr. Spencer at one place refers to that most powerful of passions, the amatory passion, as one which when it first occurs is antecedent to all relative experience whatever; and we may pass its claim as being at least as ancient and valid as that of the understanding. Then there are such things woven into the texture of man as the feelings of awe, reverence, wonder; and not alone the sexual love just referred to, but the love of the beautiful, physical, and moral, in nature, poetry, and art. There is also that deep-set feeling, which since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world. You who have escaped from these religions into the high-and-dry light of the intellect may deride them; but in so doing you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour. And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are,—dangerous, nay destructive, to the dearest privileges of freemen as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again,—it will be wise to recognize them as the forms of a force, mischievous if permitted to intrude on the region of *knowledge*, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided to noble issues in the region of *emotion*, which is its proper and elevated sphere.

All religious theories, schemes, and systems, which embrace notions of cosmogony, or which otherwise reach into the domain of science, must, *in so far as they do this*, submit to the control

of science, and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day. Every system which would escape the fate of an organism too rigid to adjust itself to its environment, must be plastic to the extent that the growth of knowledge demands. When this truth has been thoroughly taken in, rigidity will be relaxed, exclusiveness diminished, things now deemed essential will be dropped, and elements now rejected will be assimilated. The lifting of the life is the essential point; and as long as dogmatism, fanaticism, and intolerance are kept out, various modes of leverage may be employed to raise life to a higher level. Science itself not unfrequently derives a motive power from an ultra-scientific source. Whewell speaks of enthusiasm of temper as a hindrance to science; but he means the enthusiasm of weak heads. There is a strong and resolute enthusiasm in which science finds an ally; and it is to the lowering of this fire, rather than to the diminution of intellectual insight, that the lessening productivity of men of science in their mature years is to be ascribed. Mr. Buckle sought to detach intellectual achievement from moral force. He gravely erred; for without moral force to whip it into action, the achievements of the intellect would be poor indeed.

It has been said that science divorces itself from literature; but the statement, like so many others, arises from lack of knowledge. A glance at the least technical writings of its leaders—of its Helmholtz, its Huxley, and its Du Bois-Reymond—would show what breadth of literary culture they command. Where among modern writers can you find their superiors in clearness and vigor of literary style? Science desires not isolation, but freely combines with every effort towards the bettering of man's estate. Single-handed, and supported not by outward sympathy but by inward force, it has built at least one great wing of the many-mansioned home which man in his totality demands. And if rough walls and protruding rafter-ends indicate that on one side the edifice is still incomplete, it is only by wise combination of the parts required, with those already irrevocably built, that we can hope for completeness. There is no necessary incongruity between what has been accomplished and what remains to be done. The moral glow of Socrates, which we all feel by ignition, has in it nothing incompatible with the physics of Anaxagoras which he so much scorned, but which he would hardly scorn to-day.

And here I am reminded of one amongst us, hoary but still strong, whose prophet-voice some thirty years ago, far more than any other of his age, unlocked whatever of life and nobleness lay latent in its most gifted minds; one fit to stand beside Socrates or the Maccabean Eleazar, and to dare and suffer all that they suffered and dared,—fit, as he once said of Fichte, “to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discoursed of beauty and virtue in the grove of Academe.” With a capacity to grasp physical principles which his friend Goethe did not possess, and which even total lack of exercise has not been able to reduce to atrophy, it is the world’s loss that he, in the vigor of his years, did not open his mind and sympathies to science, and make its conclusions a portion of his message to mankind. Marvelously endowed as he was, equally equipped on the side of the heart and of the understanding, he might have done much towards teaching us how to reconcile the claims of both, and to enable them in coming times to dwell together in unity of spirit, and in the bond of peace.

And now the end is come. With more time or greater strength and knowledge, what has been here said might have been better said, while worthy matters here omitted might have received fit expression. But there would have been no material deviation from the views set forth. As regards myself, they are not the growth of a day; and as regards you, I thought you ought to know the environment which, with or without your consent, is rapidly surrounding you, and in relation to which some adjustment on your part may be necessary. A hint of Hamlet’s, however, teaches us all how the troubles of common life may be ended; and it is perfectly possible for you and me to purchase intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death. The world is not without refuges of this description; nor is it wanting in persons who seek their shelter, and try to persuade others to do the same. The unstable and the weak will yield to this persuasion, and they to whom repose is sweeter than the truth. But I would exhort you to refuse the offered shelter, and to scorn the base repose; to accept, if the choice be forced upon you, commotion before stagnation, the leap of the torrent before the stillness of the swamp.

In the course of this address I have touched on debatable questions, and led you over what will be deemed dangerous ground; and this partly with the view of telling you that as regards

these questions, science claims unrestricted right of search. It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. Here I should agree with you, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is, that whether right or wrong, we ask the freedom to discuss them. For science, however, no exclusive claim is here made; you are not urged to erect it into an idol. The inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and those unquenchable claims of his moral and emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy, are here equally set forth. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakespeare; not only a Boyle, but a Raphael; not only a Kant, but a Beethoven; not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary; not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the Mystery from which it emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith;—so long as this is done not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the Mystery in accordance with its own needs,—then, casting aside all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man.

“Fill thy heart with it,” said Goethe, “and then name it as thou wilt.” Goethe himself did this in untranslatable language. Wordsworth did it in words known to all Englishmen, and which may be regarded as a forecast and religious vitalization of the latest and deepest scientific truth:—

“For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,—
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. *And I have felt*
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime

*Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things."*

TYRTÆUS, ARCHILOCHUS,
AND THEIR SUCCESSORS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF
GREEK LYRIC

(700-450 B. C.)

BY H. RUSHTON FAIRCLOUGH

“Their songs divine
Who mixed for Grecian mouths heaven’s lyric wine.”

—SWINBURNE, ‘On the Cliffs.’

IT is hardly necessary, I imagine, to insist upon the intrinsic and permanent value of Greek poetry. As a body of literature, Greek poetry is the richest legacy that the modern world has received from ancient times. The epic poems of Greece, the Iliad and Odyssey, whether we regard them as the work of one mind or the still more wonderful result of a school of bards, are in their freshness, strength, and artistic beauty without a rival in the early literature of nations. Greek tragedy under the masters, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, comprises works of consummate genius, which take rank with the highest tragic art of all times. Greek comedy, at least that of Aristophanes, is unique in the history of literature; and in later times the pastoral Muse of Theocritus sings with a delicacy and sweetness that have never been surpassed.

In the sphere of lyric poetry Greece was no less great; but of the ancient lyric writers the modern world is for certain reasons comparatively ignorant.

The Iliad and Odyssey have come down to us in their entirety. In the case of the dramatists, though only a tithe of what they wrote has survived, still so prolific were these masters, that that tithe is very considerable. But the lyric writers have met misfortune at the hands of time. In the case of many, their works are completely lost; and as for the rest, mere scraps and fragments of their songs are all that we can pick up. The only lyric poet of whom we can know much, because much of him is preserved, is Pindar; and Pindar’s grand triumphal odes, written as they were to celebrate the glories of victors in a chariot or foot race, a boxing or wrestling match, are so elaborate and difficult of construction, and so alien in

spirit to modern literary taste, that it is no easy matter to appreciate his grandeur.

It may be asked why the great bulk of Greek lyric verse has disappeared. The main answer is to be found in the essential character of that poetry. It was *song-poetry*; *i. e.*, poetry composed for singing, the soul of which vanished when the music passed away. After the loss of Greek independence, Greek music rapidly degenerated. The music composed by the poets of the classical period was too severe and noble for the Greeks of later days. The older songs, therefore, were no longer sung; and the poetry, minus its music, giving way to shallow and sensational compositions, passed into oblivion.

Scanty however as are the fragments of Greek lyric poetry, these scanty fragments are of priceless value. The little we possess makes every lover of literature pray that among the rediscovered treasures of antiquity, to which every year of late has made valuable contributions, many more of these lost lyrics may come to light.

In one sense or another, singing was characteristic of nearly all forms of Greek poetry. The earliest conditions of epic recitation may be realized from certain scenes in the *Odyssey*. In one passage (viii. 62 ff.) the shipwrecked Odysseus is a guest in the palace of King Alcinous. The feast is spread, and the great hall is thronged with Phæacians, when in the midst appears the blind Demodocus, led by the King's herald, who sets the minstrel on a high chair inlaid with silver, hangs up his lyre, and brings him a basket of bread and a goblet of wine. After the feast the minstrel is stirred by the Muse to sing the deeds of famous men, and his theme is a quarrel between Odysseus and Achilles, "whereof the fame had reached the wide heaven." At another feast (i. 325 ff.) the suitors of Penelope compel Phemius the minstrel to take his lyre and sing to them. His lay deals with the return of the Achæans from Troy; and as he sings, Penelope in an upper room, with tears in her eyes, listens to the strain.

Thus epic poetry, at least in the earliest times, was sung to the lyre; but this singing was probably unlike the later recitations by the rhapsodists, for the verse of Homer is unsuited for melodies, and Greek writers uniformly distinguish epic from lyric,—the former being narrative poetry, the latter song poetry.

Even elegiac poetry was not regarded by the Greeks as lyric; and yet elegiac verse was originally sung to the music of the flute, an instrument used both on mournful occasions and also at festive social gatherings. But as melodies were found to be inappropriate with the hexameter of epic verse, so their use was not long continued with the elegiac couplet, which in its metrical form is so closely allied to the hexameter.

Still less lyric in character was the iambic verse of satire, which was first perfected by Archilochus of Paros. Iambic metre, the metre of English blank verse, is (as Aristotle long ago perceived) of all verse forms the least removed from prose. And yet the iambs of Archilochus, according to Plutarch, were sometimes sung. More frequently this verse was given in recitative with musical accompaniment.

Both elegiac and iambic poetry, then, though originally lyrical, at an early time lost their distinctly lyrical character; and even if their recitation at a funeral or in camp or round the banqueting-board was accompanied by music, yet they were no more regarded by the Greeks as lyrical than were the poems of Homer. For the sake of convenience, however, and because of their subject-matter, these forms are usually included under the head of lyric poetry by historians of Greek literature.

During the epic period in Greece, lyric poetry existed mainly in an embryonic, undeveloped state. Epic poetry held undisputed sway till near the end of the eighth century before our era. Then began a movement in the direction of political freedom. Oligarchies and democracies took the place of ancient monarchies; the planting of colonies and the extension of commerce gave an impetus to the spirit of enterprise and individual development; and the citizen began to assume his proper rôle as a factor in the life of the State.

It was coincident with this change that lyric poetry—the poetry that voiced, not the ancestral glory of kings and princes, but the feelings and experience of the individual—entered upon its course of artistic development. The Ionians of Asia Minor were perhaps the first Greeks among whom democratic institutions came to life. They were certainly the most active in commercial and colonizing enterprises by land and sea, as well as the first to enter the hitherto unexplored field of speculative philosophy.

To the student of Greek history, lyric poetry is very significant. Without it we should hardly realize the great extent of the Greek world toward east and west. Greece would mean little more than Athens and Sparta. But lyric poetry widens our vision. Here we learn of the wealth and luxury of the Asiatic Ionians, of the noble chivalry and refinement of life in the Æolian isles of the Ægean sea, of the beauty and grace of festal celebrations in the Dorian Peloponnesus, in southern Italy and distant Sicily. Then comes Pindar, the heroes of whose triumphal odes are Greeks hailing from all corners of the known world,—from the coasts of the Black Sea, or the colonies of far-off Libya and remote Gaul.

In Ionic Greece the new poetry took two forms,—elegiac and iambic. The structure of elegiac verse shows its close connection with the epic; for it is written in couplets, of which the first line is

the ordinary hexameter as employed by Homer, and the second the same line abbreviated to five feet. The name *elegy*, however, indicates the presence of a foreign element; for it comes from that of a plaintive instrumental dirge, in vogue among certain tribes of Asia Minor, especially the Phrygians, to which people belonged Olympus, a musical reformer of the eighth century. As adopted by the Greeks, elegy was not confined to mournful themes, but its application varied as much as that of the flute, the Asiatic instrument which at first accompanied it.

The earliest Greek elegists of whom we have any records are Callinus and Tyrtaeus, who lived as contemporaries at the beginning of the seventh century B. C. Callinus, it is true, is a rather shadowy personage; but he was regarded by the Greeks as the inventor of elegy, and is known to have lived at Ephesus in Ionia, at a time when Asia Minor was overrun by hordes of Cimmerians, who came down from the northern shores of the Black Sea. .

Tyrtaeus, according to tradition, was born in Attica; but his poetic career centres in Sparta. Here, during and after the second Messenian war, there was much civic discord; and both Tyrtaeus the poet and Terpander the musician are said to have been publicly invited by the Lacedæmonians to apply the resources of art in inspiring a lofty patriotism, and thus healing the wounds of the body politic. The lame Attic schoolmaster—for tradition thus describes Tyrtaeus—was eminently successful in his noble task; and the Spartans not only conferred upon the poet the rare favor of citizenship, but did him the greater honor of preserving his poems from age to age, and revering them as national songs. These were sung by the soldiers round the camp-fires at night; and the officers rewarded the best singer with extra rations. Tyrtaeus also composed choruses for groups of old men, young men, and boys, the general character of which may be inferred from the following popular ditty, which was sung to a dance accompaniment:—

- (a) In days of yore, most sturdy youths were we.
- (b) That *we* are now: come, watch us, if you will.
- (c) But *we'll* be stronger far than all of you.*

Famous too were the marching-songs of Tyrtaeus, which were accompanied by flute music, and sung by the soldiers advancing to battle. These were written in the tripping anapæstic measure, and in the Dorian dialect. One example may be paraphrased thus:—

On, ye glory of Sparta's youth!
Ye whose sires are the city's might:

*Unless otherwise credited, translations are by the essayist.

Grasp the shield with the left hand thus,
 Boldly poise the spear in the right;
 Of your lives' worth take ye no heed,—
 Sparta knows not a coward's deed.

It is for his elegies, however, that Tyrtæus is most favorably known. True to their origin, these poems, though addressed to a Dorian audience, are written in the Ionic dialect. We have fragments of one elegy called 'Good Government,' which eulogizes the Spartan constitution and King Theopompus, one of the heroes of the first Messenian war. But most of the elegies of Tyrtæus are less distinctly political, and aim simply at infusing into the citizen soldiery a spirit of valor, military honor, and contempt for cowardice. The following is a rendering of one of these martial elegies, by the poet Thomas Campbell. The picture of the youth whose fair form lies outstretched in death, is not only pathetic and beautiful but also peculiarly Greek:—

How GLORIOUS fall the valiant, sword in hand,
 In front of battle for their native land!
 But oh! what ills await the wretch that yields,
 A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
 The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
 An aged father at his side shall roam;
 His little ones shall weeping with him go,
 And a young wife participate his woe;
 While, scorned and scowled upon by every face,
 They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonoring manhood's form,
 All ills shall cleave to him; affliction's storm
 Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
 Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
 He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
 And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
 And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
 To save our children: fight ye side by side,
 And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
 Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
 Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
 Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might;
 Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
 Permit the man of age (a sight unblest)

To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
 His hoary head disheveled in the dust,
 And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
 And beautiful in death the boy appears,—
 The hero boy, that dies in blooming years:
 In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears;
 More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
 For having perished in the front of war.

In striking contrast with Tyrtæus and Callinus, whose elegies are so full of martial spirit, stands Mimnermus, an Ionian poet of Smyrna, who flourished near the end of the seventh century B. C. This century witnessed the gradual subjection of the Asiatic Greeks to the Lydian yoke; and from Mimnermus we gather that his Ionian fellow-countrymen, who in former days had successfully resisted the barbarian might, were now sunk in inglorious inactivity and fettered in complacent slavery. Yet the poet can rejoice in the brave days of old, when "on the Hermian plain the spearman mowed down the dense ranks of Lydian cavalry, and Pallas Athene ne'er found fault with *his* keen valor, as on he rushed in the vanguard, escaping the piercing arrows of his foes in the clash of bloody battle." The poet's forefathers too once "left lofty Pylus, home of Neleus, and came in ships to lovely Asia, and in fair Colophon settled with the might of arms, being leaders of fierce boldness; and thence they passed by the counsel of the gods and captured Æolian Smyrna."

But the prevailing tone of Mimnermus's verse is that of luxurious indolence and sensual enjoyment. This is the main characteristic of those elegies, which are addressed to a favorite flute-player called Nanno.

Where's life or joy, when Love no more shines fair?

The beauty of comely youth fires the poet with the heat of intense passion:—

Then down my body moisture runs in streams,
 As gazing on the bloom of joyous youth,
 I tremble oft; so bright are beauty's beams.

But his heart is flooded with melancholy; for all this joy and beauty remind Mimnermus that crabbed age, "unhappy and graceless," is coming on apace,

And cherished youth is short-lived as a dream.

As Homer had said long before, "we are but as the leaves which appear with the flowers of spring"; and "when springtime is past,

then is it better to die than live”: for “at our side stand two black Fates, one of gloomy age and the other of death”; and of the two, old age and death, the soft, effeminate, pleasure-loving Mimnermus hesitates not to choose the latter:—

AH! FAIR and lovely bloom the flowers of youth—
 On men and maids they beautifully smile;
 But soon comes doleful eld, who, void of ruth,
 Indifferently afflicts the fair and vile:
 Then cares wear out the heart; old eyes forlorn
 Scarce reckon the very sunshine to behold,
 Unloved by youths, of every maid the scorn,—
 So hard a lot God lays upon the old.

Translation of John Addington Symonds.

If disease and care trouble not, Mimnermus would make sixty years the extreme limit of life to be desired; but his younger contemporary, the Athenian Solon, who had little sympathy with such gloomy views, appeals to the “sweet singer” to change his *three* to *four* score years.

Mimnermus, a pure hedonist, lived only for the sensual pleasures that life could afford; and when these were withdrawn, life was to him no longer worth living. The poet had no sublime religious faith, no lofty philosophy, to guide and comfort his soul; and at a time when Greece was still in her youth, and almost before she had entered upon her wonderful career of glorious achievement, this bright intellect sinks into a nerveless ennui, and gives way to a world-weary pessimism.

Mimnermus lived before his time; and it is therefore a less remarkable fact that when elegiac verse was long afterwards cultivated by learned poets and versifiers in the artificial society of Alexandria and Augustan Rome, the sweet sentimental Mimnermus should have been more often taken as a model than were the saner and more robust writers of early Greek elegy.

From elegiac we pass to iambic verse; which, like elegy, has an Ionic origin, is written in the Ionic dialect, and lies midway between epic and lyric poetry proper. But there is this important difference between iambic and elegiac verse: the latter is in form but slightly removed from the dignified measure of heroic poetry; the former—the metre of English blank verse—is but one remove from the language of every-day life. It is therefore suitable for poetry of a personal tone and conversational style; and thus it became the common form for miscellaneous subjects of no great elevation in thought, as well as for sharp satire and dramatic dialogue.

There is a story that connects the name *iambic* with the festivals of Demeter. When that goddess was bewailing the loss of her daughter Persephone, none could relieve her grief until the maid Iambe, with her sparkling witticisms, raised a smile on the sorrowful mother's lips. Archilochus, the reputed inventor of iambic poetry, was a competitor with his verses at the feasts of Demeter; and it is doubtless in the freedom of satiric and jocular utterance tolerated on such occasions, that we are to seek the origin of this species of verse.

Both iambic and elegiac verse were often cultivated by the same poets. Certain fragments of the elegies of Archilochus, as well as of Solon, have come down to us. In one elegy Archilochus lamented, in graceful language, the loss of a friend at sea. In another we find the martial tone of Callinus. "I serve the Lord of war," says the soldier-poet, "and am skilled in the Muses' pleasing gifts. With my spear I earn my kneaded bread, with my spear my Thracian wine, and when I drink 'tis on my spear I rest."

Archilochus was born in the island of Paros, one of the Cyclades, and flourished at the beginning of the seventh century B. C. His father Telesicles was a man of aristocratic rank, but his mother Enipo was a slave. While a mere youth he accompanied his father, when the latter led to Thasos, in the northern Ægean, a colony of gold-seekers from Paros. To the young man, disappointed in his quest, Paros with her "figs and sailor life" seemed infinitely superior to Thasos which "like a donkey's back, stands crowned with wild wood. 'Tis a place by no means fair or lovely or pleasant, as is the land by Siris's streams." This allusion to the Siris would seem to imply that the poet had previously traveled to southern Italy. Archilochus soon found the condition of Thasos to be desperate:—

All the woes of Hellas throng the Thasian isle,

over which "the stone of Tantalus was suspended." The colonists attempted to gain a foothold on the mainland opposite, but the Thracian tribes drove them back; and in one conflict Archilochus, though he managed to save his life, had to part with his shield. "I'll get another just as fine," he adds with cheerful composure. This roving soldier-poet afterwards engaged in war in Eubœa, and visited Sparta; but the paternal government of that model State would have none of him, and he was promptly ordered to withdraw. Subsequently he returned to his native place, and was eventually killed in a battle between the Parians and the people of the neighboring island of Naxos.

The poet's private life was not of a high type, and seems to have been deeply colored by his ill-success in love. He was betrothed to

Neobule, daughter of Lycambes, a Parian, and was passionately enamored of the girl.

But oh! to touch the hand of her I love!

he sighs; and then gives us this simple and beautiful picture:—

Holding a myrtle rod she blithely moved,
And a fair blossoming rose; the flowing hair
Shadowed her shoulders, falling to her girdle.

Translation of J. A. Symonds.

In the depth of personal feeling, and the impetuosity and fire of his passion for Neobule, Archilochus belongs to the same class as the Lesbian singers, Alcæus and Sappho. "So strong," he writes, "was the storm of love which gathered in my heart, that over my eyes it poured a heavy mist, and from my brain stole my wits away."

For what reason we can only conjecture, Lycambes withdrew his consent to the marriage of his daughter; whereupon the poet, in furious rage, assailed him with merciless abuse, embracing in his venomous attack—for chivalry was a virtue unrecognized by Archilochus—both Neobule herself and her innocent sisters. To illustrate the power of this master of satire, tradition assures us that Lycambes and his daughters were driven to self-destruction. Good reason, then, had Archilochus to utter in blunt fashion the unchristian boast:—

One mighty art full well I know—
To punish sore my mischief-working foe.

We possess but scanty fragments of the poems of Archilochus, and therefore are unable to form for ourselves a correct judgment upon his merits. There is, however, plenty of evidence to show in what esteem he was held by antiquity. Though Homer stood supreme above all other poets, yet Archilochus, *summo proximus*, was placed in the same rank. In statuary they were represented together; and Quintilian assures us that if Archilochus was inferior to any other poet, the inferiority, in the opinion of many, was due to his subject-matter, not his genius. When Plato made his first assaults upon the Sophists, Gorgias exclaimed, "Athens has found a new Archilochus."

The Roman Horace claimed to be not merely the Alcæus but also the Archilochus of Rome. "I was the first," he says, "to show to Latium Parian iambs; following the metre and spirit of Archilochus, but not his subjects or words." Archilochus in his rhythms, as in other ways, gives proof of a daring originality. One interesting use to which he put his epodes, or system of lines alternately long and short, was in the narration of fables which contained a satiric moral. In one fragment a fox thus prays: "O Zeus, father Zeus! thine is power in heaven; thou seest the deeds of men, both knavish and

righteous, and in beasts too thou payest heed to frowardness and justice." Burns could sing how—

"The best-laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley";

but surely no poet-moralist was ever bolder than Archilochus, in thus attributing moral qualities to the lower creatures. In these fables he was the forerunner of Æsop.

Still another metrical creation of this poet's must be mentioned. This is the trochaic system, which like the iambic was destined to become one of the most popular measures in later poetry. Here too in Archilochus we find evidence of much variety; but the favorite trochaic line of the Parian poet was that of four measures. Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall' is in its form a distant descendant of the tetrameters of Archilochus. This measure was used by him for personal description which is humorous rather than malicious in intent. So for example in the passage: "I care not for a tall general with outspread legs,—a curled, well-shaven dandy: give me a short man with bandy legs, who treads firmly on his feet and is full of spirit." The tetrameter is further employed in giving counsel or in animated philosophic moralizing:—

To the gods intrust thou all things. Ofttimes out of evil toil
Raise they mortals who lie abject, stretched upon earth's darksome soil.
Ofttimes too they overturn men; and when we have walked in pride,
Trip us up and throw us prostrate. Then all evils throng our side,
And we fare forth lacking substance, outcast and of wits bereft.

The poet's beautiful lines on equanimity are well worth remembering:—

TOSSED on a sea of troubles, Soul, my Soul,
Thyself do thou control;
And to the weapons of advancing foes
A stubborn breast oppose:
Undaunted 'mid the hostile might
Of squadrons burning for the fight.

Thine be no boasting when the victor's crown
Wins thee deserved renown;
Thine no dejected sorrow, when defeat
Would urge a base retreat:
Rejoice in joyous things—nor overmuch
Let grief thy bosom touch
'Midst evil, and still bear in mind
How changeful are the ways of human-kind.

Translation of William Hay.

Still another side of the manifold literary activity of Archilochus is represented by his hymns composed in honor of gods or heroes. In one of his trochaic couplets we find the first allusion in Greek literature to the *dithyramb*, or convivial hymn, in praise of Dionysus, the seed from which grew the glorious tragedy of Athens. "When my brain," says the poet, in words which imply a chorus of revelers, "is smitten by wine as by a thunderbolt, I know how to lead off the dithyramb, the beautiful strain of Lord Dionysus." Thus Archilochus was the predecessor of Pindar in the dithyramb of Bacchic festivities, as he was also in the songs of victory sung at Olympia. Even in Pindar's day exultant friends still sang the "Hail Victor" refrain of Archilochus's hymn to Heracles, as they led the conquering hero to the shrine of Zeus.

It is not, however, as an elegiac or love poet, as an inventor of varied forms of verse, as a fable-writer or singer of hymns and songs of victory, that Archilochus is best remembered: it is as the forerunner of the great Aristophanes, of Lucilius, Horace, and Juvenal, of Swift and Pope, of Molière and Voltaire, and as the most potent wielder in antiquity of the shafts of personal satire by means of what Hadrian called his "frenzied iambs"; for, as Quintilian says, compressed into his "short and quivering sentences was the maximum of blood and sinew." In this sphere his surpassing greatness has completely overshadowed later iambic writers of no little intrinsic merit; such as Simonides of Amorgus, the unsparing reviler of womankind, and the caustic Hipponax of Ephesus, whose crippled lines (for Hipponax was the inventor of the so-called "limping iambs") present vivid and homely pictures of daily life among the Asiatic Greeks of those remote times.

The iambic measure, having been found a fitting vehicle for personal and satiric effusions, afterwards enjoyed the great distinction of being adopted as the ordinary verse of dialogue in the Attic drama. Greek elegy, too, being applicable to the most heterogeneous subjects, especially to epigrammatic composition, continued an independent existence not only till the glory of Greece herself had departed, but even till after the fall of the Roman empire.

In contrast with this Ionic poetry, let us turn to that which was first brought to perfection by the Æolian and Dorian tribes, and which alone was regarded by the Greeks as lyric. If we cared to employ a term used by the Greeks themselves, we might distinguish Æolian and Dorian lyric by the term *melic*, because such poetry was always set to some *melos* or melody. The Æolian lyric was cultivated chiefly in the Æolian island of Lesbos, the Dorian in the Dorian Peloponnesus and Sicily. The former was sung in the Æolic dialect, the latter chiefly in the traditional epic dialect, but included

a sparing admixture of Doric forms. The two schools differ materially in every respect,—in style, subject, and form.

The Æolic was intended to be sung by a single voice, the singer accompanying himself on a stringed instrument, with suitable gestures. It was essentially personal, expressing the singer's own emotion. Political feeling is, to be sure, prominent in Alcæus; but this is due to the poet's identifying his personality so completely with a political party. As to form, Æolic lyrics are very simple, either consisting of a series of short lines of equal length, or of stanzas in which a shorter line marks the separation from one another. The four-lined stanza is the commonest form. The Alcaic and Sapphic odes of Horace are illustrations familiar to the Latin student.

On the other hand, Dorian lyric poetry was sung by a number in chorus, accompanied by dancing and musical instruments. For the most part it was of public importance, and when it was performed in private the occasion was one of general interest. Hence choral poetry is found connected with the sacred and festal gatherings of the people, or the marriages and funerals of private life. The structure of a choral poem is often very elaborate and artificial; but the movements of the dance, appealing to the eye, assisted the ear in unweaving the intricacies of the rhythm.

Let it always be borne in mind that Greek dancing was very different from the modern art. Dancing to our mind simply implies tripping it "on the light fantastic toe"; and often with little reason and less grace. But in Greece the term dancing applied to all movements of the body which were intended to aid in the interpretation of poetry or the expression of emotion. Thus gestures, postures, and attitudes were most important forms of dancing, and in dance movements the hands and arms played a much larger part than the feet. Aristotle tells us that dancers imitate actions, characters, and passions by means of gestures and rhythmical motion. Thus the spirit which animates Greek mythology and Greek art—the desire to give form and body to mental conceptions—is characteristic of Greek dancing. Various attempts have been made in recent years to reproduce the graceful and rhythmical movements of ancient dancing. One of the most successful of these was that of the young women of Vassar College, who in May 1893 rendered Sophocles's 'Antigone' in the original Greek, adhering as closely as possible to the ancient mode of representation. The lyrics, sung to Mendelssohn's fine music, were accompanied by expressive and artistic dance evolutions. The beautiful imitative and interpretative movements of the choristers were in striking contrast with the ludicrous and meaningless feats of the spinning ballet-girls, with their scant muslin skirts and painted expressionless faces.

As to Greek music, it too was very different from ours; but in this sphere the advantage certainly lies with the modern art. And yet the music of the Greeks, as illustrated by the few extant remains, especially by the Apollo hymns found at Delphi in 1893, has its own peculiar beauties, which can arouse the sympathy and interest of a cultivated audience even to-day.

In the best period of Greek poetry, the only musical instruments employed were practically the lyre, a string instrument, and the flute, a wind instrument; the former being much preferred because it allowed the same person to sing and play. Other string instruments, such as the cithara, phorminx, psaltery, chelys, barbiton, and pectis, were all mere variations of the lyre, and depended on the same principle. Instruments with a large number of strings were known, as the magadis and trigon; but these, though commonly used by professional musicians, were unhesitatingly condemned by Plato and Aristotle, as pandering to perverted tastes. As to wind instruments, the flute was originally imported from Lydia, and was still unfamiliar to the Greeks in Homer's time. This flute must not be confounded with the one used in our modern orchestras, for it resembled rather the clarionet or oboe. It was also stronger and shriller than our modern flute. Flutes varied in length; and a double flute was often used. The syrinx, or Pan's pipe, had seven reeds of different length, giving the seven notes of the scale. For special effect the trumpet or horn was introduced: also the tympanum or drum, and cymbals.

The question is often asked whether the Greeks employed harmony or not. Part-singing was unknown among them, as were also the elaborate harmonies of the modern art. Yet they did understand and employ harmonies; though with the exception of octave singing, these were confined to instrumental music. In the best days of Greek song, however, harmony seems to have been little more than a matter of octaves, fourths, and fifths,—the only concords, it is said, that the Japanese have to-day. Pythagoras on theory rejected the third, which we regard as the most pleasing of intervals; but it was apparently used in practice.

Yet if the Greeks were far inferior to us in harmony, it would appear that they developed melody to an extraordinary degree. Quarter-tones, used it is true as merely passing notes, were sung by the voice and played on strings; and as there was no bowing, as with our violin, this was done without sliding from one note to another. Yet this sort of playing, when well done, aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

In Greek lyric, the three sister arts of poetry, music, and dance formed a trinity in unity, whereas with us they are quite distinct. Poetry and music may be united artificially on occasion; but in antiquity the great poets were musicians as well, and wrote their own

music, perhaps simultancously with their poetry. As for the dance, that too was an important element of Greek lyric; though nowadays it is very poor poetry indeed that we should care to marry to the art of romping.

After what has just been said, it will not be thought remarkable that the first name in the history of Greek melic, or lyric poetry proper, is noteworthy also in the history of music. Terpander, who was the first to add three strings to the primitive four-stringed lyre, and who thus gave a great impetus to musical development, was born in the Æolian island of Lesbos. He is said to have won the victor's prize on the occasion when the festival of Apollo Carneus was first established at Sparta in 676 B. C. His consequent fame gave him great influence with the music-loving Lacedæmonians, among whom he introduced his melodies or *nomes*, which received the sanction of State authority. These nomes, which were sacred hymns sung by a single voice, were composed chiefly in the stately dactylic and solemn spondaic verses. Only long syllables are used in a hymn to Zeus which begins in this simple but weighty language: "Zeus, of all things the beginning, of all things leader: Zeus, to thee I offer this beginning of hymns."

That the Æolian Terpander should have practiced his art in a Dorian State is but one illustration of the way in which the various streams of Greek artistic activity tended to intermingle. In the seventh century, however, Sparta was the greatest power in Greece; and it was but natural that she should act as a magnet, drawing within her borders the leading artists of every State. Thus Terpander the Lesbian was followed by Tyrtæus a reputed Athenian, Clonas the Theban, Thaletas the Cretan, and Alcman the Lydian. These were the poets who laid the foundations of choral poetry, which was destined to have so magnificent a future.

Meanwhile in Terpander's native isle, the wealthy and luxurious Lesbos, that form of song which embodied purely personal sentiment was being gradually developed. We know nothing of the immediate predecessors of the great Lesbian poets; but the fact that Terpander was entering upon his career at the beginning of the seventh century is sufficient proof that at that time Lesbos was already a centre of music and poetry. At the end of this same century, suddenly and without warning, we come face to face in Lesbos with the very perfection of lyric art.

The greatest names in Æolian lyric are Alcæus and Sappho. The former was a Lesbian noble, a proud and fiery cavalier, who sang of love and wine or poured forth passionate thoughts on politics and philosophy. The scanty fragments of Sappho's songs fully bear out the verdict of antiquity, that her verse was unrivaled in grace and sweetness. She was "the poetess," as Homer was "the poet"; and

Plato added her to "the choir of Muses nine." (See the special articles on these two poets.) With the Æolian poets of Lesbos, Anacreon, an Ionian, must be classed, because he too sings simple songs of personal feeling. But Anacreon is not to be compared with Alcæus and Sappho in inspiration and genuine emotion. He has plenty of grace, plenty of metrical charm and polish; but the fire of genius is lacking. Anacreon is a mere courtier who adorns the palaces of princes, and free from deep or absorbing passion, sings lightly and sweetly of youths and maidens, of love and wine and pleasure. This very absence of real seriousness of purpose largely accounts for the great popularity of Anacreon's verse, which in more prosaic days was freely imitated. The admiration bestowed by the modern world upon Anacreon is founded almost entirely upon a collection of odes which pass under his name, but which have long since been proven spurious. These Anacreontics, most familiar to us in Thomas Moore's translation, are of unequal merit; some of them being very graceful and pleasing, while others are feeble and puerile.

Æolic song, besides being limited in local sphere, was very short-lived. As the expression of purely personal, individual emotion, apart from the sentiments of one's associates and fellow-citizens, song did not play that part in the Greek world with which we are so familiar to day. As a race, the Greeks were not sentimental and introspective; but were distinguished for their practical, objective manner of looking upon the world. The Greek could never forget that he was a member of a community; and even in the expression of his joys and sorrows he would not stand aloof from his fellow-men. Hence, we find that in the creative period of Greek poetry, the song to be sung by a single voice, and setting forth the feelings of the individual heart, was never wide-spread, but limited to the small field of the Lesbian school; and however remarkable its brilliance, flourished in splendor for little more than a single generation.

Not so with the poetry which voiced the sentiments and emotional life of a whole community. Lyric poetry of this popular and general character is found from early days in connection with the festivals and institutions of the various Greek States. More particularly did it suit the genius of the Dorian tribes, among whom civic and communal life was more pronounced than elsewhere. After undergoing a rich artistic development, this Dorian lyric became panhellenic in the range of its acceptance; and being adopted in Attica in the service of the gods, it enjoyed a glorious history in the evolution of Athenian greatness, and more particularly in the remarkable development of the Attic drama.

Let us first note the various forms which this public poetry assumed. The very earliest lyric poetry of Greece is connected with the worship of nature, such as the Linus-song, incidentally mentioned

by Homer (Iliad, xviii. 570) and sung at the vintage as an elegy on the death of a beautiful youth who symbolized the passing of summer. Similar songs were the lament for Hyacinthus and that for Adonis, subjects which often found artistic treatment in the poets of later times.

A fruitful source of lyric song was the worship of the nature-god Dionysus or Bacchus. Like our Christmas festival, the Bacchic festivities had two sides, a sacred and a secular. Characteristic of the latter was the so-called phallic song, the seed from which was to spring Attic comedy. In the 'Acharnians' of Aristophanes we have a mosaic of such a song, not without much of its primitive coarseness. To the more reverential side belongs the invocation of the god, the dithyrambic hymn, first mentioned by Archilochus. The dithyramb became popular at luxurious Corinth; and here it was that in the beginning of the sixth century B. C., Arion, a Lesbian, first gave it artistic form, adapted it to a chorus, and set it on the path of development, which was to lead to the tragic drama. Only one such poem has come down to us in any completeness; and that is a beautiful dithyramb of Pindar's, composed for a chorus of fifty voices. (An English rendering is given by Campbell, 'Greek Tragedy,' page 50.)

The hymns sung in honor of other deities were probably less popular and general in character; being mainly connected with local cults and often with hereditary priesthoods. Delos and Delphi were the peculiar homes of the worship of Apollo, and there it was that the Apollo hymns chiefly flourished. The most important variety of these was the Pæan, which glorified Apollo as the giver of health and victory. In a lyrical monody of Euripides's 'Ion,' we have what is probably the burden of one of these solemn old Delphian chants, "O Pæan, Pæan, blessed be thou, O son of Leto!"

Processional hymns, sung by a chorus to instrumental accompaniment, were a common feature of solemn festivals. These *prosodia*, as they were called, were composed by the greatest poets of the day, such as Alcman, Stesichorus, and Pindar. Processional hymns, when sung by girls only, were called *parthenia*. What beauty and splendor these processions of youths and maidens could lend to civic celebrations, may be inferred from those glorious pictures in marble adorning the frieze of the famous Parthenon.

Still another occasion when the noblest sentiments of Greek civic life found utterance in lyric song, was the celebration of victory in the national games. In this matter-of-fact age, notwithstanding our devotion to athletics and manly sports, we find it very difficult to comprehend the lofty idealism with which in days of old the contests on the banks of the Alpheus, and at other noted centres, were invested. And yet unless we realize how intense was the national

and spiritual exaltation which characterized these games, we shall never regard Pindar as more than an idle babbler of meaningless words, whereas in reality he is one of the most sublime and creative geniuses in all literature.

Other occasions for the use of lyric were funeral solemnities and wedding festivities. Even as early as Homer, laments for the dead were sung by professional mourners; and with the growth of the poetic art, dirges became an important form of artistic song. Simonides and Pindar were both distinguished in this field; and in the lyrical part of tragedy the dirge is a prominent element.

The *hymenæus*, or joyous wedding song, is also known to Homer. In one of the cities represented on the shield of Achilles were depicted bridal feasts, "and with blazing torches they were leading brides from their chambers through the city, and the hymenæus swelled high. And youths were whirling in the dance, while among them flutes and harps resounded; and the women, standing at their several doors, marveled thereat." (Iliad, xviii. 491.) The songs sung in chorus before the bridal chamber were called *epithalamia*, and were deemed worthy of the attention of the greatest lyric artists. Sappho was particularly famous for her epithalamia; but only fragments have survived, and we must form our conception of a Sapphic epithalamium from Catullus's beautiful imitation —

Vesper adest, iuvenes, consurgite.

Greek drinking-songs belong to the borderland between personal and popular verse. Some of the so-called *scolia* or catches were patriotic songs; an interesting specimen of which is the ode by Callistratus in honor of those idols of the Athenian people, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, who slew the tyrant Hipparchus:—

WITH leaves of myrtle I'll wreathe my sword,
 Like Harmodius of yore and his comrade brave,
 What time they slew the tyrant lord
 And equal laws to Athens gave.

Beloved Harmodius, thou hast not died!
 The isles of bliss hold thee, 'tis said;
 There Achilles the fleet is by thy side,
 And Tydeus's son, famed Diomed.

With leaves of myrtle I'll wreathe my sword,
 Like Harmodius of yore and his comrade brave,
 What time at Athene's festal board
 Through tyrant Hipparchus the sword they drave.

For aye will men sing with one accord
 Of thee, loved Harmodius and thy comrade brave;
 For ye did slay the tyrant lord
 And equal laws to Athens gave.

Another of these songs, written by Hybrias, a Cretan, was doubtless popular with those proud young cavaliers who adopted arms as a profession, and served in various lands and under various leaders. The sentiment recalls to our minds Archilochus. Here is a spirited translation by the poet Thomas Campbell:—

MY WEALTH'S a burly spear and brand,
 And a right good shield of hides untanned
 Which on my arm I buckle:
 With these I plow, I reap, I sow,
 With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
 And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield
 A massy spear and well-made shield,
 Nor joy to draw the sword—
 Oh, I bring those heartless, hapless drones
 Down in a trice on their marrow-bones,
 To call me king and lord.

Most pleasing of the forms of popular poetry are the songs of children. The so-called flower song ran thus: "Where are my roses? Where are my violets? Where are my beautiful parsley-leaves?" "Here are your roses; here are your violets; here are your beautiful parsley-leaves." The children of Rhodes had a pretty custom. On a day in early spring they would go round the town seeking presents from door to door, and singing the advent of the swallow:—

SHE is here, she is here, the swallow!
 Fair seasons bringing, fair years to follow!
 Her belly is white,
 Her back black as night!
 From your rich house
 Roll forth to us
 Tarts, wine, and cheese:
 Or if not these,
 Oatmeal and barley-cake
 The swallow deigns to take.

What shall we have? Or must we hence away?
 Thanks, if you give; if not, we'll make you pay!
 The house-door hence we'll carry;
 Nor shall the lintel tarry.
 From hearth and home your wife we'll rob;
 She is so small
 To take her off will be an easy job!
 Whate'er you give, give largess free!
 Up! open, open to the swallow's call!
 No grave old men, but merry children we!

Translation of J. A. Symonds.

Choral poetry of a definite artistic type seems to have been first cultivated in Sparta by Alcman about the middle of the seventh century B. C. Alcman composed hymns to the gods, marching-songs and choral songs for men and boys; but his best-known compositions were choruses for girls, which were largely dramatic in character (see special article). A pupil of Alcman's was Arion the Lesbian, who in Corinth first gave a literary form to the dithyramb. Well known is the pretty story of Arion and the dolphin. The poet had traveled through Magna Græcia, and having made a large fortune by his songs, again took ship at Tarentum for Corinth. But the sailors, who coveted his wealth, forced him to jump overboard; whereupon to their amazement a dolphin bore him safely to land.

In Stesichorus (630-550 B. C.) we meet for the first time a Sicilian poet, and one of great power. His original name was Tisias, which he resigned for another that indicated his profession as a trainer of choruses. His native city Himera was a Dorian settlement, but had a large Ionic element in the population. Catana was the scene of his death.

According to Quintilian, Stesichorus sustained in lyric form the weight of epic verse. By this is meant that the poet made use of epic material; taking such subjects as the exploits of Hercules, the tale of Orestes, or the story of Helen. But recitation was supplanted by song; and the verse of Stesichorus was such that it could be sung by choruses. It was he who permanently established the triple division of choral odes into strophes, antistrophes, and epodes. In the performance of hymns to the gods, the choristers would first dance to the right, chanting a metrical period called a strophe; then to the left through an antistrophe which corresponded in metrical detail to the strophe; while through the after-song, the dissimilar epode, they remained in their original position near the altar. The triad of strophe, antistrophe, and epode formed one artistic whole. Correspondence of strophe and antistrophe seems to have been known to

Alcman; but to Stesichorus must be given the credit for first revealing the capabilities of the choral ode, through the addition of the epode and the elaboration of artistic details. Herein he is the forerunner not only of Pindar, but also of the great dramatists.

In addition to being an originator in the structure of choral verse, Stesichorus seems to have been the first to give literary standing to two important spheres of poetry. A single surviving line,—

When in springtime twitters the swallow,—

and his references to Cydonian apples, myrtle leaves, roses, and violets, are an indication of his affinity to Theocritus and Bion. His pastoral on Daphnis was probably based on a form of Sicilian popular poetry; and his love idyls—which were utterly unlike the erotic poems of the Lesbian school, and which also, we may well believe, have a popular origin—are the beginning of Greek romantic poetry. One of these, called ‘Rhadina,’ told the sad story of a brother and sister who were put to death by a tyrant; and another, ‘Calyce,’ set forth the unhappy end of “love’s sweet dream.”

When thus her lover passed away,
From her too passed the light of day.

A peculiarly interesting figure in the history of lyric poetry is Ibycus, who hails from the Italian Rhegium, another half-Dorian, half-Ionian city. He belongs to the middle of the sixth century; and in his art shows the influence both of Alcman and Stesichorus on the one hand, and on the other of the Æolian school of Lesbos. In form his verse belongs wholly to the Dorian lyric; but in giving free scope to the personal element he resembles Alcman, and when indulging his passionate erotic sentiment he is evidently under the spell of Sappho and his contemporary Anacreon. His career was divided between Sicily and distant Samos. In Sicily he followed in the steps of his master Stesichorus; producing odes of elaborate structure, based largely on epic and mythological material. But at the invitation of Polycrates, Ibycus left western Greece, and crossed the seas to adorn the court of the great tyrant of Samos.

The rule of the tyrants was a transitional period in the development of democratic life in Greece. It came after the overthrow of oligarchic power, when the people were still unprepared to assume the responsibility of government. But it was a period of great commercial progress, industrial activity, and national ambition. The several tyrants, vying with one another in their display of wealth, adorned their cities and courts with all the embellishments and luxuries that riches and art could provide. It was thus that the poets found a home with princes. Henceforth the courts of tyrants, whether

at Syracuse, Athens, or Samos, are thronged with sculptors, musicians, painters, and poets; and art, which had heretofore been largely local in sphere, comes to have more and more of a panhellenic character. By Ibycus the forms of Dorian lyric are planted in Ionian Samos, even as through Arion's career at Corinth they take up their home at Ionian Athens.

The love poetry of Ibycus, though clearly expressive of personal emotion, exhibits a choral structure, and was apparently sung on public occasions. Its tone may be inferred from the following fragment:—

IN SPRING Cydonian apple-trees,
Watered by fountains ever flowing
Through crofts unmown of maiden goddesses,
And young vines, 'neath the shade
Of shooting tendrils, tranquilly are growing.
Meanwhile for me, Love, never laid
In slumber, like a north wind glowing
With Thracian lightnings, still doth dart
Blood-parching madness on my heart,
From Kupris hurtling, stormful, wild,
Lording the man as erst the child.

Translation of John Addington Symonds.

Here as in other fragments of Ibycus we can detect an almost romantic sentiment for external nature, as evidenced by fruits and flowers, nightingales, running brooks, and starry nights. For the conception of love in the above passage, we may compare another where love looks upon the poet "from under deep-dark brows," and Ibycus "trembles at his onset like a valiant chariot-horse which in old age must once more enter the race." The love of Ibycus, as of Sappho, was a mighty, terrible creature, not the mischievous baby Cupid of later times.

The panhellenic range of choral lyric, first seen in the career of Ibycus, is manifested most clearly by the two greatest masters in this sphere of art, Simonides and Pindar. Both of these poets enjoyed a national reputation, and both lived through the most glorious period in Hellenic existence, the period when Greece was engaged in her life-or-death struggle with her Persian foe.

Simonides, born in the Ionian island of Ceos, became like Ibycus a court poet, and enjoyed the friendship and hospitality of the Athenian Pisistratidæ, of the powerful Aleuadæ and Scopadæ of Thessaly, and of Hiero the lordly tyrant of Syracuse. So too Pindar, born a Theban aristocrat, became famous and popular throughout the length and breadth of the whole Greek world. He was intimate with the

kings of Macedon, and with the tyrants of Thessaly, Syracuse, and African Cyrene. He sings of Ægina, Corinth, Argos, and the various cities of Sicily. His heroes hail from all parts of the Hellenic domains, and win their laurels in those great centres of national unity, the sacred seats of Pythian Apollo, Isthmian Poseidon, Nemean and Olympian Zeus. At Lindos, in the island of Rhodes, the seventh Olympian was set up on the walls of Athene's temple in letters of gold. Especially at Athens was Pindar held in high esteem. Not only did he receive a gift of money, but his statue was erected near the temple of Ares, and he was made Athenian *proxenus*, or State representative at Thebes. A century after his death, when Alexander the Great destroyed Thebes, the only private house left standing was that of Pindar, and among the few citizens who were spared a life of slavery were the descendants of Pindar. Pindar, like Euripides, was more than a mere citizen of a single State: his Muse and his fame were panhellenic.

On Simonides and Pindar, however, we have no right to dwell, as they will be found treated in separate articles; but a word may be spared for Bacchylides, the nephew and disciple of Simonides, who was numbered by the Greeks among their nine great lyric writers. He too was intimate with Hiero, and most of his poetry was written to grace the refined and luxurious life of a court. Bacchylides followed closely in the steps of his uncle, and was an elegant and finished writer; but his personality and fame are almost lost in those of his more distinguished relative.* He appears to have given a choral character to banqueting-songs and songs of love, though the following ode shows how closely he is allied in thought to Anacreon's school:—

WHEN the wine-cup freely flows,
 Soothing is the mellow force,
 Vanquishing the drinker's heart,
 Rousing hope on Love's sweet course.

Love with bounteous Bacchus joined
 All with proudest thoughts can dower;
 Wallèd towns the drinker scales,
 Dreams of universal power.

Ivory and gold enrich his home;
 Corn-ships o'er the dazzling sea
 Bear him Egypt's untold wealth:
 Thus he soars in fancy free.

* A number of complete poems by Bacchylides have recently been discovered, but at the time of writing have not yet been published. Some account of them is given in the London Athenæum for December 26th, 1896, page 907.

But Bacchylides was no optimist. " 'Tis best for mortals," he cries, "not to have been born, or to look upon the light of the sun. No mortal is happy all his days." In one of the pæans of Bacchylides we have a foretaste of Aristophanes, who in the lyric songs of his 'Peace' dwells upon the same theme.

To MORTAL men Peace giveth these good things:
 Wealth, and the flowers of honey-throated song;
 The flame that springs
 On carven altars from fat sheep and kine,
 Slain to the gods in heaven; and all day long,
 Games for glad youths, and flutes, and wreaths, and circling
 wine.
 Then in the steely shield swart spiders weave
 Their web and dusky woof;
 Rust to the pointed spear and sword doth cleave;
 The brazen trump sounds no alarms;
 Nor is sleep harried from our eyes aloof,
 But with sweet rest my bosom warms:
 The streets are thronged with lovely men and young,
 And hymns in praise of boys like flames to heaven are flung.

Translation of J. A. Symonds.

Pindar is the last of the great writers whose poetry was exclusively lyric. With the rise of the drama, lyric poetry came to be regarded mainly as the handmaid of tragedy and comedy; and though a few forms, such as the dithyramb, continued to enjoy an independent existence, still these either failed to attract real genius, and so fell into decline, or they suffered from the tendency to magnify the accompaniments of music and dance, and thus lost the virtue of a high poetical tone.

It is however a peculiarity of Greek poetry that none of the earlier forms are completely lost, but are absorbed in the later. When we reach the drama, we find that this splendid creation of Hellenic genius gathers up in one beautiful and harmonious web the various threads of the poetic art.

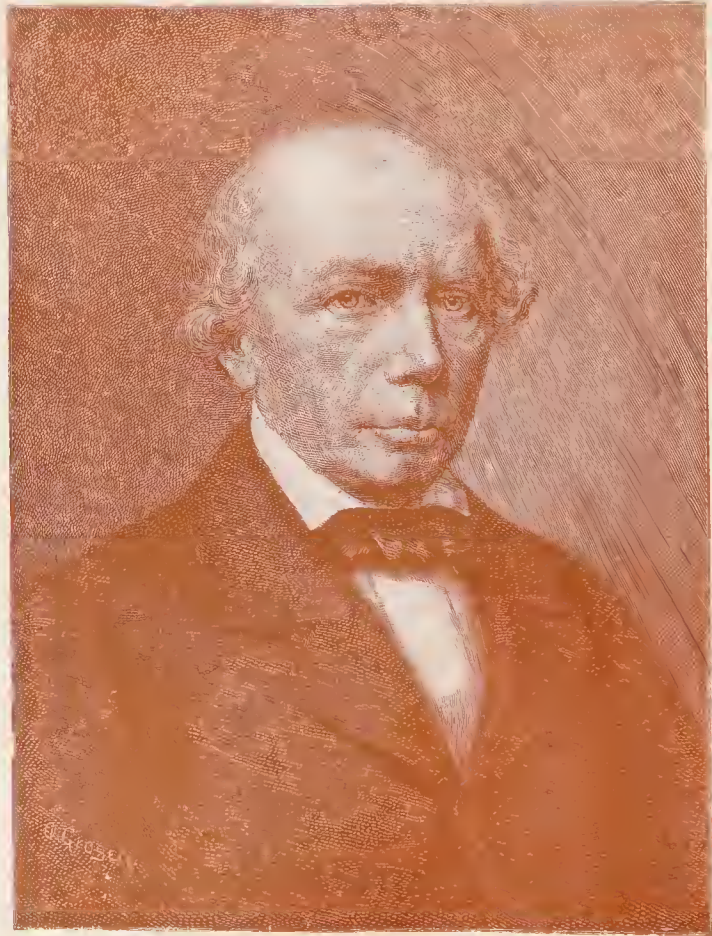
The drama, as is well known, originated in the songs which were sung in the festivals of Bacchus. Tragedy is literally the *goat-ode*; that is, the choral song chanted by satyrs, the goat-footed attendants of Bacchus. At first, then, tragedy was of a purely lyric character,—a story in song with expressive dance and musical accompaniment. The further history of tragedy and comedy is, in brief, the development of dialogue and the harmonizing of the lyric and dramatic elements. The greatest impetus was given to dialogue in Attica

through the recitations of Homeric poetry by professional bards. Epic metre, however, was unsuited to dramatic dialogue, which, after essaying the lighter trochaic line, finally adopted the more conversational iambic verse which Archilochus had used so effectively for satire.

Already at the end of the sixth century B. C., the drama presents the twofold character which in Greece it never lost, the chorus and the dialogue, the former due to Dorian lyric poetry, the latter to the Ionic verse-forms of Archilochus. With the full development of dramatic form the lyric was reduced from its supreme position to an inferior station, in which it should no longer be the controlling element, but merely the efficient and beautiful handmaid of dramatic dialogue. In Æschylus the lyric still assumes undue proportions; in Sophocles the lyric and dramatic are blended in perfect harmony; but in Euripides the work of disintegration has set in, and the lyric tends to become a mere artistic appendage.

All works on Greek literature treat this subject more or less fully. Flach's 'Geschichte der Griechischen Lyrik' (Tübingen: 1883) is the most complete work on the whole field. Symonds's 'Greek Poets' and Jebb's 'Classical Greek Poetry' are both excellent. The Greek student finds Bergk's 'Poetæ Lyrici Græci' (Leipzig: 1882) indispensable. An attractive and convenient edition of the 'Poetæ Lyrici Græci Minores' is that by Pomtow (Leipzig: 1885). Farnell's 'Greek Lyric Poetry' (Longmans: 1891) is confined to the "melic" writers. The most popular treatment of Greek music will be found in Naumann's 'History of Music,' edited by Sir F. Gore Ouseley (Cassell & Co.). Chappell's 'History of Music' (London: 1874) is a standard work. Monro's 'The Modes of Ancient Greek Music' (Clarendon Press: 1894) is intended for the specialist.

H. Rushton Fairclough



LUDWIG UHLAND.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

(1787-1862)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND was born on April 26th, 1787, at Tübingen, where now his statue stands. Although the place itself is a dull little university town, the region round about is filled with romantic associations. Near by are the ancestral castles of the Hohenstaufens and Hohenzollerns, of the family that dominated the brilliant period of Walther von der Vogelweide and of that under which the German empire regained her ancient lustre. Through the valley runs the highway along which swept the armies of the Suabian emperors to their new dominions in Italy. It was amid these romantic memories that Uhland's genius grew to maturity. In Tübingen he was educated, and there in 1810 he took his degree in law. For two years he practiced in the ministry of justice at Stuttgart. When in 1815 the question of a constitution was precipitated by the King of Würtemberg, Uhland burst into patriotic verse, and in that year he published his first collection of poems. He sprang at once into unbounded popularity. Goethe, who recognized that such popular enthusiasm implied merit somewhere, found it in the ballads; and when Uhland went into politics Goethe remonstrated: there were many men in Suabia, he said, capable of serving the State, but there was only one such poet as Uhland. Nevertheless the political career which the poet began in 1819, when he was elected to the assembly, was continued at intervals throughout his life. He received in 1829 the coveted professorship of German language and literature at the University of Tübingen; but since he was not permitted to take his seat in the Assembly at the same time, he resigned from his congenial post in 1833. He was one of the most prominent of the opponents to the royal Constitution. In 1839 he refused re-election; and lived in retirement until in 1848 he was elected to the National Assembly at Frankfurt.

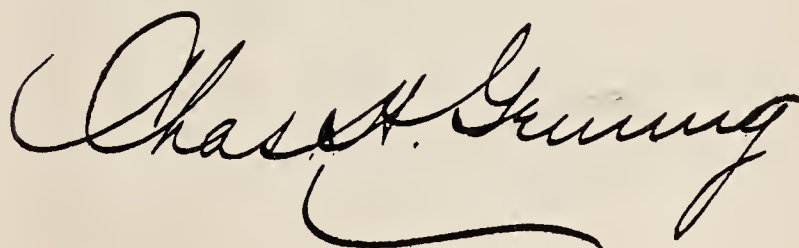
Aside from politics and poetry, Uhland was, like Rückert, a distinguished scholar. Scherer regarded him as one of the founders of the science of Romance philology; and his contributions to Germanistic studies are of permanent value. One exquisite monograph, in which the qualities of poet and of scholar are equally manifest, is still a

standard classic: the essay on Walther von der Vogelweide, published in 1821, and dealing with the most fascinating theme in the whole range of German studies,—the greatest of the minnesingers, from whom descended the fairest traditions of that golden age to the wooden age of the mastersingers, to be at last rejuvenated and once more made fruitful by the Romantic poets, and chief among them by Uhland himself. If the politician, as Goethe feared, threatened to consume the poet, these scholarly pursuits served only to sustain and stimulate the genius of the singer. All these publications relating to old German and Romance philology have since appeared in eight volumes, under the collective title of ‘*Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung und Sage*’ (Contributions to the History of Poetry and Legend).

But it is the poet Uhland that the world knows and loves. He wrote some three hundred and fifty poems, fully half of them master-pieces, which have become an essential part of German culture. “It is inconceivable,” wrote Herman Grimm, “that they should ever grow old.” The first collection of poems, of 1815, was gradually enlarged in the subsequent editions. In 1875 they had reached their sixtieth edition, and this average of one edition annually has since been increased. His two plays, ‘*Ernst, Herzog von Schwaben*’ (Ernest, Duke of Suabia) and ‘*Ludwig der Bayer*’ (Louis the Bavarian), although spirited examples of the historical drama, could not retain their foothold on the stage. Uhland is probably the most popular German poet after Schiller. In him Professor Francke sees united the fine spirit of Walther von der Vogelweide and the epic impressiveness of the *Nibelungenlied*. He revealed to Germany her better self mirrored in her shining past.

As a lyric poet, Uhland stands in the foremost rank among the many singers of his tuneful race. After Goethe, he is with Eichendorff and Heine the favorite of the composers; and this is one of the surest tests of a poet’s lyric quality. The constant temptation which he offers to translators, only to lure them on to half-successes, is another test. No lyrics except Heine’s, and not excepting Goethe’s, have ever been so often attempted in English as Uhland’s. Through these innumerable versions, as well as through the universal medium of music, his poetry has become a part of the world’s lyric repertoire. Among the Romantic poets he occupies a peculiar place; he is as far removed from the intellectual kite-flying of Novalis and Brentano as he is from the massive might of Kleist and the austerity of Platen: but like Kleist he brought order into the lawlessness of Romanticism, and turned it “from caprice to poetry”; like Platen he insisted upon finished form and faultless measures. He rescued stately figures for us from the knightly past, and summoned spirits

from the dreamland of ancient legend. Solemn haunting echoes of the past are borne to us in his verse across the centuries, and all these quaint and shadowy recollections of the age of wonders he has made a permanent part of our modern culture. His idea of the romantic may be inferred from his saying, "A region is romantic when spirits walk there." But it is as if he saw the spirits and their legendary train pass over from afar, as one watches the play of changing color on the floating clouds of sunset; his feet the while are firmly planted on the earth. He never loses his foothold in reality. Nor does he glorify the past to the point of despising the present. He is genuine and sane. In him the romantic elements as we find them in Goethe are more perfectly manifest than in any other poet of the Romantic group. With fewest exceptions, his ballads and lyrics are little masterpieces of dramatic narrative and musical form. Uhland's position in the history of German poetry is best defined in the apt paradox of David Strauss, who called him "the classic of Romanticism."



THE SHEPHERD'S SONG ON THE LORD'S DAY

THE Lord's own day is here!
 Alone I kneel on this broad plain:
 A matin-bell just sounds; again
 'Tis silence, far and near.

Here kneel I on the sod:
 Oh, deep amazement, strangely felt!
 As though, unseen, vast numbers knelt
 And prayed with me to God.

Yon heaven, afar and near,—
 So bright, so glorious seems its cope
 As though e'en now its gates would ope;—
 The Lord's own day is here!

Translation of W. W. Skeat.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

O F EDENHALL the youthful lord
 Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
 He rises at the banquet board,
 And cries, 'mid the drunken revelers all,
 "Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,—
 The house's oldest seneschal,—
 Takes slow from its silken cloth again
 The drinking-glass of crystal tall:
 They call it *The Luck of Edenhall*.

Then said the lord, "This glass to praise,
 Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
 The graybeard with trembling hand obeys:
 A purple light shines over all;
 It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light:—
 "This glass of flashing crystal tall
 Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
 She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!"

"'Twas right a goblet the fate should be
 Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
 We drink deep draughts right willingly;
 And willingly ring, with merry call.
 Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
 Like to the song of a nightingale;
 Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
 Then mutters at last, like the thunder's fall,
 The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper, takes a race of might
 The fragile goblet of crystal tall:
 It has lasted longer than is right:—
 Kling! klang! with a harder blow than all
 Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet, ringing, flies apart,
 Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;

And through the rift the flames upstart:
 The guests in dust are scattered all
 With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword!
 He in the night had scaled the wall;
 Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,
 But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
 The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
 The graybeard,—in the desert hall
 He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton;
 He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
 The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

“The stone wall,” saith he, “doth fall aside;
 Down must the stately columns fall:
 Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
 In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,
 One day, like the Luck of Edenhall.”

Translation of H. W. Longfellow.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE

THERE stood in former ages a castle high and large;
 Above the slope it glistened far down to ocean's marge;
 Around it like a garland bloomed gardens of delight,
 Where sparkled cooling fountains, with sun-bow glories dight.

There sat a haughty monarch, who lands in war had won;
 With aspect pale and gloomy he sat upon the throne:
 His thoughts are fraught with terrors, his glance of fury blights;
 His words are galling scourges, with victims' blood he writes.

Once moved towards this castle a noble minstrel pair,
 The one with locks all golden, snow-white the other's hair:
 With harp in hand, the graybeard a stately courser rode;
 In flower of youth, beside him his tall companion strode.

Then spake the gray-haired father: “Be well prepared, my son:
 Think o'er our loftiest ballads, breathe out thy fullest tone;
 Thine utmost skill now summon,—joy's zest and sorrow's smart;—
 'Twere well to move with music the monarch's stony heart.”

Now in the spacious chamber the minstrels twain are seen;
 High on the throne in splendor are seated king and queen:
 The king with terrors gleaming, a ruddy Northern Light;
 The queen all grace and sweetness, a full moon soft and bright.

The graybeard swept the harp-strings,—they sounded wondrous
 clear;

The notes with growing fullness thrilled through the listening ear:
 Pure as the tones of angels the young man's accents flow;
 The old man's gently murmur, like spirit-voices low.

They sing of love and springtime, of happy golden days,
 Of manly worth and freedom, of truth and holy ways;
 They sing of all things lovely, that human hearts delight,
 They sing of all things lofty, that human souls excite.

The courtier train around them forget their jeerings now;
 The king's defiant soldiers in adoration bow;
 The queen to tears now melted, with rapture now possessed,
 Throws down to them in guerdon a rosebud from her breast.

“Have ye misled my people, and now my wife suborn?”
 Shouts out the ruthless monarch, and shakes with wrath and
 scorn;
 He whirls his sword—like lightning the young man's breast it
 smote,
 That 'stead of golden legends, bright life-blood filled his throat.

Dispersed, as by a tempest, was all the listening swarm;
 The youth sighs out his spirit upon his master's arm,
 Who round him wraps his mantle, and sets him on the steed,
 There tightly binds him upright, and from the court doth speed.

Before the olden gateway, there halts the minstrel old;
 His golden harp he seizes, above all harps extolled:
 Against a marble pillar he snaps its tuncful strings;
 Through castle and through garden his voice of menace rings:—

“Woe, woe to thee, proud castle! ne'er let sweet tones resound
 Henceforward through thy chambers, nor harp's nor voice's sound:
 Let sighs and tramp of captives and groans dwell here for aye,
 Till retribution sink thee in ruin and decay.

“Woe, woe to you, fair gardens, in summer light that glow:
 To you this pallid visage, deformed by death, I show,
 That every leaf may wither, and every fount run dry,—
 That ye in future ages a desert heap may lie.

“Woe, woe to thee, curst tyrant! that art the minstrel’s bane:
 Be all thy savage strivings for glory’s wreath in vain!
 Be soon thy name forgotten, sunk deep in endless night,
 Or, like a last death murmur, exhaled in vapor light!”

The graybeard’s curse was uttered; heaven heard his bitter cry:
 The walls are strewn in fragments, the halls in ruins lie;
 Still stands one lofty column to witness olden might—
 E’en this, already shivered, may crumble down to-night.

Where once were pleasant gardens, is now a wasted land;
 No tree there lends its shadow, nor fount bedews the sand:
 The monarch’s name recordeth no song, nor lofty verse;
 ’Tis wholly sunk—forgotten! Such is the Minstrel’s Curse!

Translation of W. W. Skeat.

ENTERTAINMENT

I STOPPED at an inn one day to dine:
 The host was a generous fellow;
 A golden apple, for a sign,
 Hung out on a branch, so mellow.

It was the good old apple-tree
 Himself so nobly dined me;
 Sweet fare and sparkling juices he
 Was pleased and proud to find me.

To his green-house came many a guest,
 Light-wingèd and light-hearted;
 They sang their best, they ate his best,
 Then up they sprang and departed.

I found a bed to rest my head—
 A bed of soft green clover;
 The host a great cool shadow spread
 For a quilt, and covered me over.

I asked him what I had to pay:
 I saw his head shake slightly;—
 Oh, blest be he, for ever and aye,
 Who treated me so politely.

Translation of Charles T. Brooks.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY

THE shepherd of the Alps am I;
 The castles far beneath me lie;
 Here first the ruddy sunlight gleams,
 Here linger last the parting beams.
 The mountain boy am I!

Here is the river's fountain-head,—
 I drink it from its stony bed;
 As forth it leaps with joyous shout,
 I seize it ere it gushes out.
 The mountain boy am I!

The mountain is my own domain:
 It calls its storms from sea and plain;
 From north to south they howl afar;
 My voice is heard amid their war.
 The mountain boy am I!

The lightnings far beneath me lie;
 High stand I here in clear blue sky;
 I know them, and to them I call,
 "In quiet leave my father's hall."
 The mountain boy am I!

And when the tocsin sounds alarms,
 And mountain bale-fires call to arms,
 Then I descend,—I join my king,
 My sword I wave, my lay I sing.
 The mountain boy am I!

Anonymous Translation in Longfellow's 'Poets and Poetry of Europe.'

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

"HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
 That castle by the sea?
 Golden and red above it
 The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
 To the mirrored wave below;
 And fain it would soar upward
 In the evening's crimson glow."—

THE CRISTAL BY THE SEA.
Photomontage from a painting by Von Haffen.

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

Photogravure from a painting by Von Hafften.

Faint, illegible text below the title, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

Faint, illegible text at the bottom of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.



“Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.”—

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel’s rhyme?”—

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.”—

“And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride,
And the wave of their crimson mantles,
And the golden crown of pride?”

“Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there,
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?”—

“Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride:
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;
No maiden was by their side!”

Translation of H. W. Longfellow.

THE PASSAGE

MANY a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried,—
One with all a father’s truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,—
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore:
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

Translation of Sarah Taylor Austin.

THE NUN

I N THE silent cloister garden,
Beneath the pale moonshine,
There walked a lovely maiden,
And tears were in her eyne.

“Now, God be praised! my loved one
Is with the blest above:
Now man is changed to angel,
And angels I may love.”

She stood before the altar
Of Mary, mother mild,
And on the holy maiden
The Holy Virgin smiled.

Upon her knees she worshiped
And prayed before the shrinc,
And heavenward looked—till Death came
And closed her weary eyne.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE SERENADE

“WHAT sounds so sweet awake me?
 What fills me with delight?
 O mother, look! who sings thus
 So sweetly through the night?”

“I hear not, child, I see not;
 Oh, sleep thou softly on!
 Comes now to serenade thee,
 Thou poor sick maiden, none!”

“It is not earthly music
 That fills me with delight;
 I hear the angels call me:
 O mother dear, good night!”

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

TO —

UPON a mountain's summit
 There might I with thee stand,
 And o'er the tufted forest,
 Look down upon the land;
 There might my finger show thee
 The world in vernal shine,
 And say, if all mine own were,
 That all were mine and thine.

Into my bosom's deepness,
 Oh, could thine eye but see,
 Where all the songs are sleeping
 That God e'er gave to me!
 There would thine eye perceive it,
 If aught of good be mine,—
 Although I may not name thee,—
 That aught of good is thine.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE SUNKEN CROWN

A OFF on yonder hillside
 A little cot doth stand;
 You look from off its threshold
 Far out upon the land.
 There sits a free-born peasant
 Upon the bank at even,
 And whets his scythe, and singeth
 His grateful song to Heaven.

Below on the lake are falling
 The silent shadows down;
 Beneath the wave lies hidden,
 All rich and rare, a crown.
 In the darksome night it sparkles
 With rubies and sapphires gay;
 But no man recks where it lieth
 From the times so old and gray.

Translation of H. W. Dulcken.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE

A GRAVE, O mother, has been dug for thee
 Within a still—to thee a well-known—place.
 A shadow all its own above shall be,
 And flowers its threshold too shall ever grace.

And even as thou died'st, so in thy urn
 Thou'lt lie unconscious of both joy and smart:
 And daily to my thought shalt thou return;
 I dig for thee this grave within my heart.

Translation of Frederick W. Ricord.

THE CHAPEL

THERE aloft the chapel standeth,
 Peering down the valley still;
 There beneath, by fount and meadow,
 Rings the shepherd's carol shrill.

Sadly booms the bell's slow knelling,
 Solemn sounds the last lament;

Hushed are all the boy's loud carols,
Still he stands with ears attent.

There aloft are borne to burial
They who filled the vale with glee;
There aloft, O youthful shepherd,
Men shall chant the dirge for thee!

Translation of W. W. Skeat.

THE SMITHYING OF SIGFRID'S SWORD

SIGFRID was young, and haughty, and proud,
When his father's home he disavowed.

In his father's house he would not abide:
He would wander over the world so wide.

He met many a knight in wood and field
With shining sword and glittering shield.

But Sigfrid had only a staff of oak:
He held him shamed in sight of the folk.

And as he went through a darksome wood,
He came where a lowly smithy stood.

There was iron and steel in right good store;
And a fire that did bicker, and flame, and roar.

"O smithying-carle, good master of mine,
Teach me this forging craft of thine.

"Teach mè the lore of shield and blade,
And how the right good swords are made!"

He struck with the hammer a mighty blow,
And the anvil deep in the ground did go.

He struck: through the wood the echoes rang,
And all the iron in flinders sprang.

And out of the last left iron bar
He fashioned a sword that shone as a star.

"Now have I smithied a right good sword,
And no man shall be my master and lord;

“And giants and dragons of wood and field,
I shall meet like a hero, under shield.”

Translation of Elizabeth Craigmyle.

ICHABOD: THE GLORY HAS DEPARTED

I RIDE through a dark, dark Land by night,
Where moon is none and no stars lend light,
And rueful winds are blowing;
Yet oft have I trodden this way ere now,
With summer zephyrs a-fanning my brow,
And the gold of the sunshine glowing.

I roam by a gloomy Garden-wall;
The death-stricken leaves around me fall,
And the night blast wails its dolours:
How oft with my love I have hitherward strayed
When the roses flowered, and all I surveyed
Was radiant with Hope's own colors!

But the gold of the sunshine is shed and gone,
And the once bright roses are dead and wan,
And my love in her low grave molders;
And I ride through a dark, dark Land by night,
With never a star to bless me with light,
And the Mantle of Age on my shoulders.

Translation of James C. Mangan.

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS

(1853-)

BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP

BEFORE heaven! your Worship should read what I have read," exclaims an honest inn-keeper in 'Don Quixote,' concerning Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who, "with one back-stroke, cut asunder five giants through the middle. . . . At another time he encountered a great and powerful army of about a million six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from top to toe, and routed them as if they had been a flock of sheep."

This was said in response to a protest against his wasting his time over the foolish books of chivalry of the epoch, and a recommendation that he should read, instead, the real exploits of Gonsalvo de Cordova, the Great Captain, who had in fact put to flight a dozen men or so with his own hand. The paragraph is a useful one, as throwing light on the insatiate nature of the thirst for mere adventure and movement in fiction. It has no limits; but was just as impatient of the splendid feats of arms, battles, sieges, and romantic doings—as we should consider them—of all kinds, that were then of daily occurrence, as the same school is at present of the happenings of real life all about us. The change is one of relation rather than spirit; and the school of criticism that demands only the startling and exceptional, and eschews all else as tame, is still, numerically at least, superior to any other. How much nobler an aim is that of Palacio Valdés and his kind, who show us feeling, beauty, and innate interest everywhere throughout common existence; and who lighten and dignify the otherwise commonplace days as they pass, by leading us to look for these things. Nothing is truer than that the purpose of the arts is to please; but a Spanish proverb also well says: "Show me what pleases you and I will tell you what you are."

Armando Palacio Valdés, in some respects the most entertaining and natural, and perhaps all in all the most satisfactory, of the later Spanish novelists, was born October 4th, 1853. His birthplace was Entralgo,—a small village near Oviedo, the capital of the province of Asturias, in the northwest of Spain. He received his earlier education at the small marine town of Avilés, and at Oviedo; and then

took his degree in law at the University of Madrid. The smaller towns mentioned above, and others where he has lived, have been celebrated under assumed names in his novels. He is not averse to admitting that Entralgo is "Riofrió," of 'El Idyl de un Enfermo' (The Idyl of a Convalescent), 1884. A young man with shattered health, from Madrid, goes there to recuperate. There are smoking chimneys in the neighborhood,—for modern enterprise, largely English, is developing a treasure of mineral wealth in these northern provinces; but the invalid opens his window the morning after his arrival upon a delightful fresh prospect of mountains and vale, that at once begins to bring a balm of healing to his lungs. Valdés excels in the description of the scenery in which he places his real and moving characters, but he uses the gift with praiseworthy moderation. So close and appreciative an observer could not fail to give us accurate pictures of the life of the capital of Madrid, as in 'Aguas Fuertes' (Etchings), 1885, and 'Espuma' (Foam), 1890; but though the former volume of graceful sketches is playfully humorous, the tone of the latter is over-full of sophistication, and in a way depressing. He is distinctly at his best in depicting existence in the rural communities or minor towns. He still spends a part of his summer in an ancestral homestead at Entralgo.

Avilés is the "Nieva" of his exquisite 'Marta y Maria' (Martha and Mary), 1883. The scene opens with a crowd of good people at night elbowing one another in the street—and in the rain too—to get near the lighted house where a party is in progress, so as to hear the rare singing of Maria, that floats out at the windows. This is a book among books. Apart from its many charms in the lighter way; apart from the delectable traits of the sweetly practical, material younger sister, Martha, the plot of the book is raised to a great dignity by the conflict between earth and heaven shown in the unusual character of Maria. She is the petted elder daughter of the house, young and beautiful, and already betrothed; but she becomes possessed by an unworldly ideal of devotion, that leads her to desire to rival the mediæval saints. She shakes off, or gently loosens, all the human ties that hold her; endeavors to practice the rigors of the most cruel asceticism; and finally arrives at being apprehended in her father's drawing-room by a file of soldiers, who lead her away, for having a part in a plot to restore the Carlist pretender to the throne of Spain. It was her conscientious belief, pushed to the point of fanaticism, that the pure cause of religion was thus going to be greatly advanced. This novel has been translated into English under the title of 'The Marquis of Peñalta.'

Yet another rainy night, a wild and furious one of winter, is chosen for the opening scene of 'El Maestrante' (The Grandee), 1893;

at "Lancia," which is really Oviedo. It seems to have been a gloomy place in the early fifties; and the story, which turns upon the martyrdom of a little child, by a family whose sanity we cannot but suspect, leaves a sombre impression in keeping with the surroundings. Candás, the place where Valdés married (called "Rodillero" in the book), furnishes an appropriate setting for 'José,' 1885; an idyl of fisher life, that in its main lines calls to mind the similar work of Pereda. Candás is represented as the most striking of all the maritime villages of Asturias, consisting as it does of a handful of houses piled one above another in a chasin that catches the hollow echoing of the sea; it opens upon a breaking surf, and a beach filled with fishing-boats and fishing-nets.

Valdés devoted himself with especial ardor at Madrid to studies in political and moral science; and looked forward to a professorship in those branches. He was made first secretary for the section covering those departments at the Atheneum; a very useful semi-public institution with a fine lecture-hall and library, and a chosen membership of seven hundred persons. At twenty-two he was the editor of an important scientific magazine, *La Revista Europea* (The European Review). He wrote many scientific articles; and much excellent criticism, later gathered into books, on 'The Spanish Novelists,' 'The Orators of the Atheneum,' and the like. His first novel, 'Señorito Octavio,' 1881, appeared when he had reached the age of twenty-four. He himself finds some fault with it—repents of certain exaggerations in the book. The fault would seem to be towards the close, in a forced strain of sentiment and a lurid conclusion; but apart from this, it abounds in the same sweet, humorous, and generally engaging qualities as all his later books. It gave at the very start a promise that has been brilliantly fulfilled.

'Riverita' (Young Rivera), 1886, treats largely of the career of a young man about town. The author's vein of droll humor is indulged in a cousin of Riverita's,—Enrique, a gilded youth, who frequents the company of bull-fighters, and takes part in an amateur bull-fight himself. The true devotee of the sport, he holds, never even perceives its gory features; his attention being fixed upon the deeds of valor of the champions, and their artistic dealing with the bull. "And besides," he says, "I suppose you have seen dead animals at the butcher-shop. And you eat sausages, don't you?"

'Riverita' leads us on to a sequel in 'Maximina.' At the quaint little port of Pasajes, close to San Sebastian, Riverita woos and marries a sweet young girl of modest and shrinking nature; they move to Madrid; a child is born, and she dies. It is impossible not to see here a record of some part of the interior life of the author. On the day on which he was thirty years old, he married at Candás

a young girl of sixteen. The child-wife died a year and a half later, leaving him an infant son. Marriage, birth, death,—what events are more ordinary, yet what more momentous? They are described in 'Maximina' in a way that touches the chords of the deepest and truest human feeling. 'El Cuarto Poder' (The Fourth Estate, or The Press), 1888, takes its title from the founding of a newspaper in a primitive little community; but the real scheme of the action turns round the breaking off of an engagement between plain sincere Cecilia and a steady-going young engineer, Gonzalo, by the machinations of a pretty younger sister and arch-coquette, Venturita. The opening chapter—where, on the occasion of a gala night at the theatre, all the leading characters of the little place are introduced—is a masterly piece of exposition and of social history. 'La Hermana San Sulpicio' (Sister San Sulpicio), 1889, is a gay, bright piece of light comedy; showing how an engaging young novice, who has mistaken her vocation in entering a convent, finds much more happiness in leaving it and marrying her devoted suitor. Its scene is laid at Seville; as that of the much less satisfactory 'Los Majos de Cadiz' (The Dandies of Cadiz), 1896, is at the more southern Andalusian city. These are dandies of the lower class who wear short jackets and gay sashes, and their social relations are unpleasant. In 'La Fe' (Faith), 1892, an earnest young priest, Gil Lastra, undertakes to convert a notorious skeptic, Montesinos, and is himself disastrously perverted. 'El Origen del Pensamiento' (The Origin of Thought), 1894, appeared in an English version—much mutilated, however—in an American magazine. An erratic old man, Don Pantaleón, conceives the notion that if he can only take off a portion of some one's skull, he can see the actual process of the secretion of thought, and thus confer great benefit on the human race. No other victim offering, he kidnaps a sweet little grandchild of his own; but happily the child is rescued in time—at the very last moment.

Many, or most, of these books have been translated into several other languages, and have everywhere met with warm favor. There are in a few of them incidents and personages treated with a freedom more approximating that which French, rather than English, writers allow themselves in certain matters; but it can truthfully be said that the tone is everywhere one of exemplary morality. Regret and reproach, not a flippant levity, are the feelings made to attend the contemplation of these scenes. Palacio Valdés is particularly happy in his feminine types; above all, those of young girls just budding into womanhood. Carmen, Marta, Rosa, Teresa, Maximina, Julita, Venturita, and Sister San Sulpicio may be named; there is one or more of them in almost every book. These, in their several ways, are all depicted with a most natural and playful touch; they have the very

essence of youth; they have a delicate charm, sensuous yet pure, and they are not merely pretty to look at, but their talk scintillates with intelligence. In some respects Valdés's women recall those of Thomas Hardy, in other respects they are like Turgénieff's. In that field he is unequaled by any Spanish contemporary.

William Henry Bishop

[The following translations are from the original Spanish, by William Henry Bishop, for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature.']

THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE STORE

From 'Señorito Octavio'

SHE had just completed her eighteenth year; her skin was as white as milk, her hair red as gold. Her mother was a blonde of the same type also, and yet the mother had never passed for a beauty. Carmen's eyes were blue,—a deep dark blue, like that of the sea; and one's imagination plunged into their mysterious depths, and fancied he might find there palaces of crystal and enchanting gardens, as in the hidden caves of ocean. It seemed scarcely credible that such a rosebud was the daughter of that rough pig of a Don Marcelino. While yet a child, they had been wont to call her "The Little Angel." She used to be much put out over it, too, and would run home to the house weeping when, on the letting out of school, the children would follow her, giving her this complimentary nickname. And in fact it would be difficult to imagine anything sweeter, more charming, in the ethereal unworldly way, than Carmen had been at twelve years old. On arriving at woman's estate, the "angel" in her had become somewhat obscured; that celestial epithet had been a little shorn of its accuracy. Yet nothing had been lost by the change; for to the gloriously pure, sweet lines of the girlish figure had been added certain terrestrial contours and material roundnesses that became her to a marvel.

I confess a liking for women with this mingling of heaven and earth; there is nothing that approaches it in thorough fascination. Hence it has happened to me, not merely once but many times, in the course of this narration, to fancy myself throwing down my pen, and introducing myself among the minor personages of the story, for the pure pleasure of paying court with

the rest to the lovely daughter of Don Marcelino. Suppose now that she had not given me the mitten;—anything whatever, you know, is within the field of supposition, and yet it is a bold one; for, even apart from the aforesaid winning curves, it was stated in Vegalora that she had a very pretty fortune of her own. If Don Marcelino had accepted me for a son-in-law, I should have been at the present moment a clerk, measuring off cotton or percale by the yard, or at your service generally for whatever you might please to command, in his accredited establishment. In this way I should at any rate have escaped the humiliation and martyrdom that fall to the lot, in Spain, of the luckless wight who may, like myself, devote himself to letters or the fine arts with more liking for them than capacity; though it is true, there might have fallen upon my head other evils, of a sort from which I pray heaven to save all of you now and forever, amen!

But then who would have written this veracious history of Señorito Octavio? Galdós, Alarcón, and Valera are occupied with more august matters; and I am certain besides that they have never even set foot in the shop of Don Marcelino. While as for me, in all that relates to Vegalora, and also its district for six leagues all around, I assert—though this kind of talk may appear over-bold and conceited to some—that there is not another novelist who is worthy to loose the latchet of my shoe, in respect of knowing absolutely everything about it.

MARIA'S WAY TO PERFECTION

From 'Marta y Maria'

ONE evening, after the retirement of the family and servants, mistress and maid were together in Maria's boudoir up in the tower. Maria was reading by the light of the polished metal astral lamp, while Genoveva was sitting in another chair in front of her, knitting a stocking. They would often pass an hour or two thus before going to bed, the señorita having been long accustomed to read to the small hours of the morning.

She did not seem so much occupied as usual with her reading; but would frequently put the book on the table and remain pensive for a while, her cheek resting on her hand. She would take it up in a hesitating way, but only presently to lay it down again. It was evident too by the creaking chair, as she often changed position, that she was nervous. From time to time she

would fix upon Genoveva a long gaze, that seemed to betray a timid and uneasy desire, and a certain inward conflict with some thought striving for utterance. On the other hand, Genoveva, that evening, was more engrossed than usual with her stocking; weaving in among its meshes, no doubt, a multitude of more or less philosophical considerations that made it desirable for her to give convulsive nods every now and then, very much as when one is going to sleep.

At last the señorita concluded to break the silence.

"Genoveva, will you read for me this passage from the life of St. Isabel?" she asked, handing her the book.

"With all the pleasure in the world, señorita."

"See, begin here where it says: 'When her husband—'"

Genoveva commenced to read the paragraph to herself, but Maria quickly interrupted her with—

"No, no: read it aloud."

[Thereupon the maid reads a passage of some twenty lines, in the characteristic pious and mystical style of the Bollandist Lives of the Saints. The gist of it is that the young and lovely princess and saint, Isabel, would pass her nights and days in the practice of the most austere penances. Of these the wearing a hair-cloth shirt, and having herself scourged with the discipline by her damsels, were a portion.]

"That will do: you need not read any further. What do you think of it?"

"I have often read the identical story before."

"Yes, so you have. But—now what would you think of my trying to do something of the same kind?" she burst forth, with the impetuosity of one who has decided to give utterance to a thought with which she has long been preoccupied.

Genoveva stared at her with wide-open eyes, not taking in her meaning.

"Do you not understand?"

"No, señorita."

Maria arose, and throwing her arms around her neck, with face aflame with blushes, whispered close in her ear:—

"I mean, you silly thing, that if you would consent to do the office of those damsels of St. Isabel to-night, I for my part would imitate the saint."

"What office?"

"Oh, you stupid, stupid thing! I mean that of giving me a few lashes, in commemoration of those that our dear Savior

received, and all the saints as well, patterning themselves after him.”

“What *are* you saying, señorita? What put such a thing in your head?”

“I have thought of it because I wish to mortify my flesh, and humiliate myself, at one and the same time. That is true penance, and the kind that is most pleasing in the eyes of God, for the reason that he himself suffered it for us. I have tried to perform it unaided, but I have not been able to; and besides, it is not so effective a humiliation as receiving it from the hands of another. Now you will be so obliging as to gratify this desire of mine, won't you?”

“No, señorita, not for anything. I cannot do it.”

“Why won't you, silly thing? Don't you see that it is for my good? If I should fail to deliver myself from some days of purgatory because you would not do what I ask you, would you not be troubled with remorse?”

“But, my heart's dove, how could I make up my mind to maltreat you, even if it were for your soul's good?”

“There is no way for you to get out of it: it is a vow I have made, and I must fulfill it. You have aided me till now on my way to virtue: do not abandon me at the most critical moment. You will not, Genoveva dear; say you will not.”

“For God's sake, señorita, do not make me do this!”

“Do, do, dearest Genoveva, I beg of you by the love that you bear me.”

“No, no, do not ask it of me: I cannot.”

“Please do, darling! Oh, grant me this favor. You don't know how I shall feel if you don't; I shall think that you have ceased to love me.”

Maria exhausted all her resources of invention and coaxing to persuade her. Seating herself on Genoveva's lap, she lavished upon her caresses and words of affection; at one moment vexed, at another imploring, and all the time fixing upon her a pair of wheedling eyes, which it seemed impossible to resist. She was like a child begging for a toy that is kept back from her. When she saw that her serving-maid was a little softened,—or rather was fatigued with persistent refusing,—she said with a taking volubility:—

“Now, truly, stupid, don't you go and make it a thing of such great importance. It isn't half as bad as a bad toothache, and

you know I've suffered from that pretty often. Your imagination makes you think it is something terrible, when really it is scarcely worth mentioning. You think so just because it isn't the custom now, for true piety seems banished from the world; but in the good old religious days it was a most ordinary and commonplace affair,—no one who pretended to be a good Christian neglected to do this kind of penance. Come now, get ready to give me this pleasure that I ask of you, and at the same time to perform a good work. Wait a minute: I'll bring what we want."

And running to the bureau, she pulled out of a drawer a scourge,—a veritable scourge, with a turned-wood handle and leathern thongs. Then, all in a tremor of excitement and nervousness, that set her cheeks ablaze, she returned to Genoveva and put it in her hand. The maid took it in an automatic way, scarce knowing what she did. She was completely dazed. The fair young girl began anew to caress her, and give her heart with persuasive words, to which she did not answer a syllable. Then the Señorita de Elorza, with tremulous hand, began to let loose the dainty blue-silk wrapper she wore. There shone on her face the anxious, excited foretaste of joy in the caprice which was about to be gratified. Her eyes glowed with an unwonted light, showing within their depths the expectation of vivid and mysterious pleasures. Her lips were as dry as those of one parched with thirst. The circle of shadow around her eyes had increased, and two hectic spots of crimson burned in her cheeks. Her breath came with agitated tremor through her nostrils, more widely dilated than was usual. Her white, patrician hands, with their taper fingers and rosy nails, loosed with strange speed the fastenings of her gown. With a quick movement she shook it off, and stood free.

"You shall see that I mean it," she said: "I have almost nothing on. I had prepared myself already."

In truth the next moment she took off, or rather tore off, a skirt, and remained only in her chemise.

She stood so an instant; cast a glance at the implement of torture in Genoveva's hand; and over her body ran a little shiver, compounded of cold, pleasure, anguish, affright, and anxious expectation, all in one. In a low voice, changed from its usual tones by emotion, she appealed:—

"Papa must not know of this."

And the light stuff of the chemise slipped down along her body, caught for an instant on the hips, then sank slowly to the floor. She remained nude. Genoveva contemplated her with eyes that could not withhold admiration as well as reverence, and the girl felt herself a little abashed.

"You are not going to be angry with me, Genoveva dear, are you?"

The waiting-maid could only say, "For God's sake, señorita!"

"The sooner the better, now, for I shall take cold."

By this consideration she wished to constrain the woman still more forcibly to the task. With a feverish movement she snatched the scourge from her left hand and put it in her right; then throwing her arms again around her neck, and kissing her, she said, very low and affecting a jocose tone:—

"You are to lay it on hard, Genovita; for thus I have promised God that it should be done."

A violent trembling possessed her body as she uttered these words: but it was a delicious kind of trembling that penetrated to the very marrow of her bones. Then taking Genoveva by the hand, she pulled her along a little towards the table on which stood the effigy of the Savior.

"It must be here, on my knees before our Lord."

Her voice choked up in her throat. She was pale. She bowed humbly before the image; made the sign of the cross rapidly; crossed her hands over her virginal breast; and turning her face, sweetly smiling, towards her maid, said, "Now you can begin."

"Señorita, for God's sake!" once more exclaimed Genoveva, overwhelmed with confusion.

From the eyes of the señorita flashed a gleam of anger, which died away on the instant; but she said in a tone of some slight irritation, "Have we agreed upon this or not? Obey me, and do not be obstinate."

The maid, dominated by authority, and convinced too that she was furthering a work of piety, now at length obeyed, and began to ply the scourge, but very gently, on the naked shoulders of her young mistress. . . .

The first blows were so soft and inoffensive that they left no trace at all on that precious skin. Maria grew irritable, and demanded that they be more forcibly given.

“No, not like that; harder! harder!” she insisted. “But first wait a moment till I take off this jewelry: it is ridiculous at such a time.”

And she swiftly pulled off the rings from her fingers, snatched the pendants from her ears, and then laid the handful of gold and gems at the foot of the effigy of Jesus. In like manner St. Isabel, when she went to pray in the church, was used to deposit her ducal coronet on the altar.

She resumed the same humble posture; and Genoveva, seeing that there was no escape, began to lacerate the flesh of her pious mistress without mercy. The lamplight shed a soft radiance throughout the room. The gems lying at the feet of the Savior alone caught it sharply, and flung out a play of subtle gleams and scintillations. The silence at that hour was absolute; not even the sighing of a breath of wind in the casements was heard. An atmosphere of mystery and unworldly seclusion filled the room, which transported Maria out of herself, and intoxicated her with pleasure. Her lovely naked body quivered each time that the curling strokes of the lash fell upon it, with a pain not free from voluptuous delight. She laid her head against the Redeemer's feet, breathing eagerly, and with a sense of oppression; and she felt the blood beating with singular violence in her temples, while the delicate fluff of hair growing at the nape of the neck rose slightly with the magnetism of the extreme emotion that possessed her. From time to time her pale, trembling lips would murmur, “Go on! go on!”

The scourge had raised not a few stripes of roseate hue on her snowy white skin, and she did not ask for truce. But the instant came when the implement of torture drew a drop of blood. Genoveva could not contain herself longer; she threw the barbarous scourge far from her, and weeping aloud, caught the señorita in her arms, covered her with affectionate kisses, and begged her by her soul's sake never to make her recommence the perpetration of such atrocities. Maria tried to console her, assuring her that the whipping had hurt her very little. And now, her ardor a little cooled, her ascetic impulses somewhat appeased, the young mistress dismissed her servant, and went to her bedroom to retire to rest.

A FRIENDLY ARGUMENT IN THE CAFÉ DE LA MARINA

From 'El Cuarto Poder'

WHEN Don Melchior and his nephew entered the café, Gabino Maza, on his feet, was gesticulating actively in the midst of a little circle. He could not keep his seat two minutes at a time. His excitable temperament, and the eagerness with which he undertook to convince his audience, brought it about that he would continually spring from his seat and dash into the middle of the floor; and there he would shout and swing his arms about till he had to stop for very want of strength and breath. The subject of discussion was the opera company, which had announced its approaching departure on account of having lost money, in its subscription season of thirty performances. Maza was arguing that the company had met with no such losses, but that on the contrary the whole thing was a pretext and a trick.

"I deny it, I deny it," he vociferated. "Anybody who says they have lost a farthing is a liar.—How are you, Gonzalo?" to the younger man of the new arrivals: "how's your health? I heard yesterday you were back. You're looking first-rate.—He's a *liar*," he resumed, at the same pitch of violence. "I repeat it, and I wager none of them would have the face to come to *me* with that yarn."

"According to the figures the baritone showed me, they have lost thirty thousand reals [\$1,500] in the thirty performances," said his friend Don Mateo.

Maza all but ground his teeth; indignation scarcely let him speak.

"And you attach any credit to what that toper says, Don Mateo?" he managed to get out. "Come, see here now,"—with affected scorn,—"by dint of associating with actors, you'll be forgetting your own occupation soon, like the smith they tell about in the story."

"Listen, you madcap: I have not said I believed him, have I? All I say is that that is the way it figures out, from what the baritone told me."

Maza, who had approached quite near, now sprang violently backward again, took up a position anew in the middle of the

room, snatched off his hat, and holding it in both hands to gesticulate with, vociferated frantically:—

“Stop there! stop there! don't go a step further. Do they take us for a lot of simple fledgelings just out of the nest? Now listen to me. Just tell me what they have done with the twenty thousand and odd reals the subscription brought them, and the nearly equal amount they must have taken in at the box-office.”

“Well, for one thing, they have to pay very high salaries.”

“Don't be a donkey, Álvaro; for the Holy Virgin's sake, try and not be a donkey. I'll tell you exactly what salaries they pay. The tenor”—checking off on his fingers—“six dollars a day; the soprano six more,—that makes twelve; the bass, four—sixteen; the contralto, three—nineteen; the baritone, four—”

“The baritone, five,” corrected Peña.

“The baritone, four,” insisted Maza with fury.

“I am certain it is five.”

“The baritone, four,” shouted Maza anew.

Upon this, Álvaro Peña arose in his turn, raising his voice too, and, burning with a noble desire for victory, undertook to convince or shout down his opponent. There began a wild, deafening dispute, which lasted about an hour, in which all or nearly all the members of that illustrious band of the regular frequenters of the café took part. It bore a close resemblance to the famous discussions of the Greeks without the walls of Troy; there were the same sound and fury, the same primitive simplicity in the arguments, the same undisguised and barbaric directness in the statements and the epithets employed. Such choice examples as this, for instance:—

“Could any man be more of an ass?”—“Shut up, shut up, you blockhead!”—“The ox opened his mouth, and what he said was, ‘*moo-o.*’”—“I tell you, you are not within a mile of the truth; or if you want to hear it plainer, you lie.”—“Great heavens, what a goose-hissing!”—“Any one would think you were a cackling old woman.”

Such altercations were of frequent, almost daily, occurrence in that room of the café. As everybody taking part in them had a direct, entirely primitive way of treating questions, like to or identical with that of the heroes of Homer, the very positions laid down at the beginning of the dispute always continued unchanged to the end. Such or such a man would go through the entire hour reiterating without pause, “No one has any right

to interfere in the private life of others;" another would cry, "That might happen in Germany, if you please, but *here* we are in Spain." A third was yet more brief, and would vociferate whenever he got the least opening, and whether he got it or not, "Moonshine! moonshine! stuff and nonsense!" Thus he would cry till he dropped half lifeless on a divan.

These arguments gained in intensity what they lost in breadth; the statements were each time repeated with greater and more devastating energy, and more strident voices, so that the day was rare that some of the speakers did not depart from there with his throat in such a state of hoarseness that he could scarcely be heard. It was generally Álvaro Peña and Don Feliciano who were found in that condition,—not because they really talked the most, but because they had the weakest vocal organs. If the Town Council had directed the planting of trees on the Riego Promenade—heated discussion in the café. If a trusted employee of the house of Gonzalez & Sons had decamped with fourteen thousand reals—discussion at the café. If the parish priest refused to give the pilot Velasco a certificate of good moral character—discussion at the café. Álvaro Peña took such a lively part in this one that he burst a small blood-vessel.

No unpleasant feelings were ever left after them, nor was it on record that any of them had ever resulted in a fight or a duel. All seemed to have tacitly agreed to accept, as they bestowed, abusive epithets as above mentioned, and take no offense at them.

VENTURITA WINS AWAY HER SISTER'S LOVER

From 'El Cuarto Poder'

GONZALO, after a little chat with his betrothed, arose, took a few turns up and down the long room, and went and sat down beside Venturita. The young girl was drawing some letters for embroidering.

"Don't make fun of them, Gonzalo: you know I draw badly," said she, her eyes flashing at him a brilliant, archly provoking glance that made him lower his own.

"I do not admit that: you do not draw badly at all," he responded, in a low voice that was slightly tremulous.

“How polite! You will admit that my drawing might be better, at any rate.”

“Better? better?—everything in this world might be better. It is very good, I assure you.”

“What a flatterer you’re getting to be. But I won’t have you laughing at me, do you hear? You need not try it.”

“I am not in the habit of laughing at folks—least of all at you.” He did not raise his eyes from the drawing-paper in her lap, and his voice was yet lower and more unsteady.

Venturita’s bewitching glance dwelt steadily upon him, and there might be read in it the sense of triumph and gratified pride.

“Here, you draw the letters yourself, Mr. Engineer,” she said reaching the paper and pencil towards him with a charmingly despotic manner.

The young man took them; lifted his gaze for an instant to hers, but dropped it again, as if he feared an electric shock; and began to draw. But instead of ornamental letters, it was a woman’s likeness that he depicted. First the hair ending in two braids down her back, then the low charming forehead, then a dainty nose, then a little mouth, then the admirably modeled chin melting into the neck with soft and graceful curves. It grew prodigiously like Venturita. While the girl, leaning close up against the shoulder of her future brother-in-law, followed the movements of the pencil, a smile of gratified vanity spread little by little over her face. . . . When the portrait was finished, she said in a roguish way, “Now put underneath it whom it is meant to represent.”

The draughtsman now raised his head, and the smiling glances of the two met, as if with a shower of sparks. Then with a swift, decisive movement, he wrote below the sketch:—

«WHAT I LOVE DEAREST IN ALL THE WORLD»

Venturita took possession of the piece of paper, and gazed at it a little while with delight; but next, feigning a disdainful mien, she thrust it back towards him, saying, “Here, take it, take it, humbug. I don’t want it.”

But before it could reach the hand of Gonzalo, his intended playfully reached out hers and intercepted it, saying, “What mysterious papers are these?”

Venturita, as if she had been pricked with a sharp weapon, sprang from her chair and forcibly grasped her sister's wrist.

"Give it to me, Cecilia! give it back! let it go," she exclaimed; her countenance darting fire, though she tried to impose upon it a forced smile.

[The amiable Cecilia yields it up. Venturita tears it in pieces. All are astonished at her violence. Her mother orders her from the room, and laments the waywardness of this younger daughter. Somewhat later Gonzalo, sad and downcast, is about to leave the house. As he extends his hand to the door, he notes that the cord that draws the latch is gently agitated from above.]

He stood a moment immovable. Again he reached towards the latch, and again the mysterious motion from above was repeated. He went back and glanced up the staircase: from the top landing a pretty blonde head smiled down at him.

"Do you want me to go up?" he asked.

"No," she replied, but with an intonation that clearly meant, "yes."

He immediately mounted the stairs on tiptoe.

"We can't stay here," said Venturita: "they may see us. Come along with me." And taking him by the hand, she led him through the corridors to the dining-room.

Gonzalo dropped into a chair, but without loosing her hand.

"Why has my mother got to mortify me at every instant, and before company?" she exclaimed. "If she thinks I will stand it she is very much mistaken. There is no consideration in this house except for that scapegrace brother of mine."

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, don't fly out at me. *I* like you precisely because you have a will and a temper of your own. I have no fancy for women made of flour and water."

"I guess it's because you are one of that stuff yourself."

"Not so much as you may think."

"I can never imagine your getting angry with anybody."

"Oh, very well; if I am of that sort then it is very proper that I should like amiable and tranquil women."

"Not at all, not at all," she exclaimed, suddenly changing her ground. "The blonde complexion likes the brunette, the fat the thin, and the tall the short. Confess now, isn't it because I am so little, and you so tall, that I please you?"

"Yes, but by no means for that alone," he said, laughing and pulling her nearer to him.

"For what else?" with one of her siren looks.

"Because you are so—homely."

"Thanks," she replied, her whole fair countenance illuminated with vanity.

"I suppose there is not a homelier one than you in Sarrió, or in the entire world."

"Still, you must have seen some homelier than I in your travels abroad? The Virgin save us! what a monster of ugliness I must be." And she laughed with all her heart at the flattery contained in his reversed hyperboles.

"We are not—comfortable here," said the young man nervously. "Some one might enter, or—even Cecilia. And what excuse could I give?"

"No matter what excuse: that is the least thing to consider. But if you are uneasy, we can go back to the drawing-room."

"Yes, let us go."

"Wait here an instant: I will go and see how the land lies." But then, stopping at the door with a new idea that just entered her head, she turned back and said, "If you would promise to be very proper and formal, I would take you to my room."

"Word of honor," he promised eagerly.

"No attempted kissing, you know, or silly nonsense of any kind."

"Not a bit."

"You swear it?"

"I do."

"Then stay here a little, and come up after me on the tips of your toes. Good-by for about two minutes."

He took her hand at this brief parting, and kissed it.

"There, you see, you break your promise even before we begin," she complained, affecting displeasure.

"But I didn't think that hands counted."

"*Everything* counts," she retorted severely, but her eyes still smiled at him.

[The young girl's room is described,—a marvel of daintiness, luxury, and good taste, personal to herself. Gonzalo exclaims:—]

"Oh, how much better this is than Cecilia's room!"

"You have seen hers?"

"Yes: a few days ago she showed it to me, with its bare walls, poor pictures, bed without draperies, and most commonplace bureau."

"Be good enough to sit down: you have grown tall enough."

"You did wrong to let me come up here," he said.

"Why? what do you mean?" and she affected surprise, opening and shutting her bright eyes many times in succession, so that the effect was like that play of heat-lightning that is observed in the warm evenings of summer.

"Because I feel that I am ill."

"You are ill? truly?" And now she opened her blue eyes widely; without, for all that, succeeding in giving them an innocent look.

"Yes, that is—yes, a little."

"Do you want me to call assistance?"

"That would do no good, as it is your eyes that are making all the trouble."

"Oh, then I will shut them up," she said, laughing merrily.

"Don't shut them up, don't shut them up, I beg of you. If you do, I shall be infinitely worse."

"I see it is best, in that case, that I should go away."

"And that would simply be to have my death at your door. Do you know why I think I am taken so ill? Because, I suppose, I cannot kiss down the lovely eyelids above those eyes that stab me through the heart."

"Oh, indeed? how badly off you are!" she rejoined, mocking him with the gayest laughter. "Well, I am sorry I cannot cure you."

"Then you will allow me to die?"

"Certainly, if you wish to."

"But you will first let me imprint a kiss upon your delightful hair, at least?"

"No indeed."

"Your hands, then?"

"No, not my hands either."

"Nothing of your belongings? Oh, see how you make me suffer, what fatal harm you are doing me."

"Here is a glove you may kiss, if you want to," and she tossed him one of her own that lay upon the dressing-table.

He pressed it to his lips repeatedly, with glowing ardor.

Disloyal, weak, a repellent character, as the critics like to say of the personages in novels who are not monumentally heroic and gifted with all the talents. But suppose the reader himself to be placed in that position, face to face with the younger Señorita Belinchon, receiving the meteor-like glances of her blue eyes, and hearkening to a voice with both grave and honeyed inflections that moved the very fibres of the soul, and suppose she should toss him a glove of hers to kiss,—I should very much like to hear in what severe terms he would decline the honor.

“Now let us speak seriously [said Venturita]; let us talk of our situation. In spite of what you promised me three days ago, I have not heard that you have yet spoken with mama or papa, or even written to them. Quite the contrary, in fact: not only you let the time pass, while every day makes things worse, but you seem to show yourself even more devoted to Cecilia than before.”

Gonzalo denied this with a shake of the head.

“But I have seen you. If you do not love her, this conduct towards her is very bad; and if you do love her, then your conduct towards me is infamous.”

“Are you not yet sure that my heart is yours alone?” he asked, his impassioned glance fixed upon her face.

“No.”

“Yes, yes, yes, it is; a thousand times yes. But I cannot be in Cecilia’s company and be harsh and indifferent with her. That would be too dreadful. I would rather tell her what has happened and have done with it, once for all.”

“Tell her, then.”

“I dare not.”

“Very well, *don’t* tell her, then. You and I will break off all that is between us. It will be better so, anyway,” said his fair young companion tartly.

“For God’s sake, Venturita, don’t say that; don’t talk that way. You frighten me; you will make me think you don’t love me. You must understand that my position in all this is strange, compromising, terrible. On the very point of marrying a most estimable girl, without any fault on her part, without any falling-out to serve as a pretext, or any circumstance whatever to forewarn her of such a thing, I am suddenly to say to her, ‘All is over between us, because I do not love you, and never have loved you.’ Could any conduct be more brutal and odious?

And your parents,—how are they going to take my conduct? Most likely, after indignantly scoring me as I shall deserve, they will order me out of their house, and never let me set foot in it again.”

“Very good, very good: then marry her, I say,—and I wish you joy of her,” said Venturita, springing up very pale.

“Never! that will never be. I shall either marry you or nobody else in all the wide world.”

“Then what are we going to do?”

“Oh, I don’t know, I don’t know;” his head drooping in abject sadness.

A silence fell upon them for a moment, broken by Venturita, who said, tapping lightly on his bowed head, “Rack your brains, man; invent something.”

“I’m trying and trying, but nothing comes of it.”

“You are good for nothing. Come, you must go now. Leave the thing to my charge. I will speak to mama. But you must write a letter to Cecilia.”

“Oh, for heaven’s sake, Venturita!” he protested in anguish of soul.

“Then don’t do it, and—what is the next step on the programme, tell: do you think I am going to serve as a plaything for you?”

“If I could only dispense with writing such a letter,” he responded, cringing with humility. “You cannot imagine what violence it does to my whole nature. Would it not do, instead, if I should cease coming to the house for some days?”

“Yes, yes, it would. Off with you now, and don’t come back,” said the girl, herself moving towards the door to depart. But he restrained her, by one of her braids of hair.

“Don’t be offended with me, my beautiful one,” he entreated. “Well you know that you have enchanted me, that you tread me under the sole of your pretty foot. In the long run I shall do whatever you want me to, even to jumping into the sea if you desire it. I was only trying to spare Cecilia suffering.”

“Conceited fellow! I’ll wager now you think Cecilia will die of love for you.”

“If she gives herself no great concern, so much the better; I shall thus escape enduring remorse.”

“Cecilia is cold; she neither loves nor hates with any warmth of feeling. Her disposition is excellent; selfishness has no part

in it; you would find her always exactly the same,—that is, neither gay nor sad. She is apathetic, incapable of being wounded by any disappointment,—at least, if she is, she never shows it. What are you doing there?—” she broke off, rapidly whirling around to face him.

“I was trying to unbraid your hair. I wanted to see it loose, as you let me see it once before. There is not a more beautiful sight in the world.”

“I don’t know that I object, if it is your whim to see it,” replied the maiden,—who was proud, and with reason, of her wealth of shining hair.

“What loveliness! it is one of the wonders of the world.” He touched the flowing locks gently; weighed them in his hands with delight; then, taken with a sudden enthusiasm, he cried, “I must bathe in them; let me bathe in this river of molten gold.”

[At this moment one of the sewing-girls, sent after some patterns, chanced to enter the room. Gonzalo looked up, paler than wax; the servant colored violently with confusion. Venturita alone kept her calmness. First managing to make her finger bleed by an adroit blow against the wardrobe, she said coolly:—]

“O Valentina, won’t you do me the favor to tie up my hair. I cannot do it myself, on account of having hurt my finger” (showing it). “Don Gonzalo was just going to try, but he would make very awkward work of it.”

JUAN VALERA

(1827-)

BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP

JUAN VALERA was born in 1827, at Cabra, a village of the Department of Cordova. He has identified himself greatly with his delightful native district of Andalusia, in the scenes of his novels; but personally he has led for the most part a life far from rural scenes,—a life of great capitals, long residence in foreign lands, active political as well as literary movements, and high honors and emoluments. It is a kind of life calculated to sharpen the natural intelligence, and confer ease and distinction of manners. His friend and admirer, Cánovas del Castillo, the late premier of Spain, accordingly said of him, as bearing upon the accuracy of his descriptions of social matters: “Mas hombre de mundo que Valera no le hay en España” (More man of the world than Valera there is not one in Spain). His father was a rear admiral, his mother the noble Marchioness Paniega. He was educated at two religious schools,—one at Malaga, the other on the Sacro Monte at Grenada, the same quarter that still contains the gypsies in their rock-cut dwellings. He very early entered upon the career of diplomacy. He was secretary of legation successively at Naples, Lisbon, Rio de Janeiro, Dresden, and St. Petersburg; and later has been Spanish minister to the United States and some other countries. He has also been at various times deputy to the Cortes, high official in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, Director of Public Instruction, and is now a life senator and a member of the Council of State. He was one of the eight eminent Spaniards commissioned by the nation to go and offer the crown to Prince Amadeo of Italy, after the overthrow of Isabel II. in 1868. As a political writer, he collaborated with the group of talented men, under José Luis de Albarada, who conducted *El Contemporáneo* (The Contemporary), a liberal review which overturned the ministry of Marshal O'Donnell. The same Albarada, later, founded *La Revista de España* (The Spanish Review), in which a good deal of Valera's work has appeared.

Valera has been also a professor of foreign literatures, and he is a member of the Spanish Academy. He has attempted many varieties of literary work, and been eminent in all. It might fairly be assumed from his smooth, harmonious, polished style, that he had written

verses; and such is the case. Of his collected 'Poems' (1856), 'El Fuego Divino' (The Fire Divine) is esteemed as among the best; a composition of thoroughly modern touch, yet in the vein of the mystical Fray Luis de Leon of the sixteenth century. His poetry comprises many paraphrases or translations from the Portuguese, the German, and the English,—excellent renderings of Whittier, Lowell, and W. W. Story, being found among the last. He is above all things a scholar and a critical essayist; a considerable number of his published volumes consist of collected essays or discourses before the Spanish Academy, covering such subjects as 'The Women Writers of Spain,' 'St. Teresa,' and the like,—not the moderns; 'Studies of the Middle Ages'; 'Liberty in Art'; and 'The New Art of Writing Novels,'—largely a discussion of French Naturalism. 'Cartas Americanas' (American Letters) is a small volume, with a kindly touch, devoted to an inquiry into the merits of the current literature of the Spanish Americas.

All that he does is characterized by scholarship and a rich culture. He himself confesses that he wrote his first novel, 'Pepita Ximenez,' 1874, without knowing that it was a novel. In fiction, his achievement is summed up in the having produced this one really great book, universally admired, 'Pepita Ximenez,' and a number of others of far inferior merit. He holds that the object of a novel should be the faithful representation of human actions and passions, and the creation, through such fidelity to nature, of a beautiful work; and he considers it a debasement of a work of art to attempt, for instance, to prove theses by it, or to reduce it to any strictly utilitarian end. 'Pepita' is a novel of "character," not of action. It has been complained that there is almost as great a lack of adventure in some of our modern fiction as there was a superabundance of it in the older sort; but no intelligent mind can fail to be carried along with the development of this most impressive and charming moral drama, slow, contemplative, and philosophic though the stages be by which it seems to move. How thoroughly, how exhaustively, are the situation and the problems of character worked out! This completeness and steadiness of attention are a very modern trait in fiction, as contrasted with the old picaresque stories, otherwise equally natural, upon which it is based. In that day, the scene, the personages, had to be continually changed, as for an audience that could not keep its mind fixed upon anything more than a few minutes at a time. In 'Gil Blas,' the robber cavern alone was material enough for a full volume; yet there it was but an episode, quickly giving place to an interminable succession of others.

In 'Pepita Ximenez,' Valera is fortunate enough to have an almost elemental passion to treat,—a subject like some of those of Shakespeare: the moral crisis of a young ecclesiastic, torn between earthly

and heavenly love. Don Luis, the son of a worldly father, comes home to the family estate in Andalusia for a short vacation, preparatory to taking orders. A handsome, well-built young man, he has been devoutly reared by his uncle, the dean of a cathedral in a distant town; and his head is full of the sincerest dreams of religious self-sacrifice, of exile, and even perchance martyrdom, in the Orient. His father wishes him, rather, to marry and inherit his wealth. It is not quite clear just what part of the final result is due to the affectionate machinations of those nearest him in his family, and what to unaided nature and the delightful fascinations of Pepita. She is a very young widow, of but eighteen, the widow of a rich old man who had been very kind to her. It is springtime in flowery Andalusia; and Pepita's discretion and reserve of character, her high-bred charm, her beauty, soon take hold upon Don Luis. The story is told chiefly in his letters to the dean. "The worst of it is," he writes, "that with the life I am leading I fear I may become too worldly minded." Soon it is: "He that loves the danger shall perish in it;" and finally an agony of appeal: "Oh, save me! Oh, take me away from here, or I am forever lost." What was Pepita's part in it? Was she in some sense the ally of his father,—who gave out that he wanted to marry her himself,—or did she love the handsome young theological student from the first? She loves him madly at last; and it is due to her own quite desperate persistence in the end that he is lost to the Church, and gained to secular life.

The author has not the gift of facile conversation: his characters rather dissertate to one another than talk. They incline to discuss at great length abstract questions of morals, theology, or taste; the pretty women only refrain from this at the cost of not talking at all. Even at the supreme moment of their probable parting forever, Luis and Pepita speak set orations. Still these orations are full of thought and have an innate interest.

In 'Doña Luz' (1878) we have again the same beautiful, high-bred kind of a woman as Pepita. She is "like a sun at its zenith." As she passes in the street, the bystanders murmur with the exaggerated Andalusian gallantry, "There goes the living glory itself." And again there is an interesting young priest; but all passes platonically. Doña Luz marries a brilliant man of the world, but he has sought her only for her fortune; she lives apart from him, and finds solace in her child.

'Las Ilusiones del Doctor Faustino' (The Illusions of Doctor Faustus: 1876) is the most ambitious of Valera's novels, but not correspondingly successful. It is a reminiscence of Faust; undertaking to show in the career of the poor and haughty young patrician, Mendoza, the many changes of purpose, belief, and fortune, the philosophic doubts and baffled aspirations, that may attend the life of man on

earth. His own mother asks, "*Para que sirve?*" (Of what use is he?) An apparition who calls herself his "Immortal Friend" flits across his career from time to time; he falls among bandits; he has many love affairs in which he does not appear to advantage; and he finally commits suicide. 'Pasarse de Listo' (Overshot the Mark), 1878, is an account of Inesita and the young Count de Alhedin, who, with excessive circumspection, manage to involve in the appearance of the flirtation they two are really carrying on, Beatriz the married sister of the young girl; with the tragic result that the husband of Beatriz is led to jump off the Segovia Street Viaduct at Madrid, and kill himself. This book has been translated by Clara Bell, under the title of 'Don Braulio.'

'El Comendador Mendoza' (Commander Mendoza), 1877, is a story of the last century, though nothing archaic in its form would distinguish the time from the present day. The Commander, come back with a fortune from Peru to his native village, finds there an old flame of his from Lima, Doña Blanca; and her daughter Clara, who is also his daughter. Doña Blanca, rigidly repentant and devout, desires that Clara should enter a convent, that she may not by marrying divert the wealth of her putative father into an illegitimate channel. The Commander performs prodigies of ingenuity and generosity to save the amiable Clara; and by stripping himself entirely of his property, gets her happily married to the man of her choice, without the public ever being cognizant of their secret. He is rewarded by securing for himself the hand of Lucia, a charming young friend of his daughter's. She is represented as much preferring an elderly to a youthful lover; and such a lover is celebrated in a poem in which it is said that "The spirit burns undimmed beneath the snow with which the persistent labor of the mind has crowned his brow." Other books are 'Currita Albornoz,' 1890; 'La Buena Fama' (Good Name), 1894; 'El Hechicero' (The Sorcerer), 1895; and 'Juanita la Larga' (Tall Juanita), 1895. 'Tall Juanita,' the latest, is the history of the true affection which a man of fifty-three succeeds in inspiring in a young peasant girl of seventeen. A scapegrace character in it goes to Cuba. It is represented that he proposes to take part in filibustering schemes, then become an American citizen, get a large claim for damages allowed against Spain, give four fifths to the legislators who have assisted him, and with the other fifth live in luxury on Fifth Avenue, New York. This is very far indeed from the idyllic charm of 'Pepita Ximenez.'

William Henry Bishop

The following translations are from the original Spanish, by William Henry Bishop, for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature.'

YOUTH AND CRABBED AGE

From 'Pepita Ximenez'

WHEN Don Gumersindo was close upon his eightieth year, Pepita Ximenez was only about to complete her sixteenth. He was rich and influential in the community, she was without means or the support of powerful friends.

Indeed, from the ethical point of view, this marriage is open to question. Still, so far as the young girl is concerned, if we recollect the entreaties, the querulous complaints, nay, even the positive commands, of her mother; if we take into account that she designed by this step to secure for her mother a comfortable old age, and to save her brother from disgrace and even infamy, acting in this affair as his guardian angel and earthly providence,—then it must be confessed that there is room for an abatement of the censure—if censure be the feeling aroused in the spectator's mind. Furthermore, who is to penetrate into the intimate recesses, the hidden depths of heart and mind, of a tender maiden, brought up most likely in extreme seclusion, and wholly ignorant of the world? who is to know what ideas she may have formed to herself of matrimony? Perchance—who knows?—she may have thought that to marry that venerable man was merely to devote her life to taking care of him; to be his nurse; to sweeten with her presence his last days; to rescue him from solitude and abandonment, where in his infirmities he would have had no aid but from mercenary hands: in a word, like an angel that takes on human form, to cheer and illumine his decline of life with the winsome and mellow glow emanating from her youth and beauty. If the girl thought somewhat of this or all of this, and in the innocence of her heart never dreamed of going on into any further aspects of the case, then indeed is her act not only free from blame, but must claim admiration as showing the warm benevolence of her nature.

However this may be, and now putting aside this line of psychological examination,—which I really have no right to attempt, since I possess no personal acquaintance with Pepita Ximenez,—what remains certain is, that she lived in an edifying state of harmony with the old man for three years; that her venerable partner appeared happier than he had ever been in

all his days; that she nursed him and entertained him with an admirable conscientiousness; and that in his last painful illness she waited upon him and watched over him with the tenderest and most unwearied affection,—till at length he died in her arms, and left her heiress to a large fortune.

PEPITA'S APPEARANCE AT THE GARDEN PARTY

From 'Pepita Ximenez'

PEPITA XIMENEZ, who, through my father, had heard of the great pleasure I take in the gardens of this district, has invited us to visit one that she owns at a short distance from the village, and to eat the early strawberries that grow there. This liking of Pepita's to show herself so gracious to my father, who is a suitor for her hand, while at the same time in that capacity she will have none of him, often seems to me to savor not a little of a coquetry worthy of reprobation. But when on the next occasion I see her so natural, so perfectly frank and simple, the injurious fancy passes; and I feel that she must do everything with the most limpid purity of mind, and that she has no other purpose than to preserve the friendly feeling that unites our family to hers.

Be that as it will, the day before yesterday we paid the visit to Pepita's garden. . . . By quite a sybaritic piece of refinement, it was not the gardener, nor was it his wife, nor his son, nor indeed any other person of the rustic sort, who waited upon us at the luncheon; it was two pretty girls, confidential servants as it were of Pepita, dressed in the usual peasant costume, yet with consummate neatness and elegance. Their gowns were of a bright-colored cotton stuff, short in the skirt, and trimly fitted to their figures; they wore silk handkerchiefs crossed over their shoulders, and in the abundant black tresses of each one . . . showed a fresh sprig of roses.

Pepita's gown, except that it was of rich quality, was equally unpretentious. It was of black wool, and cut in the same form as those of the maids; without being too short, its wearer had taken care that it should not trail, nor in slouchy fashion sweep up the dust of the ground. A modest silk handkerchief, black also, covered her shoulders and bosom after the fashion of the country; and on her head she wore neither ribbon, flower, nor

gem, nor any other adornment than that of her own beautiful blonde hair. The only detail in Pepita's appearance in which I noticed that she departed from the custom of the country people, and showed a certain fastidiousness, was her concern to wear gloves. It is apparent that she takes great care of her hands, and prides herself with some little vanity on keeping them white and pretty, and the nails polished and of roseate hue. But if she has so much of vanity, it is to be pardoned to human weakness: and indeed, if I recollect aright, even St. Theresa in her youth had it also; which did not hinder her from becoming the very great saint she was.

In fact I quite understand, though I do not undertake to defend, that particular bit of vanity. It is so distinguished, so high-bred, to have a comely hand; I even frequently think it has something symbolical about it. The hand is the minister of our actions; the sign of our innate gentility; the medium through which the intelligence vests with form the inventions of its artistic sense, gives being to the creations of its will, and exercises the sovereignty that God conceded to man over all created things.

A NOONDAY APPARITION IN THE GLEN

From 'Pepita Ximenez'

MY FATHER, wishing to pay off to Pepita the compliment of her garden party, invited her in her turn to make a visit to our country-house of the Pozo de la Solana. . . . We had to go in the saddle. As I have never learned to ride horseback, I mounted, as on all the former excursions with my father, a mule which Dientes, our mule-driver, pronounced twice as good as gold, and as steady as a hay-wagon. . . . Now Pepita Ximenez, whom I supposed I should see in side-saddle on an animal of the donkey species also,—what must she do but astonish me by appearing on a fine horse of piebald marking, and full of life and fire. It did not take me long to see the sorry figure I should cut, jogging along in the rear with fat Aunt Casilda and the vicar, and to be mortified by it. When we reached the villa and dismounted, I felt relieved of as great a load as if it was I that had carried the mule, and not the mule that had carried me. . . .

Bordering the course of the brook, and especially in the ravines, are numerous poplars with other well-grown trees, which in conjunction with the shrubbery and taller herbs, form dusky and labyrinthine thickets. A thousand fragrant sylvan growths spring up spontaneously there; and in truth it is difficult to imagine anything wilder, more secluded, more completely solitary, peaceful, and silent, than that spot. In the blaze of noonday, when the sun is pouring down his light in floods from a sky without a cloud, and in the calm warm hours of the afternoon siesta, almost the same mysterious terrors steal upon the mind as in the still watches of the night. One comprehends there the way of life of the ancient patriarchs, and of the heroes and shepherds of primitive tradition, with all the apparitions and visions they were wont to have,—now of nymphs, now of gods, and now of angels, in the midst of the brightness of day.

In the passage through those dusky thickets, it came about at a given moment, I know not how, that Pepita and I found ourselves side by side and alone. All the others had remained behind.

I felt a sudden thrill run over all my body. It was the very first time I had ever been alone with that woman; the place was extremely solitary, and I had been thinking but now of the apparitions—sometimes sinister, sometimes winsome, but always supernatural—that used to walk at noonday in the sight of the men of an earlier time.

Pepita had put off at the house her long riding-skirt, and now wore a short one that did not hamper the graceful lightness of her natural movements. On her head she had set a charmingly becoming little Andalusian shade-hat. She carried in her hand her riding-whip; and somehow my fancy struck out the whimsical conceit that this was one of those fairy wands with which the sorceress could bewitch me at will, if she pleased.

I do not shrink from setting down on this paper deserved eulogies of her beauty. In that wild woodland scene, it seemed to me even fairer than ever. The plan that the old ascetic saints recommended to us as a safeguard,—namely, to think upon the beloved one as all disfigured by age and sickness, to picture her as dead, lapsing away in corruption, and a prey to worms,—that picture came before my imagination in spite of my will. I say “in spite of my will,” because I do not believe that any such terrible precaution is necessary. No evil thought as to the

material body, no untoward suggestion of a malign spirit, at that time disturbed my reason nor made itself felt by my senses or my will.

What did occur to me was a line of reasoning, convincing at least in my own mind, that quite obviated the necessity of such a step of precaution. Beauty, the product of a divine and supreme art, may be indeed but a weak and fleeting thing, disappearing perchance in a twinkling: still the idea and essence of that beauty are eternal; once apprehended by the mind of man, it must live an immortal life. The loveliness of that woman, such as it has shown itself to me to-day, will vanish, it is true, within a few brief years; that wholly charming body, the flowing lines and contours of that exquisite form, that noble head so proudly poised above the slender neck and shoulders,—all, all will be but food for loathsome worms; but though the earthly form of matter is to change, how as to the mental conception of that frame, the artistic ideal, the essential beauty itself? Who is to destroy all that? Does it not remain in the depths of the Divine Mind? Once perceived and known by me, must it not live forever in my soul, victorious over age and even over death?

THE EVENINGS AT PEPITA'S TERTULIA

From 'Pepita Ximenez'

AS I HAVE mentioned to you before, Pepita receives her friends every evening at her house, from nine o'clock till twelve.

Thither repair four or five matrons, and as many young girls of the village, counting in Aunt Casilda with the number; and then six or seven young men who play forfeits with the girls. Three or four engagements are already on the carpet from this association, which is natural enough. The graver portion of the social assembly [*tertulia*], pretty much always the same, is composed of the exalted dignitaries of the place, so to speak; that is, my father who is the squire, with the apothecary, the doctor, the notary, and his Reverence the vicar. . . .

I am never quite certain in which section of the company I ought to place myself. If it is with the young people, I fear my seriousness is a damper on their sports and their flirtation; if with the older set, then I am constrained to play the part of a

mere looker-on in things I do not understand. The only games I know how to play are the simple ones of "blind donkey," "wide-awake donkey," and a little *tute* or *brisca cruzada*.

The best thing for me would be not to go to the *tertulia* at all. My father, however, insists that I shall go; not to do so, according to him, would be to make myself ridiculous.

My father breaks out in many expressions of wonderment at noticing my complete ignorance of certain things; such as that I cannot play ombre,—not even ombre. This strikes him simply with bewilderment.

"Your uncle has brought you up in the gleam of a twopenny rushlight," he exclaims. "He has stuffed you with theology, and then more theology still, and left you wholly in the dark about everything that it is really important to know. From the very fact that you are to be a priest, and consequently cannot dance nor make love when you go out in society, you ought to know how to play ombre. If not, what are you going to do with yourself, you young wretch? just tell us that."

To this and other shrewd discourse of the sort I have finally had to give in; and my father is teaching me ombre at home, so that as soon as I know it I can play it at Pepita's receptions. He has been anxious furthermore to teach me fencing, and after that to smoke, and to shoot, and to throw the bar; but I have not consented to any of these latter propositions.

"What a difference between my youthful years and yours!" my father likes to exclaim.

And then he will add, laughingly:—

"However, it's all essentially the same thing. I too had my canonical hours, but they were in the Life Guards barracks: a good cigar was our incense, a pack of cards was our hymn-book; nor was there ever lacking to us a good supply of other devotional exercises all just as spiritual as those."

Although you, my good uncle, had forewarned me of this levity of character in my father,—and indeed it is precisely on account of it that I passed twelve years of my life with you, from the age of ten to that of twenty-two,—still my father's way of talking, sometimes free beyond all bounds, often alarms and mortifies me. But what can I do about it? At any rate, though it is not becoming in me to censure it, I shall never show approval nor laugh at it.

PEPITA'S EYES

From 'Pepita Ximenez'

AS I MUST have told you in former letters, Pepita's eyes, though green like those of Circe, have a most tranquil and exemplary expression. One would decide that she was not conscious of the power of her eyes at all, nor ever knew that they could serve for any other purpose than simply that of seeing with. When her gaze falls upon you, its soft light is so clear, so candid and pure, that so far from fomenting any wicked thought, it appears as if it favored only those of the most limpid kind. It leaves chaste and innocent souls in unruffled repose, and it destroys all incentive to ill in those that are not so. Nothing of ardent passion, nothing of unhallowed fire, is there in the eyes of Pepita. Like the calm mild radiance of the moon, rather, is the sweet illumination of her glance.

Well, then, I have to tell you now, in spite of all the above, that two or three times I have fancied I caught an instantaneous gleam of splendor, a lightning-like flash, a devastating leap of flame, in those fine eyes when they rested upon mine. Is this only some ridiculous bit of vanity, suggested by the arch-fiend himself? I think it must be. I wish to believe that it is, and I will believe that it is.

No, it was not a dream, it was not the figment of a mad imagination, it was but the sober truth. She does suffer her eyes to look into mine with the burning glance of which I have told you. Her eyes are endowed with a magnetic attraction impossible to explain. They draw me on, they undo me, and I cannot withhold my own from them. At those times my eyes must blaze with a baleful flame like hers. Thus did those of Amnon when he contemplated Tamar; thus did those of the Prince of Schechem when he looked upon Dinah.

When our glances meet in that way I forget even my God. Her image instead rises up in my soul, victorious over everything. Her beauty shines resplendent beyond all other beauty; the joys of heaven seem to me of less worth than her affection, and an eternity of suffering but a trifling cost for the incalculable bliss infused into my being by a single one of those glances of hers, though they pass quick as the lightning's flash.

When I return to my dwelling, when I am alone in my chamber, in the silence of the night,—then, oh then, all the horror of

my situation comes upon me, and I form the best of resolutions —but only to break them again forthwith.

I promise myself to invent a pretext of sickness, or to seek some other subterfuge, no matter what, in order not to go to Pepita's house on the succeeding night; and yet I go, just as if no such resolution had been taken. . . .

Not alone to my sight is she so delectable, so grateful, but her voice also sounds in my ears like the celestial music of the spheres, revealing to me all the harmonies of the universe. I even go to the point of imagining that there emanates from her form a subtile aroma of delicious fragrance, more delicate than that of mint by the brook-sides, or than wild thyme on the mountain slopes.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE INTERESTS OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

From 'Pepita Ximenez'

DON LUIS was of a stubbornly persistent, obstinate nature; he had what, when well directed, makes that desirable quality called firmness of character. Nothing abased him so much in his own eyes as to be inconsistent in his opinions or his conduct. The plan and aim of Don Luis's whole life, the plan which he had declared and defended before all those whom he associated with,—his moral ideal of himself, in fact, which was that of an aspirant to holiness, a man consecrated to God and imbued with the sublimest philosophy of religion,—all that could not fall to the ground without causing him great distress of mind; as fall it would if he let himself be carried away by his love for Pepita. Although the price to be received was an incomparably higher one, he felt that he was going to imitate the improvident Esau of Holy Writ, and sell his birthright for a mess of pottage.

We men in general are wont to be but the poor plaything of circumstances; we suffer ourselves to be borne along by the current, and do not direct ourselves unswerving to a single aim. We do not choose our own destiny, but accept and carry on that which blind fortune assigns to us. With many men the kind of occupation they follow, the political party they belong to—pretty

much all the circumstances of their lives, turn upon hazards and fortuitous events; it is not plan but the whims and caprices of fortune that settle it.

The pride of Don Luis rebelled against such an order of things with an energy that was disposed to be titanic. What would be said of him—above all, what must he think of himself—if his life's ideal, if the new man whom he had created within his being, if all his praiseworthy reachings out towards virtue, honor, and holy ambition, were to vanish in an instant, consumed by the warmth of a look, a passing glance from a dark eye, as the frost liquefies in the yet feeble rays of the morning sun?

These and yet other reasons of a like egotistical sort, in addition to considerations of real merit and weight, contended against the attractions of the young widow. But all his reasoning alike put on the garb of religion; so that Don Luis himself, not able to distinguish and discriminate clearly between them, would mistake for the love of God not only that which was really love of God, but also his own self-love. He recalled, for instance, the lives of many of the saints who had resisted yet greater temptations than his own; and he would not reconcile himself to be less heroic than they. He remembered especially that notable case of firmness shown by St. John Chrysostom; who was able to remain unmoved under all the blandishments of a good and loving mother, deaf to her sobs, her most affectionate entreaties, all the eloquent and feeling pleas that she made to him not to abandon her and become a priest. She led him, for this interview, even to her own room, and made him seat himself beside the bed in which she had brought him into the world; but all in vain. After having reflected upon this, Don Luis could not endure in himself the weakness of failing to scorn the entreaties of a stranger woman, of whose very existence he had been ignorant but a short time before, and of wavering still between his duty and the allurements of that charming person; whose feeling, furthermore, for all he knew, was but coquetry, instead of real love for him.

Next, Don Luis reflected on the august dignity of the sacerdotal office to which he was called; in his thoughts he set it high above all the other institutions, above all the poor thrones and principalities of the earth; and this because it was never founded by mortal man, nor caprice of the noisy and servile crowd, nor through any invasion nor inheritance of power by barbarous

rulers, nor by the violence of mutinous troops led on by greed; nor had it been founded by any angel, archangel, or any created power whatever, but by the eternal Paraclete himself. How! was he indeed yielding to the charm of a giddy girl,—to a tear or two, perhaps feigned at that,—was he for such a motive to belittle and put aside that greatest of dignities, that sacred authority which God did not concede even to the very archangels nearest his throne? Could he ever be content to descend to the common herd, to be lost among them? Could he be merely one of the flock when he had aspired to be its shepherd, tying or untying on earth what God should tie or untie in heaven, pardoning sins, regenerating souls by water and the Spirit, teaching them in the name of an infallible authority, and pronouncing judgments which the Lord would then ratify and confirm in highest heaven? . . .

When Don Luis reflected upon all this, his soul flew aloft and soared high above all the clouds into the farthest empyrean; and poor Pepita Ximenez was left behind there, far below, scarce visible, as one might say, to the naked eye.

Soon however would his winged imagination cease its flight, his spirit return to earth. Then once more he would see Pepita, so gracious, so youthful, so ingenuous, so loving; and Pepita combated within his heart his most inflexible determinations. Don Luis dreaded, with but too much reason, that in the end she would scatter them all to the winds.

HOW YOUNG DON FADRIQUE WAS PERSUADED TO DANCE

From 'Commander Mendoza'

WHEN a child, Don Fadrique used to dance the *bolero* very creditably. Don Diego—for such was his father's name—had pleasure in seeing the boy exhibit his grace and skill whenever he took him about to pay visits with him, or when he received visitors at his own house.

On a certain occasion Don Diego, with his son Don Fadrique, went to the little city,—I have never been willing to give any name to it,—distant about two leagues from Villabermejo, in which little city the scene of my novel 'Pepita Ximenez' is laid. . . .

At that time Don Fadrique was thirteen years old, but unusually tall for his age. As visits of ceremony were to be made, he had put on a crimson damask coat and waistcoat, with burnished steel buttons, together with white-silk stockings and buckled shoes,—a costume in which he was like the midday sun, for the fine and becoming effect of it.

Don Fadrique's well-worn traveling-suit, much spotted and patched, was left behind at the inn, as were their horses as well. Don Diego was of a mind that his son should appear in his company in unclouded splendor; and the boy was most self-complacent at finding himself decked out in such modish and elegant attire. This fine dress, however, inspired in him at the same time an ideal of a certain exaggerated formality and reserve of conduct, he thought he ought to observe to be in keeping with it.

Their first visit was made to a noble dame, a widow with two unmarried daughters. Unluckily here the family spoke of young Fadrique; how he was growing up, and his skill in dancing the *bolero*.

"He does not dance as well at present as he did a year ago," his father explained; "for he is just now at the awkward hobble-dehoy age,—an ungainly period, between schoolmaster's rod and the first razor. You know that boys at that age are unendurable,—trying to ape the airs of grown men, when they are not men in the least. Nevertheless, as you are kind enough to desire it, he shall give you an example of his accomplishments in the dancing line."

The ladies, who had at first but politely suggested it, hereupon urged their request quite warmly. One of the young daughters of the house picked up a guitar, and began to strum suitable dance music.

"Dance, Fadrique," said Don Diego, as soon as the music struck up.

But an unconquerable repugnance to dancing upon that occasion took possession of the boy. He fancied there was a prodigious irrelevancy—a regular Antinomian heresy, as they would have said in those days—between his dance and the mature coat of ceremony he had then put on. It should be stated that he wore such a coat on this day for the first time; and this too was the very first appearance of the new costume—if indeed it can be called "new," after having been made over from a suit which had first been his father's, and then his elder brother's,

and only handed down to him when it had grown too tight and short for them.

"Dance, Fadrique," his father repeated, beginning to lose patience at his delay.

Don Diego—whose own garb, of a kind adapted both to country wear and to traveling, was presumably quite correct enough without change—had not donned a formal coat, like his son. His attire consisted of a complete suit of dressed deerskin, with long boots and spurs; and in his hand he carried the hunting-whip with which he was wont to keep in order both his spirited horse and a pack of dogs that followed him.

"Dance, Fadrique!" cried Don Diego, repeating his order for the third time. His voice had an agitated tone, due to anger and surprise.

Don Diego held so exalted an idea of the paternal authority, and of his own in particular, that he marveled at the species of taciturn rebellion at which he was assisting.

"Let him alone, I beg, Señor Mendoza," interposed the noble widow. "The child is tired out with his journey, and does not feel like dancing."

"He has *got* to dance, and at once."

"No, no, never mind," protested she who strummed the guitar. "Probably we shall have the pleasure of seeing him some other time."

"He shall dance, and on the instant, I say. Dance, I tell you, Fadrique."

"I won't dance in a coat of ceremony like this," the youth at last responded.

Aquí fué Troya [Here stood Troy]. Don Diego ignored the presence of the ladies, and all other restraining motives. The reply had been to him like a match applied to a powder magazine.

"Rebel, disobedient son," he shouted in a rage, "I'll send you away to the Torribiós! [A severe reform-school founded by a certain Father Torribío.] Dance, or I will flog you." And he began flogging young Don Fadrique with his riding-whip.

The girl who had the guitar stopped her music for an instant in surprise; but Don Diego gave her such an angry and terrible look that she feared he might make her play by hard knocks, just as he was trying to make his son dance, and so she kept on without further pause.

When Don Fadrique had received eight or ten sound lashes, he all at once began to perform the dance, the very best he knew how.

At first the tears ran down his cheeks; but presently, upon the reflection that it was his own father that was beating him, and the whole scene striking his fancy in a comic light,—seeing his case, for instance, as if it were that of another person, he began to laugh heartily. To dance, in a coat of ceremony, to the accompaniment of a volley of whip-lashes, what could be funnier? In spite of the physical pain he was suffering, he laughed gayly, and danced with the enthusiasm of a veritable inspiration.

The ladies applauded the strange performance with all their might.

“Good! good!” now cried Don Diego. “By all the devils! have I hurt you, my son?”

“Not at all, father. It is clear I needed a double accompaniment to make me dance to-day.”

“Well, try and forget it, my boy. Why did you want to be so obstinate? What reasonable ground for refusing could you have had, when your new coat fits you as if it were simply painted on, and when you consider that the classic and high-bred *bolero* is a dance entirely suited to any gentleman? I am a little quick-tempered, I admit; but I hope these ladies will pardon me.”

And with this ended the episode of the *bolero*.

HENRY VAN DYKE

(1852-)

THE literary clergyman has made some very pleasant and important contributions to the great body of English literature. A worthy American member of the confraternity is the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, a popular and able preacher, a writer of mark upon religious subjects, and in the field of *belles-lettres* a graceful and accomplished essayist and poet.

Dr. Van Dyke comes of distinguished clerical stock,—his father being the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke of Brooklyn, New York. Henry the son was born November 10th, 1852, at Germantown, Pennsylvania; and was educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and at Princeton, in the college and Theological Seminary. He took a further course at the German University of Berlin. His first pastorate was that of the United Congregational Church at Newport, Rhode Island, which he held from 1879 to 1882; then coming to the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York city, which charge he has since retained. Dr. Van Dyke was a Harvard preacher from 1890 to 1892; and in 1895-6 delivered the Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale, published in 1895 under the title 'The Gospel for an Age of Doubt,'—recognized as a brilliant setting forth and interpretation of the modern intellectual situation. Dr. Van Dyke's writings fall into a threefold division: sermons and other distinctly religious books; literary appreciations and papers; and poems. Of the former may be mentioned 'The Reality of Religion' (1884), 'The Story of the Psalms' (1887), 'God and Little Children' (1890), 'Straight Sermons: to Young Men and Other Human Beings' (1893), 'The Bible As It Is' (1893), 'The Christ-Child in Art: A Study of Interpretation' (1894), and 'Responsive Readings' (1895). Dr. Van Dyke is an enthusiastic student of Tennyson; and his very popular 'The Poetry of Tennyson' (1889) is one of the most authoritative and eloquent studies of the late Laureate. 'Little Rivers' (1896) contains a series of charming papers descriptive of the author's fishing excursions in picturesque places,—essays "in profitable idleness," showing



HENRY VAN DYKE

him at his happiest in prose. 'The National Sin of Literary Piracy' appeared in 1888, and 'The People Responsible for the Character of Their Rulers' in 1895. A volume of Dr. Van Dyke's verse entitled 'The Builders and Other Poems' was published in 1897, and added materially to his reputation; for the verse is artistic, has genuine imagination, and is full of noble ethical feeling. This book of verse, together with the Yale lectures, the Tennyson estimate, and 'Little Rivers,' represents that portion of Dr. Van Dyke's writing which establishes his claim to inclusion among American men of letters.

LITTLE RIVERS

From 'Little Rivers.' Copyright 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons

A RIVER is the most human and companionable of all inanimate things. It has a life, a character, a voice of its own; and is as full of good-fellowship as a sugar-maple is of sap. It can talk in various tones, loud or low; and of many subjects, grave or gay. Under favorable circumstances it will even make a shift to sing; not in a fashion that can be reduced to notes and set down in black and white on a sheet of paper, but in a vague, refreshing manner, and to a wandering air that goes

"Over the hills and far away."

For real company and friendship, there is nothing outside of the animal kingdom that is comparable to a river.

I will admit that a very good case can be made out in favor of some other objects of natural affection. For example, a fair apology has been offered by those ambitious persons who have fallen in love with the sea. But after all, that is a formless and disquieting passion. It lacks solid comfort and mutual confidence. The sea is too big for loving, and too uncertain. It will not fit into our thoughts. It has no personality, because it has so many. It is a salt abstraction. You might as well think of loving a glittering generality like "the American woman." One would be more to the purpose.

Mountains are more satisfying because they are more individual. It is possible to feel a very strong attachment for a certain range whose outline has grown familiar to our eyes; or a clear peak that has looked down, day after day, upon our joys

and sorrows, moderating our passions with its calm aspect. We come back from our travels, and the sight of such a well-known mountain is like meeting an old friend unchanged. But it is a one-sided affection. The mountain is voiceless and imperturbable; and its very loftiness and serenity sometimes makes us the more lonely.

Trees seem to come closer to our life. They are often rooted in our richest feelings; and our sweetest memories, like birds, build nests in their branches. I remember, the last time I saw James Russell Lowell (only a few weeks before his musical voice was hushed), he walked out with me into the quiet garden at Elmwood to say good-by. There was a great horse-chestnut tree beside the house, towering above the gable, and covered with blossoms from base to summit,—a pyramid of green supporting a thousand smaller pyramids of white. The poet looked up at it with his gray, pain-furrowed face, and laid his trembling hand upon the trunk. "I planted the nut," said he, "from which this tree grew. And my father was with me, and showed me how to plant it."

Yes, there is a good deal to be said in behalf of tree-worship; and when I recline with my friend Tityrus beneath the shade of his favorite oak, I consent to his devotions. But when I invite him with me to share my orisons, or wander alone to indulge the luxury of grateful, unlaborious thought, my feet turn not to a tree, but to the bank of a river; for there the musings of solitude find a friendly accompaniment, and human intercourse is purified and sweetened by the flowing, murmuring water. It is by a river that I would choose to make love, and to revive old friendships, and to play with the children, and to confess my faults, and to escape from vain, selfish desires, and to cleanse my mind from all the false and foolish things that mar the joy and peace of living. Like David's hart, I pant for the water-brooks; and would follow the advice of Seneca, who says, "Where a spring rises, or a river flows, there should we build altars and offer sacrifices."

The personality of a river is not to be found in its water, nor in its bed, nor in its shore. Either of these elements, by itself, would be nothing. Confine the fluid contents of the noblest stream in a walled channel of stone, and it ceases to be a stream; it becomes what Charles Lamb calls "a mockery of a river—a liquid artifice—a wretched conduit." But take away the water

from the most beautiful river-banks, and what is left? An ugly road with none to travel it; a long ghastly scar on the bosom of the earth.

The life of a river, like that of a human being, consists in the union of soul and body, the water and the banks. They belong together. They act and react upon each other. The stream molds and makes the shore: hollowing out a bay here and building a long point there; alluring the little bushes close to its side, and bending the tall slim trees over its current; sweeping a rocky ledge clean of everything but moss, and sending a still lagoon full of white arrow-heads and rosy knot-weed far back into the meadow. The shore guides and controls the stream: now detaining and now advancing it; now bending it in a hundred sinuous curves, and now speeding it straight as a wild bee on its homeward flight; here hiding the water in a deep cleft overhung with green branches, and there spreading it out, like a mirror framed in daisies, to reflect the sky and the clouds; sometimes breaking it with sudden turns and unexpected falls into a foam of musical laughter, sometimes soothing it into a sleepy motion like the flow of a dream.

And is it otherwise with the men and women whom we know and like? Does not the spirit influence the form, and the form affect the spirit? Can we divide and separate them in our affections?

I am no friend to purely psychological attachments. In some unknown future they may be satisfying; but in the present I want your words and your voice, with your thoughts, your looks and your gestures, to interpret your feelings. The warm, strong grasp of Great-heart's hand is as dear to me as the steadfast fashion of his friendships; the lively, sparkling eyes of the master of Rudder Grange charm me as much as the nimbleness of his fancy; and the firm poise of the Hoosier Schoolmaster's shaggy head gives me new confidence in the solidity of his views of life. I like the pure tranquillity of Isabel's brow as well as her

“—most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress.”

The soft cadences and turns in my Lady Katrina's speech draw me into the humor of her gentle judgments of men and things. The touches of quaintness in Angelica's dress—her folded kerchief and smooth-parted hair—seem to partake of herself, and

enhance my admiration for the sweet odor of her thoughts and her old-fashioned ideals of love and duty. Even so the stream and its channel are one life; and I cannot think of the swift brown flood of the Batiscan without its shadowing primeval forests, or the crystalline current of the Boquet without its beds of pebbles and golden sand, and grassy banks embroidered with flowers.

Every country—or at least every country that is fit for habitation—has its own rivers; and every river has its own quality: and it is the part of wisdom to know and love as many as you can; seeing each in the fairest possible light, and receiving from each the best that it has to give. The torrents of Norway leap down from their mountain homes with plentiful cataracts, and run brief but glorious races to the sea. The streams of England move smoothly through green fields and beside ancient, sleepy towns. The Scotch rivers brawl through the open moorland, and flash along steep Highland glens. The rivers of the Alps are born in icy caves, from which they issue forth with furious, turbid waters; but when their anger has been forgotten in the slumber of some blue lake, they flow down more softly to see the vineyards of France and Italy, the gray castles of Germany, and the verdant meadows of Holland. The mighty rivers of the West roll their yellow floods through broad valleys, or plunge down dark cañons. The rivers of the South creep under dim arboreal archways heavy with banners of waving moss. The Delaware and the Hudson and the Connecticut are the children of the Catskills and the Adirondacks and the White Mountains, cradled among the forests of spruce and hemlock, playing through a wild woodland youth, gathering strength from numberless tributaries to bear their great burdens of lumber, and turn the wheels of many mills, issuing from the hills to water a thousand farms, and descending at last, beside new cities, to the ancient sea.

Every river that flows is good, and has something worthy to be loved. But those that we love most are always the ones that we have known best,—the stream that ran before our father's door, the current on which we ventured our first boat or cast our first fly, the brook on whose banks we first picked the twin flower of young love. However far we may travel, we come back to Naaman's state of mind: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

THE MALADY OF MODERN DOUBT

From 'The Gospel for an Age of Doubt.' Copyright 1896, by the Macmillan Company

BUT why despair, unless indeed because man, in his very nature and inmost essence, is framed for an immortal hope? No other creature is filled with disgust and anger by the mere recognition of its own environment, and the realization of its own destiny. This strange issue of a purely physical evolution in a profound revolt against itself is incredibly miraculous. Can a vast universe of atoms and ether, unfolding out of darkness into darkness, produce at some point in its progress, and that point apparently the highest, a feeling of profound disappointment with its partially discovered processes, and resentful grief at its dimly foreseen end? To believe this would require a monstrous credulity. Agnosticism evades it. There are but two solutions which really face the facts. One is the black, unspeakable creed, that the source of all things is an unknown, mocking, malignant power, whose last and most cruel jest is the misery of disenchanting man. The other is the hopeful creed, that the very pain which man suffers when his spiritual nature is denied is proof that it exists, and part of the discipline by which a truthful, loving God would lead man to Himself. Let the world judge which is the more reasonable faith. But for our part, while we cling to the creed of hope, let us not fail to "cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt," and see in the very shadow that it casts, the evidence of a light behind and above it. Let us learn the meaning of that noble word of St. Augustine: "Thou hast made us for thyself; and unquiet is our heart until it rests in thee."

Yes, the inquietude of the heart which doubt has robbed of its faith in God is an evidence that skepticism is a malady, not a normal state. The sadness of our times under the pressure of positive disbelief and negative uncertainty has in it the "promise and potency" of a return to health and happiness. Already we can see, if we look with clear eyes, the signs of what I have dared to call "the reaction out of the heart of a doubting age towards the Christianity of Christ, and the faith in Immortal Love."

Pagan poets, full of melancholy beauty and vague regret for lost ideals, poets of decadence and despondence, the age has

borne to sing its grief and gloom. But its two great singers, Tennyson and Browning, strike a clearer note of returning faith and hope. "They resume the quest; and do not pause until they find Him whom they seek." Pessimists like Hartmann work back unconsciously, from the vague remoteness of pantheism, far in the direction, at least, of a theistic view of the universe. His later books — 'Religionsphilosophie' and 'Selbstersetzung des Christenthums' — breathe a different spirit from his 'Philosophie des Unbewussten.' One of the most cautious of our younger students of philosophy has noted with care, in a recent article, the indications that "the era of doubt is drawing to a close." A statesman like Signor Crispi does not hesitate to cut loose from his former atheistic connections, and declare that "The belief in God is the fundamental basis of the healthy life of the people; while atheism puts in it the germ of an irreparable decay." The French critic, M. Edouard Rod, declares that "Only religion can regulate at the same time human thought and human action." Mr. Benjamin Kidd, from the side of English sociology, assures us that "Since man became a social creature, the development of his intellectual character has become subordinate to the development of his religious character;" and concludes that religion affords the only permanent sanction for progress. A famous biologist, Romanes, who once professed the most absolute rejection of revealed, and the most unqualified skepticism of natural, religion, thinks his way soberly back from the painful void to a position where he confesses that "it is reasonable to be a Christian believer," and dies in the full communion of the church of Jesus.

All along the line, we see men who once thought it necessary or desirable to abandon forever the soul's abode of faith in the unseen, returning by many and devious ways from the far country of doubt, driven by homesickness and hunger to seek some path which shall at least bring them in sight of a Father's house.

And meanwhile we hear the conscience, the ethical instinct of mankind, asserting itself with splendid courage and patience, even in those who have as yet found no sure ground for it to stand upon. There is a sublime contradiction between the positivist's view of man as "the hero of a lamentable drama played in an obscure corner of the universe, in virtue of blind laws, before an indifferent nature, and with annihilation for its dénouement," and the doctrine that it is his supreme duty to sacrifice himself for the good of humanity. Yet many of the skeptical thinkers of

the age do not stumble at the contradiction. They hold fast to love and justice and moral enthusiasm, even though they suspect that they themselves are the products of a nature which is blind and dumb and heartless and stupid. Never have the obligations of self-restraint, and helpfulness, and equity, and universal brotherhood been preached more fervently than by some of the English agnostics.

In France a new crusade has risen; a crusade which seeks to gather into its hosts men of all creeds, and men of none, and which proclaims as its object the recovery of the sacred places of man's spiritual life, the holy land in which virtue shines forever by its own light, and the higher impulses of our nature are inspired, invincible, and immortal. On its banner M. Paul Desjardins writes the word of Tolstoy, "Il faut avoir une âme" (It is necessary to have a soul), and declares that the crusaders will follow it wherever it leads them. "For my part," he cries, "I shall not blush certainly to acknowledge as sole master the Christ preached by the doctors. I shall not recoil if my premises force me to believe, at last, as Pascal believed."

In our own land such a crusade does not yet appear to be necessary. The disintegration of faith under the secret processes of general skepticism has not yet gone far enough to make the peril of religion evident, or to cause a new marshaling of hosts to recover and defend the forsaken shrines of man's spiritual life. When the process which is now subtly working in so many departments of our literature has gone farther, it may be needful to call for such a crusade. If so, I believe it will come. I believe that the leaders of thought,—the artists, the poets of the future,—when they stand face to face with the manifest results of negation and disillusion, which really destroy the very sphere in which alone art and poetry can live, will rise to meet the peril, and proclaim anew with one voice the watchword, "It is necessary to have a soul." And "though a man gain the whole world, if his soul is lost, it shall profit him nothing." But meanwhile, before the following of the errors of France in literature and art has led us to that point of spiritual impoverishment where we must imitate the organized and avowed effort to recover that which has been lost, we see a new crusade of another kind: a powerful movement of moral enthusiasm, of self-sacrifice, of altruism,—even among those who profess to be out of sympathy with Christianity,—which is a sign of promise, because it reveals a force that cries out for faith to guide and

direct it. Never was there a time when the fine aspirations of the young manhood and young womanhood of our country needed a more inspiring and direct Christian leadership. The indications of this need lie open to our sight on every side. Here is a company of refined and educated people going down to make a college settlement among the poor and ignorant, to help them and lift them up. They declare that it is not a religious movement, that there is to be no preaching connected with it, that the only faith which it is to embody is faith in humanity. They choose a leader who has only that faith. But they find, under his guidance, that the movement will not move, that the work cannot be done, that it faints and fails because it lacks the spring of moral inspiration which can come only from a divine and spiritual faith. And they are forced to seek a new leader, who, although he is not a preacher, yet carries within his heart that power of religious conviction, that force of devotion to the will of God, that faith in the living and supreme Christ, which is in fact the centre of Christianity. All around the circle of human doubt and despair, where men and women are going out to enlighten and uplift and comfort and strengthen their fellow-men under the perplexities and burdens of life, we hear the cry for a gospel which shall be divine, and therefore sovereign and unquestionable and sure and victorious. All through the noblest aspirations and efforts and hopes of our age of doubt, we feel the longing, and we hear the demand, for a new inspiration of Christian faith.

AN ANGLER'S WISH

From 'The Builders and Other Poems.' Copyright 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons

1

WHEN tulips bloom in Union Square,
 And timid breaths of vernal air
 Go wandering down the dusty town,
 Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
 Of westward houses stands aglow,
 And leads the eyes toward sunset skies
 Beyond the hills where green trees grow;

Then weary seems the street parade,
 And weary books, and weary trade:
 I'm only wishing to go a-fishing,—
 For this the month of May was made.

II

I guess the pussy-willows now
 Are creeping out on every bough
 Along the brook; and robins look
 For early worms behind the plow.

The thistle-birds have changed their dun
 For yellow coats, to match the sun;
 And in the same array of flame
 The Dandelion Show's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
 Are dancing round the budding trees:
 Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
 In days as full of joy as these?

III

I think the meadow-lark's clear sound
 Leaks upward slowly from the ground,
 While on the wing the bluebirds ring
 Their wedding-bells to woods around.

The flirting chewink calls his dear
 Behind the bush; and very near,
 Where water flows, where green grass grows,
 Song-sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."

And best of all, through twilight's calm
 The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm:
 How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing
 In days so sweet with music's balm!

IV

'Tis not a proud desire of mine;
 I ask for nothing superfine;
 No heavy weight, no salmon great,
 To break the record, or my line:
 Only an idle little stream,
 Whose amber waters softly gleam,
 Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
 And cast the fly, and loaf and dream;

Only a trout or two, to dart
 From foaming pools, and try my art:
 No more I'm wishing—old-fashioned fishing,
 And just a day on Nature's heart.

TENNYSON

From 'The Builders and Other Poems.' Copyright 1897, by Charles Scribner's
 Sons

FROM the misty shores of midnight, touched with splendors of the
 moon, [noon,
 To the singing tides of heaven, and the light more clear than
 Passed a soul that grew to music till it was with God in tune.

Brother of the greatest poets, true to nature, true to art;
 Lover of Immortal Love, uplifter of the human heart:
 Who shall cheer us with high music, who shall sing, if thou depart?

Silence here—for love is silent, gazing on the lessening sail;
 Silence here—for grief is voiceless when the mighty minstrels fail;
 Silence here—but far beyond us, many voices crying, Hail!

THE VEERY

From 'The Builders and Other Poems.' Copyright 1897, by Charles Scribner's
 Sons

THE moonbeams over Arno's vale in silver flood were pouring,
 When first I heard the nightingale a long-lost love deploring.
 So passionate, so full of pain, it sounded strange and eerie:
 I longed to hear a simpler strain,—the wood-notes of the veery.

The laverock sings a bonny lay above the Scottish heather;
 It sprinkles down from far away like light and love together;
 He drops the golden notes to greet his brooding mate, his dearie:
 I only know one song more sweet,—the vespers of the veery.

In English gardens, green and bright and full of fruity treasure,
 I heard the blackbird with delight repeat his merry measure;
 The ballad was a pleasant one, the tune was loud and cheery,—
 And yet, with every setting sun, I listened for the veery.

But far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is singing; [ing;
 New England woods, at close of day, with that clear chant are ring-
 And when my light of life is low, and heart and flesh are weary,
 I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of the veery.

GIORGIO VASARI

(1512-1574)

THE contemporary of Michel Angelo, of Raphael, and of Andrea del Sarto, Giorgio Vasari was himself a painter and architect of reputation. His name would however probably be forgotten to-day, were it not for his literary achievement in the 'Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.' In the sketch of himself which Vasari gives in this work, he tells the story of the book's origin and development, evidently regarding it as a mere incident in a busy and renowned life.



GIORGIO VASARI

"One evening," he writes,—“one evening among others the conversation fell on the Museum of Giovio, and on the portraits of illustrious men placed there in admirable order and with appropriate inscriptions; when, passing from one thing to another, as is done in conversation, Monsignore Giovio said that he always had felt, and still did feel, a great wish to add to his museum, and to his book of 'Eulogies' a treatise concerning men who had distinguished themselves in the art of design, from Cimabue down to our own times. He spoke at some length on the subject, giving proof of much knowledge and judgment in matters concerning our arts. It is nevertheless true, that as he was treating only of generalities, and did not enter into the matter

very closely, he often made some confusion among the artists cited, changing their names, families, birthplaces, etc., or attributing the work of one to the hand of another; not describing things as they were precisely, but rather treating of them in the mass.

"When Giovio had finished his discourse, the cardinal turning to me said, 'What think you, Giorgio,—would not this be a fine work, a noble labor?' 'Admirable, indeed, most illustrious my lord,' replied I: 'provided Giovio be assisted by some one belonging to our calling, who can put things into their right places, and relate them as they have really occurred; and this I say because, although the discourse he has just concluded is admirable, yet he has often made assertions that are not correct, and said one thing for another.' 'Could you not, then,' replied the cardinal, being incited thereunto by Giovio, Caro, Tolomei, and the rest,—'could you not supply him with a summary of

these matters, and with notices of all these artists,—their works being arranged in the order of time,—whereby you would confer that benefit also on your arts?’ This, although I knew the undertaking beyond my strength, I was yet willing to attempt, with such power as I possessed, and promised to do it according to the best of my ability.”

He continues to tell us that he promptly gathered his material together for this work. He was, indeed, somewhat abundantly supplied with notes, as since his boyhood he had collected for his own recreation what items he could find concerning the great artists. When he presented the summary to Monsignore Giovio, that gentleman was so pleased with the style that he persuaded Vasari to prepare the book himself. Thus it is that Signor Giorgio Vasari won his title to many generations of fame.

He was born in Arezzo in 1512. There as a child he copied the pictures in the churches, encouraged always by his good father, Messer Antonio. When Giorgio was nine years of age, his father took him to pay his respects to their kinsman, Cardinal Silvio Passerini, who was visiting Arezzo. This prelate was much impressed by the boy’s familiarity with Virgil and with the rudiments of learning, as well as by his proficiency in drawing. He persuaded Messer Antonio to conduct his son to Florence; and here the boy was placed with Alessandro and Ippolito dei Medici in the study of the classics, and was put to learn design under the great Michel Angelo.

Early in life Giorgio Vasari began a career of success. He was an indomitable worker; and during a very brief interval between his days of student life and those of the remunerated artist, he painted assiduously frescoes for the peasantry outside of Arezzo, for the mere sake of the experience to be gained therefrom. On the death of his father, the care of younger brothers and sisters devolved on him; and in order to meet the responsibility, he was forced to practice for a time in Florence the art of the goldsmith. Commissions for painting soon overtook him, however; and despite the astonishing rapidity with which he worked, it was no longer possible for him to fulfill the demands made upon his time. He became the darling of the court; but the precariousness of such a popularity speedily impressed itself upon him. “The promises of this world,” he writes, “are for the most part but vain phantoms; to confide in one’s self and to become something of worth and value is the best and safest course.” His popularity, however, in no way diminished after he ceased to rely upon it as a means of advancement. His personality was such as to inspire affection.

It was largely his quality of friendliness which led him to accomplish so admirably the literary work by which he lives to-day. He was in close personal relations with the artists of his country, and

one of their own calling. He was always their comrade, never their rival. "Who," exclaims the Padre della Valle, "would not become the friend of Vasari!" He had the power of drawing into sympathy those who were gathered round him: thus it is that in the 'Lives' we feel, not like students ferreting for facts in the careers of great men, but rather as honored guests introduced to a coterie of congenial spirits. The work has not escaped the just charge of inaccuracies, and has been corrected and annotated by Della Valle, Rumohr, Förster, and others. As a critic, however, Vasari has always the spirit of justice, and is usually able to lay aside personal sympathy and to assume dispassionate judgment. His style is pure and ingenuous, relieved by a refined and subdued humor; not infrequently he ascends to elegance,—that somewhat rare eloquence in which one thinks less of rhetoric than of the sentiment expressed, and in which, despite the enthusiasm of the writer, one yet feels that he is not controlled by his subject, but is still master of it.

Vasari died in Florence in 1574, while occupied in painting the cupola of the Duomo. As the tourist reads in his Baedeker to-day that the prophets in the lantern were the last work of Giorgio Vasari, he looks at them curiously, knowing that it was not as a literary critic, but as an artist, that this man expected to go down to posterity. Yet after the passage of three hundred years, his book remains an authority; if not in every particular congenial to the disciples of Ruskin, it yet accords with the prevailing judgment of to-day. He himself says of his works that if the future finds no excellence in them, it must yet recognize "an ardent wish to do well, . . . with great and enduring industry, and a true love for these our arts." What greater tribute than this modest assertion can be paid to a work accomplished by a master whom three centuries have pronounced a man of knowledge and intelligence?

RAPHAEL SANZIO

From 'Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects'

THE large and liberal hand wherewith Heaven is sometimes pleased to accumulate the infinite riches of its treasures on the head of one sole favorite—showering on him all those rare gifts and graces which are more commonly distributed among a larger number of individuals, and accorded at long intervals of time only—has been clearly exemplified in the well-known instance of Raphael Sanzio of Urbino.



CHARLES DE BOURGONNE

The portrait from a drawing by Perelli

Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

RAPHAEL AS A YOUNG MAN.

Photogravure from a painting by himself.

Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.



No less excellent than graceful, he was endowed by nature with all that modesty and goodness which may occasionally be perceived in those few favored persons who enhance the gracious sweetness of a disposition more than usually gentle, by the fair ornament of a winning amenity, always ready to conciliate, and constantly giving evidence of the most refined consideration for all persons, and under every circumstance. The world received the gift of this artist from the hand of Nature, when, vanquished by Art in the person of Michel Angelo, she deigned to be subjugated in that of Raphael, not by art only but by goodness also. And of a truth, since the greater number of artists had up to that period derived from nature a certain rudeness and eccentricity, which not only rendered them uncouth and fantastic, but often caused the shadows and darkness of vice to be more conspicuous in their lives than the light and splendor of those virtues by which man is rendered immortal,—so was there good cause wherefore she should, on the contrary, make all the rarest qualities of the heart to shine resplendently in her Raphael; perfecting them by so much diffidence, grace, application to study, and excellence of life, that these alone would have sufficed to veil or neutralize every fault, however important, and to efface all defects, however glaring they might have been. Truly may we affirm that those who are the possessors of endowments so rich and varied as were assembled in the person of Raphael, are scarcely to be called simple men only,—they are rather, if it be permitted so to speak, entitled to the appellation of mortal gods; and further are we authorized to declare, that he who by means of his works has left an honored name in the records of fame here below, may also hope to enjoy such rewards in heaven as are commensurate to and worthy of their labors and merits.

Raphael was born at Urbino—a most renowned city of Italy—on Good Friday of the year 1483, at three o'clock of the night. His father was a certain Giovanni de' Santi; a painter of no great eminence in his art, but a man of sufficient intelligence nevertheless, and perfectly competent to direct his children into that good way which had not, for his misfortune, been laid open to himself in his younger days. And first, as he knew how important it is that a child should be nourished by the milk of its own mother, and not by that of the hired nurse, so he determined when his son Raphael (to whom he gave that name at his baptism, as being one of good augury) was born to him, that

the mother of the child, he having no other,—as indeed he never had more,—should herself be the nurse of the child. Giovanni further desired that in his tender years the boy should rather be brought up to the habits of his own family, and beneath his paternal roof, than be sent where he must acquire habits and manners less refined, and modes of thought less commendable, in the houses of the peasantry or other untaught persons. As the child became older, Giovanni began to instruct him in the first principles of painting; perceiving that he was much inclined to that art, and finding him to be endowed with a most admirable genius: few years had passed, therefore, before Raphael, though still but a child, became a valuable assistant to his father in the numerous works which the latter executed in the State of Urbino.

At length this good and affectionate parent, knowing that his son would acquire but little of his art from himself, resolved to place him with Pietro Perugino, who, according to what Giovanni had been told, was then considered to hold the first place among the painters of the time. Wherefore, proceeding to Perugia for that purpose, and finding Pietro to be absent from the city, he occupied himself—to the end that he might await the return of the master with the less inconvenience—in the execution of certain works for the church of San Francesco in that place. But when Pietro had returned to Perugia, Giovanni, who was a person of very good manners and pleasing deportment, soon formed an amicable acquaintanceship with him; and when the proper opportunity arrived, made known to him the desire he had conceived, in the most suitable manner that he could devise. Thereupon Pietro, who was also exceedingly courteous, as well as a lover of fine genius, agreed to accept the care of Raphael. Giovanni then returned to Urbino; and having taken the boy, though not without many tears from his mother, who loved him tenderly, he conducted him to Perugia: when Pietro no sooner beheld his manner of drawing, and observed the pleasing deportment of the youth, than he conceived that opinion of him which was in due time so amply confirmed by the results produced in the after life of Raphael. . . .

But I have now discoursed respecting these questions of art at more length perhaps than was needful, and will return to the life and death of Raphael. This master lived in the strictest intimacy with Bernardo Divizio, Cardinal of Bibbiena, who had for many years importuned him to take a wife of his selection; nor

had Raphael directly refused compliance with the wishes of the cardinal, but had put the matter off, by saying that he would wait some three or four years longer. The term which he had thus set, approached before Raphael had thought of it, when he was reminded by the cardinal of his promise; and being as he ever was, just and upright, he would not depart from his word, and therefore accepted a niece of the cardinal himself for his wife. But as this engagement was nevertheless a very heavy restraint to him, he put off the marriage from time to time; insomuch that several months passed, and the ceremony had not yet taken place. Yet this was not done without a very honorable motive; for Raphael having been for many years in the service of the count, and being the creditor of Leo X. for a large sum of money, had received an intimation to the effect that when the hall with which he was then occupied was completed, the pontiff intended to reward him for his labors as well as to do honor to his talents by bestowing on him the red hat, of which he meant to distribute a considerable number, many of them being designed for persons whose merits were greatly inferior to those of Raphael. The painter meanwhile did not abandon the light attachment by which he was enchained: and one day, on returning to his house from one of these secret visits, he was seized with a violent fever, which being mistaken for a cold, the physicians inconsiderately caused him to be bled; whereby he found himself exhausted, when he had rather required to be strengthened. Thereupon he made his will, and as a good Christian he sent the object of his attachment from the house, but left her a sufficient provision wherewith she might live in decency: having done so much, he divided his property among his disciples,—Giulio Romano, that is to say, whom he always loved greatly, and Giovanni Francesco, with whom was joined a certain priest of Urbino who was his kinsman, but whose name I do not know. He furthermore commanded that a certain portion of his property should be employed in the restoration of one of the ancient tabernacles in Santa Maria Ritonda, which he had selected as his burial-place, and for which he had ordered that an altar, with the figure of Our Lady in marble, should be prepared; all that he possessed besides he bequeathed to Giulio Romano and Giovanni Francesco,—naming Messer Baldassare da Pescia, who was then datary to the Pope, as his executor. He then confessed, and in much contrition completed the course of his life, on the

day whereon it had commenced, which was Good Friday. The master was then in the thirty-seventh year of his age, and as he embellished the world by his talents while on earth, so is it to be believed that his soul is now adorning heaven.

After his death, the body of Raphael was placed at the upper end of the hall wherein he had last worked, with the picture of the Transfiguration which he had executed for Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, at the head of the corpse. He who, regarding that living picture, afterwards turned to consider that dead body, felt his heart bursting with grief as he beheld them. The loss of Raphael caused the cardinal to command that this work should be placed on the high altar of San Pietro-a-Montorio, where it has ever since been held in the utmost veneration for its own great value, as well as for the excellence of its author. The remains of this divine artist received that honorable sepulture which the noble spirit whereby they had been informed had so well deserved; nor was there any artist in Rome who did not deeply bewail the loss sustained by the departure of the master, or who failed to accompany his remains to their repose.

The death of Raphael was in like manner deplored by all the papal court: not only because he had formed part thereof, since he had held the office of chamberlain to the pontiff, but also because Leo X. had esteemed him so highly, that his loss occasioned that sovereign the bitterest grief. O most happy and thrice blessed spirit, of whom all are proud to speak, whose actions are celebrated with praise by all men, and the *least of whose works left behind thee is admired and prized!

When this noble artist died, well might Painting have departed also; for when he closed his eyes, she too was left as it were blind. But now to us, whose lot it is to come after him, there remains to imitate the good, or rather the excellent, of which he has left us the example; and as our obligations to him and his great merits well deserve, to retain the most grateful remembrance of him in our hearts, while we ever maintain his memory in the highest honor with our lips. To him of a truth it is that we owe the possession of invention, coloring, and execution, brought alike and altogether to that point of perfection for which few could have dared to hope; nor has any man ever aspired to pass before him.

And in addition to the benefits which this great master conferred on art, being as he was its best friend, we have the

further obligation to him of having taught us by his life in what manner we should comport ourselves towards great men, as well as towards those of lower degree, and even towards the lowest; nay, there was among his many extraordinary gifts one of such value and importance, that I can never sufficiently admire it, and always think thereof with astonishment. This was the power accorded to him by Heaven, of bringing all who approached his presence into harmony; an effect inconceivably surprising in our calling, and contrary to the nature of our artists: yet all, I do not say of the inferior grades only, but even those who lay claim to be great personages (and of this humor our art produces immense numbers), became as of one mind, once they began to labor in the society of Raphael; continuing in such unity and concord that all harsh feelings and evil dispositions became subdued, and disappeared at the sight of him, every vile and base thought departing from the mind before his influence. Such harmony prevailed at no other time than his own. And this happened because all were surpassed by him in friendly courtesy as well as in art; all confessed the influence of his sweet and gracious nature, which was so replete with excellence, and so perfect in all the charities, that not only was he honored by men, but even by the very animals, who would constantly follow his steps, and always loved him.

We find it related that whenever any other painter, whether known to Raphael or not, requested any design or assistance of whatever kind at his hands, he would invariably leave his work to do him service; he continually kept a large number of artists employed, all of whom he assisted and instructed with an affection which was rather as that of a father to his children, than merely as of an artist to artists. From these things it followed that he was never seen to go to court but surrounded and accompanied, as he left his house, by some fifty painters,—all men of ability and distinction,—who attended him thus to give evidence of the honor in which they held him. He did not, in short, live the life of the painter, but that of a prince. Wherefore, O art of painting! well mightest thou for thy part then esteem thyself most happy, having, as thou hadst, one artist among thy sons by whose virtues and talents thou wert thyself exalted to heaven. Thrice blessed indeed mayest thou declare thyself, since thou hast seen thy disciples, by pursuing the footsteps of a man so exalted, acquire the knowledge of how life

should be employed, and become impressed with the importance of uniting the practice of virtue to that of art. Conjoined as these were in the person of Raphael, their force availed to constrain the greatness of Julius II. and to awaken the generosity of Leo X.; both of whom, high as they were in dignity, selected him for their most intimate friend, and treated him with every kind of familiarity: insomuch that by means of the favor he enjoyed with them, and the powers with which they invested him, he was able to do the utmost honor to himself and to art. Most happy also may well be called those who, being in his service, worked under his own eye; since it has been found that all who took pains to imitate this master have arrived at a safe haven, and attained to a respectable position. In like manner, all who do their best to emulate his labors in art will be honored on earth, as it is certain that all who resemble him in the rectitude of his life will receive their reward in heaven.

Translation of Mrs. Jonathan Foster.

HENRY VAUGHAN

(1621-1693)

THERE is a quality about certain seventeenth-century writers of religious verse — Herbert, Crashaw, Quarles, and Vaughan — which makes them precious to the lovers of poetry. They had at times a mystic worshipfulness, a tenderness and depth of feeling, in the expression of spiritual aspiration, very rare and very lovely. They had too in common, though in varying degrees, something of literary genius; which, if it did not show in work steadily artistic and above criticism, was manifested in gleams and flashes, when the magic word was caught and the inevitable phrase coined. This applies in full force to Henry Vaughan, whose poems, in a few classic examples, burn with a pure flame of religious fervor, and have a charm that makes them unforgettable.

Henry Vaughan—the Silurist, as he was called because of his residence among the Silures, the ancient name for the folk of South Wales—was born at Newton-by-Usk in that principality, in the year 1621. His family was an old and highly respectable one of the vicinage. Educated by a private tutor, he with his twin brother Thomas entered Jesus College, Oxford, in 1638, but was not graduated. Both the young Vaughans were stanch royalists, that political complexion being a tradition in the family; Henry was imprisoned during the Civil War. His private patrimony being inadequate to his support, he qualified for medicine, and practiced that profession with repute for many years in his native place. His literary work was thus an avocation pursued for the love of it. During his long and quiet life, Vaughan published various volumes of poems and translations. His first book appeared when he was twenty-five, and bore the title ‘Poems, with the Tenth Satire of Juvenal Englished’ (1646). Subsequent books were: ‘Olor Iscanus, a Collection of Select Poems and Translations’ (1650); ‘Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations’ (1650-1); ‘The Mount of Olives, or Solitary Devotions’ (1652); ‘Flores Solitudinis, or Certain Rare and Elegant Pieces’ (1654); and ‘Thalia Rediviva, the Pastimes and Diversions of a Country Muse, in Divine Poems’ (1678).

The verse which preserves Vaughan’s name in fragrant memory is contained in the ‘Silex Scintillans.’ Half a dozen pieces in that collection are familiar to all students of the choicest English religious

song. The quaint classical titles of his books give a notion of the mystic, removed nature of this poet's Muse. In many lyrics he waxes didactic, and moralizes upon man and God in a fashion not edifying to the present-day reader, if it was when they were composed. But when inspiration visited him, and he could write such a unique poem as 'The Retreat'—a kind of seventeenth-century forerunner of Wordsworth's 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality'—or an exquisite elegiac poem like 'They are All Gone' (a prime favorite with Lowell), Vaughan found lyric expression for the spiritual mood such as few men have found in the whole range of British song. His religion did not clog his poetry, but lent it wings; and no more sincere and intimate personal confession of faith can be named. He has the high rhapsody of the Celt, with a piquant gift in the use of the mother English. One thinks of him with affection, and re-reads his best poems with a sense of beauty communicated, and a breath deeper taken for delight.

During his last years Vaughan seems to have ceased from literary activity. He lived quietly in the lovely vale watered by the Usk, the river he loved; and having attained to the good age of seventy-two, died on April 23d—Shakespeare's death-day—in the year 1693. The genuine humility of the man is implied in the Latin inscription he desired to have placed upon his tomb: "An unprofitable servant, the chief of sinners, I lie here. Glory be to God! Lord have mercy upon me!"

THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early dayes when I
 Shined in my angell infancy!
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught
 But a white, celestiall thought;
 When yet I had not walkt above
 A mile or two from my first love,
 And looking back, at that short space,
 Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
 When on some gilded cloud or flowre
 My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My conscience with a sinfull sound,

Or had the black art to dispence
 A severall sinne to every sence,
 But felt through all this fleshly dresse
 Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.

Oh how I long to travell back,
 And tread again that ancient track!
 That I might once more reach that plaine,
 Where first I left my glorious traine;
 From whence th' inlightned spirit sees
 That shady city of palme-trees.
 But ah! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move;
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came—return.

THE ORNAMENT

THE lucky world shewed me one day
 Her gorgeous mart and glittering store,
 Where with proud haste the rich made way
 To buy, the poor came to adore.

Serious they seemed, and bought up all
 The latest modes of pride and lust;
 Although the first must surely fall,
 And the last is most loathsome dust.

But while each gay, alluring ware,
 With idle hearts and busie looks,
 They viewed,—for idleness hath there
 Laid up all her archives and books,—

Quite through their proud and pompous file,
 Blushing, and in meek weeds arrayed,
 With native looks which knew no guile,
 Came the sheep-keeping Syrian maid.

Whom strait the shining row all faced,
 Forced by her artless looks and dress;
 While one cryed out, We are disgraced!
 For she is bravest, you confess.

THEY ARE ALL GONE

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
 And I alone sit ling'ring here!
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days;
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Meer glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
 High as the heavens above!
 These are your walks, and you have shewed them me
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death—the jewel of the just!
 Shining nowhere but in the dark;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
 At first sight if the bird be flown;
 But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transeend our wonted theams,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn there;
 But when the hand that loekt her up gives room,
 She'll shine through all the sphære.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under thee!
 Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still as they pass;
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill
 Where I shall need no glass.

THE REVIVAL

UNFOLD! unfold! take in His light,
 Who makes thy cares more short than night.
 The joyes which with his day-star rise
 He deals to all but drowsie eyes;
 And (what the men of this world miss)
 Some drops and dews of future bliss.

Hark! how the winds have changed their note,
 And with warm whispers call thee out!
 The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
 And backward life at last comes on.
 The lofty groves, in express joyes,
 Reply unto the turtle's voice:
 And here, in dust and dirt,—oh, here,
 The lilies of his love appear!

RETIREMENT

FRESH fields and woods! the earth's fair face!
 God's footstool! and man's dwelling-place!
 I ask not why the first believer
 Did love to be a country liver,
 Who to secure pious content
 Did pitch by groves and wells his tent,
 Where he might view the boundless skie,
 And all these glorious lights on high,
 With flying meteors, mists and showers,
 Subjected hills, trees, meads, and flowers,
 And every minute bless the King
 And wise Creator of each thing.
 I ask not why he did remove
 To happy Mamre's holy grove,
 Leaving the cities of the plain
 To Lot and his successless train.
 All various lusts in cities still
 Are found: they are the thrones of ill;

The dismal sinks where blood is spilled,
 Cages with much uncleanness filled.
 But rural shades are the sweet sense
 Of piety and innocence:
 They are the meek's calm region, where
 Angels descend and rule the sphere;
 Where heaven lies leaguer, and the Dove
 Duely as dew comes from above.
 If Eden be on earth at all,
 'Tis that which we the country call.

THE PALM-TREE

DEARE friend, sit down, and bear awhile this shade,
 As I have yours long since: this plant, you see
 So prest and bowed, before sin did degrade
 Both you and it, had equall liberty

With other trees; but now, shut from the breath
 And air of Eden, like a malcontent,
 It thrives nowhere. This makes these weights, like death
 And sin, hang at him; for the more he's bent,

The more he grows. Celestial natures still
 Aspire for home; this, Solomon of old,
 By flowers and carvings, and mysterious skill
 Of wings and cherubims and palms, foretold.

This is the life which, hid above with Christ
 In God, doth always hidden multiply,
 And spring and grow,—a tree ne'er to be priced,
 A tree whose fruit is immortality.

Here spirits that have run their race, and fought,
 And won the fight, and have not feared the frowns
 Nor loved the smiles of greatness, but have wrought
 Their Master's will, meet to receive their crowns.

Here is the patience of the saints: this tree
 Is watered by their tears, as flowers are fed
 With dew by night; but One you cannot see
 Sits here, and numbers all the tears they shed.

Here is their faith too, which if you will keep
 When we two part, I will a journey make
 To pluck a garland hence while you do sleep,
 And weave it for your head against you wake.

Date Due



CAT. NO. 23 233

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PN 6013 .W26

v.37
010101 000

Library of the world's best li



0 1163 0238680 4
TRENT UNIVERSITY

PN6013 .W26 v. 37

Library of the world's best
literature

DATE	ISSUED TO
	163190

163190

