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The Undying Glory of Sir Francis Drake who sailed in this ship to meet the Spanish Armada and sailed in her home again.

The stars above will make thee known,
If man were silent here:
The sun himself cannot forget
His fellow-traveller

This fine painting of the Revenge setting sail to meet the Spanish Armada was painted by Mr. Norman Wilkinson for Sir Herbert Tree's collection of pictures at His Majesty's Theatre, London.
The epitaph is by Ben Jonson.

The Everyday Library

For Young People

EDITED BY

ARTHUR MEE

Temple Chambers, London

HOLLAND THOMPSON, Ph. D.

College of the City of New York

Editors of the Book of Knowledge

Men of Mark



AUTHORS, ARTISTS, MUSICIANS, EXPLORERS,
STATESMEN, PHILANTHROPISTS, POETS

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Men of Mark

“The wise, the just, the pious, and the brave
Live in their deaths, and flourish in the grave.”

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COLOURED PLATES

The Undying Glory of Sir Francis Drake	Frontispiece
The Immortal Glories of Raphael	facing page 74

THE POET WHOM CHILDREN LOVE BEST



This is a picture of the Longfellow Monument in Washington, D. C., erected to the memory of the poet by the Longfellow Memorial Association in 1909. It is one of the most beautiful monuments in the national capital.



Longfellow's home at Cambridge, Massachusetts

THE LIFE OF THE STORY-POET LONGFELLOW, THE FRIEND OF OUR SCHOOLDAYS

It is a rare and happy gift which enables a poet to win and hold the love of a world of children. That is what Longfellow did. No other poet's works are so famous in the nursery, in the school, and in the children's homes throughout the English-speaking world as his. It is not that he wrote childish poems, for grown-ups love his works as much as the children. But Longfellow told a beautiful story in simple but beautiful language, and, without trying to preach, he taught us all, in his own way, to love beauty and goodness and mercy and right.

He was an American, but he is the poet of the children of the English-speaking world, a poet with a child's heart, a profound scholar whose soul thrilled with melody. He was a man of happy nature, loving the beautiful things of life, seeking gladness and trying to make others share his joys. The first picture we get of him is in his cradle, when his mother noted that "He is an active rogue, who wishes for nothing so much as singing and dancing." His poems do not all tend to singing and dancing, but they make for a happier world.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807.

His parents were of English stock of the best Puritan type, which had put away all narrow-mindedness and superstition, and had kept the simple goodness and righteous living of happy, God-fearing people. Longfellow owed much of his beautiful character and purity of heart to the charming influences of his home life, and especially to his mother.

He was one of eight children. Their father, who was a good, well-meaning lawyer, did all in his power to make them brave and upright citizens, hating deceit and wrong, and scorning to owe a debt to anyone.

Although Longfellow was a man of peace as he grew up, he was a little warrior as a child, and when there was talk at home of war between America and England, he powdered his little five-year-old head, in imitation of a soldier's wig, shouldered his little toy gun, and declared that he was ready to march against England. But, to relieve the minds of all young folks who do not like war, let us add that little Henry would not have made a very wonderful soldier. You had only to let a gun bang, and he would scuttle away to have his ears filled with cotton-wool. He could not bear the sound of guns.

THE LIFE OF THE STORY-POET

When he reached the age of eighteen, Longfellow had to go to college. In the ordinary course he would have gone to Harvard, or some other of the larger colleges of the period, but at that time a young and struggling academy, Bowdoin College, situated at Brunswick, Maine, gained the help of Henry's father as one of its trustees, and so, of course, Longfellow and his brothers were sent there. Henry was very studious. He had already written a little poem, and had it published in a newspaper: not a good poem, but not bad for a boy of ten. Still, although he wrote poetry, and although he worked diligently at college, mastering Greek and Latin and history and such science as was taught, he had no thought of turning his learning to literary account. Nor had he any great ambition in those days, for he wrote home to his father, who wanted him to become a lawyer, saying that he did not want to be either a lawyer or a minister or a doctor, but a farmer would he be. Imagine the author of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" as a sturdy and bearded farmer, talking all his days about pigs and cows, oats and turnips! But there must have come a sudden rush of changed feeling, for less than a year



THE HOUSE AT PORTLAND, MAINE, WHERE LONGFELLOW WAS BORN

after this, Henry was writing to say that he wanted to be an author and write books.

Perhaps chance rather than determined plan fixed his career for him. There is no doubt that Longfellow had a genius for translating the works of other poets, and one of the trustees of his college, seeing a translation of Horace from Henry's pen, declared that the youth must go to Europe, study modern languages, and return as professor to teach the students at Bowdoin College. That was exactly the course that Longfellow followed, at his good father's expense. He had a splendid tour of learning in France and Spain, in Italy and Germany, and at twenty-two he took up his position as professor of modern languages in the place where he had been a student. His salary was \$1,000 a year, so that at the beginning of his career he was free from money troubles, that have vexed the

lives of many men of genius. He proved a model professor, an eager scholar himself, with the art of making his students love the things that interested him. Two things show us how thorough he was. There was no French grammar that he liked, so he translated one himself. There was not enough literature to introduce Spanish, so he wrote a Spanish "reader."

Hard as he worked at his duties, he did not lose his interest in all other things. Gradually, in spite of all his work, the deep vein of poetry in his nature asserted itself. There had been no poetry and not much imagination in his family, but while in the first flush of manhood he began to write verses, and soon established an enviable reputation.

A year after taking up his duties at college, Longfellow married, and there followed four blissful years. Then, his fame having spread a broad, he was offered a better post, that of professor of modern languages at Harvard University at \$1,250 a year. He was allowed to take a year's holiday before entering upon his duties, in order that he might still further extend his knowledge of foreign languages, and, accompanied by his wife, he came

back to Europe. But the first tragedy of his life now darkened his path. His young wife was seized with illness, and died at Rotterdam.

It was a stunning, terrible blow to the young poet. He never spoke of his loss, but he poured out his heart in a lovely poem, called "Footsteps of Angels," in which there is a beautiful reference to his lost wife.

Fortunately, the poet had not immediately to return to his home, but was able to lighten the burden of his grief by hurrying from place to place, his journeys and his labours helping to loosen the bonds of his heavy sorrow. He prepared the way for continued studies at home by collecting foreign books of dead and forgotten authors, and sent to America two cases containing his treasures. But the ship by which they travelled was like the "schooner Hesperus"

THE LIFE OF THE STORY-POET

of his own poem. It sank with all on board, and his precious cases of volumes, stored with ancient and varied lore, lay deep-buried in the sea, within sight of Boston Harbour. It was a serious loss to Longfellow, but happily he had delayed his departure, and so escaped the wreck.

The poet found solace in travel and study, and returned home, at the end of the year, a ripe scholar, to become professor at Harvard, where he threw himself into his work with all the energy of which he was capable. Handsome, gentle, cultured, refined, he immediately made friends. His

new students declared, with enthusiasm, that he could "talk French with Frenchmen, Italian with Italians, German with Germans, Spanish with the Spaniards." The new professor did not believe in simply supervising the work of the teachers; he meant himself to be a teacher, and to teach in his own way. He must have his own study into which he could ask students. His brother Samuel was one of the students.

"Sam," said the professor, "find me a class-room, please, and twelve good boys whom I can teach German in my own way."

Sam found that there was not a room to spare. So the professor took the best parlour in the college, the board-room, where grave, severe-looking gentlemen in wigs had for generations been wont to sit and settle the affairs of the university. To this awful chamber of authority the young poet took his scholars, and here he was their guide and instructor in college hours, as he was their friend and companion out of hours.

When Emerson was at the same college, his master used to make him run errands for him. But Longfellow and his students were called "the society of

scholars," and the delighted learners used proudly to say of him, "He is one of us!" Harvard University was not then like the English universities; not all the professors could have rooms in the college buildings; so Longfellow went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, which is near at hand, sought out a delightful old white-frame house, and asked for a room. He was such a handsome, well-dressed young man that the good landlady doubted at first whether he would be grave and staid enough for her home; but when she learned that he was the poet-professor from Harvard

she was delighted, and showed him through the house. Room after room they saw, and Longfellow sighed for each, only to be told, "But this is not for *you*." At last they came to the best room of all.

"Now," she said, "this is for *you*. This is General Washington's room!"

It was true. Washington, "the Father of Our Country," had his headquarters in that house during the Revolutionary War, and had occupied that very room. In that historic chamber of the Craigie House Longfellow made his home.

He was happy in his work at college, happy in the poems and

stories that he wrote, but his was a heart that could not live without love. He married, eight years after the death of his first wife, a beautiful woman of noble character, Frances Elizabeth Appleton. Her father was a worthy, wealthy man, and bought them, as a wedding gift, the fine old house in which Longfellow had lived at Cambridge. The marriage was an ideally happy one, and Longfellow had not a single care. His work at the college flourished, his poems multiplied, his fame grew until he became recognised



MRS. LONGFELLOW
whose sad death was the deep grief of the poet's life

THE LIFE OF THE STORY-POET

as the foremost poet of America. His works went to England as fast as they were written, and he was as famous and as much beloved over there as in his own home circle. His poems sold in enormous numbers; they were translated into many languages. Little children lisped them in the nursery; many Frenchmen learned English to be able to read one of his poems describing the life of French settlers under the British flag in America.

How well Longfellow understood the child's heart! He had five children of his own, and in one of his most delightful poems, "The Children's Hour," he tells us how, when he was resting between the daylight and the dark of a winter afternoon, the rogues would steal down from their nursery and raid his study, how they would scramble on to his knees, and almost devour him with kisses as he sat in his chair. The study was his castle, the chair was his fortress, and he sings to his invaders:

Do you think, oh, blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

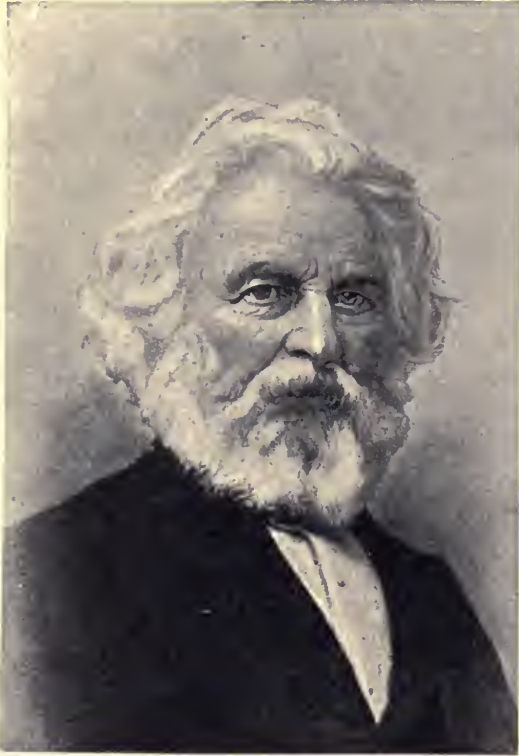
He was a comrade to his children, as Darwin was to his. He never preached to them. He wished that they should copy his example, so he lived a life whose every action might safely be imitated in their own. Although he wore no crown, Longfellow

had a throne, a throne of chestnut wood, grown in the main street of Cambridge, Massachusetts. It was made from the "spreading chestnut tree" of which he sang in "The Village Blacksmith." When the tree had to be cut down, the children of the town put their pennies together and had a chair made from it for him. The children's chair was the poet's throne, and he was proud and glad to occupy it.

After a while he gave up his professorship, and devoted himself entirely to his writings. That kept him busy enough, we may well imagine, but we could never guess from his work how pressed he often was for time—not because his private affairs rendered hurry necessary, but because the thoughtless requests of strangers would take up half his day. Vast numbers of people would write worrying him for his autograph, or for scraps of poetry; they would insist on going to look at him, as if he were a statue or a waxwork figure.

His home was always open to callers, and some of the most famous men and women of the age visited him. He kept a diary, but made surprisingly poor use of it. As a rule, the barest entries record his experiences. They seem to have been simply jottings to refresh his memory as he turned back the pages. Here and there, however, we do catch a glimpse of a living picture, and one such tells of his meeting with Louis Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, who tried nearly all his life to make his country a nation in itself independent of Austria.

Kossuth, who was an exile from the land of his birth, came to England, after long imprisonment, and went also to America, trying to rouse the world to sympathy with the woes of Hungary. It



LONGFELLOW IN HIS OLD AGE

THE LIFE OF THE STORY-POET

was while Kossuth was in America that Longfellow met him. Kossuth pleaded the cause of his country for two hours—standing on a table!

But Longfellow did not make all his famous friendships in America. He several times visited England, where the universities and many of the leading men combined to do him honour, and to show him how much he was admired and beloved.

One of the compliments he received had its comical side. He had been visiting the House of Lords, and as he was leaving a labouring man stepped out from a little

the poem, and was proud to be able to recite it to its author. The workman was only a big child, after all.

Little things show the real nature of a man, and here is a story illustrating the watchful, well-ordered kindness of the poet. He heard that a poor, friendless German woman was charged with stealing apples, and that she was horrified at the charge, not knowing that she was stealing when she gathered the fruit. Longfellow hurried down to the police-court, but was too late; the case had been tried, the woman had been fined, and some charitable person



LONGFELLOW LOOKING ACROSS THE COUNTRY FROM HIS STUDY WINDOWS AT CAMBRIDGE, AS HE OFTEN DID IN HIS CLOSING DAYS

knot of people near the doorway and asked if he were the poet. Longfellow replied, and the man begged to be allowed to shake hands with him, a request which the gentle poet readily granted. But when his humble admirer suddenly began to thunder out the first verse of "Excelsior," poor Longfellow fled in confusion! People used to worry the poet with letters about "Excelsior," asking such foolish questions as, "Did the youth gain his purpose, or die before he crossed the pass?" This working man, however, had not troubled his mind with stupid problems; he had learned

in court had paid the fine for her. But the woman was dreadfully unhappy, for the case made a thief of her, which at heart she was not. Longfellow took up the case on his own account. He found that the trees on which the apples grew were on open, common land, not on enclosed property, and that the poor woman had a perfect right to pick the fruit. The next day he went to the court again, and persuaded the magistrate to re-try the case, cancel the conviction, and so send the woman away to her home happy, with her reputation unspoiled.

THE LIFE OF THE STORY-POET

Very happy and beautiful were the years of the poet's life now, with his handsome, gifted, sympathetic wife and his winsome children. But no such bliss can continue long in this world, and soon the poet was again struck to the heart by a terrible tragedy. His wife, while playing with her children, set her dress on fire. Hearing a despairing cry, the poet dashed into the room, threw his coat about the poor sufferer, and put out the flames. But it was too late, and the poet's heart was broken when his beautiful wife lay dead before him.

He lived now only for his children and his work. He survived his wife more than twenty years, his fame constantly growing, his good deeds extending to wider and wider horizons; while his poems braced the hearts and cheered the spirits of the English-speaking world. He put a new song into the mouth of the humble and despairing when he gave the world his magic "Psalm of Life." We all remember its famous lines:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Longfellow worked untiringly to the end, always the same genial, sweet-natured man, humble and modest as to his own achievements, but glorying always in the success of others. When he died in his Cambridge home, March 24, 1882, the whole world mourned. In the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, not very far from his home, one may see his grave with the simple monument above it. Here he lies near Lowell and Holmes and Agassiz and Phillips Brooks and Charles Sumner and many other great men who had been his neighbours or friends. In 1884 a bust to his memory was erected in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

The children of Cambridge gave Longfellow on his seventy-second birthday an arm-chair made of the branches of "the spreading chestnut tree." The gift was a complete surprise, for the poet did not know anything about it until he found the chair in his study on the morning of February 27, 1879. Tender memories cluster around this chair.

It was designed by the poet's nephew. The wood was ebonised so that it was a dead black. It was beautifully carved in

designs of horse chestnut leaves and blossoms and burrs. Around the seat were carved these words from "The Village Blacksmith":

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing floor.

Underneath the dark green leather cushion was a polished brass plate bearing the inscription:

To
The Author
of
The Village Blacksmith
This chair, made from the wood of the spreading
Chestnut Tree, is presented as
An expression of grateful regard and veneration
by
THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,
Who with their friends join in best wishes and
Congratulations
on
This anniversary,
February 27, 1879.

Mr. Longfellow was much touched by this token of the love of the children of Cambridge for him and expressed his gratitude to them in a poem entitled "From My Arm Chair." Here are some of the verses of the poem:

Am I a king that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine
Can I proclaim it mine?
Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong:
Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.
And then, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than three score years and ten
Brought back my youth again.
The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.
Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make those branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

Many of the children came to see the chair. The poet gave instructions that every child who came should be allowed to sit in it. For days his house was thronged with eager boys and girls. Each one was presented with a printed copy of "The Village Blacksmith," which the poet had ordered specially for them. It was by deeds and words like these that he endeared himself to the hearts of all children.

EXPLORER OF HALF THE WORLD

AN AGRICULTURAL LABOURER'S SON WHO WIPED ONE CONTINENT OFF THE MAP AND PUT ANOTHER IN ITS PLACE

CAPTAIN COOK—THE VALIANT FRIEND OF ALL MANKIND

DURING the year 1779 Europe was in the throes of war, and England and France were engaged in one of the deadly struggles which were to continue, off and on, until Waterloo. Englishmen and Frenchmen killed one another at sight on sea or land. But there was one Englishman in the world whom French commanders were compelled to respect by special orders of the French Government. His ship and his sailors, whenever and wherever they were met, were to be treated as those of a friendly ally.

And this one man was not a king or a prince, he was not a great leader of armies or navies. He was the son of a poor, half-starved agricultural labourer. He was Captain Cook. He had fought against the French, and had helped to seize a great territory from them, but his achievements for humanity in the paths of peace were such that a nation at war formally declared that he must be considered the friend of all the world. All civilised men, even in war, respected him; it was left to savages to slay this noble-hearted man.

What was it that this wonderful man achieved? He surveyed a greater length of coast-line than any other man, making it safe for ships to travel in depths previously unknown; he wiped a supposed continent off the map and put a real one there; he added three million square miles to the British Empire; he was one of the most humane men who ever lived; he alone found out the way to keep men healthy at sea, and so for ever did away with the frightful death-rolls which had always accompanied long voyages on the ocean.

James Cook was born at Marton, in Yorkshire, in the autumn of 1728, in a tiny two-roomed cottage built of mud. His father and mother were very poor, and had nine children to keep. James was taught his letters by a kindly old dame in the village, but when he was eight his father, being promoted to the position of head farm servant to a

Mr. Skottow at Airy Holme, near Great Ayton, removed there with his family. Mr. Skottow was interested in the thoughtful, broad-browed little James, and actually had the boy taught to write and do a few sums, which was a very great accomplishment for the child of a labouring man in those days. But the schooling did not last long, for when Cook was twelve he was bound apprentice to a shopkeeper at Staithes, a small fishing town ten miles from Whitby. Since those days the sea has washed the shop away.

It was soon found impossible, happily, to chain a born navigator to the counter of a stuffy little shop when the sea at the foot of the street was ever calling him, and there is no wonder the boy left the shop, and bound himself to serve under a firm of shipowners engaged in carrying coal.

So the greatest of navigators set out to sea, half sailor, half coal-heaver. He served his firm with diligence, storing in his mind all the lessons that he gained in navigation and seacraft. When he reached manhood he continued to serve as a common sailor, until his zeal was rewarded by his appointment as mate. It was as mate of a coaling ship that Cook, in the spring of 1755, sailed up the Thames with a load of coals for London.

War had just broken out between England and France, and in those bad old days the English Government had the right to steal free men, drag them aboard ship, and carry them away to sea to fight and be killed without a moment's warning. It was the press gang which made the captures of men, and when Cook reached the Thames he heard that the gang was very active in its evil work. They had the right to take anybody, whether he was serving on another ship or not, so long as that ship did not belong to the Navy. Cook saw that his prospects were in danger, and that, instead of returning with his little ship to the North, he was in peril



A youth of the Society Islands



A native of New Caledonia



The King of Tahiti

THE SORT OF PEOPLE CAPTAIN COOK MET WITH ON HIS VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY IN THE

of arrest. So he hid, determined not to be snatched away. But as he lay in hiding he thought the matter over, saw that, no matter what he did, he was still in danger of being snapped up, and decided that he would volunteer rather than be taken as a prisoner. So he came out of hiding, went boldly to the naval authorities, and became a sailor on the man-of-war *Eagle*.

He distinguished himself on board by his diligence and smartness and intelligence, and the captain soon formed a favourable opinion of him. A gentleman at Scarborough, hearing of what happened, wrote to the captain of the ship, saying what an excellent fellow Cook was, and asking that he should, if possible, be promoted. The Captain replied in terms of high praise of Cook, and managed to secure for him the post of master, the highest rank a common sailor could reach.

The war between France and England carried Cook's ship to Canada, where he fought in the battle of Louisburg, at Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and helped to capture there the strongest fortress that France possessed in the New World. Afterwards he took part in the fighting in the St. Lawrence River which led up to the conquest of Quebec by General Wolfe, and made England mistress of Canada. Thus the boy from a mud cottage in Yorkshire helped to enthrone England on the greater half of the northern part of the New World before he set out to find for her a still newer world.

It proved a fortunate chance for Cook and England that he did enlist in the Navy, and it was fortunate again that he went to this particular part of the world, for the channel of the river needed surveying, and he was selected to assist in the work.

It was exactly the task for which Cook was fitted. He delighted to master the mystery of tide and current, of shoal and hidden rock, and he was eager to probe the thousand and one dangers lurking beneath the smiling surface of the water. Often he had to work at night in order that he might escape the guns of the enemy, which were ranged in two forts powerfully defended by the French. Cook had secretly to learn the depths so that the English admiral might know where to anchor his ships for the coming attacks.

One night the brave young Englishman was discovered by the Indians, who were allied with the French, and a great number of them dashed out after him in their swift canoes. Cook darted for safety on the shore of Orleans Island, in the middle of the river. As he leapt out of one end of the boat the Indians bounded in at the other end, and, missing him, carried away the boat as a trophy, though they would much rather have had the white man's scalp. Still, Cook got the information he needed, all charted, and his marvellous little maps were steadily building the way for the capture of Quebec and Canada. He next surveyed the whole course of the river below Quebec, and it was never necessary to do his work over again, so admirably were his surveys carried out and so well were his charts drawn.

Cook was rewarded with a gift of fifty pounds for his admirable work, and, seizing the first opportunity of studying ashore, he made himself master of the rudiments of Euclid and astronomy. Next, he made one or two journeys to Newfoundland, where he carried on surveying work in snatches; but, coming home for a brief



A man of Tierra del Fuego



A native of Easter Island



A man of Tanna in the New Hebrides

SOUTH SEAS—GREAT MEN OF THE DYING RACES WHOSE FRIENDSHIP THE EXPLORER WON

holiday, he married, and was in fear that he might have to settle down on land. Happily, he was called out to continue his survey of Newfoundland, and while there did a very characteristic thing. An eclipse of the sun occurred, and Cook, taking careful observations, sent home to the Royal Society a scientific account of his work, with the result that learned people at home realised that this obscure young seaman was a good mathematician, and an observer of the first order. Great careers often turn on trifles, and so it was with Cook.

In June, 1769, the planet Venus was due to pass across the face of the sun, and it was decided by the British Government to send out an expedition to observe the spectacle. Tahiti, one of several islands which Cook afterwards named the Society Islands, was the spot selected. Who was to go? Once before a similar expedition had been sent out, under the charge of a scientist who was not a seaman, and the results were most unfortunate. This time that rare sea-dog the stout Lord Hawke declared that he would cut off his right hand rather than consent to anyone but an officer of the king going out in command. Where was a naval officer who cared a snap for science? Well, Cook was the very man. His paper on the eclipse had made him well known, and he was selected. He was given the command of the ship Endeavour, and with him went Sir Joseph Banks, a man destined to be famous in science; and, all told, there were 94 people on board.

The little ship, which was to go on from Tahiti to explore the Pacific Ocean, weighed less than 400 tons, and was a midget compared with even the tiny ocean tramps of today. These have steam, but the En-

deavour had only sails. Yet she was away three years, and made immortal history.

The party sailed on August 25, 1768, a happy, hopeful family. On the way across the ocean they saw the sea apparently on fire at night, and we can imagine how terrible and beautiful the sight must have been to the travellers. Cook gave it as his opinion that the light came from luminous fishes and other forms of life in the sea, and of course he was right.

Touching at Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, certain members of the party had a terrible experience. Climbing a mountain in search of plants on a perfect summer's day, they were all nearly frozen to death at night. Indeed, two of the party did die upon the mountain-side from exposure to the bitter cold.

On getting out into the Pacific Ocean, Cook discovered several new islands, and named them. They were inhabited, but had never before been seen by white men. Tahiti was reached after a voyage of rather less than a year, and parties were landed to erect a small fort and a place for observation. The natives were friendly, but timid. There never was an explorer who had a more genuine affection for his fellow-creatures, no matter what their colour, than Cook. He now drew up a strict code of rules governing the dealings between his crew and the natives, and the first was "to endeavour by every fair means to cultivate a friendship with the natives, and to treat them with every imaginable humanity."

That was a fine note to strike at the beginning of his career, and he sounded it all through his life. It seems only fit and right to us that this should be the idea of an explorer, but some of the most horrible

EXPLORER OF HALF THE WORLD

crimes have been committed by white men landing in new countries, and Cook was the exception of his age. His rules proved necessary, for some of his crew showed violence towards natives, and had to be publicly punished for their offence, in order that the white man's credit might not suffer. Cook would not allow a piece of timber to be taken without being paid for, nor a tree cut down without the consent of the natives; and when he heard that one of his crew had offered violence to a native woman who would not sell him a stone hatchet, Cook invited the woman and her friends on board, and ordered the offender to be whipped before them. The natives waited breathlessly during the preparations, but as the first blow fell on the shoulders of the dishonest man they implored that he might be forgiven. Cook, however, felt that an example must be made, both to make his crew respect his orders and to make the natives realise that justice would be done. In that spirit he advanced, and in due time the purpose for

which the expedition had reached the island was achieved. Then the Endeavour set out farther south to make what discoveries she could in the wide Pacific, taking on board two natives of Tahiti who had become attached to Cook. The services of these two men were of great value, as they were able to speak the language of the people inhabiting many of the islands. Sailing on,

he reached the coast of New Zealand, which had been touched more than a century before by a brave Dutchman named Tasman, though nothing whatever was known of it.

And now we come to an extraordinary story in the progress of human knowledge. The valiant Magellan had burst

into the Pacific about 250 years before this time, but there had been no serious attempt to explore it. The ocean served as a pathway to the lands in America which Spain had conquered. All that Spain desired was to wring wealth from her possessions in the New World. Portugal followed, determined to trade, and the Dutch, then becoming a great



A NEW ZEALAND FAMILY. FROM A PICTURE DRAWN BY AN ARTIST ON CAPTAIN COOK'S SHIP



THE SORT OF SHIPS THE NATIVES HAD—THE FLEET OF TAHITI. A GROUP OF ISLANDS WHICH CAPTAIN COOK CALLED THE SOCIETY ISLANDS IN HONOUR OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

CAPTAIN COOK LANDS ON THE PACIFIC ISLANDS



FRIENDLY RECEPTION OF CAPTAIN COOK AT THE FRIENDLY ISLES



CAPTAIN COOK HOLDS OUT THE BRANCH OF FRIENDSHIP TO THE PEOPLE OF TANNA



THE PEOPLE OF ERROMANGA, IN THE NEW HEBRIDES, OPPOSE THE LANDING OF THE WHITE MEN

EXPLORER OF HALF THE WORLD

sea Power, followed suit. Now, it seems an almost incredible thing today, but these three Powers sought to keep the rest of the world in ignorance as to what lay in the great Pacific. Any ship but their own was regarded as that of a pirate. Discoveries of other lands were not wanted ; if

people and sparkling with gems and gold and precious perfumes. They had not the least idea of the real Australasia ; they thought that their imaginary continent stretched away to the South Pole, an unbroken land of warmth and sunshine and plenty, reaching right round the world at

its southernmost degree. As land is massed at the northern side of the world, surely, they thought, there must be corresponding land to balance matters at the other side of the world. And the doughty Tasman, when he touched New Zealand, thought that he had merely run up against some outpost of the great unknown land.

But there was no deceiving Cook. He sailed through the land by what is now known as Cook's Strait, the open sea-passage dividing the two great islands of New Zealand, and then he sailed completely round the two islands. This, then, was not the promised continent. He had many wonderful adventures with the Maoris, the natives of New Zealand, a wonderful people who, five or six hundred years before, had come from the Polynesian Islands in their great canoes. They were brave but cruel, and killed and ate their enemies, and many times they tried to destroy Cook



THE PERIL OF CAPTAIN COOK—WATCHING THE WATERSPOUTS THAT NEARLY OVERWHELMED HIS SHIP IN THE SOUTH SEAS

they were made, the record was locked away in secret, so that nobody else should know. All was guesswork as to what lay in that mighty southern ocean reaching away from the foot of South America. Men believed that a vast continent was there, a continent enormously rich, teeming with

and his party. When he could, he gained their confidence by kindness ; at times he frightened them with his guns ; and once he was compelled to kill several, owing to their hostility, a fact he regretted more than anything else in his whole career. Having completed his survey, Cook took

EXPLORER OF HALF THE WORLD

possession of New Zealand for England. To do this, he erected two wooden posts on a high hill overlooking Queen Charlotte Sound, bearing the name of the ship, the date, and a Union Jack. Then he got together an old chief and his tribe, gave each a present, and got them to swear never to pull down the flag or the memorial. But, as a matter of fact, England did not take possession of the islands for another seventy-one years. Indeed, she absolutely refused to have New Zealand as a colony, and it is one of the grim ironies of history that the capital of New Zealand, Wellington, should be named after the soldier who opposed the idea of making the colony a British possession.

In the end it came to a race for possession between France and England. Each country had an expedition on the way to New Zealand at the time, but the English arrived first, and when the French ship put into port she found that the Union Jack had been finally hoisted a few days before her coming. So England became mistress of Australia, and France lost Australia, by a few weeks.

Cook left the land which he had thus given to England, and steered away to what is now Australia, of which almost nothing was known. The coast had been touched at various points by mariners on the west and north, but they had seen only its barren side, and brought back tales of its hopeless character and its forbidding savages. Cook was the first man known to history to

approach its eastern coast, to see the wealth of fertile land that it contained, and to realise that here was a new continent. He coasted from the south-eastern portion up to the most northern point, landed from time to time, and learned something of the ways and customs of the people. The



CAPTAIN COOK IN HIS CABIN—DISCUSSING A MAP WITH A RUSSIAN SAILOR DURING HIS VOYAGE TO THE BEHRING STRAITS

gallant little Endeavour was, every inch of her voyage along the coasts, in unknown waters, and not a soul on board knew anything of the terrors concealed in the smiling waters. One day the ship ran aground on a hidden rock, twenty-five miles from land. Despite all endeavours to move her, she lay

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for two days and nights poised upon the rock. At last she was got off, and as water had poured in through holes in her hull it was feared that she would sink. But, to everybody's joy, she did not. A great piece of rock had pierced her hull, and this snapped off as she moved, and remained to plug the wound that it had caused. Skilful carpenters patched up the damage, and the ship eventually reached home in safety.

Cook was by this time generally famous, and soon it was decided to send him out

the ice-cap which stretches to the South Pole. Cook was brilliantly successful, for he had at last cleared up the age-old mystery of the Southern Pacific. He had found Australia, and proved that the "missing continent" was but a fable.

It was on this voyage that Cook taught those at sea how, by wise and careful feeding and medicines, to preserve human life on board ship. It is a delightful trait in Cook's noble character that he counted this the greatest feat of his life.



CAPTAIN COOK'S SHIP AMONG THE ICEBERGS IN THE ANTARCTIC SEAS

again to look for the fabled continent which many still persisted in believing to exist. This time he took with him two ships, and sailed away due south, looking for the continent that never existed. He steered in all directions, right into the ice of the Antarctic. His crossings and recrossings covered a sufficient distance to have carried him three times round the globe. As it was, with all his windings, he did sail right round the earth at its southern extremity—round

Home again in England, he was sent forth on his third and last journey to try to find a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, round by the north of America. In this he failed, but, driven by frightful weather back to warmer climes, he discovered many other important islands, and at last put in at Karakakoa Bay, Hawaii. The people received him with joy, thinking him a god. He and they exchanged presents, and the natives

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provided food for the ship until they grew a little tired. At last the ship started out to sea, but was driven back by bad weather. The natives misunderstood the object; they were afraid that their food supplies would be exhausted in maintaining the crew. Many quarrels occurred between sailors and natives, and the natives stole things belonging to the ship. But all would still have gone well had Cook's orders been obeyed. He himself landed with a party of men, telling his crew to draw off with the

a native rushed at him and stabbed him. The magic of the man was gone the instant he turned his eyes from the crowd, and the savages killed him with their clubs. So, on February 14, 1779, died one of the greatest of Englishmen, and one of the wisest and most daring of explorers.

He did not leave his work unfinished. He had opened the Pacific to the world, he had discovered all the land that could be found; and though it remained to others to complete the exploration of the



THE LAST MOMENT OF CAPTAIN COOK—KILLED BY NATIVES OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

boats, while he and a few companions marched up to the king's house. He intended to invite the king on board, and so restore confidence and friendship, as he had done before. But while he was thus engaged a man ran up to say that one of the boat's crew had killed a native. The natives then prepared to attack Cook. He repelled the attack with as little violence as possible, but was at last compelled to fire. The men in the boats were by this time firing too, and Cook turned round to bid them cease. As he did so

Australian coasts, he had given us the key to the mystery. He laid the foundations of the British Empire in Australia, and added a fifth continent to the map of the world. Throughout the civilised globe his name is remembered as one of the noblest men the world has ever known. He was an honour to the home from which he sprang, and to the nation of which he was a citizen; he was a shining example of devotion to a great cause, the highest service of humanity, for he opened up the waste places of the earth as a habitation for mankind.

HANS ANDERSEN LISTENS TO A STORY



IN HIS BOYHOOD HANS ANDERSEN WOULD LISTEN EAGERLY TO HIS FATHER'S TALES OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

HANS ANDERSEN

HOW THE STORY OF THE UGLY DUCKLING WAS
LIVED IN THE LIFE OF THE MAN WHO WROTE IT

THE BEGGAR BOY WHO LOOKED FOR FAME AND FOUND IT

WE have all read the story of the Ugly Duckling, the ugly little member of a pretty family, which one day turned out to be a beautiful swan. Now, there was a sort of ugly duckling in real life, and it was a man, the very man who wrote the story. Hans Christian Andersen was the actual ugly duckling, and the tale he told is a sort of story of his life.

He was a very awkward ugly duckling in his youth. But, we may ask, is it not vain in a man to declare himself changed from an ugly duckling into a swan? Yes, it is, but Hans Andersen, whom we all love, *was* a vain man, one of the few vain men it is possible to tolerate. He was born a child of genius and remained a child of genius. He grew into a great, gaunt, awkward man, with a brain kindling with beautiful fancies, and a heart charged with love and kindness towards all mankind, but especially towards children; yet he himself, in some respects, never grew up.

With all his genius, his goodness, and his nobility of character, he remained a child in his amusing vanity, in his passion for fame and praise. He longed to have the whole world praising him. It wounded him that anybody should not know and admire him. "My soul is happy only when I am admired by everybody," he said. "If I meet anybody who does not admire me it makes me sad." As Hans Andersen lived very happily for the latter part of his life, we may take it for granted that he had many admirers.

He rose from friendlessness to the highest fame and honour, passed from the ugly duckling stage to the splendour of the swan, and saw the promise of a great fame. What he did not realise was the world in which he was to be remembered. He panted for the plaudits of men, but it was the children who were to crown him king, king of the storytellers of the world.

Hans Christian Andersen was born at Odense, in the Danish island of Funen, on April 2, 1805. His father, a poor shoemaker, had known better days, and yearned to see realised, in the career of his only child, the hopes he had once had of his own career. Hans, as he grew into boyhood, proved a dreamy, reflective little fellow, never so happy as when he shared the leisure of his father and heard him read old plays and the delightful stories of the "Arabian Nights."

That book has strangely influenced many lives. It fired Sir Henry Layard with that passion for the East which led him to the discovery of Nineveh and Babylon; it kindled in the mind of another great man a fever for adventure which resulted in the bringing of vast African territories under the British flag. And it took little Hans Andersen into a world of sprites and elves and fairies which his mind was ever after exploring. The characters in the book became real persons to him, and lived before him in the little figures which his father made for his toy theatre. The relations between the boy and his father were of the most affectionate and charming kind, and, although times were occasionally so hard that the boy had to go out and beg, still the two lived, with Hans' mother, in their own little world of romance, peopled with bright forms and fancies which charmed away the sad realities of their hard life.

But tragedy came early into the boy's home. Great wars were rending Europe, and Andersen the father went off to fight in a Danish army for Napoleon, and returned, a few months afterwards, to die. The mother of Hans had now to become breadwinner for the tiny household, and she took up her burden bravely, and made a living by going out washing and scrubbing. Little Hans was left at home to dream, to stitch costumes for his puppets, and work out plays

for his little toy theatre. He learned to read, and great was his joy when he managed to get a Danish translation of Shakespeare.

The poor mother, detecting signs of talent in her boy, was delighted to allow this kind of life as long as she dared; but she realised that he must begin to earn his own living, and very sadly she had to send him to a factory to gain his bread as a cloth weaver. This brought a drastic change of surroundings; but the boy took his fairy dreams with him into the factory, where there were men who soon found that this boy was not as others.

How Little Hans Left the Factory and Went Back to his Dreams

They made other boys do his work for him, while little Hans told tales and sang to them. He had a beautiful voice, and this, with his marvellous gift of story-telling, carried him safely for a time.

But there soon came a rough awakening from this dream-life. Some of the work-people played a brutal joke upon the sensitive child, and sent him in tears to his mother. The poor woman declared that her boy should never be submitted to a repetition of the insult, and she kept her word, for Hans returned no more to the factory. He went back to his dreams and his puppets. His mother, who married again, watched him cutting out and stitching clothes for his toy people, and made up her mind that it would be good training for the calling to which she meant to put him—that of a tailor. That he had talent she still saw; he would be a talented tailor, an unusual, poetic tailor!

But dreamy Hans had other ideas. He would not, could not, be a tailor, he said. A humble friend had smuggled him into the theatre to see an opera, and Hans felt that he, whose voice delighted all who heard it, must make the stage his own career. And when he was only fourteen, with his bundle on his shoulder and eight dollars as his fortune, he set out for Copenhagen "to make himself famous," as he told his mother.

How Hans Set Out to Conquer the World and Make Himself Famous

It was a strange equipment for a boy of fourteen entering the capital of his country to conquer the world, and it is not surprising that the world was not soon conquered. "Go away; you must be mad!" said the only person to whom he had an introduction, a stage dancer; so, instead of the stage, poor Hans tried carpentering, only to be frightened away, as

he had been frightened from the factory, by the coarseness of the men.

Very soon he was at the end of his little stock of money, and in despair he sought out the director of the Copenhagen School of Music, tracked him to his house, and found him at dinner with a company of distinguished guests. Picture him ushered into the dining-room, a long-legged, tousle-headed, ugly duckling whom none would befriend. But they gave him a hearing, letting him sing and recite, and they were charmed. The music master offered to take him into his own house and teach him music, saying that Hans would make a great singer; the others made a collection of several pounds for him. Hans wrote home to his anxious mother in a transport of delight that his fortune was as good as made; but in six months his voice, on which so much depended, broke, as all boys' voices break, and Hans found his occupation suddenly gone.

His protector advised him to go home and learn a trade, but this Hans would not do. Had he not told his mother he was on the road to fortune, and had she not spread the news among their friends? He would rather starve than face the humiliation of going home. But he did not starve, for a few kindly people raised a little fund which enabled him to keep body and soul together.

The Dim Room With No Window In Which Hans Prayed for Better Things

Poor Hans hired a dim, miserable lodging, a room which had neither window nor ventilation, and acted as errand-boy for a scolding landlady. But he remained a child at heart, and while he was dreaming of writing he was busy with his little stage, still cutting out and sewing the costumes, and running into drapers' shops to beg for patterns and ribbons and pieces of silk. Matters went a little better for him presently, for he secured employment at a theatre simply to walk on to form one of a crowd. But he was desperately poor, and many a day he sat out in the park to eat a crust of bread when his landlady supposed him to be dining with friends. He learned a little German, and managed to secure books from a library; and at night in his prayers he would ask, "Lord, will it ever go better with me?"

But, in these days of terrible poverty, this half-starved, dreaming boy began to write plays and poems. Men at the theatre could not understand them. There were brilliant and beautiful thoughts in his work,

HANS ANDERSEN

but nothing could be done with the plays owing to his lack of education. Happily, one of the men he puzzled in this way was the director of the chief theatre at Copenhagen, and this kind man brought the case to the notice of the King of Denmark, who seeing great possibilities in Hans gave him a small salary and sent him to school.

Hans was by this grown to early manhood, but bitter was his humiliation when, thus beginning his proper schooling, he had to take his place among some of the smallest boys. The master was probably a well-meaning man, but he comes down to us as one of the men who have unconsciously

Hans was taken away for his health. His stupid schoolmaster was angrier than ever at this, and burst out, "You will never be a student! Your poems will rot in the cellars of the publishers, and you will end your days in an asylum!" But, in spite of that, Hans was sent by the King of Denmark to the University of Copenhagen, and while he was still a student there he had a play produced with brilliant success. Hans wept over his good fortune, and felt himself a made man; but, though he now regularly published poems and sketches, his troubles were not at an end. He had taken a good degree at the University, and should



THE LITTLE FAIRY HOUSE IN WHICH THE GREATEST WRITER OF FAIRY TALES WAS BORN

done their best—or their worst—to spoil a fine life. He treated Hans with scoffs and jeers, and, finding that he had written some verses, read them aloud before the class with bitter mockery. Then he said that if Hans could show him anything of his which contained a single spark of poetry he would forgive him. Hans brought out a poem called "The Dying Child." The foolish schoolmaster read it, fumed over it, and in a burst of anger declared it the vilest rubbish. Poor ugly duckling! The poem became in time one of the most famous that Hans Andersen ever wrote, but this cynical schoolmaster behaved so badly to the sensitive young author that poor Hans' spirit was almost crushed. It was fortunate that soon after this incident,

have been in smooth water, but the critics fell savagely upon his work. What right had this man, who had not been educated in the ordinary way, to enter the sacred preserves of literature? they asked. He was still the ugly duckling to the critics.

He had begun to feel that he was a swan, but he realised that he could not make other people think so. Harsh criticism nearly broke his heart; the mere denial of praise was almost more than he could bear. Without some reward he found life almost insupportable. Very little money came to him from his books, and he had to undertake all sorts of drudgery to get a living; but when he was 28 the King of Denmark, who was a true friend to Hans, gave him a small travelling pension, enabling him to

HANS ANDERSEN'S LITTLE PEOPLE—FRIENDS



This gathering of characters in Hans Andersen's stories includes Little Klaus and Big Klaus, Snow Queen, Gerda and Kay, the Flying Trunk, Thumbeline, Little Red Shoes and the Soldier, the Shepherdess and Chimney-Sweep, Ingé who trod on the loaf the Elder Tree Mother,

OF THE CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD



Ib and Christina, Little Tuk and Gustave, Eliza of the Swans, the Princess and the Swineherd, Little Florentine of the Metal Pig, the Soldier and the Tinder-box, the Goloshes of Fortune, the Ice Maiden, the Emperor in his new clothes, the Nightingale, the Prince and the Sea-Maid.

leave his native land and to roam about Europe in modest comfort, to go where he would, stay where he would, write when he would. With the coming of this pension the Ugly Duckling disappeared; the Swan appeared in its stead. Hans wrote so charming a book called "The Improvisatore," that all Europe joined in its praise, and the petty malice of the jealous critics was at last hushed.

**His Foot on the Ladder of Success and Fame
Kushing Upon Him**

His poems and stories had caught the eye of better men than these, and his foot was on the ladder of success. But the greatest part of his work was to follow. He began those fairy tales for children which have done more than all else to make him known. The first was the famous "Ugly Duckling," in which the duckling stands for himself. Other stories that all the world now reads followed at intervals, "The Fir Tree," "The Dustman," "The Brave Tin Soldier," "The Storks," "The Snow Queen," and others—every one of them a treasured classic, read in almost all the languages that children speak. The fame for which he had long waited rushed upon him with the appearance of these stories. It was not the fame he had expected to gain, for he had thought to please only the grown-ups, and it was the children who first found that this ugly duckling of old time was a true swan of literature. But there was no looking back now that the children had taken him to their hearts, and Hans could afford to disregard the spite of critics who wrote meanly of him.

Hans became devoted to travel, and many of his most famous works were produced far from his native Denmark. Wherever he went he sought and made friends. Princes and peers opened their doors and welcomed him, and in the end Hans Andersen came to love fame in place of a bride.

**The Pathetic Vanity Which Spoiled the Life
of the Children's Friend**

He wooed fame and honour with the fervour with which knights of old time wooed their ladies. It did not satisfy him that he was famous in circles where fame alone need be sought; he wanted to be famous with every man, woman, and child. It was childish; it was pathetic. If only people would love and admire him and praise his work, and not talk before him of other men and their works, he was their devoted slave. He was wounded if others

were discussed in his presence until he had had his share of worship.

One of the little correspondents who wrote to him was Mary Livingstone, youngest daughter of Dr. Livingstone, a charming little girl who was born in the wilds of Africa while her father and mother were out exploring, and was brought home with the other children, to Scotland. Her letters read very much like hundreds of letters sent to the editor of a newspaper beginning, not "Dear Mr. Editor," as many such letters begin, but with the same engaging directness, "Dear Hans Andersen." She was eleven when she first began to write to her Danish hero, and this is what she said:

Dear Hans Andersen, I do like your fairy stories so much that I would like to go and see you, but I cannot do that, so I thought I would write to you. When papa comes home from Africa I will ask him to take me to see you. My favourite stories in one book are: "The Goloshes of Fortune," "The Snow Queen," and some others. My papa's name is Dr. Livingstone; I am sending my card and papa's autograph. I will say good-bye to you, and a happy New Year. I am your affectionate little friend, Anna Mary Livingstone.

P.S. Please write to me soon. My address is on the first page, and please send me your card.

**The Little People All Over the World Who
Wrote to Him**

Hans wrote, and Mary wrote again, and a regular correspondence followed. Mary's sister Agnes visited the poet in Denmark, and he sent his little admirer his latest book. When she was in trouble over false reports of her father's death out in the African wilds, she used to write to him for comfort, and he wrote her in reply long, loving letters, with all the care that he used to take over his letters to the King and Crown Prince of Denmark, or to his friend the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, so that we are not surprised at one of little Mary's postscripts: "I love you so much, dear, dear Hans Andersen." When these letters were being exchanged between the little Scottish lassie and the Danish author he was nearing seventy, a time of life at which most men are anxious to spare themselves all the labour that can be avoided.

But Hans had other little correspondents in other lands. The children of America, hearing that he had not been paid for the translations of his books which they received in the United States, raised a subscription to reward him, and his postbag would bring him loving letters enclosing money and gifts and tender greetings from

his young friends across the western seas. All this time, while his correspondence was growing with his reputation, Hans was steadily courting the goddess of fame, as we say. Without any effort of his own, his name was reaching all parts of the earth, but that did not suffice for hungry Hans. He wanted most people to be talking of him and singing his praises, and the rest to know that this was being done. Professor Georges Brandes, a distinguished Danish scholar who knew him intimately,

tells us of the strange way in which this passion showed itself. Feasting joyfully upon praise, Hans was terribly upset if the least unkind thing were said of him in the most insignificant newspaper, and his friend found him one day looking at such a paper with tears rolling down his cheeks. "I cannot understand why a man of your reputation should care what is written about you in a miserable paper of that type," said the professor. "Oh, I worry a little about everything," answered poor Hans Andersen, through his tears.

Towards the end of his life, on his seventieth birthday, the King of Denmark paid Hans a great honour, and all Denmark made holiday over the event. Deputations waited upon him, congratulations were showered upon him, telegrams and letters arrived from all parts of the earth, and one present, the dearest of all, proved to be a book containing one of his stories translated into fifteen languages. How the old man's heart leapt with pride!

After the ugly duckling stage was over and he had become a sort of national institution in Denmark, Hans often visited

the Danish Royal Family. There is a curious little story connected with one of these visits. Once the Royal Family was staying in the island of Fœhr, where, curiously enough, there then lived the minister who had been vicar of Odense in Hans' boyhood. At about the time that a humble friend smuggled Hans into the Odense Theatre to hear his first performance, the ugly duckling had to be confirmed. The vicar, seeing him so poor and ragged, did not think it necessary to prepare him personally, but handed him over to a curate.

When Hans was visiting his king and queen at Fœhr the memory of this incident came back to him. He asked the king to lend him the royal carriage, with coachman, outriders, and footmen, all in the royal scarlet livery. The king agreed with pleasure and amusement, for he knew what was in the mind of his guest. So Hans drove down in state to the house of the man who, in his ugly duckling days, had thought him not worth bothering about, and for an hour Hans kept the royal

coach outside the vicar's door. That was the ugly duckling's revenge on the man who had scorned him!

Such was Hans Andersen. Mr. Edmund Gosse gives an account of the impression that he made upon him, and says: "His eyes, although small, had sweetness and vivacity of expression, while gentleness and simplicity breathed from everything he said. He had but to speak, almost but to smile, and the man of genius stood revealed."

He died at Copenhagen on August 6, 1875, greatly honoured by the city in which he had known such days of poverty.



THE STATUE OF HANS ANDERSEN SET UP IN THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND AT COPENHAGEN

A LITTLE GALLERY OF OLD PICTURES FROM THE



THE STUDENT TELLS LITTLE IDA THE STORY OF THE FLOWERS



ANN LISBETH'S BOY AT THE HELM OF HIS BOAT



THE COURTIER'S FIND THE NIGHTINGALE



THE WITCH INDUCES THE SOLDIER TO CLIMB THE TREE



THE BOYS IN THE STREET MOCKING THE STORKS IN THEIR NEST



THE VISIT OF THE SHADOW



PULCINELLA ON COLUMBINE'S GRAVE



THE SHIRT COLLAR IN ITS GLORY



GERDA AND KAY AND THE OLD GRANDMAMMA

FAIRY STORIES OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN



THE STUDENT'S BARGAIN
FROM THE HUCKSTER



THE LITTLE BOYS CUT THE TURF WITH
THE DAISY ON IT



IB AND CHRISTINA MEET
THE GIPSY



THE MOTHER SPINNING THE FLAX BEFORE IT
WAS PUT INTO THE LOOM



THE FIELD OF BUCKWHEAT WHICH DEFIED THE
THUNDERSTORM



THE SCHOLARS FIND THE
BEETLE



THE YOUNG SAILOR'S TREASURE IN
THE UTTERMOST PARTS OF THE SEA



THE GRANDFATHER TELLS THE
STORY OF HOLGER DANSKE

THE VISION OF CONSTANTINE WHICH LED TO THE FOUNDATION OF CONSTANTINOPLE



CONSTANTINE, WHILE STILL A PAGAN, WAS MARCHING AGAINST A RIVAL EMPEROR WHEN HE FANCIED HE SAW A VISION FROM HEAVEN INSPIRING HIM TO VICTORY. HE WON THE BATTLE, PROCLAIMED HIMSELF A CHRISTIAN, AND BUILT CONSTANTINOPLE AS HIS NEW CAPITAL AND THE HOME OF CHRISTIANITY

THE RIDER ACROSS EUROPE

THE STORY OF CONSTANTINE, THE FOUNDER OF CONSTANTINOPLE, WHOSE MOTHER IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN A BRITON

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN RULER UPON THE EARTH

Sixteen hundred years ago a man was riding across Europe, as fast as a horse could go. Had anything happened to him on that ride, had his horse fallen and killed him, the papers would not now be talking of the fall of Constantinople, for there would be no Constantinople to fall.

THERE are chapters in history more strange and wonderful than any men can invent, and the story of Constantinople is one of the most astonishing of all. It is the story of the child of heathen parents who, beginning a dazzling career as a pagan, became a Christian, and ruled the whole known world, the first Christian ruler on the earth. He it was, Constantine the Great, who built beautiful Constantinople, to be at once the capital of the world and the home of Christianity.

Constantine was born at a time when Rome ruled the world. She was mistress of Europe, though barbarous tribes were continually in rebellion against her; she owned Britain, and her possessions reached through Africa and Asia. But this vast empire was tottering when Constantine came into it; the Roman Empire was a giant with feet of clay. In the year 284, about four years before Constantine was born—although there is much difference of opinion as to the actual dates—the Emperor Diocletian became ruler of the Roman Empire. That empire was constantly threatened on both sides—in the East by the Persians, and in the West by barbarian tribes of Hungary, Germany, and elsewhere. Diocletian, feeling that the task of ruling such an empire was too great for one man, divided the world, first into two parts, then into four, taking one part for himself and allotting the others to three other men.

Now, one of the men he trusted was Constantius Chlorus, the father of Constantine the Great. Constantius was what we call a soldier of fortune. He had won his way to the notice of the emperor as a daring, well-born soldier. Diocletian chose him to be Cæsar of the West—that is to say, he became a sort of emperor of that particular division,

but had to recognise Diocletian as his own emperor. The part over which Constantius ruled was Britain, Spain, and Gaul. Diocletian kept the East for himself. He gave Italy and Africa to Maximian, while Galerius had the valley of the Danube and Illyricum—an area including such countries as the modern Montenegro, Bosnia, and Dalmatia.

Constantius, while a general, married a beautiful pagan girl named Helena. It is disputed whether she was born in Bithynia in Asia Minor, at Treves in Prussia, or at York, then called Eboracum, in Britain. The people of York claim her as a native, and say that Constantine, also, was born there. They named their first parish church after Helena, and there are five or six churches near York which still bear her name, the reason being that this simple girl became famous in history as the noble St. Helena. She was the mother of Constantine, who was born, not at York, but at Naissus, in a country we now know as Servia.

At this time the father of Constantine was still a soldier, and not until his son was seventeen did the soldier become an emperor. But long before this the boy had known the life of courts, for while he was still a little boy he was sent to the court of Diocletian, where he was educated as a scholar and a soldier. He had not been sent willingly, but as a sort of hostage, which means that while his father's behaviour pleased Diocletian the boy was safe, but if the father's behaviour displeased the emperor the boy would be sacrificed. The father behaved, and the boy became a great soldier, distinguishing himself by his bravery in wars in Persia and Europe.

In 305 Diocletian, tired of the burden of empire, divided his kingdom and retired to Salona, where he built one of the greatest palaces ever seen. Its walls still stand today on the shores of the Adriatic Sea, and within them has sprung up the town of Spalato, one of the busiest places in Dalmatia. It was

Galerius who succeeded to Diocletian's share of the empire, and at his court he found young Constantine. But Constantius now insisted that his boy should return to him, and Galerius, who was suspicious and afraid of Constantius, unwillingly consented. Then Constantine, fearing that the order for his release might be cancelled, fled swiftly across Europe.

HOW CONSTANTINE FLED ACROSS EUROPE ON HIS WAY TO ENGLAND

In order that he might not be pursued and compelled to return, he took with him all the horses he found along the way, so that anyone giving chase would have to ride tired horses. A thrilling ride it was; the fate of Christendom may be said to have depended on it! Constantine fled before Galerius, who had unwillingly told him he might go, as the Israelites fled before Pharaoh. The future master of the world was a fugitive, for the time being, fleeing from east to west of Europe, to meet his father, who was about to embark at what is now Boulogne.

A sad thing had happened. Constantius, having married the beautiful Helena, had put her aside in order that he might marry the stepdaughter of the Emperor Maximian, who ruled with Diocletian. But Constantine was the joy of his father's heart, and, though he had other sons and daughters, it was upon this brave and brilliant youth from his rival's court that he set his affections. Constantius was just setting out for England, to suppress an invasion by the Picts and Scots, and here Constantine came with him, helping to win a great victory. Constantius died at York, and was buried there in July, 306. And now we are to see upon what a slender thread hung the future history of the world.

Constantius died, and his soldiers, the finest in the Roman Army, declared that Constantine should be their ruler. Constantine refused; he mounted his horse as though to flee from his admirers, but they restrained him, and forced him to consent. He became ruler of the West.

THE FUGITIVE BECOMES RULER OF A MIGHTY EMPIRE

It is said by some that all Constantine's unwillingness was a mere pretence, and perhaps it was. But we can only judge him by his acts. He did again and again refuse, and when he accepted at last, and wrote to Galerius telling him what had happened, he explained how the title and position had been forced upon him by the army. Galerius was wild with anger, but could not undo

what had been done, for Constantine was a brilliant soldier and had the finest Roman soldiers at his back, so that Galerius could only grin and bear it, as we say, and Constantine became ruler of a great part of the world. He was only eighteen at this time. Now, had any mishap befallen him in that ride across Europe to join his father, Constantine never would have been crowned, another ruler would have ascended the throne of the West, Christianity might not have come to its own in Europe for perhaps many generations, and we should never have heard of Constantinople.

Constantine at this time was still a worshipper of the pagan gods of the ancient world, as were all the rest of the Roman leaders. His father had been a pagan, though it is said that of all the men who ruled in the Roman world he alone showed mercy and kindness to the persecuted Christians. It is wonderful that he should have done so, for the Christians were a hated sect, small in number, but feared and dreaded as mysterious and dangerous people. Constantine, like the rest of his fellows, could not understand them or their ways.

THE ROAD THAT WAS LEADING CONSTAN- TINE TO A WONDERFUL LIGHT

Soon after ascending the throne he led an army against the barbarians, and utterly defeated them, and some of the most distinguished of his captives he caused to be thrown to wild beasts. It seemed to him quite a natural thing to do. Gentle, unoffending Christian people were cast into the Colosseum to be devoured by lions—why, then, should not prisoners of war be treated in the same way? We must not blame Constantine; we must blame the hideous creed in which he was brought up at the court of Diocletian. His early life merely reflected the manners and customs of the times in which he lived, which were hard and fierce and barbarous.

The day had not yet come for his deliverance from the bondage of paganism, but, although he did not know it, he was on the road leading to a wonderful enlightenment. For the time being he was launched upon a series of terrible wars within the Roman Empire. We need not bother about them here, except that they bring us at last to Rome, where Constantine went but seldom. The truth is that Rome was the stronghold of his rivals, one after another. One of these rivals was Maxentius, his brother-in-law. When Maximian died, his son, who ruled in Rome, became the enemy of Constantine, who led a splendidly trained army

into Italy, crossing the Alps as Hannibal had done five hundred years before. Constantine's army is said to have been only 25,000 strong, but other figures make it nearer 100,000, while the army of Maxentius was over 200,000.

Constantine therefore risked all the perils that a commander fears when he is in the country of an enemy with greater forces than his own, but his daring amazed even his own men. For although he was a wonderful general, Constantine won his victories generally by cautious movements, while here, marching straight on to Rome, he dashed with reckless courage. What could account for such a miracle? Miracle we may well call it, for Constantine believed that he, a pagan, had received a message from God bidding him to go forth as a soldier of the Cross!

While he was on the march with his army, Constantine imagined that he saw in the sky a flaming cross in the clouds; and that night he dreamed that Jesus appeared to him, holding a cross, and bidding him make a standard like it, bearing the words, "By this conquer." Constantine, who went to bed a pagan, rose a Christian. He



CONSTANTINE ASLEEP IN HIS TENT

believed that the light he had seen in the sky was a signal from Heaven, and that the vision of the night was a direct command from God. He had a cross made to be carried before his army, and chose fifty of his finest soldiers to guard it. Trusting to the Cross — the symbol of faith in the Son of God, whom a Roman governor of Jerusalem had permitted the Jews to crucify upon a Cross — the Emperor of Rome marched upon the capital to meet his foe, Maxentius, utterly routing his army and driving him into the Tiber, where he was drowned.

The conversion of Constantine was as strange as that of St. Paul, and the results were of enormous importance to the world. For some years afterwards Constantine was at peace; then came his war with Licinius, who shared the government of the empire. During this time Constantine thought deeply on religion. He did not at once determine to declare Rome Christian, but in 313 he ordered that persecution of Christians should instantly cease, and it was because Licinius, who had agreed to this course in the famous edict of Milan, continued to persecute them

THE GREAT PILLAR MOVED BY CONSTANTINE



THIS IMPRESSIVE PILLAR STOOD IN ROME WHEN CONSTANTINE WAS BORN. BUT HE INSCRIBED IT WITH HIS NAME AND CARRIED IT TO HIS NEW CAPITAL OF CONSTANTINOPLE, WHERE IT MAY STILL BE SEEN

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF CONSTANTINE



THE CATHEDRAL OF SAN SOPHIA, FOUNDED BY CONSTANTINE AND REBUILT WITH GREATER SPLENDOR BY LATER EMPERORS, IS SAID TO HAVE THE FINEST INTERIOR OF ANY CHURCH IN THE WORLD

that he became involved in the quarrel with Constantine which brought him to his death. The death of Licinius in 325 made Constantine master of the world. He, ruler of the ruling empire of the world, was a follower of the Nazarene whom Rome had despised and crucified. He had never forgotten the vision in the sky; he had never gone back from his determination to be a Christian. He had dark and terrible moments of doubt, for he did not know as yet what his new religion demanded of him; he did not understand that it called for charity and mercy. So, when his wife charged his eldest son with a grave crime, Constantine ordered him into exile, where he was put to death. Afterwards, Constantine discovered that the charge for which his son had suffered was false, and in his rage and agony he caused his wife also to be put to death.

Events such as these terribly marred his record as the first of Christian rulers, but it remains for us to be thankful for the good he did. It is useless to lament the dark deeds of his gloomy hours of wavering. At the death of Licinius, Christianity had been tolerated for twelve years; within another year the emperor declared that Christianity should be the religion of the empire. It was one of the most startling decrees ever given to the world. Rome, still the capital of the world, was crowded with the old Roman aristocracy, who were pagans to a man, despising and detesting the very name of Christian. All Constantine's friends were opposed to his faith. No ruler ever took a greater risk than he, who boldly declared for Christianity as the ruling spirit among men. But he was wise enough to realise that it was impossible to establish Christianity immediately in Rome itself—Rome, with its innumerable temples to gods and goddesses; Rome, whose streets

and arenas had run with the blood of murdered Christians—men, women, and children. So Constantine resolved upon a plan which only a great and original mind would have dared. He determined that the "Eternal City" should no longer be the capital of the world; he would create a new capital of his own.

It was a surprising resolution, as surprising as if the nation should today decide to remove the seat of government from Washington to Chicago. Constantine sought long and anxiously, and at last he chose the ancient city of Byzantium. On the ruin of this old place the emperor raised a mighty city. He designed it to be the

home of Christianity, the headquarters of the Roman world and of the religion he had made his own. He built a city worthy of both objects. Fourteen miles of immense walls surrounded the site, and within it the new city rose upon seven low hills, like Rome itself. Constantine had the wealth and labour of the whole world to draw upon, and he used both without stint for the glory of his capital. With armies of labour-



THE RUIN OF CONSTANTINE'S PALACE IN CONSTANTINOPLE

ers to call to his aid, with forests near by to supply him with timber, with quarries of the finest marble, with unlimited supplies of gold and precious stones, he devoted himself entirely to his great work.

But he found that, though materials were abundant and labour unlimited, skilled men were few; there were not enough artists or sculptors or architects. Messengers were sent to the most distant parts of the empire to search the schools and colleges for talented pupils, to establish schools where none existed, to appoint professors in schools where the arts were not taught. But still Constantine could not get what he wanted, so he ransacked the world for masterpieces ready made. The buildings

themselves were indeed put up by the men of Constantine's own finding, but the decorations were the work of vanished hands. The fairest ornaments of other cities were taken to adorn the new capital. War trophies, statues of heroes, gods, poets, and philosophers, were all carried to the

great aqueducts to carry water, and mighty reservoirs to contain it. There were fine schools, theatres, halls, palaces, churches. But the noblest building of all was the great Church of St. Sophia, now replaced by a nobler building still, which, though commonplace outside, has, perhaps, the most beauti-



THE GREAT CATHEDRAL OF SAN SOPHIA, FOUNDED BY CONSTANTINE AS THE CAPITAL OF CHRISTIANITY, NOW THE CAPITAL OF MOHAMMEDANISM

city on the Bosphorus, so that it was said that nothing seemed wanting save the souls of the men of the glorious past in which these beautiful works were wrought. A fair and noble city Constantine built, a city of many wonders, of spacious streets and squares, with a vast number of baths,

ful interior of any church in the world. It set a holy seal upon the city; it was the highest expression of Constantine's resolve to make his empire the home of Christianity. The work was finished in the year 330, and on May 11 in that year the city was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and received its name.

THE FACE THAT DRAWS THE WORLD TO PARIS



THE PORTRAIT OF MONA LISA, WHICH HAS DRAWN ALL LOVERS OF ART TO PARIS FOR A HUNDRED YEARS

LEONARDO AND HIS WONDERS

THE STORY OF ONE OF THE GREATEST
MEN WHO EVER CAME INTO THE WORLD

THE MARVELLOUS MAN WHO WAS MASTER OF ALL THINGS

NEARLY four hundred years have passed since the grave closed over Leonardo da Vinci, yet, though very little of his work still exists, we all reverence and treasure his memory as that of one of the greatest men of all time. Artists, engineers, scientists, poets, musicians, philosophers, anatomists, botanists, all claim him as one of their brotherhood, and all in turn complain that he did not devote himself to their own branch of learning.

Thus we find Ruskin, in one of his little grumbles, saying in pretended anger, "Leonardo fretted his life away in engineering, so that there is hardly a picture left to bear his name." Engineers, caring less for pictures than for iron and steel, lament that one of the greatest natural geniuses of any age should have spent his time in painting when he might have been erecting bridges or building engines or constructing great works. The sculptor has a grievance against engineering and all the other callings because Leonardo spent so much time on them and so little in carving figures of marble and bronze. Scientists and inventors also look to Leonardo as to one of the most remarkable of their forerunners, as a man who fashioned in his brain the beginnings of revolutions which it has taken centuries to bring about. The fact is that Leonardo da Vinci was what is called a universal man.

He took all knowledge for his province. There was no branch of learning in which he did not distinguish himself; there was no science too difficult, no mechanical problem too intricate, no labour too arduous for him to undertake. There have been few such men in the world. Most of us have known somebody of whom it is said that he is Jack of all trades and master of none, but Leonardo was Jack of all trades and master of all. He seemed to have the gifts and powers of a score of men, and history furnishes no real parallel to his

astounding career. It seemed as easy for him to originate as it is for most men to copy. He was to art and science what Julius Cæsar was to statecraft, what Shakespeare was to poetry.

Yet, as has been shown, very little of his actual work remains to us. His pictures are for the most part in ruins or have utterly vanished; his statues were left incomplete or have been lost or overthrown by ruthless soldiers. His engineering works are a memory; the musical instruments he made are reduced to dust; the marvellous melodies he composed have disappeared with the kings and princes who listened to them. But, in spite of all, his name remains to us undimmed, immortal, glorious in art and learning, a magic name in science and invention; grave and learned men, when they write of him, can only say that the feats of this universal man seemed to be almost miraculous.

It is impossible to account for the heritage of pure genius which came to this man. His father was a lawyer of Florence, and little Leonardo, who was born at Vinci, a fortified hill village near Florence, in the year 1452, grew up in that city of ancient splendours. Florence witnessed the rebirth of learning and culture in Europe after ignorance and barbarism had reigned for a thousand years, and Leonardo was born in a golden age of which he himself was to become the foremost figure. His schooling began in the household of his father, where he easily outdistanced the other children by his marvellous gifts. He mastered arithmetic and music as easily as most children learn a game, and he took naturally to drawing and painting. His father let him develop in his own way until he was eighteen, when he placed him in the studio of Andrea Verrocchio.

This Verrocchio has an interest for us, for he was the favourite pupil of Donatello, and carved parts of the famous door of the sacristy in Florence for the artist Lucca della Robbia. He himself

executed a lovely and famous little statue of David, and died while carving the marvellous Colleoni statue in Venice. Verrocchio had not quite finished the horse when he died, and it was left to another hand to carve the masterful figure of the rider. But Verrocchio was painter as well as sculptor, and we know him for his work with the brush from one noted picture, the only one remaining. It depicts the baptism of Jesus, and is specially precious to lovers of Leonardo, for the experts, as they stand before the picture in Florence, can point here and there and say with certainty, "Leonardo painted this," and "Leonardo painted that." For the pupil quickly equalled his master, and was allowed to paint in portions of his pictures.

The genius of Leonardo flowered early. The work of his master's studio did not content him, or exhaust his energies. He pursued his studies in all directions. At

hand-saws, great works for watering barren lands and mighty fortresses to defend them. He invented new schemes in mechanics while he was studying geometry, mathematics, and philosophy. He studied astronomy that he might understand the stars above him; he studied botany that he might know the flowers at his feet; and he, first of modern painters, introduced us to the real beauty of the human body, made human life appear, in marble and bronze and painting, as human life really is.

And then, with all these accomplishments at his command, with the rich men of Florence hungry for his services, Leonardo is said by some writers to have wandered off to Egypt, to take service as an *engineer* under the ruler of Egypt, who was then known as the Sultan of Cairo. It was while he was about thirty years of age that Da Vinci wandered and laboured in the East, but, fortunately, after about



VINCI, THE LITTLE HILLSIDE TOWN NEAR FLORENCE, WHERE LEONARDO WAS BORN

twenty he was enrolled a member of the guild of independent artists in Florence, which shows that he very early became subject to other influences than Verrocchio. Yet in that time he had executed various marble figures and works in terra-cotta, as well as several paintings and designs for tapestries.

Men of his time wrote with loving enthusiasm of these works, but hardly a vestige of them remains. At twenty Leonardo was famous among lovers of art as artist and sculptor; but he was famous in scientific circles for his researches into the mysteries of Nature, for his inventions, great and simple, and for his skill as an engineer. Like King David, he played on the lute with exquisite skill, but he made his own instruments, and wrote his own music. The mind which conceived lovely pictures produced poems and machines, statues and

two years he returned home, to take service with Lodovico Sforza, who was ruling Milan at the time. Sforza means simply "stormer of cities," and was bestowed upon this line of rulers from the fact that to storm cities was their profession. The family took its rise in a humble woodcutter, who was living up to within thirty years or so of the birth of Leonardo. He gathered about him a powerful mob of armed men, who lived as free-lance soldiers. If the Pope wanted them, they would fight for him for payment; but if his enemies offered more they would cheerfully fight against him. At one time they would be fighting in defence of Milan, next they would be helping to storm it. Money fixed their cause and their leaders, and by it they had risen to power, married into ruling houses, acquired territories, sometimes ruling well and encouraging arts

LEONARDO AND HIS WONDERS

and science, sometimes ruling evilly and as ignorant tyrants. One of the greatest tyrants of them all was assassinated in the porch of Milan Cathedral when Leonardo was twenty-four, and this tyrant's son should have been ruler in his stead had not his uncle, Lodovico, imprisoned both him and his wife, and taken the government

It is strange that the knightly Leonardo, the man with the glorious genius, the man with the face of a saint and the stature of a king, should serve such men as a barbarous Eastern potentate and this tyrant of Milan. But serve them he did, and brilliantly, in many ways. It is very interesting at this day to see, as we may, the very letter which



LEONARDO DA VINCI. THE IMMORTAL MASTER OF ALL THE ARTS

into his own hands. Lodovico was a bad, unscrupulous, but able man, and, though he died a prisoner in a foreign land after being deposed, he comes down to us with his name not altogether despised, because he did all in his power to promote study and encourage the tide of learning which was rising in Italy at the time.

Leonardo wrote asking Lodovico for employment. It is odd to think of this immortal man making a written application for a situation. But Leonardo did. He wrote to Lodovico describing his experience as architect, engineer, mathematician, and so on, and then he added: "I can execute sculpture, whether in marble, bronze, or

terra-cotta; also in painting I can do as much as any other, be he who he may."

That last sentence was to be put to a test which remains famous in art to this day. Lodovico was satisfied with the credentials of the applicant, and engaged him to discharge duties such as have surely never before nor since fallen to the lot of one man. He was engineer, architect, mathematician, sculptor, artist, and general director of scientific, mechanical, and artistic works, so that he would be engaged at one time on a statue, a painting, a new system of hydraulic irrigation, and the fortifications of a citadel.

THE REMARKABLE INVENTIONS OF LEONARDO THAT WERE FORGOTTEN

And while Leonardo was planning a court ball, and inventing a saw for cutting marble at Carrara, he was inventing also a process for printing photographs by sunlight—a process which was to be rediscovered three hundred years later by Daguerre and his friends. Leonardo made the first suspension wheel, as we call it, the light wheel with thin spokes from which the hub is suspended—a stronger, lighter wheel than the old, and cheaper. But Leonardo's wheel was forgotten as time passed, and had to be reinvented. He invented a steam gun, but that, too, was forgotten. There was hardly any branch of science or mechanics to which he did not add new knowledge and new inventions. One of our greatest historians tells us that unpublished manuscripts by Leonardo contain discoveries and anticipations of discoveries within the compass of a few pages so as to strike us with awe. For fifteen years Leonardo laboured at his science, his inventions, his poems, his writings. His writings alone would have made the foundations of a good library had printing been invented, but they were only in manuscript and many of them were lost. But there were great works to occupy his attention in addition to these things.

HOW THE FRENCH SOLDIERS DROVE LEONARDO OUT OF MILAN

In addition to his engineering, his music and poetry and writing, his botany and anatomy, he was still the court painter and sculptor, and in these capacities he was engaged at the same time to carve a great statue for Lodovico and to paint a picture for a monastery at Milan representing the Last Supper. The statue was to be a huge one and to contain a hundred thousand pounds of bronze. The bronze was never forthcoming, and the statue was not executed, but the model was completed, only to be broken by the French

soldiery, it is supposed, when they invaded Milan, and drove the great artist away with Lodovico. The statue was to be carved in the citadel; the painting was in the monastery, on the other side of the city. Leonardo made the most careful studies for both. He frequented crowded parts of the city where all sorts and conditions of men gathered together. He called groups of people together and fed them at his own expense, not merely because his loving heart yearned towards them, but because such gatherings enabled him to study them at close quarters and to get hints for his work.

Leonardo was the first painter who could paint human beings and invest them with lofty qualities, portraying all the emotions, depicting a noble idea and clothing it with beauty. He would labour from sunrise to sunset at his painting, forgetful of hunger and thirst, absorbed in his work, while the monks gathered, silent and spellbound, around him. While he was working on his model for the statue, an idea would strike him which he would hurriedly jot down on the tablets he carried at his girdle, then he would rush across the city by the nearest route to paint the idea while it remained fresh in his mind. Year after year passed away, and Leonardo seemed to know that he was painting for posterity.

THE STORY OF ONE OF THE GREATEST PICTURES IN THE WORLD

The story goes that the prior of the convent thought the artist was too long at his work, and complained to Lodovico, saying that there was only one head to finish, yet Leonardo neglected to complete it. Leonardo, called before Lodovico, answered that he laboured at his task two hours every day. The prior hotly replied that the artist, so far from working two hours a day at the picture, had not been near the convent for a year. Leonardo was again summoned before the ruler, and he answered: "It is true I have not entered the convent for a long time, but it is not less true that I have been employed every day at least two hours upon the picture. The head of Judas Iscariot remains to be done; and, in order to give it the features suitable to the excessive wickedness of the character, I have for more than a year past been daily frequenting the Borghetto, morning and evening, where the lowest refuse of the capital live. But I have not yet found the features I am in quest of. These once found, the picture shall be finished in a day. If, however," he added, "I am still

unsuccessful in my search, I shall rest satisfied with the face of the prior himself, which would suit my purpose extremely well, only that I have for a long time been hesitating about taking such a liberty with him in his own convent."

declare the work to have been the greatest picture ever painted, the most complete and beautiful and perfect; but today it is a wreck and ruin, though still seen fading away on the walls of the little convent in Milan. The after-history of the picture is a



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FACES OF JESUS EVER PAINTED—FROM LEONARDO'S PICTURE IN THE BRERA PALACE, MILAN.

Leonardo was as good as his word; the picture was soon finished, and it is said that the face of the prior did actually appear in the painting. All great judges

tragedy. Damp from the wall soon began to tell its direful tale. The monks, in order to get more easily from their kitchen to the room, cut a hole through the middle

A GREAT PICTURE OF THE LAST SUPPER, NOW



THE FACES FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE—BARTHOLOMEW, JAMES THE YOUNGER, AND ANDREW



THE FACES FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE—JUDAS, PETER, AND JOHN

The most sublime conception of the last meeting of Jesus with His disciples, "The Last Supper," painted by Leonardo, is still to be recognised on the walls of a convent in Milan, but it is perishing with the decay of

FADING AWAY FROM THE SIGHT OF THE WORLD



THE FIGURE OF JESUS AT THE LAST SUPPER. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE—THOMAS, JAMES, AND PHILIP



THE FACES FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE—MATTHEW, THADDEUS, AND SIMON
nearly 400 years, and this glorious representation of the last appearance of Jesus before His arrest and crucifixion is fading away from the eyes of men. This copy of it has been restored as nearly as possible to the original.

LEONARDO AND HIS WONDERS

of the painting, and nailed the ruler's coat of arms over part of the work. Unskilful men were permitted to make restorations, doing infinite harm to the original, and afterwards, when Napoleon's soldiers took possession of the monastery, they pelted the painting with stones, while a flood was allowed to stand in the room until the water evaporated. The greatest picture in the world has had a history of

It was in 1500 that the reign of Duke Lodovico came to an end. The French invaded Milan, and took him prisoner. After that Leonardo went to Florence and entered the service of Cæsar Borgia, one of the monsters of history, an evil wretch whose name stands to us today for all that is bad. We must all wonder how so glorious a character as Leonardo could tolerate such service; upright, self-respect-

ing men of our day could not suffer association with such a creature of infamy.

But a thoughtful writer, who has closely studied the great men of these times, when learning was rising from its sleep of a thousand years, explains the matter in this way: "The great men of the period were in a high degree energetic and creative; they shaped the world with a revolutionary energy and a feverish activity, in comparison with which the modern processes of civilisation almost vanish. Their instincts were rougher and more powerful, and their nerves stronger, than those of the present race. It will always appear strange that the tenderest blossoms of art, the most ideal creations of the painter, were put forth in the midst of a society whose moral wickedness and brutality are to us moderns altogether loathsome. If



THE VIRGIN AND THE LILIES—BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

we could take a man such as our civilisation produces and transfer him into the days of Leonardo, the daily brutality, which made no impression whatever on the men of that age, would shatter his nervous system, and probably upset his reason." We look back from a standpoint different from that of Leonardo; the crimes and misdoings of Lodovico and Cæsar Borgia were such as ruler after ruler of that time committed,

misfortune almost unmatched. Yet, in spite of all, we can still trace Leonardo in its fading colours; the deep feeling and the marvellous composition of the master are still there. Leonardo made hundreds of sketches for the work during the progress of the picture, and many of these still exist, some of them being in the royal library at Windsor Castle.

and they could not seem to him any worse than the crimes of Benvenuto Cellini appeared to the kings and godly men who employed that strange and great man.

Some of his finest engineering, his finest fortresses, his best surveys, Leonardo did for Cæsar Borgia, and we have his maps and plans before us today to tell us what he did and how well he did it. But now we come to the most romantic period of his life, to the great contest in which he was to prove the daring words of his youth. For Michael Angelo, over twenty years his junior, had arisen, and was being recognised as a great rival of the older man, and the two were now pitted one against the other. Michael Angelo, who hated Leonardo, courted the contest; Leonardo did not. The first trial of strength between them gave us Michael Angelo's immortal statue of David, carved from a mighty block of marble which had been thrown away as useless. Several men had tried to carve a colossal statue from it, and had failed to shape the great mass. Leonardo was now asked to undertake the work.

For a hundred years the marble had lain aside, disfigured by the chisels of many artists, and Leonardo declared that nothing could be done unless the defects thus caused were remedied by the addition of new marble. But his rival undertook the task, and carved with such marvellous skill that the old block from the rubbish-heap leapt, almost to life, we might say, into one of the biggest and noblest statues ever fashioned by the chisel of a sculptor. It was Michael Angelo's victory. Perhaps we should never have had it if Michael Angelo had not been jealous of Leonardo. This jealousy appears to have grown, and there soon came another opportunity for a

further test of skill between the two men, for the magistrates of Florence, who had given the order for the statue, loved their beautiful city, and determined to have their council-hall nobly decorated. With the services of the two greatest artists in the world available, they cleverly resolved to put the two in opposition. One half of the chamber was allotted to Leonardo, and the other to Michael Angelo. The subject



LEONARDO'S LOVELY PICTURE OF THE CHILD JESUS AND HIS MOTHER

chosen was the wars of Pisa, which had ended in a great victory for Florence. Leonardo recognised that if Michael Angelo had triumphed over the statue, here was an opportunity for him to regain his lost laurels. No rival kings or generals ever prepared with greater care and anxiety for a campaign than did these two kings of art. Wherever news of the competition was carried the greatest

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excitement prevailed. The brutal instincts of the murderer, the brigand, the freebooter, and the professional bravo were slowly dying down, and the love of art was beginning to glow in the nation's heart.

The two artists chose different aspects of their subject. The younger man, profiting, perhaps, by the example of Leonardo, had made a close study of the human body, and chose to represent soldiers naked in the water, a subject enabling him to display his powers in depicting the human frame. Leonardo selected a bigger subject, a great battle in which the armies of Florence vanquished their enemies. In this he concentrated all the results of his experience and

all the powers of his mind. The forms of the soldiers, the expressions upon their faces — steady courage, vindictive hate, mingled hope and fear, the exultation of triumph, the despairing appeal of the dying, the dash and ferocious force of the battle-steeds, all combined to make the picture a supreme achievement. But it was not the finished painting that men saw; that was never done. Only the cartoon was finished, the preliminary drawing. Two years Leonardo laboured at his task, then, finding that the method which he had employed was unsuitable for painting on the plaster of the chamber, he gave it up, and it was never finished. All we know of the work now comes to us from various drawings, and from the words of those who saw the cartoon.

It was in 1506 that Leonardo, disappointed at the failure of the method of painting he had chosen, retired from the contest with his rival, but while engaged in the competition he must have been at work also upon the work by which we know him best. This was the portrait of Mona Lisa, the third wife of Francesco del Giocondo, of Florence. It was the most wonderful portrait in the world, the most famous, the most admired, the most mysterious. Mona

Lisa was a lovely Neapolitan, but we do not know whether her loveliness was the loveliness we see in the portrait, or whether the beauty there reflected was the poet-painter's conception of a lovely woman. He took four years over the work, and while painting her portrait always had someone in his studio to sing or play or amuse her, so that the portrait might not be melancholy, as were too many portraits of the age. So he painted her with a smile which has bewitched the world for four hundred years. Generation after generation of people have flocked from all parts of the world to see this famous painting, for they have felt that here they saw the very manifestation of the mind and spirit of the great Florentine.

It might have seemed that nothing could add to the glory or renown of the picture, so many people had revered it, so many great scholars and critics and poets had written about it. But one of those things which seem impossible actually happened. A workman walked into the Louvre in Paris, where the picture had hung for a century, took it down from the wall, popped it under his blouse, walked out to a staircase, removed the frame, and stumped off home with the portrait. For two years he



THE FINE HEAD OF A WARRIOR — BY LEONARDO

kept it hidden in a dingy garret, while a hue-and-cry ran throughout the world.

After his great contest with Michael Angelo, Leonardo visited Milan, and, going to Rome, competed again with Michael Angelo for the façade of another building in Florence. He was employed by the King of France, who set aside for him a chateau near Amboise, where, on May 2, 1519, he died. The bulk of his work has perished, leaving only its marvellous memories. Still, an abundance of his manuscripts, his sketches, and records of his great scientific ideas remain, the greatest of his written works being a "Treatise on Painting."



Murillo painting pictures in a convent in Spain

THE PICTURE BOY

MURILLO AND THE BEGGAR BOYS OF SEVILLE

THREE hundred years ago people loved pictures much more than they do now. Painting was the most popular of all the arts. Few persons in those days were able to read, and, moreover, books were very costly. On the other hand, everybody could understand what they saw in a painting; beautiful pictures were placed in great numbers in all the churches and public buildings, so that the poorest and most ignorant should see them, and learn from them; and in the houses of the humblest and poorest worker there were almost as many pictures as in the mansions of the rich.

This was especially the case in Spain and Holland, where the art of painting then flourished. When the people of a town found that one of their fellow-townsmen could paint fine pictures, they became wild with delight, and honoured him more than if he had been a great nobleman or a famous general. So in those days it was the chief ambition of every thoughtful boy to become a good painter.

Poor Murillo of Seville—the lovely city of orange-groves and white palaces in Southern Spain—was afraid he would never become a good painter. He was born in 1617, and when quite a little child he showed a talent for drawing. He was sent to school;

but, instead of doing his lessons, he covered his school books with portraits of the little boys around him. The pictures were so well done that his teacher did not scold him, but said, "I should not wonder if Murillo does not become a great painter some day!"

In the holidays the little lad had no time to spare for playing games in the tall, cool, narrow alleys of Seville. He would wander through the churches, gazing in admiration at the beautiful religious pictures.

"Oh, if only I could paint like that!" he would sigh.

And down he would sit, with a scrap of crumpled paper picked up from the rubbish-heap, and try to copy some beautiful picture of Jesus as a little child.

Murillo's father and mother were poor working people, but they were very proud of their little boy, and they saved all the money they could in order to pay for him to be taught painting when he grew older. A terrible plague, however, broke out in Seville soon after Murillo reached his eleventh birthday. Both his father and his mother were killed by the plague, and Murillo and his baby sister were left sad, and lonely, and miserable. Their uncle came to their aid, and took them to live with him. He was also a poor man, but, happily, he knew an artist

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in Seville who wanted a boy to help him in his work, and do various odd jobs.

Thus Murillo was set at quite an early age in the path that he had longed to follow. Of course, he was only a kind of little office boy. He had to sweep up the studio of his master, and keep it clean, and brush his master's clothes, and mix his paints,

Murillo quickly became a credit to his master, and at the age of fifteen one of his paintings was bought by a church in Seville.

Castillo was very angry at his own want of success, and he put it down to the bad taste of the people of Seville.

"They don't know a good picture when they see it," he used to exclaim.

"I have a great mind to leave this ungrateful city, and go to Cadiz."

And one morning he packed up all his things, in a great passion, and set out for Cadiz. He wanted Murillo to follow him, but Murillo now had his little sister to keep and look after. So he preferred to stay in Seville, where he was well known. As, however, he still painted in the poor style of his old master, nobody cared to buy his pictures. He was too poor to pay for any more teaching. It was, indeed, a very hard struggle for him to earn enough money to get food and lodging for himself and his little sister.

At last, finding that nobody would buy his paintings, he resolved to do the cheapest sort of work. Every Thursday a fair was held in a slum in Seville. It was a poor sort of fair, where old clothes and cheap

fruit were sold at rough stalls by gipsies and costermongers. Murillo bought some yards of rough bunting, and cut this into strips, and painted bright, gaudy pictures on the bits of bunting. Then he made a stall—such as street sellers use—and covered it with bright cloth, and took it to the fair, his sister trotting beside him with the pictures he had painted. Murillo made his stall very bright and garish, and he soon had a large crowd collected round it.

The pictures had been drawn rapidly and broadly, and, though Murillo did not know it, they were often better and more vivid than the poorly coloured things which he had copied from Castillo. He offered them to the people for a few cents each.



A SPANISH PEASANT BOY—BY MURILLO

and run on errands for him. But while doing all these humble tasks, he watched with bright, eager eyes the way the painter worked, and in his spare time he lovingly copied everything his master drew. His master was really one of the worst painters in Seville, but little delighted Murillo did not know this. It was happiness enough for him that he was now able to pick up some knowledge of the art that he had always passionately loved.

The painter was struck by the boy's great talent, and when he had no order for a picture he used to give him lessons in drawing. Fortunately, Castillo, as the painter was named, could draw and design very well; it was his bad colouring which prevented him from winning wealth and fame.

"And if you don't like a picture," he cried, taking out his brushes, "I will alter it in any way you wish."

The people were delighted to find a young painter so ready to oblige. They got him to put brighter colours on to the sketches—good, rich reds and blues and yellows; and then, seeing the wonderful ease with which he painted, they asked him to draw something new for them. The market-place was full of noisy, merry little beggar boys, many of them looking quite handsome in spite of their rags. The contrast between the beauty of their faces and their tattered clothes struck Murillo vividly.

"I will draw you some of your own boys!" he exclaimed.

And with his brush loaded with paint, he dashed off sketch after sketch of the picturesque little urchins of the slums of Seville. In a week or two he was the most popular painter in the lower part of the town. Every Thursday he was to be found at the fair. On o'her week-days he would roam, now in the slum sketching his beloved beggar boys, now through the churches copying all the most beautiful pictures of Jesus and His mother, Mary.

Then merchants began to come to him with orders for large quantities of his cheap bunting pictures to send to the Spanish colonies. In spite of the very small price he obtained for his work, Murillo was now able to live comfortably with his sister, and he might not have risen above the level of a cheap painter of pictures at the local fair had he not chanced to meet an old friend, Moya of Grenada.

Moya had studied with him under Castillo, and had then gone to fight in Flanders. Seeing there some pictures by Sir Anthony Vandyck, he crossed over to England, and called on Vandyck, who was painting for King Charles I., and asked the great artist to take him as a pupil. Moya was not a good painter, but Vandyck was a kind-hearted man, and he took the young Spaniard as a

pupil for six months, and taught him to use colour in a softer and more delicate way, and many other things.

On returning to Seville, Moya showed Murillo some pictures he had done in the new manner. Murillo, who had never had a man of genius to teach him, was astonished at the progress Moya had made. He resolved at once that



A SPANISH FLOWER GIRL—BY MURILLO

he also would obtain better teaching. He purchased a great quantity of bunting and spent weeks in transforming it into market pictures, and he sold all the work to a colonial agent. With part of the money he arranged for his sister to stay at the house of a friend for three years; then he disappeared from Seville. No one knew where he had gone.

At the end of three years he returned. Instead of going back to the Thursday fair, he took a house in a good part of the town, and brought his sister to live with him, and waited for an opportunity of showing his fellow-townsmen what he could now do. He had not long to wait. Some begging friars wanted a series of pictures to decorate their little cloisters. They were very poor, and the money

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they offered was exceedingly small. The worst of it was that they wished to obtain with this paltry sum eleven large pictures. They went to artist after artist, but no one would do the work.

"Why, the money won't pay for the paint and canvas," said one.

Meeting Murillo, he told him of the joke. Murillo at once hurried to the friars, and offered to paint the pictures for them. But they remembered him as the poor street painter, and refused to give him the order. At last, with a very ill grace, they told him he might go on with the work. The fact was, he was the only man they could find in the whole of Seville who was willing to carry it out.

A few weeks later some artists came to the cloisters to see how the young peddler painter was getting on. They expected to be amused at his bright bad colours and wrong drawing. When, however, they saw the pictures, they shouted with joy. At a leap Murillo had become one of the greatest painters in the world!

THE BEGGAR-BOY PICTURES THAT NAPOLEON CARRIED OFF TO PARIS

His grace of style and his beauty of colouring were finer than that of any painter living; and in particular he had invented a strange, sweet, luminous golden tint that seemed like the very air of heaven. In one of these pictures some poor little beggar boys were asking a saintly man to give them some food. They were the same boys that Murillo had often drawn on Thursday at the fair; but his wonderful art now transformed them into charming, roguish urchins, whose beauty shone through their dirty, tattered rags. In a short time the cloisters that he decorated were famous throughout Spain, and when the French entered them, in the days of Napoleon, the pictures were carried off in triumph to Paris.

Where had Murillo been in his exile of three years? All his friends were now anxious to know, so he told them. He had gone to Madrid, and called on the king's painter, Velasquez. Velasquez, touched by the genius hidden in the young man's crude pictures, gave him a room in his house, and obtained permission for him to study all the masterpieces of painting in the royal galleries. Very kindly he pointed out to Murillo his defects, and advised him to copy

the works of the great artists until he thus learnt to paint better himself. For two years Murillo lived in the royal galleries, working every day as long as the light lasted. When at the end of two years he showed Velasquez some original work, the king's painter drew out a large bag of gold.

"You are now a man of genius," he said. "Here is some money for you to travel to Italy, where you will be able to study the Italian artists."

HOW MURILLO WENT BACK QUIETLY TO HIS OWN PEOPLE

But now that Murillo knew he could paint he wished to get back to his little sister at Seville. He would not even stay at the Spanish Court, though Velasquez introduced him to King Philip and the chief Minister. That was why he came back quietly, and without any boasting, to Seville. His native city rewarded him for not deserting her. Wild with joy at having at last produced a really great painter, the people lavished upon him their love and admiration.

Murillo himself was a simple-minded and affectionate man, with a sweetness of nature that nothing could alter. The fame, the wealth, and the honour which he won never spoiled him. Much of his early earnings were spent in founding a school of art for poor boys—such as he had been. One day a poor man who used to bring him his meals at a church where he was painting asked Murillo for something to remember him by.

"What's that you have in your hand?" said the painter.

"Your dinner-napkin," said the servant. "What a pity you won't come here for dinner now that you have finished the painting!"

"Give me the napkin," said Murillo, "and let me thoroughly enjoy the last meal you will cook for me."

HOW MURILLO FOUND THE FACE OF AN ANGEL

When the servant came back to remove the things, he found the napkin nailed up tightly on the wall. On it Murillo had painted one of his finest masterpieces, which is still known as "The Virgin of the Napkin."

When the paint was dry, he gave it to the servant as a keepsake.

One day Murillo was in another church painting a large picture. He was trying

MURILLO, THE PAINTER OF BEGGAR BOYS



Murillo, as a poor youth, painting pictures of the beggar children in the fair at Seville. He sold these pictures for very little in order to get money to support his sister, to whom he was passionately attached.

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to draw the face of an angel, but he could not give it the heavenly loveliness that he wished to portray. So he gave up painting for a moment, and, turning round to rest his eyes, he saw a beautiful lady of noble birth enter the porch and

that she was as good as she was beautiful, he loved her, and she became his wife. When Murillo was sixty-five years of age, he went to Cadiz to paint a large picture above the altar of a church. In order to enable him to paint in com-



MURILLO'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF "THE BEGGAR BOYS"

come forward and kneel down and pray. As he looked, Murillo said to himself:

"I have at last found my angel!"

And he painted the lady without letting her see what he was doing. A little while afterwards he met her at the house of a friend, and, finding

fort, a scaffold was built over the altar, but the scaffolding gave way, and he fell to the ground and later died. This happened in 1682, but even at the present day the most ignorant beggar boy in Seville remembers the name and the work of the great artist.

MURILLO'S PICTURE OF JESUS AS A BOY



THE CHILD JESUS IN THE HOME OF HIS MOTHER AND JOSEPH



JOHN THE BAPTIST AS A CHILD PLAYING WITH A LAMB

R. L. S. BEYOND THE REACH OF THE BUSY WORLD



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON ARRIVING IN UPOLU, THE LITTLE ISLAND OF SAMOA IN WHICH HE SPENT THE LAST YEARS OF HIS LIFE

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF R. L. S.

THE THRILLING STORY OF THE MAN WHO FACED PAIN
AND DEFIED IT, AND HELPED TO KEEP MEN YOUNG

A MAN'S BRAVE JOURNEY THROUGH THIS WORLD

NOT many writers of modern times have been so generally beloved as the man who wrote "Treasure Island." There were greater writers than he, but none of them had such a way of working themselves into the hearts of readers as Robert Louis Stevenson, whom all the world knows as R. L. S. This is largely due to the fact that he was a very uncommon sort of man—the Peter Pan of real life. It is true that he grew up into a brave and gallant man, but he still remained both an imaginative child and a romantic boy, always dreaming about pirates and highwaymen and lonely islands full of treasure.

Most people, when they grow up, lose hold of the thoughts and feelings and fancies of childhood. Even many boys and girls can scarcely remember what they used to think about things when they were four or five. Robert Louis Stevenson never forgot; he could go back to his childhood as easily as he could return to his youth, and this is one of the reasons why he became famous throughout the world. He taught men and women to understand that wonderful world of romance—the mind of the child, and he led grown-up people to prize their own strange glimpses of their early life by showing them his marvellous store of memories.

His own childhood was really very sad, but he managed to make it exciting and entertaining. The descendant of a strong, inventive race of lighthouse builders, little Louis was a feeble, sick, delicate creature, and throughout his life he never knew good health. Born in Edinburgh on November 13, 1850, he suffered greatly from the hard Scottish climate, and during many winters he was never able to leave his nursery. He used to sit up in bed, with a little shawl pinned about his shoulders, playing with his toys, and amusing himself with making up tales of wild and daring adventures, in which, of course,

he always took a leading part. When he grew up he described this part of his life in the famous poems that all children know, "The Land of Counterpane." Here is the last verse:

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

All the quaint notions that came into his little head he remembered when he grew up, and he used them in writing his poems. He was full of the delicious games of make-believe. At evening, when his mother and father were sitting talking round the lamp, he would crawl into the dark corner behind the sofa, and pretend that he was lying in a hunters' camp at night waiting for the lions to come out in the darkness to drink. Another of his games was to make a ship out of some chairs, and put the sofa cushions in it, and go sailing in imagination for days and days over the ocean. One of the best of his poems has only two lines, and everybody knows them:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

That is how he felt in the warm summer weather, when he was at last allowed to go out of doors and play with other girls and boys, after being shut up for months in his nursery. Everything seemed to him strangely beautiful and wildly interesting: to him there was nothing commonplace on the earth, and all through his life he kept this vivid feeling for the freshness and delight of ordinary things. Because of his unusual power of imagination, he was always the leader among his young companions. His little head was full of plans for pirate expeditions, and Red Indian adventures, and voyages to tropical seas, and he had such a lot of new ideas when he escaped from the nursery that his playmates were

only too delighted to learn from him. Sometimes he got them into mischief.

When he was six he was given a toy theatre, made up of scenes that could be bought for a penny plain and two-pence coloured, and he became so passionately fond of this kind of play that he resolved to be a writer himself when he grew up. In appearance, he looked like an idle boy. He was not good at his lessons and seemed to be an incurable truant. His father and mother thought that it was because he was always more or less unwell that he did not study as other boys did, but the fact was that Louis was educating himself in his own way, without telling anybody about it.

His father wanted him to become a lighthouse-builder, so that he could carry on the work of the Stevenson family, who had lighted sailors through perilous seas in all parts of the world. Louis was therefore taken for voyages round the coast of Scotland and shown how the lights were managed, and was taught some of the things necessary for an engineer, and sent to Edinburgh University to study science. But instead of attending the classes where learned professors were putting stores of useful knowledge before their pupils, he played the truant and got into sad disgrace.

In this case, however, appearances were more misleading than usual, for the idle truant was working harder than most boys at the university. He had actually written several long novels, and was carefully studying all the great masters of English literature and trying to write as they did. He always kept two books in his pocket, one to read and one to write in, and as he walked his mind was busy trying to put the scene before him into words. But his father thought him idle, and grew angry, and sent him to work



R. L. S. AND HIS MOTHER



R. L. S. AS A BABY



R. L. S. AND HIS FATHER



R. L. S. AT HIS STUDIES

as an engineer on wild parts of the Scottish coast, giving him very little pocket-money, in the hope of getting him to work hard. But, on talking with his son, the father found that he had learned scarcely anything about lighthouse-building. The boy said he cared for nothing but literature, and his father replied angrily that that was no way for a man to earn a living, and that if Louis would not be an engineer he must become a lawyer. So Louis, the disgrace of his family, was sent to a lawyer, and at twenty-four he was made a barrister. But all the time he was qualifying as a lawyer he was pursuing his own plan of education, writing plays, novels, histories, and poems, most of which he destroyed immediately after they were written.

But his health again broke down, and he was sent by the doctors to the South of France, in the belief that he was dying. Then it was that the name of Robert Louis Stevenson became known to the world of letters, for he published a wonderful essay in one of the London magazines, in which he talked about himself in a brave, humorous way, and revealed what a strong, patient spirit he had. Out of weakness had come forth strength, and the frail, suffering invalid suddenly proved himself a young prince of English literature, with a fine, inspiring idea of life which made him a great force. As the weary months he had spent in bed had inspired him with delightful notions for games with which he had entertained his playmates in the warm summer days, so now the long illness of his manhood led him to write many happy thoughts about the pleasures of an ordinary active life that made many people turn with fresh joy to the possibilities of their own healthy, comfortable existence.

It may seem strange that it should have been left to a

THE FAR-AWAY HOME OF A KING OF STORY-TELLERS



"VAILIMA," THE WOODEN HOUSE IN UPOLU, IN SAMOA, WHERE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON WROTE ALL HIS LATER BOOKS



THE DINING-ROOM AND STAIRCASE AT "VAILIMA"

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF R. L. S.

man who was an invalid all his life to reveal to other people how interesting and exciting the world is, and how good it is to be always cheerful and smiling and happy in trouble. But the fact is that Stevenson had had a great fight with himself when he was a boy. He discovered that his continual illness was making him grumpy and selfish, and he resolved to turn all his troubles into

It made a hero of him, for it required constant and unflinching courage to keep in radiant good-humour, to forget his pain and weakness, and be kind and thoughtful to everybody. He was tall, extremely slight, and very weak; but his fine brown eyes shone with a rare and intense spirit, and he was one of the finest talkers of his time, witty, merry, and very original.



A BRONZE MEDALLION IN MEMORY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

a source of adventure. He regarded himself, therefore, as a new kind of soldier whose battlefield was a sick-bed, and he fought against all his gloomy feelings and strove to be happy in spite of everything. It was a remarkable triumph of mind over body—a serious game of make-believe which was so successful that it became the great reality of his wonderful life.

To talk to him was to become his friend. Old men and little baby girls, foreigners and dry old university professors, all fell in love with Robert Louis Stevenson and longed for his company. It was like a burst of sunshine when he came into the room. There was one little boy who was very glad when he got entire possession of Stevenson's company. He was a little

PEOPLE WITH WHOM R. L. S. SPENT HIS CLOSING YEARS



R. L. S. AND HIS NATIVE FRIENDS AT THE BANQUET HE GAVE THEM ON THE COMPLETION OF "THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART"



R. L. S. AND THE PEOPLE OF HIS HOUSEHOLD

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF R. L. S.

boy, Lloyd Osbourne, to whose mother, to his great delight, Stevenson was afterwards married. The story of this marriage reads like a romance of the days of chivalry. Hearing that Mrs. Osbourne was ill, Stevenson came all the way from Scotland to California, where she lived, to see her. He fell very ill, and nearly died, but with careful nursing recovered, and the next year they were married at San Francisco. They spent some months in the mountains, and at the end of the summer went back to Scotland gladly, accompanied by the boy who had found a playmate.

For Stevenson could be a child, or a boy, or a man at a moment's notice,

and he was delighted to make himself as young as his little stepson. One rainy day, in Scotland, the two were not allowed to go out, and, finding a box of water-colours handy, they began to draw pictures. Stevenson found he could not equal the young painter in drawing living things, so he made a highly coloured map of an island, full of wonderful harbours and covered with a mysterious forest. He printed the names on the map, and called the place "Treasure Island."

Then his stepson wanted to know if anybody was on the island, and if they were searching for the hidden treasure.

"Certainly," said Stevenson; "there is a schoolboy like yourself looking for the treasure, and some terrible old pirates are trying to make away with it!"

Then, his imagination suddenly fired by the picturesque map he had drawn, Stevenson began to pour out a long and exciting tale. When the little boy went to bed, the novelist took some sheets of paper and started to write down the story that he had just invented. For the next fifteen days he continued to write, the ideas coming to him quicker than he could

put them on paper. When the story was partly written, a literary friend of Stevenson happened to see it, and was so delighted with it that he took the first part of the book to London, and sold it to a children's magazine. It was not only the young folks of the country who were struck with the tale, however, but thousands of grown-up men. Mr. Gladstone got a glimpse of the new book at the house of a friend, and was so interested in the bit he read that he forgot about his work, and spent the next day hunting over London for a second-hand copy. All sorts of staid and sober men became boys once more, and sat up long after their usual bedtime, when "Treasure Island" appeared.

And all the time Robert Louis Stevenson was again dying; he was dying all his life. Yet he would not lose heart. When he was so ill that he could not be allowed even to speak, he used to lie in bed and amuse himself by thinking out new tales of adventure, and he would get so carried away by his imagination that he would fancy he was far away in the South Seas, fighting with cannibals and exploring lagoons fringed with coconut palms. It was all day-dreaming, of course, but he

was one of those men who make their dreams come true. Some of his most famous books were made up of his dreams. He would awake in great excitement and begin to write about what he had seen in his sleep, and the result would be some strange and curious tale quite unlike what any other writer had done.

But he found that he could not live in the climate of his native country, and with his wife, her son, and his mother, who was now a widow, he set out in search of health. He first came to New York, where he met the sculptor St. Gaudens, who modelled the beautiful medallion that you



THE OLD NURSE OF R. L. S.

to whom he dedicated "A Child's Garden of Verse" in gratitude for the affection she bestowed upon him in his childhood

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF R. L. S.

see on page 66. He spent the winter at Saranac, up in the Adirondacks, but it did not suit him, so in the spring it was agreed that he should go on a yachting cruise. His wife found a suitable yacht in San Francisco Bay, and so once again he crossed the continent, but this time he sailed away to the Pacific, to the islands of his dreams.

For twelve months he cruised among the wild and beautiful tropical islands, making friends with cannibal kings and the tall, handsome, brown-faced islanders, who lived among palm-trees in a warm, mild air sweetened by flowers all the year round. Remarkable was the change that this delicious climate made in Stevenson. He grew strong and active, and began to work like a man who had never known a day's illness. Settling at last in the island of Upolu, in the Samoa Archipelago, he bought a great piece of wild forest land, two miles from the coast, and there he set to work to build his home. His widowed mother came from Scotland to live with him, and one of his stepchildren, who had



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON OUT FOR A WALK

married, came with a little son. The family of exiles was large enough, therefore, to prevent any one of them from feeling lonely. But thousands of persons in England, Scotland, America, and Australia were much concerned about the fate of the Stevenson family, for Stevenson now had many readers who had grown to love him, and they were afraid he would be killed by the wild men among whom he was living. The natives of the islands were at that time continually fighting among themselves; there were two rival kings of Samoa who were engaged in civil war, and

England and America and Germany were interfering in the struggle with a view to getting control of the islands.

Stevenson, however, was never in any danger from the islanders, for as soon as he understood clearly what was happening he sided with the natives, and did all he could to help them. It struck him that the European officials were misgoverning the people, and with fine chivalry he threw himself into the political struggle. War of any kind he would not encourage, and he

never gave the islanders any arms, or money to buy arms; but he pleaded for them in letters he sent to the English papers, and he wrote a brilliant book on Samoan affairs, with a view to inducing the British Government and the British people to take steps to put things straight. He succeeded in helping some of the native chiefs who had been put in prison, and when they were set free from gaol, through his good services, they came to his house and cleared a roadway for him to travel on. It took some weeks to make the road, and the chiefs bore the whole labour and the whole cost,

and they called their work of gratitude the Ala Loto Alofa, which means, in the Samoan language, the Road of the Loving Heart. The people also made a song which has spread through the islands, and the song has for its refrain:

Once Tusitala's friend,
Always Tusitala's friend.

Tusitala is the name the natives gave to Stevenson. It means, in their language, "the teller of stories," and by it the great novelist is still remembered by his friends in his last island home.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF R. L. S.

One of his stories, "The Bottle Imp," appeared in the Samoan language before it was published in its English form, and it led to a strange and amusing superstition. It was a fairy tale of a fantastic kind, concerning an imaginary elf who was imprisoned in a bottle. But the natives thought it was a true story, and they told one another that Stevenson was a magician who had made

wisdom," and would beg advice on some problem of the hour; or an armed party would come from across the island with gifts, and a request that Tusitala would take charge of the funds of the village and buy the roof-iron for a new church. And poor war-worn chieftains, tired of fighting, would implore the white magician to discover which of the rival kings would win,



A CORAL GARDEN IN THE PACIFIC ISLANDS AMONG WHICH ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON SPENT HIS LAST YEARS

himself rich by capturing the bottle imp and shutting it in an iron box. There was a big safe in a large hall of the wooden house that Stevenson had built, and in it he kept his money. But the islanders did not believe that the money was sent to him from across the seas in payment for his stories; they believed he kept the imp in the safe, and compelled it to make as much money for him as he wanted. This, they said, was why Tusitala could afford to build his great house, and live like a chief, with a crowd of retainers working on his plantation.

Stevenson was delighted with the position of a great white chief that he won by simple charm and strength of character. Government chiefs and rebels consulted him on questions of policy, and his native followers often kept him better informed about affairs than any other person on the island. Old gentlemen would arrive in stately procession with squealing pigs for "the chief-house of

and so enable them to join the conquering side. Stevenson would sigh sometimes as he saw these people crossing his lawn in single file, for it meant that he must leave off writing some story in which he was much interested, and give patient attention to their troubles. But he never failed to listen to those who came to him for advice, and he was as ready to assist the poorest as well as the most powerful of the natives. All the islanders respected him, and by many of them he was beloved, and though, sometimes, the war party passed close to his plantation, he was never disturbed.

He himself longed very deeply to return to his native land. Now that he was far from Scotland the love of his country came back upon him again and again in a wave of passionate emotion. There were times when he was tempted to risk everything and return to his old friends. But for the sake of his family he resisted the temptation.

and remained an exile to the end. All his novels of Scottish life were written when he was far away from his own country. He was one of those men who are inspired by their vivid memories. When he was living in the Scottish Highlands, he dreamed about his tropical "Treasure Island"; when he was one of the picturesque chiefs of a real tropical island, his thoughts turned back

narrow ledge forming the summit of the mountain known as Vaea, no wider than a room and as flat as a table. In front lies the vast ocean and the surf-swept reefs, and to the right and left rise other mountains, densely covered with the primeval forest. There Stevenson is laid to rest in a great Samoan tomb, on the side of which is engraved the verse he wrote for himself:



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN "THE PLEASANT LAND OF COUNTERPANE"

When I was sick and la-a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,

And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

The photograph of R. L. S. and his father on page 64 and those on pages 67 and 68 were taken by Mr. John Patrick, of Edinburgh, a personal friend of Robert Louis Stevenson

to the bleak moors and mountains, and the stern, dark coast of his native land, and he began to write a novel that would have lifted him up to the side of Sir Walter Scott. But before he could finish it the blow that had been threatening him from childhood suddenly fell, and the most beloved writer of our time died in the flower of his genius in the winter of 1894.

The day after he died a meeting of native chiefs was held. They were resolved to show the world how much they loved and honoured Tusitala. Having built the Road of the Loving Heart for him in his lifetime, they now insisted on cutting a path up the steep face of the mountain behind his house, so that his body could be carried to the top. Forty men went forward with knives and axes to hew a pathway to the peak, while a party of Stevenson's own followers climbed up to prepare the last resting-place. It is a

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Once a year the islanders gather together and bring wreaths to lay on his tomb, and for love of Tusitala they still come at times in parties and clear his mountain path from weeds. And, so that the birds may live in peace around the bed where he sleeps, and sing above his tomb the songs he loved to hear, the chiefs have decreed that no sound of a gun shall ever be heard upon the mountain-side. He sleeps in a great, deep silence, high up above the wide sea.

RAPHAEL'S LAST GREAT GIFT TO THE WORLD



THE FIGURE OF JESUS ASCENDING FROM THE MOUNT OF ASCENSION—FROM THE CANVAS ON WHICH RAPHAEL WAS AT WORK WHEN HE DIED

RAPHAEL AND HIS PICTURES

AN ARTIST AND A GENTLEMAN, WHO FILLED
THE PALACE OF THE POPE WITH COLOUR

THE BEAUTY THAT CAN NEVER PASS OUT OF THE WORLD

FROM all over the world men go to Italy to see the pictures of Raphael, which have hung on the walls of churches and galleries for nearly 400 years; and for many times 400 years the pictures of Raphael will draw men unto them. He comes up to us from a wondrous age, one of a group of three towering men—Raphael himself; Michael Angelo, sculptor, painter, poet; and Leonardo da Vinci, the master painter who was also one of the greatest inventors of all time. These splendid figures, living in the same age, working together or in friendly rivalry, have never been equalled by any other group of artists who lived at one time. Art, which had languished from the time of Greece and Rome, was reborn with them, suddenly to reach a glory never witnessed before or since. What wonderful process of Nature brought these men into the world at such a time? In many respects Europe was poorer in art than the Europe the Greeks and Romans had known. Again and again the barbarians had overrun civilisation, and had destroyed learning and culture to a very great extent. Men had forgotten how to create the beautiful, and had sought only to be strong. Then, suddenly, these three men burst together upon the world, lifted her out of the mire of unloveliness, and raised her to the hill-top, on which they built her a shrine to Art.

We look at the pictures of Raphael and think, perhaps, they must have been given to a great and cultured age, but the age of Raphael was one of limited learning, of old superstitions and terrible ignorance. When Raphael was born the invention of printing was only thirty years old in Europe, and there were hardly any printed books in the world. People lived for the most part in little places like that at which Raphael was born—Urbino, in Italy, little towns under the tyranny or protection of dukes who acted as kings, dependent upon them for their very lives.

It was a small world. Columbus was still poring over his maps, for he had not yet sailed bravely out into the West to look for the East. All but a few learned people believed that the world was flat. They thought the west coast-line of Africa went on for ever until it ended in sticky marshes in which demons dwelt. No one had ever seen the Pacific Ocean. America was not dreamed of, and nobody knew that there was a country called Australia. Men lived in their little towns and worked at whatever needed doing. If they wished to leave for another town, the journey was a thrilling adventure, whether on foot or on donkeys or mules, with bandits lurking in the hedges and silent ways. People were very poor, and for the most part ignorant.

It was out of such conditions as these there emerged these three marvellous men. Raphael, who was born at Urbino on a Good Friday, April 6, 1483, was a good example of the boy of the times. His father was a sort of artistic jack-of-all-trades. He would paint a portrait or a fresco in a church, or he would paint a wall or a door or a fence. He was a writer, too; he wrote a rhyming history of the Court of Urbino, a poem of over twenty thousand verses! He wrote, also, in a modest way about art and artists. Some of his paintings can still be traced at Urbino, where his house is preserved as a museum.

Shut up in these little towns, everybody was more or less interested in art. It was not good art, but it was the best that the men of these little places could produce, and it is a striking thing that the greatness of European art began in these towns, among the little men, before heroes such as Columbus and Magellan and Da Gama and Cortez set out to prove how great and rich and beautiful was the world that lay beyond the frontiers of Europe. Before the wealth of the ancient East and the teeming riches of the new-found West

were opened to the kings and merchants of Europe, art was cradled and grew to superb maturity. The dukes who ruled the cities and the petty principalities were the great patrons of art and learning. It was deemed more honourable to have a beautiful palace adorned with pictures than to fling away wealth upon the pleasures of the chase and sport, upon distant travel, or even upon sanitation and scientific house-building. They built little, narrow, crooked towns, unhealthy for large populations, but they made them beautiful. They were succeeded by men who built towns which were still unhealthy, but not beautiful.

THE TUTOR WHO FEARED THAT HIS PUPIL WOULD SOON BECOME HIS MASTER

In circumstances of this sort Raphael's father naturally wished that his boy should be an artist. The boy's brother and sister died, so that he was the only hope of his father. His mother died when he was eight, and the father, who married again in the following year, passed away when his son was only eleven. The boy had already received some few lessons in art, and had sat to his father as a model, so that we have a portrait of him as he then was, painted, like the only known portrait of Dante, on the wall of a church.

Raphael had, however, already shown surprising talent with brush and pencil, and he was at once put to work in a studio to study art. It was for long supposed that his first master was Perugino. And it is said that Perugino, agreeing to take him, remarked, "Let him be my pupil; he will soon become my master." That he did at one time work with Perugino is clearly known, but it is believed that another artist, one Timeoto Viti, was really his first master. There is no certain evidence on this point, but the paintings done by Raphael at about this time suggest the influence of Viti, inelegant feet and broad, fleshy hands appearing very noticeably in the work of both painters.

THE GREAT IDEAL THAT RAPHAEL STROVE FOR IN HIS YOUTH

This crude and unpleasant feature appears in a very famous work, "The Vision of a Knight," which Raphael painted certainly before he was seventeen. That picture is in the National Gallery in London. Although not one of his best, it is worth a small fortune, and is wonderful as the work of a boy who could not have had more than four or five years' training.

We know that Raphael was with Perugino by the time he was seventeen, and if

we could only analyse Perugino's pictures of this period we should find in them perhaps as much of Raphael as of Perugino. The boy was like a mirror—he reflected every passing style; and as his master had quite a large following for the sort of work he could produce, of course the boy must imitate him. Raphael was not striving for a living, for his father had left enough money to support him, but he *was* striving to be a great artist. So far, however, he had not faith or knowledge enough to strike out a method for himself, but must model his work on the best examples available. The example for the time being was Perugino, and so in this stage we get the Perugino influence grafted upon that of Viti. The result, although it yielded pictures which are now world-famous, was not nearly the best that Raphael had to give the world, yet even at this time his work was splendid. The great painting of "The Marriage of the Virgin," which is now one of the treasured possessions of Milan, is dated 1504, showing that Raphael painted it in his twenty-first year.

HOW THREE IMMORTAL MEN CAME TOGETHER IN ONE SMALL CITY

There had been trouble in Raphael's birthplace since he left home. A very wicked man, Cæsar Borgia, who had risen to great power, had ravaged the land, and driven the reigning duke away; but now the tide had turned, the duke was recalled to his possessions, and Raphael, returning to Urbino to share in the rejoicings, was invited to court, and there met many famous people who were able to help him in his career. Now, Cæsar Borgia, though a wicked and brutal man, loved art, and was the patron of Leonardo da Vinci, whom Raphael was now to meet.

The great purpose of Raphael's visit to Florence was to see the work of Leonardo, and to gather inspiration also from the paintings of Michael Angelo. Artists travel today from all parts of the world to see the work of these two men; we can imagine with what rapture the impressionable young artist from the schools of Viti and Perugino would drink in the lessons they had to teach. He learned at once that there was more in art than he had realised, that in Michael Angelo there was more of strength and boldness than he had mastered, in Da Vinci a greater sweetness and purity of method than his own uncultivated genius had yet succeeded in producing.

Especially notable and interesting was the influence of Leonardo upon the portraits

THE IMMORTAL GLORIES OF RAPHAEL



A MOTHER AND HER CHILD—FROM RAPHAEL'S FAMOUS "MADONNA OF THE CHAIR"



THE WONDERFUL POWER OF EXPRESSION IN RAPHAEL'S FACES—THE CROWD OF FIGURES IN HIS LAST PAINTING REPRESENTING THE TRANSFIGURATION

THE SCENE THAT WILL NEVER FADE FROM THE WORLD



RAPHAEL, STRUCK BY THIS CHARMING SCENE OF A MOTHER AND HER BOYS AT A COTTAGE DOOR, SKETCHED THEM ON A BARREL LID, AND FROM THIS SKETCH PAINTED HIS IMMORTAL MADONNA

RAPHAEL AND HIS PICTURES

which Raphael now painted. There remain to us today very few of Leonardo's works. The greatest is his portrait called "Mona Lisa," which was once stolen from the Louvre in Paris. This famous portrait inspired Raphael in some of the noblest work he did at Florence. Without pride he felt his own power to do work as great as that of the masters he was studying, and he found in their work a challenge and a call to the best that was in him. In Michael Angelo he found gigantic power and force, and unerring insight into the correct outline of the human form in all its details; in Leonardo he found fire and strength, mellowed by grace. It fell to Raphael to combine the merits of both men, and to add to it the exquisite beauty, charm, and colour which sprang from his own inborn talent.

Leonardo was thirty-one years Raphael's senior, and Michael Angelo was eight years ahead of him, and these two giants had refined and uplifted the whole art of the period. All that was good and worthy in the methods of those about them, and in the work of those who had gone before, was focussed upon their canvases and kindled into splendour by their own imagination. And Raphael brought with him further refining and beautifying of painting.

Although the paintings by these two men were the noblest works he had ever seen, and although there was much in them to teach him, yet the finest qualities which these works embodied made him feel that he, too, had the almost divine touch of the

master. A painter of feeble imagination in the presence of a great artist becomes merely a weak copyist; the genius is informed and inspired by what he sees. He derives instruction which becomes to him the raw material of his art, and converts it into treasure imperishable.

So it was with Raphael. In this period of work at Florence his style became nobler and grander, penetrated with lofty imagination. It was during this time that he painted that portrait of himself which

all the world goes to see in the Uffizi Palace at Florence. It is a charming portrait, showing us the almost girlish beauty of a tender, poetic nature, with kindness and refinement in every feature, and with that gentleness of outlook which we know he had in life, a look which was a true index to his mind and soul. Everybody loved him; the very dogs in the street would turn and follow him as a protector and friend.

We can believe all the stories of the extraordinary affection in which he was held when we gaze upon



AN ANGRY MOB, BURSTING INTO RAPHAEL'S STUDIO, IS SUDDENLY CHECKED BY THE SIGHT OF HIS PICTURE OF THE MOTHER OF JESUS

this portrait. How does the picture compare with the portrait of him which men drew in words? Here is the pen-picture of one who knew him when, summoned by the Pope, he went to Rome: "He was finely proportioned, his person pleasing and elegant, his features regular, his hair brown, his eyes of the same hue, and a sweet and modest expression. Captivating in manner, engaging in address, of a distinguished presence, his bearing was that of a finished, courtly gentleman."

RAPHAEL AND HIS PICTURES

Julius II, who was Pope at the time that Raphael reached Rome, was a much greater man than many of his predecessors had been. As well as being Pope, he was a statesman, and succeeded in making peace between some of the great Italian nobles who were dividing and ruining the

literature and art, and the protection that he gave to artists. It was he who commenced to build the great cathedral of St. Peter's in Rome, and the architect Bramante was at work on it at the time of Raphael's arrival.

The Pope already knew of Raphael's



THE GLORIOUS KIND OF FIGURES WITH WHICH RAPHAEL COVERED THE WALLS OF THE VATICAN

country by their quarrels. He made some needed reforms in the monastic orders, and sent missionaries to this country to convert the Indians.

But perhaps his life is of more importance to us for the interest that he took in

greatness, and at once set him to work on the frescoes which are the pride of the Vatican, which is still the palace of the Popes.

Raphael was now reaching the perfection of his art. He was still influenced by

RAPHAEL AND HIS PICTURES

Michael Angelo and Leonardo, but all the time he was drawing farther and farther away from them and evolving a style inimitably his own. Michael Angelo was frankly jealous of him for a while, recognising that some of his own genius had gone to the making of the mighty works that the younger artist was producing. But the great man was magnificently fair, and Raphael once relied upon him at a time of need. He had done some work at a church in which a wealthy merchant was interested. The task consisted of four frescoes, and the sum agreed upon was to be paid in two instalments—500 scudi at the start, and the rest when the work was finished. A scudi would represent just about a dollar of our money. When his task was completed, Raphael claimed the balance due to him, but the merchant,

artist was superior to the man, and not even a tinge of professional jealousy could make him decry the glories of Raphael's work. So the merchant said to his treasurer, "Pay Raphael 300 scudi more, and behave very politely to him, otherwise he may demand payment for the drapery as well as the heads, and utterly ruin me."

The last twelve years of Raphael's life were spent in Rome, and there his genius flowered with a splendour such as the world has not seen before or since. Pope Julius was greatly impressed with his work, and, comparing it with that which already decorated the walls of his palace, bade him destroy what had been done and cover the walls with his own creations. The tender heart of Raphael revolted at the thought of destroying the loving labour of other men, and where he was com-



THE WONDERFUL FACES OF RAPHAEL—A GROUP OF WOMEN LOOKING

feeling that he was master of the situation, as the paintings were finished, declared that the sum already paid was sufficient.

Now, Raphael was very modest in his demands, but he would not submit to the bullying of a rich cheat, and he suggested that the opinion of some independent person should be taken. "Very well, we will appeal to Michael Angelo," said the treasurer of the church, who knew that Michael Angelo had some feeling against Raphael. They did appeal to Michael Angelo, who went with the treasurer to see the paintings. The four represented a series of people of four different nations receiving the Gospel. The great artist glanced at one of the portraits. "Why, that head alone is worth a hundred scudi," he said, adding, after a while, "and the others are certainly not worth less." The

pelled to obey orders he simply re-painted the old subjects, so that, though the work was his, the original design remained. Now, among the frescoes which he was ordered to replace were some by his old master, Perugino, and these Raphael refused to touch. They remain to this day upon the walls of the Vatican, a loving pupil's tribute of affectionate respect to a master who was vastly his inferior.

Probably no other man ever worked so splendidly and so hard as Raphael worked in these last twelve years of his life. The number and description of his paintings would fill a book. He put his whole strength into his labours, frescoes, altarpieces, portraits, historical scenes, easel pictures, designs, and sketches without number. In addition to his work for the actual walls and ceilings of the Vatican,

RAPHAEL'S GLORIOUS PICTURE OF A HERO



THE FINE PAINTING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST IN THE DESERT, WHICH NOW HANGS IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

RAPHAEL AND HIS PICTURES

and his portraits and pictures for noblemen's palaces, he designed a series of superb cartoons from which to make tapestries for the Vatican. There were eleven of them. Although only done on paper in distemper, they were so fine that a special factory was opened to work from them. By a remarkable chapter of romances seven of them afterwards became the property of the British nation, and so remain today. They had the most extraordinary adventures—were lost and found again; were in

not believe the things they heard concerning his wonderful work. There was at Bologna at this time a worthy old artist named Francia, whose work was loyally championed by his fellow-citizens, no matter what the people at Rome might say about this youngster Raphael. Francia used to write to Raphael, and longed to see some of his work, and at last the opportunity came.

Somebody at Bologna thought he would give this Roman Raphael a chance, and



RAPHAEL'S PICTURE OF THE ANGELS SETTING PETER FREE FROM PRISON

danger from the Puritans and were rescued by Oliver Cromwell; were lost again, and found once more after scores and scores of years; and finally were placed for safe keeping in the South Kensington Museum.

Hundreds of artists have drawn inspiration from these simple drawings, and the birth and rise of English art may fairly be said to have been closely associated with their coming to England.

Raphael's fame spread far and near, and artists in other parts of Italy could

ordered him to paint an altar-piece for a chapel. Raphael, when the work was done, wrote to Francia as a friend, asking him to see the picture put up, and, if he noticed any defect in the work, to correct it for him. That was typical of Raphael's modesty. The picture duly reached Bologna, and Francia took it carefully to the light, withdrew it from its covering, and then stood breathless before it. He placed it faithfully in the best light, but his heart was broken. At once he realised that the



This great picture represents the Christ Child as a lovely, chubby boy, who is seated on His mother's knee, and has his right hand raised in blessing on St. John the Baptist. The mother holds the Child to her, while she looks tenderly down on the little boy who looks adoringly at her son. At the sides stand St. Peter with his keys, and St. Paul with his sword, St. Anne and St. Rosalie. The picture was presented by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York.

saying of the world was true : there was a greater artist than poor Francia, and his name was Raphael. Francia was not jealous or angry, but he was overwhelmed. He never painted again. He took to his bed, refusing to be comforted, and died in a few days.

THE DAYS WHEN RAPHAEL WAS TOILING LIKE A GIANT IN ROME

Raphael was toiling like a giant in Rome, for at the death of Bramante he was made chief architect of St. Peter's. Work flowed in upon him, and he had to start a school and train pupils to assist him. He had about him from time to time forty, fifty, and even more of the most promising young artists in Europe. Young as he was, he ruled his own little court. Whenever he appeared in the streets, a crowd of loving disciples would follow him. Princes, scientists, poets, and artists were his friends ; he was a sort of uncrowned king of Rome. But success did not spoil either him or his work ; he was always loving, gentle, modest. He absorbed the learning of his time, and expressed his knowledge in his pictures. His intercourse with princes of rank and mind revealed itself in the glory and richness of his work. But he really had more to do than any one man could accomplish. His pupils had to help him enormously, and did much of his work for him, leaving him to put in the finishing touches with a few of those marvellous strokes which gave genius, beauty, animation, and grace of colouring to the whole.

THE LAST GREAT PICTURE THAT RAPHAEL GAVE TO THE WORLD

In course of time his enormous output caused a few jealous people to say that not Raphael, but his students, were the creative geniuses, and this so stung poor Raphael that he set to work on what he designed to be his unaided masterpiece, a work which should show that his powers were not on the decline, but still in the bloom and freshness of health and vigour. The picture he painted for this purpose was his great "Transfiguration," which is now to be seen at the Vatican. Alone he worked at it with all his old ardour and loving enthusiasm ; but he was not to finish it. One day, when it was near completion, he was called to see the Pope at the Vatican. He rushed away, intending to return to his studio at once ; but he was kept waiting for the Pope in a draughty corridor, and caught a chill which sent him straight to bed. He felt that he was about to die. He summoned his friends, made his will, and within a fortnight he was dead. He died on the

anniversary of his birth, Good Friday, April 6, 1520, so that he was only thirty-seven years old. His death was a terrible loss to the world. His career as an artist lasted only twenty years, yet in that time he painted about 120 pictures of Jesus and the mother of Jesus, about 80 portraits, nearly 200 easel pictures, about 600 studies and drawings, and over 100 frescoes and other works for the decoration of churches and other buildings. In addition to this he executed sculptures of exquisite grace, designed a series of noble buildings, was master architect for St. Peter's, and superintended the excavation of precious monuments buried in past ages, so that he made old Rome live again in her forgotten treasures, and decorated her as a bride.

STORIES OF GREAT RAPHAEL PICTURES NOW HANGING IN THE GALLERIES

His pictures are scattered all over Europe today. One, representing St. George, the patron saint of England, is still treasured as a holy relic, with a lamp burning before it night and day, in the hermitage of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg. Another was worshipped as a sacred, miracle-working altar, to which people went to pray for things that they desired.

A very famous picture is "Christ Bearing the Cross," now in the museum at Madrid. That was sent by ship to Palermo, where it was to be installed in a church. The ship was wrecked off Genoa, and every man on board was drowned, but the picture floated ashore in its case. Its discovery caused a great sensation, and the pious monks, realising its value, sent a deputation carrying it to their brethren at Palermo. One of Raphael's cartoons was so valuable that it was cut into sections for distribution among his heirs. One piece found its way to a London pawnbroker, and was ultimately hung in the National Gallery. When Napoleon invaded Italy he took from her the majority of her most famous pictures. At his final overthrow these were found in Paris. England then did a very noble thing—she paid \$150,000 towards the cost of restoring the stolen pictures to Italy.

The charming story of the events which led Raphael to paint the noble picture which became famous as "The Madonna of the Chair" will ever be remembered. One work, of Mary and Jesus, deserves always to be remembered, for it was probably the means of saving his life. One day, while he was quietly at work in Florence, a frantic mob, inflamed by some foolish story that he was an enemy of the

RAPHAEL AND HIS PICTURES

Florentines, burst into Raphael's studio, evidently intending to kill him. They found him at his easel, and fell back repentant as their eyes fell on the lovely picture of Mary and the Child Jesus. They could not believe ill of a man engaged in such a work as this, and they left him quietly.

Crowds of people who had known and loved him passed through the chamber in

has learned from Raphael, the boy of Urbino, who brought a new conception of art and loveliness into the world.

Raphael never married, but he was not without the love of good, pure women. The story is told of a simple girl named Margarita, almost a child, upon whom his affections centred. He did not woo her or ask her to marry him. He was content to



THE LAST DAYS OF RAPHAEL—CATCHING A CHILL WHILE WAITING FOR THE POPE IN A DRAUGHTY CORRIDOR, HE CAME HOME TO DIE

which Raphael died. Beside him stood his last canvas, "The Transfiguration," the picture at which he had been working when death for ever stayed his hand. It was carried in the great procession by which his body was escorted to the tomb in the Pantheon, the oldest complete building still standing in the world. All the world

love her, not to harness her to the worries of a household. We may hope that this pretty story is true, but we do not know. What we do know is that Raphael actually was betrothed to a cardinal's daughter. They never married, however, for the cardinal's daughter died before him, and to this day she sleeps beside him in the Pantheon.

THE KING OF ASSYRIA LEAVES HIS PALACE



KING SENNACHERIB GOES OUT INTO HIS KINGDOM IN THE DAYS OF WHICH THE BIBLE TELLS

THE MAN WHO FOUND BABYLON

HOW SIR HENRY LAYARD MADE BIBLE STORIES LIVE AGAIN
AND BROUGHT LOST CITIES BACK TO THE EYES OF MEN

THE MAGICIAN WHO MADE DEAD CENTURIES SPEAK

HERE is a story more wonderful than the fairystories. The Fairy Prince, when he goes to liberate the Sleeping Beauty, has only to break through a briar fence, but Sir Henry Layard, who liberated for all time the romance of a marvellous period of human history, had more than a briar fence to overcome. He had to find the place where a great storehouse of knowledge lay hidden, and then to dig down into the earth to rescue it. Mountainous heaps of soil and rubbish, collected during twenty-six centuries, covered the ancient glories of kings whose doings, told in the Bible, thrill us all with wonder and with terror.

There were no witches or giants to guard the mounds against Sir Henry Layard, but there were Turks and wild tribes, who are worse than witches, because they are real and witches are not. But this brave man triumphed over all, and the marvellous sculptures and writings that he recovered rest today in the incomparable British Museum. They speak, to those who can read their riddles, of Nebuchadnezzar and Sennacherib, the terrible Babylonian and Assyrian kings who persecuted the children of Israel; of the fiery Jehu and the tribute he had to pay; of Hezekiah, the king who kept his faith in Jerusalem amid the worshipping of idols. We may say of Sir Henry Layard that he put a tongue into the mouth of dead centuries and made them speak to us, and the stories they tell are of Bible times. Others have followed where Layard led, but we owe the beginning and the first unfolding of this recovery of the past to this one man.

Let us remember that Babylon and Nineveh were by far the richest and most powerful cities of the ancient world, but that when Layard was a boy no one even knew where they had stood. They were buried and lost, and no man knew where. It was as if London should be utterly overthrown; the population and cities of England wiped

out of existence; the towns buried beneath the gathering dust and overgrowth of nearly 3000 years, with all the records hidden in the rubbish with them. Babylon and Nineveh had perished, not only from the sight of man, but from human knowledge. We read of them in the Bible, but they had passed like a dream from view.

The man who was to bring them back to light again, to discover Nineveh and reveal the chief glories of Babylon, had no training for his life-work. He was a wild, lovable boy, brought up in the strangest way. His ancestors were natives of France, driven by religious persecution from their native land to England. His mother, the daughter of a Ramsgate banker, was of Spanish descent; his father, who had a small private income, was practically an invalid. The boy, Henry Austen Layard, was born in Paris, on March 5, 1817, and was taken as a child of three to Florence, where he remained some years, until his mother's friends insisted that he should have some English schooling. So the family went to England, and Henry went to a preparatory school in Putney. But health and means would not allow his father to remain in England, so he went back to France, where Henry, a boy of eight, travelled alone to him, and was sent to a French school. There he was hated as an English boy, for it was only ten years after the battle of Waterloo. He had a very bad time, for which his own pranks were largely responsible.

One little incident while he was in Switzerland served to show his readiness. While out walking he came to a bridge at which he had to pay toll. He gave the only coin he had and walked on, dreaming. When he wished to return, however, he had no money, and could not recross. While he was wondering what to do, an old gentleman approached. The boy ran up to him and said, "If you please, sir, will you lend me a sou? I am Henry Layard.

THE MAN WHO FOUND BABYLON

Everybody knows me!" The old gentleman gazed at the bold little fellow with amazement, and gave him the coin without a word. Afterward he got to know Henry's father, and, telling him the story, said, "That boy will go far." Splendidly was the prophecy fulfilled.

As Florence was the only place which suited the health of Henry's father, to

Layards secured part of a famous home, the Rucellai Palace, built by Alberti, a great architect in Florence of the fifteenth century, while its owners, the noble family of Rucellai, who are rich and prosperous again today, retired to the garrets.

Here the boy lived a glorious life with his brothers and sisters, and with the children of other famous people staying in

Florence at the time. Among these people was old Walter Savage Landor, who had a great love for this wild harum-scarum Layard boy, and in later life dedicated a beautiful poem to him. Layard's father took him to see and study the great collections of pictures; Henry came to know and love them all. He knew all the pictures; he knew every palace, every little house; he became passionately devoted to art. Grown-ups, interested in the subject, would take him about with them, telling him the stories of the golden past of Florence. One of these was an Englishman, named Seymour Kirkup, to whose house Henry used to run. He was deaf, and kept two fine dogs, which used to attract his attention when little Henry came knocking at the door.

This man is dear to us all, for he it was who discovered the only portrait in the world of Dante, the lovely portrait of the poet which Giotto painted in a great picture on the wall of a chapel in Florence. Kirkup felt sure that the portrait was in a painting which was concealed behind a great coat of whitewash, and he never rested until he got the Government of the day to remove the whitewash. There, behind the whitewash, were the glorious features of Dante, one eye destroyed by the driving of a nail through the fresco. Layard brought to England the first copy of the portrait ever made, and from this all the world has likenesses of the great poet.

Just one more peep at the life in Florence before we take Henry back to England.



SIR HENRY LAYARD AT WORK IN THE RUINS OF NINEVEH, WHICH HE REDISCOVERED TO THE WORLD AFTER NEARLY 3000 YEARS

Florence they returned. The aristocrats of Florence were at that time very poor, for the Italians were not then a prosperous and united nation as they are today, and families famous in Florence in their glorious historic palaces were glad to act as lodging-house keepers, themselves living up in the attics on the rent which their lodgers paid for the grand floors down below. So the

THE MAN WHO FOUND BABYLON

You may find in the National Gallery a clue to this part of his life. In the palace where he lived were many pictures, and over the bed in which he and his brother slept was a beautiful altar-piece painted by Filippino Lippi. Now, if we examine that picture closely in the National Gallery today we may discover a slight wound on the canvas. That was caused by the heel of Henry Layard's shoe, which he flung at his brother during a romp in the bedroom when they were undressing. He did so much for the art he loved that we may forgive him this offence, and we must remember never to let precious pictures, if ever we have them, be in rooms where romping, high-spirited lads are turned loose.

But to England again. Henry had an aunt and uncle in London, Mr. and Mrs. Austen, and to their house went the famous literary and artistic people of the time. What must they do but suggest that the free-roving, art-loving boy should become a lawyer in Mr. Austen's office. Mr. Austen was the boy's godfather, and to please him the boy's Christian name was changed from Henry Austen to Austen Henry.

Henry's father had very little money; Austen had much; so poor Henry was packed off to England, and sent to an English school at Richmond to finish his education. In France he had been despised as an English boy; at the English school he was kicked and cuffed and despised for being an Italian or a Frenchman. They called him "organ boy" and "monkey boy," thinking that anyone who came from Italy must have dragged an organ about with a monkey on top of it. Still, Henry was too plucky a little fellow to mind very much; he kept his French and Italian to himself, and bore no malice, but he carried one or two friendships from that school into his manhood. When not quite sixteen he entered his uncle's office, intending to become a lawyer. His heart was full of love for Italy and art; his

mind was on fire with the wonderful tales he had been reading in "The Arabian Nights." The book made him a traveller; his early Italian experiences, later in life, made him the friend and patron of art.

It would be hard to imagine a boy less fitted for a stuffy office in London. He hated the study of law. He had no money with which to buy proper books, and



THE ENTRANCE TO A TEMPLE AT NIMROUD, THE PLACE WHERE THE TOWER OF BABEL IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE STOOD

out of his father's allowance of \$10 a week he had to feed, clothe, and lodge himself, buy his books, and pay all the expenses of his life and study in London.

Of the many people he met at his uncle's house we must note one, a very conceited young fop who wore fantastic waistcoats smothered with gold embroidery, velvet pantaloons, and shoes adorned with red

rosettes. One night, while Henry was at the house for dinner, Mr. Austen was called away, saying, as he left, "Ben is in money trouble again." When he returned he mentioned that he had been to get the foppish young man out of jail, where he had been taken for a debt. Can we guess who the foppish young man was? He was Benjamin Disraeli, the future Prime Minister of England. In later life he and Layard were on different sides in politics, but though young Disraeli had snubbed and mocked the boy, he was kind and complimentary to the man, and tried hard to win him to his side. Layard, while hating the fop, had worshipped the genius in him, more especially as Disraeli had written about the East, towards which Henry's heart turned more and more. All attempts to make him a lawyer failed. He could not, would not, study the dry bones of law with a mind on fire with dreams of romance. Instead of going back to the office at night to study, as his uncle demanded, he would gather about him a few starving refugees from other lands, talk to them about their affairs, and feed them. He used to limit himself to 12 cents a day for dinner, so that he might have money with which to buy these men food at night, and they would gather at his lodgings, talk on art and politics and the reform of the world, and eat—bread and sprats!

A delightful tour abroad with an artistic friend relieved the gloom into which the boy was plunged by the death of his father, and at the end of five years he duly passed the examination which made him a lawyer. Then, on the advice of an uncle, who had

lived many years in Ceylon, he determined to go out there to practise law. His mother had \$3000 in trust for him, half of which was given to pay his expenses out, while the other half was sent out to await his arrival there. And how do you think he proposed to get to Ceylon? He set out to travel not by sea, but right across Europe, through then little-known Central Asia, finishing by traversing India, and so on to his destination. He was inspired to this extraordinary scheme by a young friend named Mitford, who was going out at the same time, and,

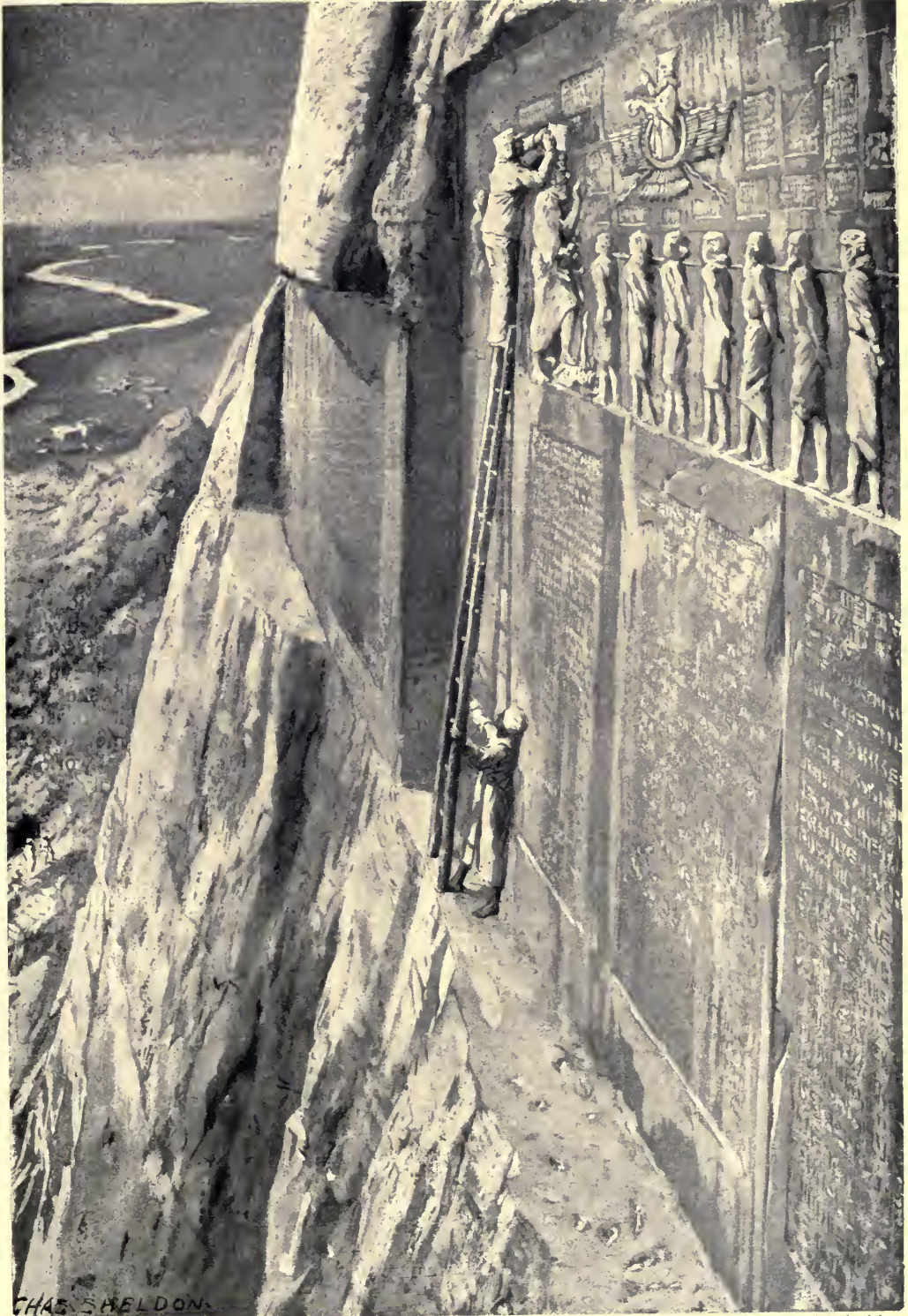
dreading the sea, chose the overland route. But for that young friend's fear of sea-sickness Layard would have gone by ship, and Nineveh might never have been discovered. Layard was only twenty-two when he set out on this perilous journey, and before he reached the journey's end he had taken a step which changed his life, for he abandoned the idea of Ceylon, and surrendered himself to a passion for travel and exploration which made it impossible for him to think of ever settling down to practise law.



SIR HENRY LAYARD IN THE DRESS HE WORE AS A TRAVELLER. This picture, showing Sir Henry Layard seated, is from the book of his "Early Adventures in Persia and Babylon," published by Mr. John Murray.

At Constantinople he became acquainted with Sir Stratford Canning, the British Ambassador, who was attracted by the knowledge and courage and charm of the young traveller, and employed him at the British Embassy. Some journalistic work followed, and certain secret missions in connection with the diplomacy, but all the time the born explorer was drifting nearer and nearer to the buried capitals of Assyria and Babylon. His travels took him along the River Tigris, where he saw a Frenchman digging in mounds at Kalah Sherghat, which is about twenty miles south of where Nineveh proved to be. Only a few scraps

WRITING A PAGE IN THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



Sir Henry Rawlinson copying the inscriptions on the Rock of Behistun, in Persia. Resting his ladder on the edge of the precipice, he copied the messages withheld from man for 23 centuries, and then, laying his ladder lengthways across the broken ledge, he set out to walk to the tablets beyond. As he was crossing in this fearful way *the ladder broke*, and what happened is told on page 97.

THE MAN WHO FOUND BABYLON

were taken out of this mound, and it is a fact that at this time, while Nineveh was utterly unknown, the total collection of Assyrian and Babylonian relics in the whole of Europe were contained in a box three feet square. Layard's imagination was fired when, proceeding along the Tigris he saw

He little thought that there, underneath these mounds, lay the buried capital of Assyria. He felt that human work lay hidden there—that was all. He made one or two preliminary tests before finally setting to work, and then he got Sir Stratford Canning to help him. Now, it is stated in

many of the books about Layard that the work was carried out at the cost of Canning, and that it was he who gave to England the priceless sculptures which were found, but that does an injustice to Layard.

Canning and others helped a little, but "the greater part of these expenses," Layard wrote, "were met from my slender resources and by borrowing from my mother, who most generously advanced to me out of her very small income the little she could spare, in order to enable me to continue my work. I subsequently discharged my debt to her. I received no remuneration for my labours. The sum that was allowed me for personal expenses was entirely spent in carrying on the excavations, and it was not until my return to England, after my second expedition to Nineveh, in 1852, that I was repaid by the trustees of the British Museum the sum of money that I had advanced out



THE WINGED LION WHICH GUARDED THE GATE OF THE PALACE OF THE KING OF ASSYRIA—NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

of my own pocket." Further, the permission granted by the Turkish Government for the excavations to be carried on was made out to Layard, and everything he found was thus his own property. But he kept nothing at all for himself, giving everything to the nation. So much for the

the great mounds on the other side of the river, opposite the model town of Mosul. "When I first beheld the mounds of Nineveh," he wrote, "a great longing came over me to learn what was hidden within them, and I had a kind of feeling that I should one day seek to clear up the mystery."

of my own pocket." Further, the permission granted by the Turkish Government for the excavations to be carried on was made out to Layard, and everything he found was thus his own property. But he kept nothing at all for himself, giving everything to the nation. So much for the

THE MAN WHO FOUND BABYLON

finances of one of the biggest and most romantic undertakings ever carried out by one man.

The actual digging was begun at Nimroud, continued at Nineveh, and finished at Babylon. War was in progress at the time, and wandering tribes of the desert endanger

the life and labour of the brave digger; fanatical Turks attacked him, and again and again he was made to suspend his labours, sometimes because it was said he was disturbing the graves of "the faithful," sometimes because he was supposed to be digging gold and gems out of the ground, sometimes because people declared he was taking measurements and making plans which would enable his countrymen to possess the land. But through it all Layard worked gallantly, showing marvellous skill in dealing with the troublesome people and the troublesome officials. His dwelling was a mud hut, he himself living on one side of a rough partition, with sheep and goats and cattle on the other. There was often no roof, and the rain streamed in, so that he had to sleep under a table with a trench cut round his floor to carry off the water. So Layard lived on the site of the great cities of Assyria which had

been the homes of kings who had ruled Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, and the whole territory of the Israelites.

It is impossible to follow him through his work of excavation, for the story fills several volumes. But we may get an idea of the way in which it was done from one incident

at Nimroud, which was none other than the ancient city of Calah of which we read in the tenth chapter of Genesis: "Out of that land went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh and the city Reheboth *and Calah.*" The great old city, whose walls could be traced for 7000 feet in one direction and



THE STRIKING HEAD OF ONE OF THE REMARKABLE FIGURES APPEARING ON THE MONUMENTS OF THE ANCIENT ASSYRIANS

for 5000 feet in another, lay beneath colossal mounds of earth, and only wandering tribesmen trod its soil, not knowing that it had ever been a city. Layard employed natives to help him, and they dug trenches this way and that, finding remains of great palaces below at varying depths.

THE MAN WHO FOUND BABYLON

Parts of the remains had been destroyed by fire, parts were simply covered with earth. There were hundreds of inscriptions, and numbers of magnificent statues of great size, carved from solid stone—winged bulls, human-headed lions, eagle-headed men, and so on; carvings of every phase of life among a people who were highly skilled and artistic, but whose very existence had come to an end and whose very language had perished. Deep down in the city under the soil were beautiful works in ivory and bronze and other metals, some of them exquisite examples of work. What excitement, and terror the discoveries caused we may gather from one story which Layard tells us.

One morning, as he was returning to the mound, he saw two Arabs urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching him, they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them, "hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself! Wallah! It is wonderful, but it is true; we have seen it with our eyes! There is no

God but God!" And, both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off in the direction of their tents. On reaching the ruins, Layard descended into the new trench, and found the workmen standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. While one advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human

head, sculptured out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. He saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, and that it was in an admirable state of preservation. The expression was calm yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in works of so remote a period. It was a thrilling discovery, and

Layard was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the strangest fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, rising out of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, threw down his basket and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. He rushed



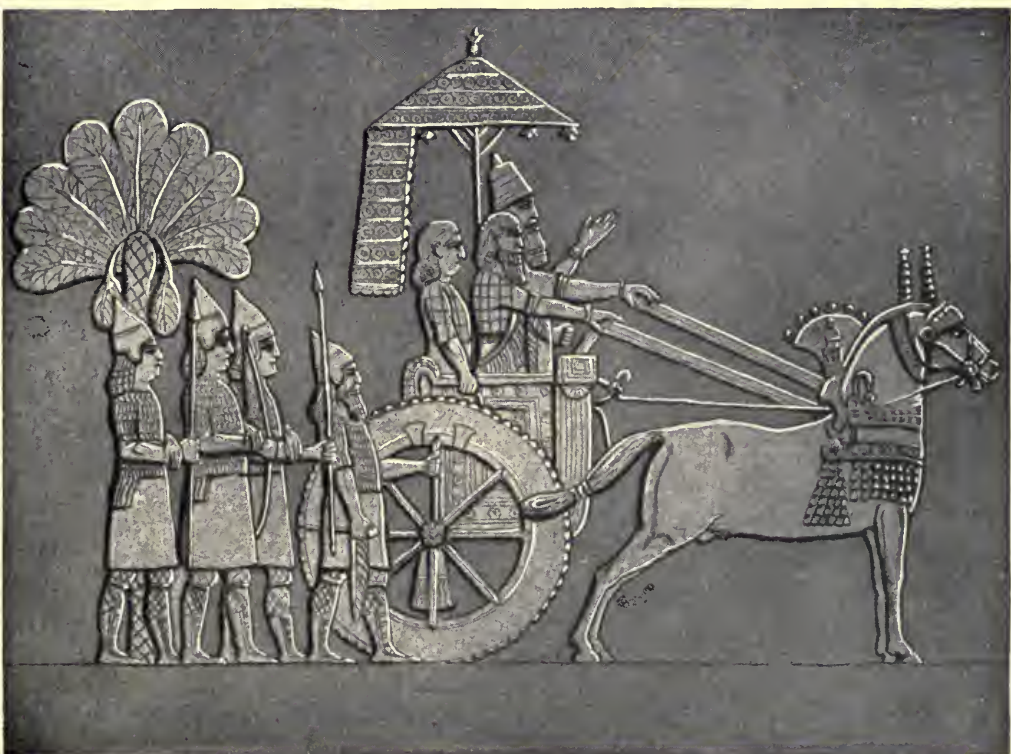
THE QUIANT EAGLE-HEADED FIGURE OF NISROCH, ONE OF THE GODS WORSHIPPED BY THE ASSYRIANS

into the town, declaring that Nimrod had appeared, so causing a riot of terror and indignation. The chief of a local tribe called to see the wonder, and was afraid of approaching; but when at last he ventured to look he said, "This is not the work of men's hands, but of those infidel giants who were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah cursed before

THE LIFE OF ASSYRIA—BY THOSE WHO LIVED THERE



A SCENE IN ASSYRIA. RECORDED ON THE WALLS OF A TEMPLE BY NATIVE SCULPTORS 3000 YEARS AGO



THE KING OF ASSYRIA GOES OUT FOR A RIDE—FROM A SCULPTURE IN A TEMPLE FOUND BY SIR HENRY LAYARD

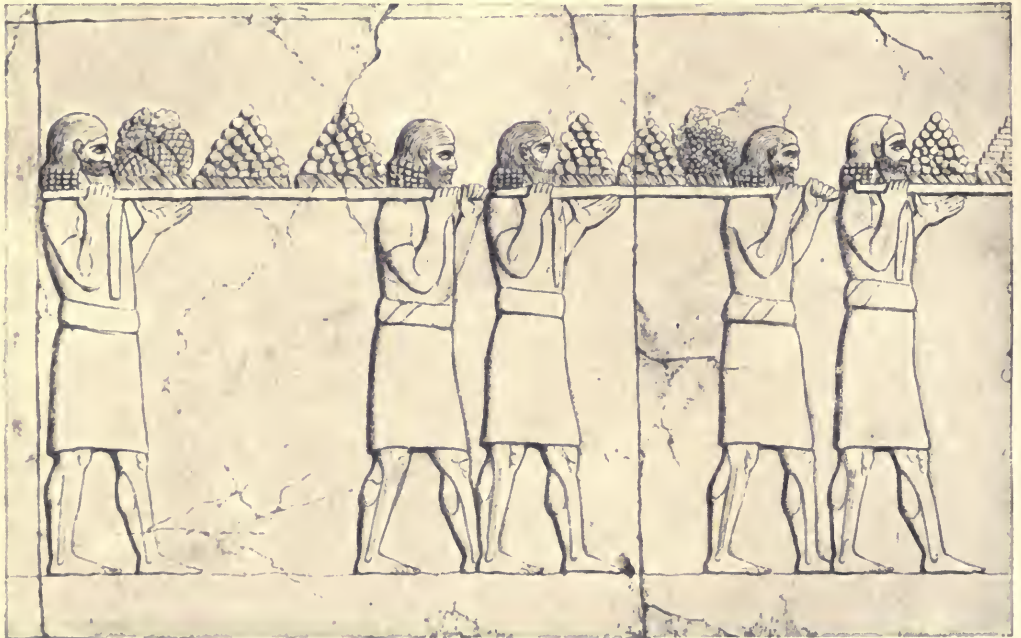
THE MAN WHO FOUND BABYLON

the Flood." And everybody standing near agreed with the astonished chieftain.

With all the priceless treasures of art and history discovered here were many representations of horses and chariots, but the natives around Layard had never seen a cart. When he had one made all the town turned out to stare and wonder at it, and to see him get his treasures hauled away to be floated down the River Tigris and taken by steamer to England.

Little do we think, when we look at these sculptures in the British Museum, what a history lies behind them—the story of their creation, erection, and overthrow, and the centuries upon centuries of burial. Layard found three palaces at Calah, and one was

remains supposed to be the ruins of the Tower of Babel, but Layard proved that it had been a gigantic edifice famous as the Tower of the Seven Planets. Each towering storey of the structure had been of bricks glazed with the colour which was supposed to represent a particular planet. The discoverer stood in the very palace of Nebuchadnezzar, the terrible king who besieged and utterly destroyed Jerusalem, and carried away the people captive into Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar it was who set up the golden image which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego refused to worship; he it was to whom Daniel declared the dream. And now Sir Henry Layard stood in this king's palace. Nineveh was



A PROCESSION OF CAPTIVES, TAKEN IN THE WARS OF ASSYRIA THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, BEARING

the palace of King Shalmanaser II., of whom we read in the seventeenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings. He it was who, when God was angry with the Israelites, carried ten tribes into captivity.

When he moved on to Nineveh, which proved to lie beneath the mountainous rubbish-heaps on the side of the Tigris opposite Mosul, Layard found abundant records of the old Assyrian kings, and particularly of Sennacherib, that dread king who twice assailed Jerusalem when Hezekiah was King of Israel.

And in Babylon Layard stood in the home of Nebuchadnezzar and saw thousands of the records of that king. There he found

captured and destroyed in 606 B.C., Babylon fell three hundred years later, and both were buried by the sandstorm and the whirlwind, so that corn and grass grew over the palaces and citadels of the kings of the ancient world. Layard discovered them, nearly three thousand years after the day of their greatness. He discovered their works and their records, and the language of the marvellous story of these times has been deciphered and made plain.

Today we have type which prints in metal exact copies of the characters which the ancients printed on clay and bronze and ivory, so that, were it possible for Nebuchadnezzar to come to life today, he

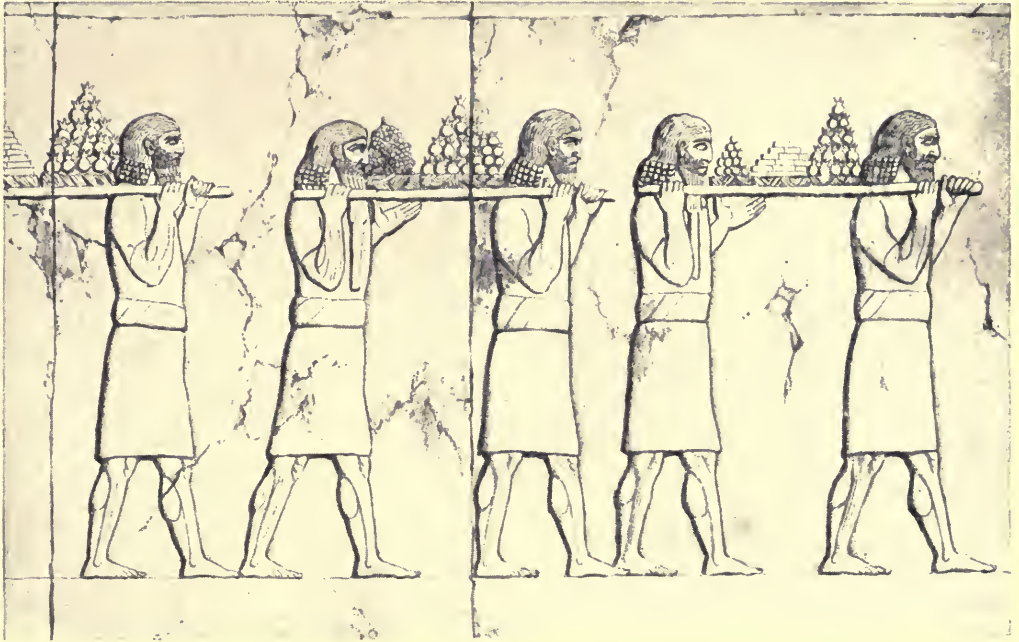
THE MAN WHO FOUND BABYLON

could pick up a book printed in London and read the language he wrote and spoke thirty centuries ago.

It was not in his great cities alone that Sennacherib set up his inscriptions to tell of his glory. Like other great kings, he carved his records in distant places where they should stand for ever, as he thought, eternal monuments of his greatness. One such inscription was carved by order of King Sennacherib to tell of a splendid piece of engineering which gave a water supply to Nineveh. There was a marvellous system of canals, which made the country fertile as a garden, and English engineers who are now at work in Mesopotamia are reconstructing this old system of

aid of paper took an impression of the carvings which had stood in solitude for more than 2500 years. In his hurry to get away from his dangerous position, he left some of the paper that he had been using for his work. Another fifty years passed, and then a travelling scholar espied the same spot and descended to the platform. There was the paper Layard had left fifty years before!

The peril involved in climbing the face of a precipice to copy an ancient inscription is such as even expert mountaineers would shudder to encounter. We may get a good idea of the danger from the experience of Sir Henry Rawlinson in copying the inscriptions on the Rock of Behistun. This



OFFERINGS TO THE CONQUERING KING—FROM SCULPTURES MADE AT THE TIME ON THE WALLS OF TEMPLES

canals in order to revive the ancient prosperity of the site of Nineveh.

The inscription describing the creation of the old canals was carved on the face of a precipice at a place called Bavian, in what is now known as Kurdistan. It was carved in the solid rock by men who stood on a tiny ledge of stone deep down the face of the precipice, and when they had finished they cut away the platform on which they had stood, so that men should see their work from afar, but not approach to destroy it. The projecting platform was not quite destroyed, however, and Sir Henry Layard found the place, lowered himself down to the platform, and with the

rock is part of a range of hills near Kermanshah, an ancient Persian city. In the fourth century before Christ it was known that high up on the face of the rock, 500 feet above the level of the plain, were inscriptions whose meaning could no longer be guessed. For twenty-three centuries the message of these inscriptions and the name of the man who had caused them to be carved had remained a secret. Then, while Layard was at work in Nineveh, Sir Henry Rawlinson arrived at Kermanshah, and determined to copy them. To do so he had either to climb 500 feet up a precipice, or let himself down from a height of over 3000 feet, crossing, by means of narrow



HOW THE ASSYRIANS PICTURED THEIR GODS—FROM A SCULPTURE FOUND BY SIR HENRY LAYARD

planks, chasms across which it was quite impossible to leap.

The inscriptions are engraved on nine great tablets, carved in the solid rock, seven in one row and two still higher. Two of the seven actually overhang the precipice, the other five are above a ledge of rock, eighteen inches wide, which was probably cut by the sculptors who carved the inscriptions. Each tablet is as high as three or four men, so that they could only be reached by means of a ladder, and this had to be reared upon a narrow ledge of rocks, rising over five hundred feet into the air. By great exertions the ladder was hauled up from below, but when it was placed upright the slope was not sufficient to allow the climber to ascend. He therefore cut it short, and again upreared it, but now it was too short to reach the top of the upper inscriptions.

A TERRIBLE WALK TO READ A PAGE IN THE BOOK OF THE PAST

At last, after many trials, Rawlinson placed the ladder with its feet almost on the brink of the ledge, and, with a native holding the ladder from the back, he then ascended. He had to climb to the topmost rung, lean his body and his left arm against the rock, and then, holding his notebook in his left hand, make his sketches with his right hand.

A more dreadful position can hardly be imagined than that of a man balanced on the top stave of a ladder which is resting on the edge of a precipice 500 feet deep! But worse was to follow, for the inscriptions overhanging the wide chasm had still to be copied. Having reduced the size of his ladder, Rawlinson, who had hoped to lay it flat across the chasm from ledge to ledge, now found it too short to serve as a bridge across the gulf. But he was not to be beaten. He turned the ladder upon its side and fixed one end of the upper side upon the rock of the ledge on which he was standing, and the other end on a projection on the other side

of the chasm. In this way the ladder held in its place, and Rawlinson began to walk across, resting his feet between the staves on the lower side of the ladder and clinging with his hands to the upper side. As he was thus walking across, *the ladder broke*. The under side was rotten, and gave way under his weight, falling with a crash down the precipice. As if by a miracle, Sir Henry Rawlinson succeeded in supporting himself by his hands on the upper side of the ladder, and hung in deadly peril over the yawning precipice. Happily, he was a man of splendid strength and nerve, and succeeded in climbing back, hand over hand, from over the chasm to the narrow ledge of safety. He afterwards got two ladders, laid one flat across the gulf, stood the other upright upon it, copied the inscriptions, and took his knowledge back to England.

THE PRICELESS DISCOVERY OF THE KEY TO ANCIENT MYSTERIES

The inscriptions proved to be written in three languages—Babylonian, Scythian, and Persian—and they contained the history of the great King Darius, ruler of Persia, Babylon, Assyria, Arabia, Egypt, and eighteen other countries. The writings proved of priceless value as a key to the discoveries of Layard, for the same words were set down in three languages, so that there could be no mistake. But there are few pages in the book of knowledge which have been written at such a fearful risk as that.

Sir Henry Layard, after his excavating work was ended, became a member of Parliament, married a delightful woman, travelled a great deal, and settled down in a lovely home in Venice, where he and his wife did great good in helping the sick and needy and re-establishing some of the artistic handicrafts of the ancient city. He died in London on July 5, 1894, beloved and honoured at the end of a happy, useful life.



A STRANGE FIGURE FOUND BY SIR HENRY LAYARD NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO KING SENNACHERIB'S PALACE IN ASSYRIA

LITTLE MODELS OF EIGHTEEN CATHEDRALS



CHICHESTER



SALISBURY



NORWICH



CANTERBURY



EXETER



ELY



CARLISLE



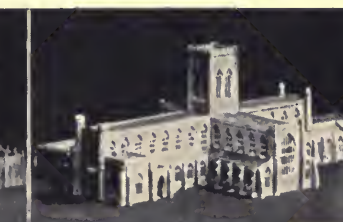
OXFORD



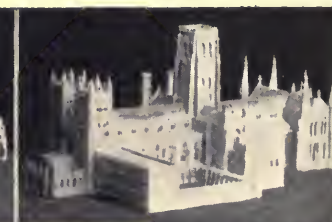
WINCHESTER



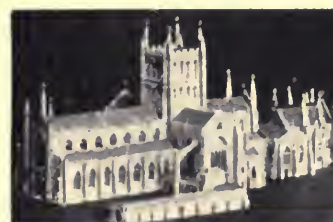
PETERBOROUGH



CHESTER



DURHAM



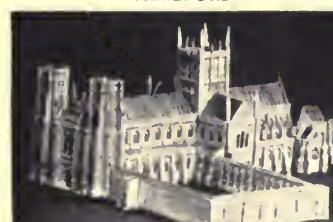
HEREFORD



BRISTOL



ROCHESTER



WELLS



RIPON



GLOUCESTER

EACH OF THESE MODELS OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS IS SHOWN HERE IN THE PROPER PROPORTIONS

THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS

THE GOLDEN AGE OF TOWERS AND SPIRES
AND WINDOWS THAT POINT TO HEAVEN

THE SIMPLE MEN WHO LEFT THEIR MARK ON ENGLAND

THE cathedrals of England are very beautiful, but many of them are more than things of beauty. They are a record—the only record we have—of the joyful feelings of the inhabitants in the days when they were recovering from the tyranny of their Norman conquerors.

The native literature of that time is mainly a copy of French ideas, written largely in French for kings and nobles who could not speak English. It does not enable us to understand what was happening to our ancestors in their patient striving for freedom. Many of them were dumb serfs ruled by foreign lords of the manor and foreign abbots of the monasteries. It was only when the enslaved English peasant was handed a chisel and ordered to work on the great stone churches that he could hand down to after ages some record of the new spirit of liberty that was then beginning to breathe in England.

What is it we read, then, in the stories of the old churches? It takes a great deal of study to learn the details of the art of the Early English builders, and a considerable amount of knowledge is needed to understand the dates at which the various parts of a cathedral were built. Not only must the styles of each period be studied, but the inquirer must wander over England and compare the work of masons labouring at the same time in different parts of the country.

Then, indeed, the examination of the old churches becomes a fascinating thing, turning a holiday into a delightful adventure, and making a man thrill with joy at this contact with the work of the humble toilers of those days. For here, coming from the carving on a pillar, or from a weathered statue above a porch, is the voice of some poor dead English working man speaking down the ages of the new energy and gladness that entered into his life. Probably he was born a serf, as his grandfather was, but in youth his parents managed to prentice him to some mason, and, learning his art, he grew into

a free craftsman with the soul of a poet. Like his fellows, he was a great man without knowing it, but he felt to the full the joy of creating a new beauty in the world. As a grown-up labourer he worked for ninepence a week, and at the height of his power he seldom received as much as two shillings a week. At this wage he would carve and sculpture as well as build; and he was evidently contented.

Money had actually different values then, and a greater purchasing power than it has now. The English mason of those days had good wheaten bread to eat and plenty of bacon; his home was a wooden hut, very poorly furnished, and generally it was used only as a sleeping-place and shelter.

Like most Englishmen of his day, he lived as much as possible in the open air. The modern navy is a man of his stamp. But, rough as his ways were, his soul was great and noble. Money, food, clothing, and housing were only the accidents of his life. What he lived for was a vision within him which he continually strove to translate into stone. In reality he was one of the great ones of the earth, claiming the sculptors of ancient Greece as his kinsmen.

It is easy to tell if an English cathedral was built by freemen or by serfs, for the work done in the joy of liberty is wonderfully beautiful, while that done in the age of oppression is rough, gloomy, and often bad in workmanship. When the Normans conquered England, the race was excellent in painting and skilful in carpentry, but generally unused to build in brick or stone. It was the masterful Norman who taught them masonry, and the lesson was a very painful one. Like the most ancient castles, that crumble in flowery ruin along the rivers and on the hills, the very oldest cathedrals are monuments of slavery and defeat. They were built under the whip of a foreign taskmaster, intent on raising edifices to keep a vanquished people in subjection and order. What William the Conqueror won by the sword he guarded

THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS

by means of the crozier. Behind his army of foreign soldiers followed a host of foreign monks, who were established at all points of danger to hold in check the conquered population. So the disaffected fen-lands were overlorded by the great abbeys of Norwich, Bury, Ely, Crowland, and Peterborough; and along the marshes of Wales a chain of monastic houses, like Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Worcester, formed a wall against the unconquered races. The ancient capitals—Canterbury, Rochester, and Winchester—were made the seats of Benedic-

may have consisted more of blows than words. For the monk could only speak French, and the peasants knew only the Anglo-Saxon speech. It looks as though most of them could not be taught how to use a chisel, for in many of the Norman cathedrals the rough stone blocks have evidently been put into their places without being dressed. In all cases the unskilled labour of the untrained Englishman is apparent. The axe is used more often than the chisel; everything is built in the easiest way, and the lack of knowledge and craftsmanship



THE GLORIOUS CATHEDRAL THAT STANDS ON A HILL IN DURHAM, 800 YEARS OLD AND NEARLY

tine convents, and Norman bishops were appointed as abbots. Each was a settlement of foreign monks, who upheld the rule of the Norman.

The English people supplied only the untrained labour necessary in building castles and churches. Practically the entire population of the countryside was employed. They worked in gangs under one of the foreign monks. The monk began by showing the people how to quarry and dress the blocks of stone, and in many cases the lesson

is covered by a rude, massive strength. One pier of Durham Cathedral, for instance, contains enough stone to build half the pillars of Westminster Abbey. Yet, in spite of the immense thickness of piers and walls, the Norman cathedral had an inconvenient habit of tumbling down, for it was the work of ignorant and ill-treated serfs.

But, by one of the most remarkable chances in the world, an English labourer in this age of taskwork managed to revolutionise the whole art of architecture, and

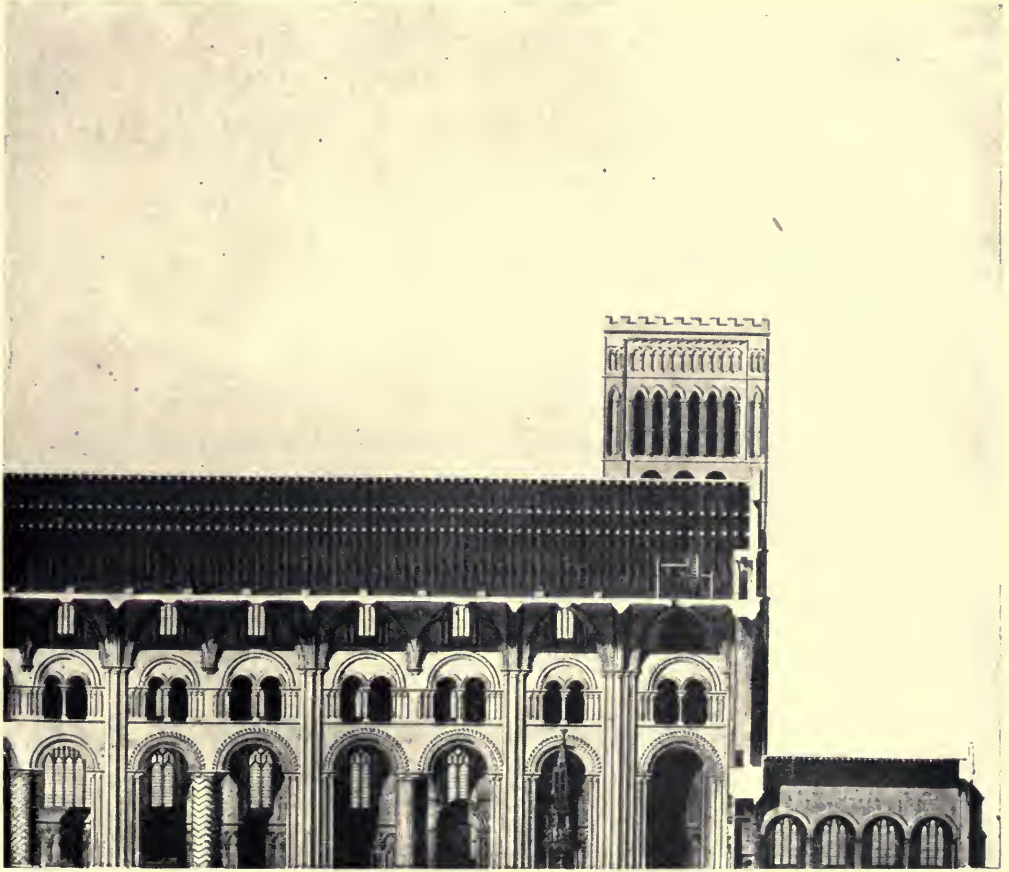
THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS

prepare the way for the most beautiful of all the works of men—the Gothic church of the 13th century. Out of weakness and need came forth strength and loveliness.

It was an unknown English carpenter at Durham in 1093 who brought about the great change. He had to build the wood-work which served as a temporary support for the erection of the stone arches that roofed the building. He had first worked in the neighbouring quarry, cutting gritstone for the cathedral, and it evidently struck him that the stone could be cut in much

same way as the steel ribs of an umbrella support the silken covering.

News of the discovery quickly spread through England, and the new and easy system of rib vaulting was soon used at Gloucester, Norwich, and London. At a leap, the backward country soared a generation ahead of the rest of the world in the science of building. It is only a few years since the date of the rib vaulting in Durham Cathedral was finally established. Even now some Frenchmen are quite angry at what they consider the



A TENTH OF A MILE LONG, SHOWING NORMAN AND GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE SIDE BY SIDE

longer slabs than the foreign foreman used. He was quietly thinking of this as he laboured at building his wooden scaffolding, which was then a more laborious job than erecting the stone arch above it. To save himself time and trouble, therefore, he built his scaffolding of stone instead of wood, and then filled in the framework with thinner and lighter slabs of grit. In this way he made a vault resembling an open umbrella; for his framework of stone ribs supported the lighter filling-in in much the

ignorant, pretentious claim made on behalf of an obscure English workman on the River Wear in the 11th century, for until lately men of authority all over Europe were agreed that the principles of Gothic architecture were a French invention of the 13th century. This architecture, indeed, was held to be the highest achievement of the French people, which entitled them to rank as the supreme masters of beauty, superior in some respects to the ancient Greeks. But after a long discussion, in

THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS

which even American professors have sided with the French critics, it has been proved that the men of Durham worked out, first of all builders in the world, the main principle of Gothic architecture.

Who was the man who did this marvelous thing? We do not know. All that can be said on the matter is that it was a problem for a carpenter with a knowledge of the special qualities of the gritstone of his native quarry. He was not a great thinker, for he did not develop his ideas. He merely aimed at reducing the cost of constructing the wooden mould for the ordinary round stone vault, and the men who adopted his device kept to this practical point of view. So the way was prepared for the great change, and nobody knew or suspected it.

But, having roughly overcome his first difficulties in the new craft of stonework, the English mason began to grow deeply interested in his trade. He gradually freed himself from the rule of his Norman teachers, and took to working out details himself. Schools of masonry arose in every cathedral town where building was continually going on, and each school had its special way of doing its work.

In the meantime the English mason fought his way to freedom in life as well as liberty in art. In his schools he joined his fellow-workers in a kind of trade union, and became a free craftsman, with a guild at the back of him to protect him from tyranny and help him in sickness and trouble. Then the leaders of his guild met the leaders of other unions of tradesmen and working men, and, by acting together, the guilds at last established a system of self-government in the large towns, so encouraging the spirit of freedom that at last it undermined the form of military government established by the Normans.

The English mason was one of the chief apostles of the new spirit of liberty. Unlike most craftsmen of his day, he was often a traveller, moving from place to place as new buildings were wanted by bishops, monks, and castle builders. Everywhere he went he was joyfully received by the people. From king to peasant, everybody was eager to help in building. It was the absorbing passion of the nation. The mania for constructing railways which swept over Englishmen seventy years ago seems a small affair when compared with the passion for building churches which uplifted their forefathers in the twelfth century. Plagues and famines sapped the strength of the people; the Crusades called for heavy sacrifices of life and treasure; but pilgrims still flocked in great multitudes to



A SMALL SCULPTURE OF NOAH AT WELLS CATHEDRAL

the cathedrals and abbeys rising all over the land, and brought with them offerings to help in the building.

When new orders of foreign monks went to England and tried to build their churches in their own way, they met with many difficulties. The English masons became strangely stupid; they did not understand the orders given to them, and, obstinate as mules, they went on building in their own way. When the foreigners took over their own builders, the people stayed away from the fine churches these builders set up, and sooner or later the monks had to pull down part of their work and give the people what they wanted. The result was that the churches



A BEAUTIFUL NORMAN ARCH

became peculiarly national, differing in plan from those of other countries. Inside they are much smaller than the great French and German cathedrals of a later date, but the English mason had a strange power of giving his work an air of mystery and noble suggestion, so that an Early English cathedral, like Lincoln, looks bigger than it really is

THE TOWERS & SPIRES OF THREE CATHEDRALS



THE THREE SPIRES OF LICHFIELD



THE WESTERN TOWER OF ELY CATHEDRAL



DURHAM CATHEDRAL AND ITS THREE TOWERS

The photograph of the little sculpture of Noah on page 102 is by Mr. T. W. Phillips, of Wells.

THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS

And in picturesqueness and quiet state-
liness—two qualities difficult to unite—the
work of the English mason is hardly to be
matched in any part of the world.

The extraordinary thing about these
workmen in the Gothic Age was that they
were all fine artists. A sense of beauty be-
came the common heritage of the common
people. They delighted in their glorious
buildings, and it seems to have been impos-
sible then for anybody to make an ugly thing.

together with the craftsmen who dressed
and carved and sculptured the stone.

Naturally, the masons and marblers to
whom the fine figure-work was given were
men of special genius. They must have
slowly worked their way up from labourers
to dressers, and used their chisel in carving
the top of pillars so well that their foreman
asked them to do some more important
pieces of carving. But neither they nor
their fellows saw anything remarkable in

being able to chisel a
statue of wondrous beauty
out of freestone. It was
just an interesting piece
of work, and the man
who did it never thought
of carving his name on
it. Very likely, in his
next piece of work, he
would be doing ordinary
stone-laying. Two
magnificent statues in
Westminster Abbey are
entered in the wages roll
as "two figures dressed
by the job." They can
still be seen on each side
of the door of the chapter
house—a Virgin and the
Angel of the Annuncia-
tion. They may stand
beside any architectural
sculpture in the world,
for in elevated expression
and action they are
unsurpassed. But the
man who made them is
unknown, except for the
fact that he received
14 dollars from King
Henry III., this being
the price fixed by him
for the piecework.

Working by the day,
he would have got only
forty four cents a week
for his labour. He was
well content to go on with
his chiselling just as he

liked, in his shed near the Abbey, with no
foreman passing up and down to hurry him
on. He was able to put forth all his powers
in expressing his vision of the mother of
Jesus listening to the messenger from
heaven. High up in the transepts of the
Abbey are angels swinging censers—figures
of the same remarkable beauty. They are
the work of John of St. Albans, who, in
1257, made the Abbey a training school



THE IMPRESSIVE NAVE OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

We do not know the lives of any of
these builders of the new age; their joy
in their work was enough for them. Now
and then we can recover some of their
names from the account books in which
their wages are recorded, but the honour
of the work went generally to the monks,
bishops, and officials who paid for it.
The master mason who designed and
directed the building remained in obscurity,

THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS

for mason sculptors. John seems to have started as an ordinary workman at forty-four cents per week. We know more about him than about any other cathedral builder of the best period in the country, because one of his masons has left a fine portrait of him in the Abbey. Having to carve the stone support of an image in the north transept, the mason chiselled out the face of his master, and the work still remains in good condition. It is a face of great nobility and power—the face of a man with as much poetry in him as Shakespeare had. And at the height of his fame John “dressed figures by the job” at 14 dollars a couple! Yet not only was he as fine a sculptor as any man now living, but he could have taught Phidias of Athens some thing that the Greek did not know when he was carving at the Parthenon.

Like all English masons of his age, John was severely practical. He was essentially a builder in stone, and he built his statue into a building, so that it became a part of a living whole. It was not an ornament that could be removed and admired in itself, but a bit of carved stone made for a monumental purpose and designed for the place in which it stood. If it were high up on the cathedral front, it was broad in treatment and meant to enrich the stonework around it. Its bold, free handling would lose nearly all its beauty if it were out of the place for which it was designed.

But there came a decline in the English Age of Building; it came when the best masons took to chiselling statues in some city shop, and selling them to any builder who would pay for them. It was, no doubt, more profitable than sharing the labour of other workmen when the church was not ready for statues, but it seriously diminished the general effect of the cathedral. In this and other ways the artist came to be

separated from the working man, lowering the whole style of craftsmanship. Happily, it was long before the separation was complete, and for many centuries the masons continued to build nobly and well. For a time they were surpassed by the French masons, who, building upon the English foundations, carried Gothic architecture to its supreme height. Thrown back in civilisation by wars, the French were later in building their cathedrals



THE NOBLE CATHEDRAL OF WINCHESTER, THE OLD CAPITAL OF ENGLAND

than the English, and, profiting by the work done by their masons, they developed the new principles so freely, and so completely surpassed the English, that the rest of Europe came to them for instruction.

The great building king, Henry III., tried hard to introduce the new French style into England. A London master mason, Henry of Westminster, seems to have gone to Paris to study the new

THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS

methods for the king, and to have designed and begun Westminster Abbey on his return; so we now have in this famous church a fine example of the French manner of building. But the men who built it were Englishmen, and apparently they did not altogether approve the new style, for they never employed it in any other buildings of the time. Having

pleased the king in regard to the great Abbey, they kept afterwards to English ideas, which were simpler and much sounder.

In French architecture, a church has, we may say, its skeleton outside it. That is to say, the weight and thrust of the great stone roof are carried outside the church by means of arches that leap over the low side roofs and end in strong buttresses.

Flying buttresses are a feature of Westminster Abbey; they leave the walls with no work to do, so that great windows, with beautiful stained glass, can be used to illumine and glorify the interior. But the English masons were afraid that the exposed stonework of the flying buttresses would

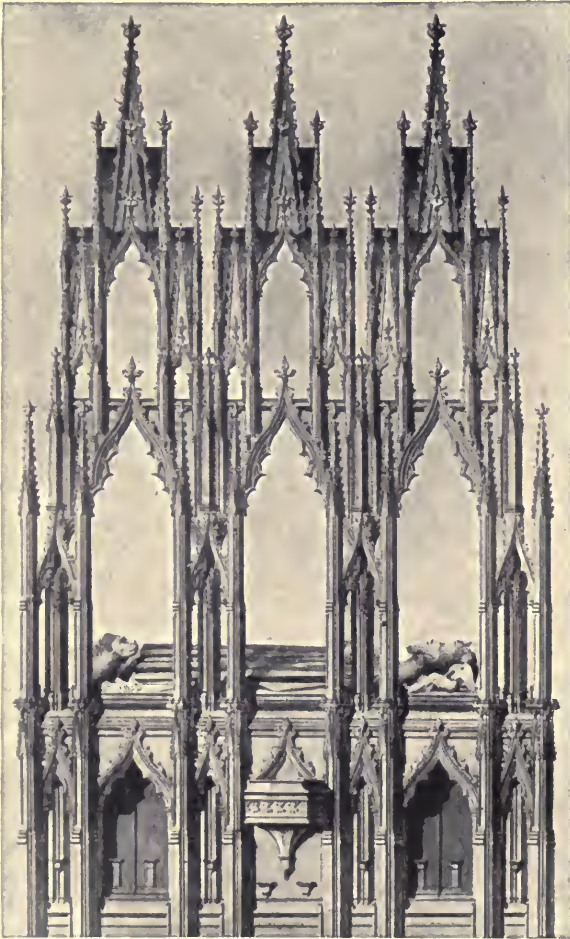
decay and bring the building down. So they kept their walls fairly strong, and roofed in their arching buttresses from the weather. In this way they produced, at Salisbury, the typical English cathedral of the great Gothic period.

But the English masons triumphed in the end. In the fourteenth century their art spread to Brittany and extended its influence into Normandy, and was at last adopted in Northern France. It seems to have been the masons of the beautiful

cathedral of Exeter who achieved this remarkable spread of English ideas. Then, by an extraordinary disaster, the men of Gloucester became the directors of architecture throughout England. When the Black Death swept over the country, destroying the people, Gloucester, by a happy chance, escaped with little hurt, while in some other parts of the country seventy-

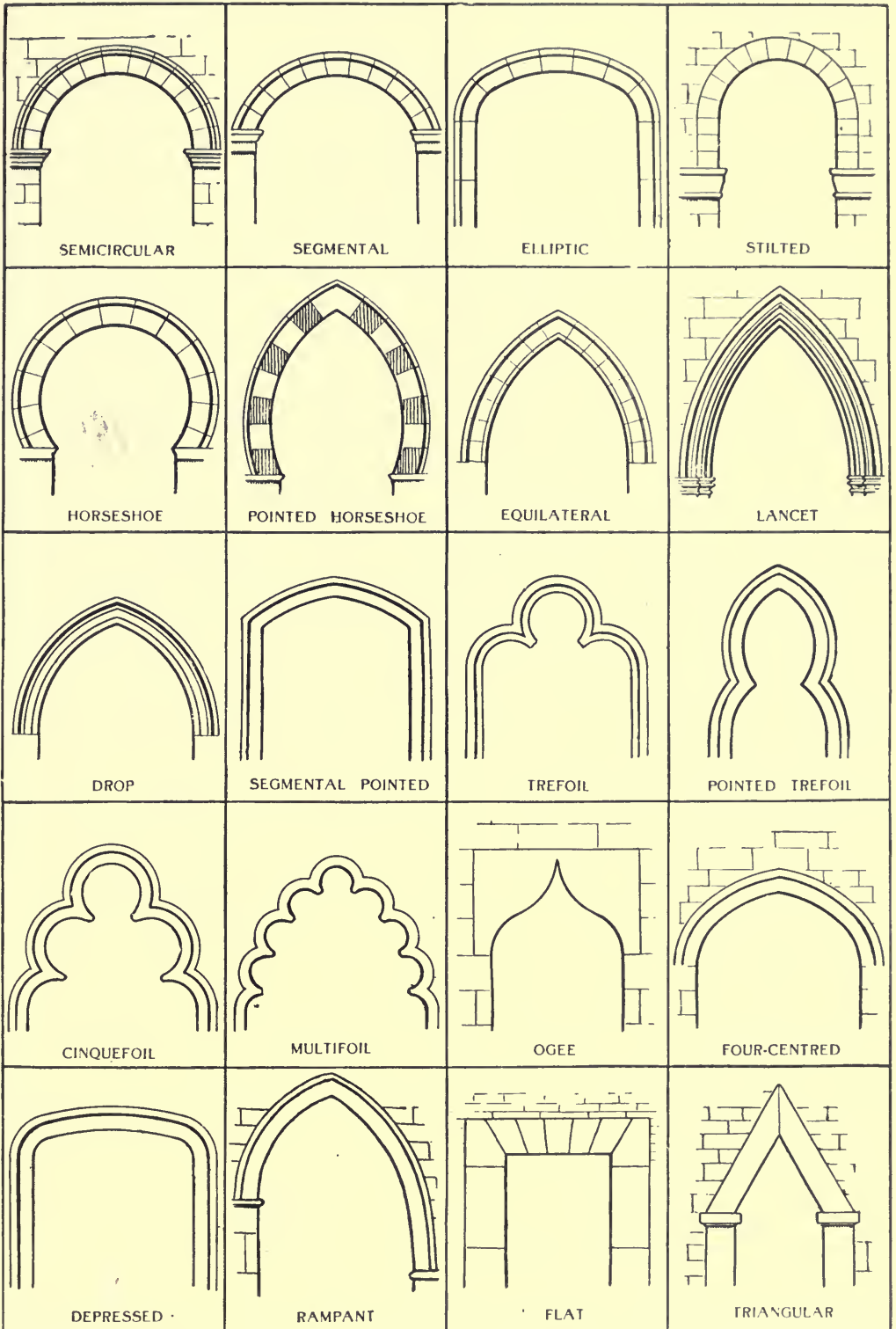
five out of every hundred persons were cut down by the terrible disease. Labour became so scarce that building completely ceased for some years, and only at Gloucester did sufficient masons remain to proceed with the cathedral during all the visitations of the Plague. We find the peculiar style of the Gloucester men appearing in the nave of Canterbury, in the choir of York, and at Exeter and Norwich. By the end of the fourteenth century the style of the Gloucester men had become a national habit of building—now known as the Perpendicular—and it lasted right to the end of the Gothic ages of architecture. It was the craftsmen of Gloucester who

worked out the new style, and taught it to other English masons, who, in their turn, covered the land with picturesque village churches. Their work came to an end when King Henry VIII. turned the monks and nuns out of England, leaving so many empty churches to moulder into ruin that no new cathedral was needed till the Fire of London destroyed old St. Paul's. Since then the old English mason has disappeared from the English buildings, but his hand is impressed for ever on the face of the land.



THE BEAUTIFUL GOTHIC TOMB OF KING EDWARD THE SECOND IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL

TWENTY KINDS OF ARCHES USED IN BUILDING



The arch must always be one of the most important features of architecture. No building can be set up without it, and these pictures show some of the clever and decorative ways in which builders carry weight across open spaces.

HERE SLEEPS PASTEUR, WHO WILL WAKE AGAIN



THE GATE OF PASTEUR'S TOMB AT THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE IN PARIS



THE BEAUTIFUL SIMPLICITY OF THE TOMB IN WHICH PASTEUR LIES

PASTEUR AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP

HOW, LIKE A NEW ALADDIN, HE TURNED HIS SEARCHLIGHT
ON THINGS UNSEEN AND FOUND A NEW WORLD OF LIFE

THE MAN WHO PEERED INTO THE INVISIBLE AND WHAT HE SAW

This is the story of Louis the Great of France. The last King Louis sat on the throne and lost it; this Louis was enthroned only in the hearts of men. He was like a new Aladdin, turning his bright lamp of wisdom on to his microscope, exploring a new kingdom of invisible life, and opening for mankind the golden gates of a new age.

LOUIS PASTEUR was the greatest son of France. We can hardly help associating his name with Napoleon's, for he was the son of a humble soldier who served the Emperor in many a stubborn fight, and who, one day in the stillness that followed a battle, stood up among the dead and dying to be decorated for some brave deed. Napoleon passed to his exile on a lonely rock; the lowly soldier went back to his native town of Dôle, without fortune or prospects, without even a roof under which to shelter.

After the excitements and horrors of great wars he took up the unlovely toil of a tanner, working for his daily bread among the raw hides that had to be converted into leather. He was a steady, thoughtful fellow, and had the fortune to marry a happy-hearted girl who, with all her gaiety and charm, had serious thoughts. When their baby Louis was born, on December 27, 1822, they declared that they would devote their lives to making him an educated man. The child was vowed to scholarship before he could speak.

It was a great day in the lives of the young couple when the old soldier was able to buy for himself a small tanyard at Arbois. As he grew older little Louis played about in the tanyard, and so loved the place that in later years, when he was away studying in Paris, and became homesick and weary, he would declare that if he could once again breathe the odour of the old tanyard he would be well again.

But his father did not mean that Louis should become a tanner. "We will make him an educated man"

was the cry of the parents, and as soon as he was able to go to school the boy set out on a career of learning which lasted all through his life.

He was always learning. He went first to a small school in the town and then to the college of Arbois. "Ah," said his proud father now, "if only you could become some day professor in your college, I should be the happiest man on earth!" Louis must have thought his father expected too much of him, for he was not one of the boys who take eagerly to learning; he *could* learn and could learn easily, but he loved play better. He was a pranksome, high-spirited lad, and many a time, when his father sat waiting for him at home to go over his lessons with him, Louis would be off at his games, with no thought of professorships in his young mind.

He wanted to be a painter when his father wanted him to be a professor; and he would have wanted to be something else had his father suggested painting. But Louis had a real talent for drawing, and in later days, when he was one of the most famous scientists in the world, an old lady, looking at some of his early pictures, sighed, "What a pity that a man who might have made a reputation as a painter should bury himself in chemistry!"

But while he was still young his fine nature asserted itself. His eyes were opened to the sacrifice his parents were making for him, and he realised that he must respond to their vow, "We will make him an educated man." The principal of the college, seeing how easily Louis outstripped all the other boys, said to the father, "It is not for a professorship in a small college such as this that we must prepare him, but for one of the great colleges." And, turning to Louis, he said, "Think of the great Normal School, my little friend."

But it was not left to the old professor to carry his preparation much

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farther, for Louis passed on to Besançon, where he not only read for a minor degree, but studied for the examination that he must pass before entering the greater school for which he was destined. It was here that the boy first acquired a passion for chemistry. The old professor who, in a rather primitive way, taught chemistry at Besançon found his mind constantly on the stretch to answer the eager inquiries of Louis Pasteur, and at last said, "Really I ought to put questions to you, not you to me." The pupil had already outdistanced his master, and Louis, unable to travel fast enough along the path of knowledge, used secretly to take lessons from an aged chemist.

The Boy who was in Earnest and How He Marched Breast-Forward

At last the time for the examination for the Normal School came, and Louis appeared fourteenth on the list. It was a pass, but it did not satisfy Louis, who at once set himself another year's study in order to re-enter for the same examination and join the school with a worthier record. His fellow-students were amazed, as perhaps his parents were, but Louis persisted. He went to Paris, and studied in one of its dreary suburbs. This time he did better, coming out fourth on the list. He had now ample opportunity to study chemistry, for, not only had he a first-rate tutor at his school, but he was allowed to attend lectures at the Sorbonne, the University of Paris, one of the most famous French seats of learning. Here he came under the influence of M. Dumas, a great scientist who was also a great teacher. Louis almost worshipped his master, and was proud to preserve a handkerchief which Dumas had touched during a chemical experiment.

Pasteur himself now gave up his leisure and his holidays to research. His old school long kept one of the relics of his experiments—some bones he had bought from a butcher, and which, after carrying out the necessary processes from four in the morning until nine at night, he had reduced to sixty grammes of potash.

The Old Man who Trembled at the Thought of Pasteur's Great Discovery

He was 21 when he began at the Normal School; at the end of three years he obtained his degree for physical science, and in order to become assistant to his old master he refused a professorship at Tournon. It was fortunate that he did refuse, for the professorship would have carried him out of the main stream of scientific research, and away from a study to which he was devotedly

attached. This was the study of the crystals left after the evaporation of tartaric acid.

It had been discovered that these crystals caused rays of polarised light to twist to the right. Pasteur, after many experiments, found that certain of the crystals caused the polarised light to twist to the left hand, and that there existed, therefore, what he called left-handed tartrates. When he saw that his theory was proved, that he had done a great thing in chemistry, he rushed from the laboratory, and declared that he felt so nervous and excited that he could not look through the polariscope again.

This discovery, though technical and not very romantic to us, is of enormous value to human life. News of it reached the Academy of Sciences, and M. Biot was deputed to test the young man's statement. He did so kindly, but without faith, believing it all to be a wild mistake. But when the experiment was carried out, and the truth of Pasteur's announcement was before his eyes, the old man trembled. His own discovery of the right-handed tartrates had hardly been believed. With this new wonder before his eyes, he said to Pasteur, with great emotion, "My dear child, I have loved science so well throughout my life that this makes my heart beat fast."

The World of Superstition that Pasteur Swept Away

Soon after this Pasteur was appointed assistant professor of chemistry at Strasbourg, where he enthusiastically carried on his investigations. So deeply devoted was he to his work that on the morning of his marriage he had to be called from an experiment in his laboratory and reminded that that was his wedding day. But his wife did not afterwards find him forgetful, and much of his later success was due to the happiness and harmony of his home.

We cannot follow the eager student through all his experiments, but we may jump to a point at which they become important to us all. He found that there existed in his solutions a living microbe which would devour the right-handed tartrates and leave the others alone, and this led him to the discovery that the fermentation of other fluids and substances is due to the action of living organisms. These organisms, he said, came from the air.

That seems a little thing today, but what a world of credulity and superstition it swept away! Up to that time men had believed in what they called spontaneous generation. They believed that life could suddenly come into being without cause.

Leave a vat of wine or beer, or a decoction made of hay, they said, and life would arise from it. Massed damp rags, or paper, or even a damp hayrick, will in due course produce fire from overheating, they said, and they argued that in the same way their brews would produce life. But Pasteur showed that life cannot arise anywhere unless life has preceded it. The microbes in the wine and milk did not proceed from nothing; they were the descendants of microbes like themselves, and reached the liquids from the air.

"Keep your air free from microbes, or keep the microbes from your vats," he said,

on the human body can be treated in the same way." And while Pasteur was applying his discovery to vinegar and wines and foodstuffs, the great Lord Lister applied it to the saving of human life, saying always, "I am but following in the footsteps of Pasteur."

If the fluttering heart of M. Biot beat fast when he first saw a left-handed tartrate, the heart of the world beat faster when it was seen what glorious results were to come from the discovery of Pasteur. From the Dark Ages onward men had been trying to find a sure way of curing wounds, and had not succeeded. They had been trying for hundreds of years



THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE IN PARIS, WITH THE STATUE SHOWN IN DETAIL ON PAGE 115

"and your milk and wine and beer will not turn sour." He proved his case, and caused a revolution in the manufacture of wines and vinegar, in the preservation of foods and so on.

But even that was trivial in comparison with the effect his discovery had elsewhere. Those who have read the life of Lord Lister remember what use he made of Pasteur's discovery, and how generously he told the world that he owed antiseptic surgery to the great Frenchman. "If," thought he, "milk and meat can be kept pure when microbes are excluded, then surely wounds

to prevent gangrene and corruption of wounded flesh, and had not succeeded.

The most extraordinary devices had been attempted. One of the greatest surgeons of the sixteenth century dressed his patients' wounds with boiling oil, and thought himself the happiest man on earth when, for a great sum of money, he secured another surgeon's secret for the same sort of case. The new remedy was to stew poppies in oil of lilies and apply the fluid to the wound! But millions of lives were thrown away because no one could keep an open wound free from

infection. Then Lord Lister, with a splendid flash of genius, saw that Pasteur's was the right way; he applied it, and won for himself the gratitude of the whole civilised world. Therefore, though Lord Lister was the father of antiseptic surgery—the surgery which enables doctors now to perform the most incredible operations formerly beyond the merciful art of the healer—Pasteur was the discoverer of the secret which placed this power at the service of Lister and the world at large. Surgeons had thought that the organisms producing gangrene in a wound existed in the wounds themselves, or grew there spontaneously. Pasteur proved that they could only come there from without, and so he began the revolution which, above all else, will keep his memory green as long as records of the human race remain.

Appointments in Lille and Paris came to Pasteur in due course, and when he was forty-five he had the satisfaction of becoming Professor of Chemistry at the Sorbonne, the scene of his happy youth of learning. But it is with his work rather than with his appointments that we are concerned.

The Great Industry that was Dying in France and How Pasteur Saved It

Two years before going as a professor to the Sorbonne he was entreated by his old master, Dumas, to investigate the subject of silkworm disease. The silk industry is of enormous importance to France and Italy, but an epidemic was raging among the silkworms in both lands. Silk manufacture had become almost extinct through this mysterious disease, and millions of dollars had been lost. So at last they called upon Pasteur, who, at the time he began his investigations, had never seen a silkworm!

He went to the places where the disease was at its worst, and worked through the entire cycle of the disease. He found it to proceed from a germ, which could be discovered, as a rule, but not always, in the egg. It was discovered with certainty, however, in the caterpillar and in the moth. It was extraordinarily infectious. If a healthy caterpillar walked over a leaf where an infected caterpillar had been, the healthy insect contracted the disease. Germs travelled on the wind to healthy caterpillars and killed them. A mere touch of a stricken caterpillar's claw would serve to infect its healthy brother. When Pasteur had worked out the whole story, he showed that infected moths would lay infected eggs, from which infected cater-

pillars would issue, but that healthy moths would produce sound eggs, from which untainted caterpillars would come. The infected moths, eggs, and caterpillars must be destroyed; the healthy ones alone should remain. Their feeding-places must be kept clean; every method of ensuring healthy conditions must be put into practice.

The plan was perfectly successful, and the man who up to that time had never seen a caterpillar of the silk-moth restored to France the silk industry, whose profits during his lifetime were more than the cost of her first war with Germany.

How Pasteur's Study of the Silkworm Brought a Revelation to the World

When this feat was accomplished, Pasteur was invited to undertake the cure of fowls attacked by cholera. The French had not only lost their silkworms, they were in danger of losing all their poultry, too. Pasteur had found that disease was communicated from one victim to another, as in the silkworms, by means of germs. This was a great revelation to the world. Armed with his knowledge of caterpillars, Pasteur felt confident that the same sort of thing was working havoc with the fowls, and that germs, spreading from infected birds, carried disease to healthy birds.

We must notice here an example of his thoroughness and brilliant originality. While experimenting as to the cause of another disease, he noted that, whereas certain animals died from the attacks of a certain parasite, birds escaped. What could this mean? Pasteur thought it must be due to difference in the temperature of animals and birds. The birds have the highest temperature of all living things. The bacillus which was fatal to the animals cannot live, or, at any rate, cannot multiply, in a high temperature, and the temperature of a bird's blood is too high for the microbe.

The Beginning of One of the Greatest Discoveries Ever Made

Pasteur proved this in a striking way. He took an ordinary fowl and put it into a cold bath—that is to say, he kept its feet in cold water until its temperature had been reduced. Then he inoculated it with the germ, and in twenty-four hours the bird was dead. Then he inoculated another chilled fowl in the same way, but, having done so, he put it into a warm covering of cotton-wool and placed it in a still lower temperature. The bird's natural warmth soon returned, and although, when the fowl was placed in cotton-wool, fever was raging in its veins, the parasite was soon

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rendered harmless with the return of warmth, and in a few hours the victorious fowl was restored to perfect health.

He succeeded in stamping out cholera among fowls, and then he was brought face to face with a horrible disease that begins with cattle and afterwards attacks man. It is known as anthrax or splenic fever, and it forms a memorable chapter in Pasteur's career and a notable sign-post on the path of human progress. For when Pasteur showed that anthrax is communicated by germs from one

it. He adopted the plan of Jenner, the man who introduced vaccination into England. Every microbe that invades our system must have certain properties upon which to feed, and when those properties are exhausted the parasites disappear, and leave us to recover if we can. But they make us ill, and when they have had their way they leave our systems exhausted of the substances upon which microbes live. Pasteur therefore determined to clear the systems of sheep and cattle by a gradual process of exhaustion, and to leave nothing



PASTEUR LOOKING THROUGH HIS MICROSCOPE AT THE UNSEEN WORKERS HE REVEALED TO THE WORLD

animal to another, or from an animal to a man, he showed for the first time that, although microbes do not spring to life from nothing in a wound, they do cause disease in man. Some day, as a great doctor has said, medical men of the future will ask a patient who is ill, "What is your microbe?" Nearly all our illnesses spring from the effects of microbes, from a cold in the head to the deadly pestilence which for hundreds of years made tropical lands uninhabitable by white men.

Pasteur not only found that anthrax is caused by a germ, but he found how to cure

upon which the microbes could seize. By a brilliant series of investigations he found out a method whereby the virus, after passing from animal to animal, and being exposed for a certain time to the air, can be fixed at known strengths. That done, he inoculated sheep and cattle with his virus, and the gentle doses gradually cleared the system of the food upon which the bacilli of anthrax lived.

To prove this, Pasteur first of all vaccinated 25 sheep, and placed with them 25 unvaccinated sheep. Fourteen days later the 50 sheep were all inoculated with the strongest

anthrax virus. Three days afterwards a host of scientists and farmers assembled to see the result. Of the 25 sheep which had not been protected, 21 were already dead, and the other four were dying; while the 25 sheep treated with mild virus were well. Similar results were reported of cows.

How Pasteur Gave the World the Safeguard Against a Terrible Disease

In that way Louis Pasteur gave to the world, without money and without price, the great safeguard against anthrax, one of the deadliest and most terrible of diseases. When we hear, as too frequently we do, of deaths from anthrax in the woollen manufacturing districts, we know that these deaths should not have occurred.

Now we come to the most romantic of all the wonderful episodes in the career of Pasteur—his work for the cure of rabies, a madness which attacks many flesh-eating animals, especially dogs. When the animal is rabid, it refuses to drink, it howls and barks day and night, and on breaking loose it runs madly about, biting every living thing it can overtake. And every person so bitten, unless he be germ-proof against rabies, becomes in turn mad, and dies in agony. That, at least, was the case until Pasteur took up the question. Pasteur had pondered this mysterious malady in dogs, and the first case upon which he was called to practise was one that has become world-famous. The patient is alive today to rejoice and tell the tale to a wondering nation, but the master who saved him is dead.

The Shepherd Boy who Met the Wild Wolf from the Mountains

About thirty years ago there came down from the mountains near Salins a wild, mad wolf, its eyes aflame, its jaws streaming with saliva and foam. Children were playing as the wolf appeared in sight, and the wild creature made straight for them. But near by was a gallant shepherd boy, Jean Baptiste Jupille, and, seeing the danger of the children, he rushed at the mad wolf and grappled with it. Grasping its foaming jaws with his naked hands, he twisted the thong of his whip about the brute's throat and strangled it. It is more like a page from a story-book than a bit of real life, but it is true as well.

And the end is just as romantic. In his struggle the boy was bitten through the hand by the wolf. Now, of all bad examples of hydrophobia—as rabies is called—that in the wolf is the worst. The boy seemed doomed to a terrible death. But there was a man in Paris to save him. Pasteur

had been experimenting, and had made a grand discovery. He had obtained the virus from mad dogs, had succeeded in weakening it, in fixing its strength, in using it as a vaccine; and the boy was hurried to him, was vaccinated, and was cured!

How could such a thing be? It takes the virus fourteen days to develop in the human system, and while the microbes were multiplying Pasteur was able to employ his own virus, as in the case of anthrax. While the deadly microbe was slowly making its way through the boy's system, the mild virus was quickly going about its work, harmlessly absorbing the very properties which the microbes from the wolf's jaws would require. The mild vaccine left a sort of wilderness for hydrophobia microbes behind it. There was no food for the untreated microbes, and they could not multiply. They died as a tree dies when it finds no food in the soil, or as a man dies for whom there is no oxygen in the air.

The Crowning Work of Pasteur's Life and How it Goes on Today

That was the beginning of the great campaign against rabies, and the result is that today we can cure people who have been bitten by mad dogs, we can prevent their being infected, and we can cure dogs or any other animal, if the case is taken in time. It was the crowning work of Pasteur's life. To enable him to carry it out on a large scale, a public appeal was made to build him a laboratory of his own. The Tsar of Russia sent \$20,000 to begin the fund, which quickly reached \$500,000, and today the Pasteur Institute is one of the most important places in the world. It is richly endowed, too, for a few years ago a rich banker, who had intended to leave his fortune for the building of a French warship, altered his mind, and, instead of bequeathing the money for a mighty engine of destruction, he left five million dollars for the work of life-saving at the Pasteur Institute.

The Pasteur Institute has now become a meeting-place for students of medicine and surgery from all lands. To all parts of the world travel the men who have been trained where Pasteur lived and worked and triumphed, and as each goes forth he becomes a centre of light and learning, a messenger of health and life to those who, but for the teaching of Pasteur and his successors, would be left to sicken and die in hopeless misery.

In England, too, there is a monument to Pasteur—one of the noblest monuments that any man, however great,

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could wish to leave behind him. Some years afterward, an institute, called the Pasteur Institute, was established in London to work in harmony with the institute in Paris. Its founder, Sir James Whitehead, was the first president of the London Institute; but when he saw that it needed a scientist at its head, he resigned. It has since been named the Lister Institute.

But it is not the old world alone that Pasteur's work has inspired. All medical schools in the United States and Canada, as well as many of the great hospitals, have research laboratories, and New York, in addition, has an institute named for Pasteur and the great Rockefeller Institute. In all these places, students work steadily on in search of the cause of disease, and seeking a way for its prevention even more than for its cure. The Panama Canal might not yet have been built if scientists had not found the deadly germ, carried by mosquitoes.

Pasteur, who lived to be the man most honoured in his nation, carried on his work under such tremendous mental pressure that he brought on an attack of paralysis; but his invincible will seemed to rise superior to ordinary ills, and it was after this attack that his greatest work was done. He died on September 28, 1895, and was buried in the grounds of the Pasteur Institute. The man who watches over his tomb, and over the institute of which

it is a part, is Jean Baptiste Jupille, the shepherd boy of other days, the first man to be saved by human aid from death by hydrophobia. And not only is Jupille there, but his statue is there too. It com-



THE BOY WHO MET THE WILD WOLF FROM THE MOUNTAINS
This statue is in front of the Pasteur Institute, where the boy is now caretaker. See page 111

memorates his brave act, and shows him, in his shepherd garb, grappling with the mad wolf that was about to attack the children. It is a fitting guardian of the gate of the temple in which the wonderful lamp of Pasteur burns brightly still.

GARIBALDI LEADS HIS THOUSAND HEROES



THE MAKER OF UNITED ITALY URGES ON HIS MEN

GARIBALDI, KING OF LIBERTY

THE BRAVE STRUGGLE FOR ITALIAN FREEDOM WHICH
WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN WHILE ROME STANDS

THE STORY OF A PLAIN MAN AND A THOUSAND HEROES

THE other day an old man appeared in the streets of London with a crowd of laughing people at his heels. He was a tall man and spare, but unbent by his years, his eyes still bright. People wondered why he should carry himself with such martial bearing, and why he should wear that curious faded cap, worn, frayed, and torn. They thought he was mad. But he did not mind their jests; he seemed glad that a mob gathered about him. Suddenly he stayed, and, turning to the people round him, said:

"You wonder why I wear this strange old cap. I wear it because it is the cap I wore when I served under Garibaldi for the liberation of Italy. I was one of Garibaldi's Thousand! I bring my old cap out and set it on my head, and expose myself to your wonder and laughter, that I may tell your young men that there is as great a need for them to rise to deeds of heroism now as when Garibaldi called for volunteers."

The effect of this little speech was wonderful. The crowd ceased to laugh. Men bared their heads before the veteran and pressed forward to shake hands with him. For today, as in the days long gone, the men who fought with Garibaldi are enrolled among the heroes. The remembrance of their deeds is still fresh in the minds of men, nor is it likely to fade away so long as Italy remains a united nation.

In the first half of the last century Europe was full of bullying tyrannies, and the blight of oppression strangled knowledge and crushed freedom and smothered conscience, fostered ignorance and cruelty and made widespread poverty. And Europe in those days produced a Hero, "the only hero in Europe" men called him then.

He was Garibaldi, the leader of the Thousand, the man who broke the sword and snapped the fetters which kept captive the most oppressed and miserable of all the peoples of Europe.

We cannot easily realise now that that people was Italy. Today Italy is a united nation, one of the Great Powers of Europe. She has a united population of over thirty-five million people, settled in one of the fairest lands in all the world; and nations which once oppressed her now court her for her favours. How different is all this from the conditions men still remember, and how much this Italy owes to Garibaldi, who set her free!

To understand his life-story, it is necessary to understand the story of the Italy that he redeemed. It would be pitiful to read of it if it were still existing; but, as it is one with the bad old days that have gone for ever, we may consider it with glad hearts, for it teaches us the golden difference between a people divided and enslaved and a people strong and free.

Italy, which once ruled the world, sank into helplessness when the Roman Empire was overrun by barbarians. She became the spoil of successive waves of invaders. Goths, Lombards, Franks, and finally Germans ravaged and ruled the land; for centuries after the fall of Rome this fair part of the world was prostrate in the dust. Then the people gathered themselves together into cities. Callous nobles ruled the country, but a sort of freedom was enjoyed in these fortified places, and in them there came about that rebirth of learning and art and science which the world has not since seen equalled. The cities became little republics, and allied themselves with other cities—Florence, Genoa, Pisa, Venice were among them. They were the wonderlands of the earth when other capitals of Europe were still the homes of ignorance and squalor. Italy's cities taught the world.

But the growing needs for defence and safety caused them to call to their aid men who could command the use of hired soldiers, and these men, from being the servants of the

GARIBALDI, KING OF LIBERTY

community, gradually became the masters. At length Spain, France, the Germans, even the hated Turks, strode masterfully over the land. Misery and subjection again crippled the people, and when Napoleon marched his army over the Alps he found the tortured country divided among many rulers. There was a cruel Spanish Bourbon on the throne of Naples; the Pope was ruling Rome and the country round about; and, in addition to a few miserable little republics, there were numerous areas ruled by petty dukes. The

Austrian rulers, often tyrants, had possession of Lombardy. Then Napoleon came, swept away the other despots, and made himself King of Italy. After his fall, the rulers of Europe assembled at the Congress of Vienna, threw Italy afresh to her old rulers, and, to make matters worse, added Venice to the territories of the Austrians. So the condition of Italy was, after all, worse than before. The Powers imposed upon her perhaps the most hated of all men in the brutal King of Naples,

who governed by sword, gun, spies, and the scaffold, refused his people the faintest shadow of self-government, deliberately prevented them from gaining education, and, generally, did all that a despot could do to prevent human beings from rising above the level of the beasts of the field. It is wonderful that the heart of Italy did not die within her.

And then Garibaldi was born—not in a court or a castle, but in a lowly house at Nice, on July 4, 1807. His father was the owner of a little trading vessel, an honest seaman; his mother was a God-fearing

woman who, because her son Giuseppe—or Joseph—was such a handsome, affectionate, and clever boy, decided that he should be a priest. But, instead of falling in with his mother's plans, young Garibaldi would steal away to the sea and get sailor friends to take him out in their boats, teach him to swim, and make him a sailor.

He learned algebra, geometry, astronomy, geography, and commercial law, and acquired a general culture which his school did not afford, reading hard from his earliest days. When he was fourteen he was taken

on board his father's little ship, and, passing through all the grades, from cabin-boy upwards, he became, during the next eleven years, a fully qualified captain. As he grew up he studied the history of his country and formed a passionate desire to free her from bondage. There were many others who had the same ambition; they were called the Young Italy party, and they sought, by political or military means, to snap the fetters which bound their natiueland.

But, although

there were men of heroism and genius among the politicians, and men of daring and passionate devotion among those who looked to the sword for their salvation, there was not one who combined the fine qualities of Garibaldi. There was Cavour, the apostle of freedom in the Parliament of Piedmont and Sardinia; there was Mazzini, the thinker of freedom; there was Panizzi, the exiled enthusiast; there was Manin, the hero of Venice; there was Nino Bixio, the fire-eating little soldier; there was Sirtori, the priest turned philosopher and soldier;



GARIBALDI. MAKER OF UNITED ITALY

GARIBALDI, KING OF LIBERTY

there were all these and many others striding in those breathless days into the pages of immortal history.

But there was only one Garibaldi. He was the man of an age, of a century. He was handsome, of middle height, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, of powerful athletic build, with glossy chestnut hair flowing back from a noble forehead, with light brown eyes that had volcano fires glowing in their depths. There was poetry in his nature and music in his voice. To say that he had a great intellect would be untrue, but he had genius. He was born a king of men. Kings and princes, nobles and warriors, all received him as their equal.

He was the sword and the soul of Italy, perhaps the bravest man she had ever produced, and the most inspiring. He had only one idea in life—the unity of Italy, and he began his mission as a young man of 26, when, in order to win over officers and seamen, he entered the navy of Piedmont and Sardinia, and sought to foment a rising in favour of a republic which he hoped to see established. It is curious that he should have begun here, and

that Genoa should have been marked as the scene of the rising, for the kingdom of Sardinia and Piedmont was the only part of the land not hopelessly down-trodden. Let us understand more clearly this perplexing matter of Piedmont and Sardinia.

What is now the French province of Savoy was then part of Italy. Its dukes became kings of Sicily, but they exchanged Sicily for Sardinia, and remained princes of Piedmont and kings of Sardinia. It is from this house that the present King of united Italy descends. But in those days Garibaldi

wished for a republic, and he set to work with others, in the navy and in Genoa, which belonged to Sardinia, to create a rebellion. Going on shore one morning in 1834 to see how things were progressing, he heard a voice whispering, "Fly! All is discovered!" He did fly. Exchanging his uniform for a peasant's, he hurried by quiet ways to his home at Nice, and, travelling to Marseilles, saw a paper in which appeared a notice sentencing him to death as a bandit. That was Garibaldi's introduction to public life. When he first saw the King of Sardinia he went with the sword of the liberator in his hand, and

found his king the very man who, fifteen years before, had passed sentence of death upon him!

Garibaldi had now to flee to America, where he had thrilling and romantic adventures in the South American republics. These alone would make a book of surpassing interest, but his importance to us is in relation to Italy. He took service with small Powers against tyrants, and won renown as a naval commander and a leader of soldiers. He beat big squadrons with small ones,



VICTOR EMMANUEL. FIRST KING OF UNITED ITALY

he led forlorn hopes with success; when ordered to sack cities and slay prisoners he refused to do so, but behaved with humanity and chivalry. He was taken prisoner and placed on the rack; he wandered in trackless forests. All that he did increased his reputation as a fighter, as a champion of lost causes, as a true and perfect gentleman. In Brazil he met and loved a beautiful creole, Anita Riveira de Silva, whom he married. In all his campaigns and battles, through triumphs and adversities, she accompanied him,

GARIBALDI, KING OF LIBERTY

During these thrilling years Garibaldi got together a legion of Italians in South America—chivalrous men, fighting with him for the little peoples. But all the time he and they were thinking of their beloved Italy. They knew, as he knew, that Time would bring a day when they might strike a blow for their Fatherland; and the day did come. It came in 1848, the year when half Europe rose up in revolution against bad kings. So, with 85 companions and two small cannon, Garibaldi returned to his native Italy, and in June, 1848, reached Nice. His fame had travelled in advance, from the New World back to the Old, and he was rapturously received at his birthplace. Garibaldi hurried on to the headquarters of the king who had sentenced him to death, but was coldly received, and it was only with difficulty that he found places for himself and comrades in the little army of Lombardy which, helped by Sardinia, was fighting to shake off the Austrian yoke.

But the military power of the Austrian ruler was too great, and the Lombardian army was shattered; yet Garibaldi and his little force fought their way to safety. The king, having failed in Lombardy, was naturally anxious to preserve Piedmont, so he concluded peace with Austria. Garibaldi was wrath with him for this, and issued a proclama-

tion declaring the king a traitor, adding that the "royal war was now at an end, and that of the people must begin." He made one or two brave fights against great odds, but his forces were gradually broken up, and he had to seek retirement.

Then an amazing thing happened in Rome, where the Pope was ruler. The people rose against the Pope, and he had to flee. Rome declared itself a republic, and Garibaldi rushed to help to defend her against the forces of Naples, and against the army sent from France by Napoleon III. He defeated the Neapolitans, and inflicted heavy losses on the French, but the French besieged the city with artillery and defeated it after stern battles.

When all was lost, Garibaldi and his comrades quitted the city rather than lay down their arms to a conqueror. Brave Anita was with him as he fled. Though seriously ill at the time, she cut off her hair and put on a boy's clothing and rode side by side with him. A gallant Englishman, Colonel Forbes, joined them with a few hundred volunteers, and they made their way into the mountains, where they were pursued by a body of troops. While Garibaldi was absent for a little time the troops attacked his forces, and, though Anita and Colonel Forbes did all they could to stay the



GARIBALDI AFTER THE WAR—ON THE ISLAND OF CAPRERA WHERE HE ENDED HIS DAYS



THE HOUSE IN WHICH GARIBALDI WAS BORN AT NICE

THE MAN WHO LED ITALY TO UNITY & FREEDOM



GARIBALDI IN HIS TENT AFTER A BATTLE

GARIBALDI, KING OF LIBERTY

attack, the ill-fed, ill-armed volunteers faded away, and Garibaldi, on returning, dismissed the rest. Those who refused to go accompanied him to the coast, and they set out in thirteen small boats for Venice, which was then being valiantly held by Manin against the Austrians.

It was a lovely moonlight night as the fugitives approached Venice, but the moon betrayed them to the Austrian warships, battering away at the city, and all but four of the boats were captured or sunk. Garibaldi escaped, carrying the devoted Anita, who was by this time in a dying condition. She died soon after they reached the village

resolution, declaring that the decree of expulsion was a violation of the principle of nationality and of Italian glory.

After many romantic wanderings Garibaldi found himself again in America, where he worked on Staten Island, now part of the City of New York. The man who was to kindle a great light in Europe was now earning his living as a candle-maker in America! Happily, an Italian friend found him out and gave him command of a little trading ship, in which he sailed to various parts of the world. One of his voyages brought him to London, where he met Mazzini, who told him of dreadful things being



GARIBALDI LOOKS DOWN ON THE ETERNAL CITY—THE FINE MONUMENT ON THE JANICULUM HILL IN ROME

of La Mandriola, near Ravenna, and passed out of the life of her hero in the darkest hour of his distress. All who love a lover and honour a good and faithful wife reverence the memory of Anita, whose children's children are living still, with her brave blood and Garibaldi's running unsullied in their veins. The sons have shown themselves ready to fight and die for their country.

Garibaldi was now a hunted criminal, with a price upon his head. Piedmont could not shelter him, for he was declared a dangerous man, and was warned to leave, though the Sardinian Parliament passed a noble

done by the Austrians in Italy. Garibaldi made friends in London, and when, on a later voyage, he went to Newcastle in his grimy little vessel to get a cargo of coal, the working people of that northern city honoured him as if he were a king, and presented him with a sword of honour, bought by the pennies of hundreds of workmen.

"Each penny," he was told, "represents a heart that beats true to European freedom." Garibaldi responded in excellent English, in a charming little speech full of prophecy, declaring that "Italy will one day be a nation." It was a charming

GARIBALDI, KING OF LIBERTY

incident, honourable to Garibaldi and to the freedom-loving sons of toil in the hardy North of England.

Although Piedmont dared not openly shelter Garibaldi, for fear of Austria, it was the one spot in Italy—with Sardinia—in

him \$7000, with which, added to his savings, he bought half the wild and lovely island of Caprera, off the northern extremity of Sardinia. There, with his children, he built a little single-storey house, and devoted himself to farming.



LORD TENNYSON WELCOMES GARIBALDI TO HIS HOME IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT

which freedom still existed, and the wanderer's heart yearned towards it as towards home. There, at last, he returned in 1854, and saw the gallant Sardinians bravely fighting in the stupid Crimean War. A year after his return his brother died and left

But great events were coming. The King of Sardinia and Piedmont had become friendly with France, and Napoleon III. promised that if Sardinia were attacked by Austria he would go to war to help the little State. Austria did, in her usual

GARIBALDI, KING OF LIBERTY

unexpected way, make war on Sardinia. The Franco-Austrian War was the outcome, and the big Austrian army was beaten by the small force. She had to give up Lombardy, which was handed over by France to Sardinia. France, however, took Savoy and Nice, so that Garibaldi, in his frenzy of grief, declared that he was now a foreigner in his own birthplace. He never forgave this, but he still strove for Italian unity,

off the detested Bourbon rule for ever. They called Garibaldi to their aid, and the strangest picture was now presented to Europe. Garibaldi did not then want a republic; he realised that unity could come to Italy only under the rule of the King of Sardinia, whom he meant to make King of Italy. So he raised the banner for freedom in the name of Victor Emmanuel, much to the alarm of that king and his

clever Minister, Cavour. These two had to pretend to discourage the movement, so that, if it failed, they could declare themselves guiltless. But they had, on the other hand, secretly to encourage it, so that if it succeeded all might be well for the New Italy.

The turning point in Garibaldi's life had now come. At Genoa he formed his immortal legion of the Thousand Heroes. The men of the Thousand came to him from all parts, every one of them a passionate lover of Italy. Most of them were workmen, but there were also 150 lawyers, 100 doctors (who fought during the day and tended the wounded by night), 100 merchants, 50 engineers, 20 chemists, 30 ship captains, ten painters or sculptors, three ex-priests, one lady, and men of private means, authors, journalists, and small

tradesmen, such as barbers and cobblers.

They sailed away in two little steamers from Genoa. The ships had been bought, but the volunteers had to pretend to seize them like pirates at dead of night. They went off without ammunition, and had to take some, in the king's name, from a fort. Chance still favoured them marvellously. They were regarded as pirates by Russia, France, Prussia, and Austria, and would



THE TRUMPET BLAST OF A FREE ITALY FROM THE PEDESTAL OF THE GARIBALDI MONUMENT IN ROME

and his heart leapt for joy when a number of tyrannical dukes were turned from their thrones and their dukedoms voted themselves into the new kingdom of Sardinia, ruled by Victor Emmanuel. Greater things still were to follow.

There had been a rising in Sicily in 1848 which had been cruelly repressed by the savage King of Naples, and in 1860 the people of Sicily steeled themselves to throw

GARIBALDI, KING OF LIBERTY

have been treated as such had they been caught. Just before they steamed into the harbour of Marsala two warships of Naples had steamed out, and 20,000 armed men had been sent away to another part of the island, and fortunately the raiders got into harbour and landed before the warships could return.

In the islands were thousands upon thousands of troops of various nationalities, all under the Government of Naples, and Garibaldi had to attack these in strongly fortified cities. He had only just over a thousand men, with very little ammunition and only the worst of muskets. But his generalship was marvellous. He stormed a mountain position and put an army to flight, but the issue was so left that his way to Palermo—the first place of importance—seemed hopelessly barred. Perhaps no man on earth save Garibaldi would have attempted to advance, but he sent a small part of his force in one direction, and followed with the rest, taking a winding mountain path in sight of the enemy. The enemy followed, thinking he was making for a village lying far from Palermo; but at dead of night, leaving the small advance guard to lure the enemy on, Garibaldi doubled back by a secret path, and, after a tremendous climb which tore his men's clothes and boots to pieces, succeeded in reaching Palermo. The Thousand Heroes, supported by a rabble of irresolute peasants, fought their way in by the only undefended gate, and there followed terrible street battles, in which the people helped. Chance again fought for Garibaldi. There were about 24,000 regular troops in the city,

with abundant arms, and a fleet lying in the harbour, but the troops were badly handled by the Naples generals, so that the ships at sea bombarded the city in vain. The Thousand raised barricades and fought like demons, but their ammunition became exhausted, and the hour for death seemed near. At that very time the governor of the city sent a messenger to Garibaldi, and a truce was agreed upon.



ITALY AGAINST HER FOES—A GROUP FROM THE BASE OF THE GARIBALDI MONUMENT ON A HILL ABOVE ROME

Terms were discussed, and the upshot was that Garibaldi's boldness so deceived his enemies that they marched out, leaving the city to him! They had been beaten, a mighty armed force, by a rabble of almost unarmed heroes. Palermo, capital of Sicily, had been won by this marvellous man and his few comrades against an army and a fleet!

Within three months all Sicily was free. Volunteers poured in in thousands, men,

GARIBALDI, KING OF LIBERTY

money, and arms, and Garibaldi used them all well. But he counted far more than his army. He was its inspirer, general, leader, and its very soul. Some feared him as more than earthly, but all adored him as one of the greatest of men. When all Sicily had been reduced, Garibaldi crossed to the mainland, and rode, far in advance

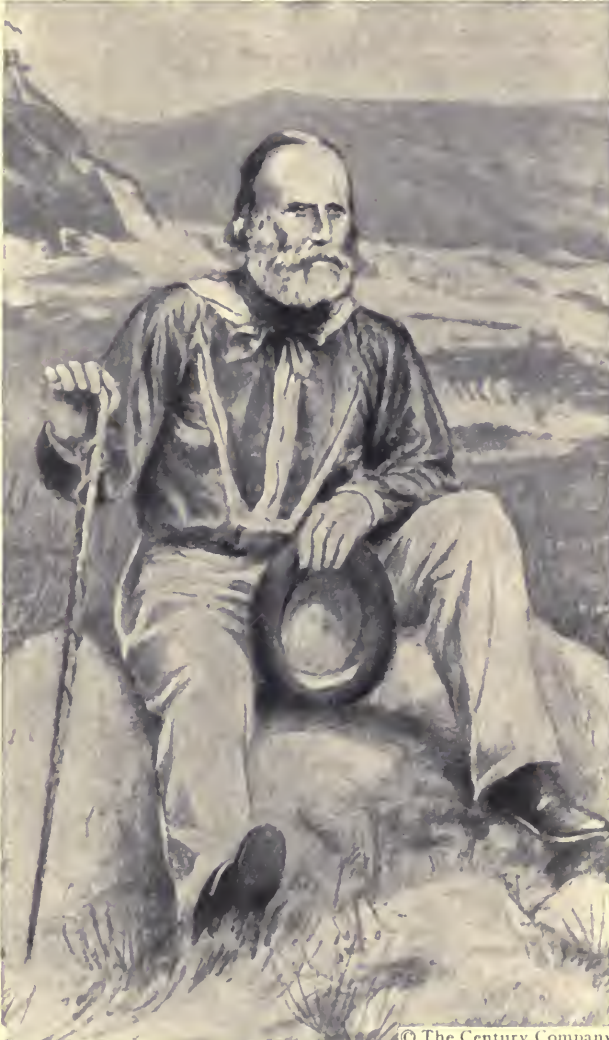
beat. With Italy united and a nation at last, Garibaldi turned his thoughts to the affairs of other oppressed nations. He did rash things in his later years, and brought himself to poverty. The Italian Parliament voted him \$200,000 and an annual pension of \$10,000 a year, and he declined both, but he accepted from affectionate admirers a gift

which released him from poverty, and he accepted also from English admirers the gift of that half of his island which he had been unable to buy.

Before the end came he visited London, where he was the hero of the hour. He was unspoiled, untouched by flattery. As leader of the Thousand he always wore a plain garb, grey trousers, and a red shirt—the Garibaldi shirt which has since become familiar all over the world. He kept to his old style of garb in London, where the highest in the land were proud to do him honour.

Garibaldi suffered from disease and the effects of wounds in his old age, but whenever he was able to ap-

pear in public he was received with honours greater and more touching than any accorded to a sovereign. His work had been well and nobly done, and he passed away in complete happiness at his little home in Caprera on June 2, 1882. He was universally mourned, and the dirge of the weeping women of Italy, "Dead is Garibaldi; my beauteous one is dead," re-echoed through the world.



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FAR BEYOND THE SOUND OF THOSE HE FOUGHT FOR—
GARIBALDI ON HIS FARM AT CAPRERA

It is impossible to follow Garibaldi through all the rôles he played in these great scenes, for his life is woven into a large part of the history of Europe. In 1870 he gathered a band of volunteers, with which he fought against the Germans on behalf of France, and, although his part was not a great one, it is true that he was the only general on the French side whom the Germans did not



William Morris boating on the Seine with two friends, on the day they thought out his palace of art

WILLIAM MORRIS

THE POET WHO MADE HOME BEAUTIFUL

IT was spring-cleaning time, a period in household affairs which, with all its anxieties and worries, seems specially to delight ladies. While one lady and those about her looked over some patterns of beautiful wall-papers which a decorator had sent in, there was a general chorus in praise of the artistic designs before them.

The friends wondered how it was that in earlier years people everywhere had been content with such hideous wall-papers and so much ugliness in many departments of their homes. They talked of the growth of the love of beautiful things, of the long, slow growth of the feeling that things that are useful need not therefore be ugly. As they were thus thinking, it came back to their minds that the renewal of love of beauty in our homes is due very largely to one man and that man a poet, William Morris.

"Tell the readers of the book you are preparing what we all owe to Morris for making our homes beautiful," said one, and here is the story.

William Morris was born at Walthamstow, Essex, on March 24, 1834, and the sixty-two years which his life lasted were as crowded with work for the benefit of his fellows as a life could be. His father was engaged in the London money market, and from him the son inherited, no doubt, his instinct for business. His mother came of a musical family, and Morris

owed to her his inbred love of art. He was a clever child, and read at so early an age that, as he used to say, he could not remember the time when he could not read. But he was not one of those alarming children who are so clever as to make all their little friends afraid of them.

He passed a delightful boyhood. He had the run of Epping Forest, near which was his father's home, and the boy knew every flower and tree, and every living thing of the forest. After a certain amount of study at a private school, he went to Marlborough College, where he showed by his reading and studies a love for the picturesque old time of the Middle Ages. He loved the old poetry, the old art, and the old spirit of Elizabeth's time. He became deeply interested in architecture, especially in Gothic architecture, which he loved with a great love. This was increased when he went up to Oxford University, and there met Burne-Jones, who was to become a great artist.

At this time Morris loved art for its own sake, as an influence for good and beauty in life, but he had no thought of following it as a profession. Instead, he had made up his mind to become a clergyman. But a tour abroad, in which he saw the things of which he had been reading and dreaming, the grand

old architecture of the days in which his spirit lived, made him give up the idea of the Church as his calling. He now determined that he would be an architect; and became an artful pupil of a well-known architect of the time. The chief clerk in the firm, an excellent man named Philip Webb, became Morris's life-long friend, and the friendship was of importance in the career of Morris. About a year after his return to London, Morris was joined by his friend Burne-Jones. The artist soon persuaded Morris that he, too, must become a painter, and as the calling of the painter was one dear to Morris, we need not be greatly surprised that he yielded to the advice of his friend, abandoned architecture, and took to painting.

It is very fortunate that Morris did not lack money, or he would never have been able to afford these changes of opinion as to his career; and English literature and the beauty of English homes would have lost one of their most important factors. While he was halting between professions, Morris took up his pen and composed his first volume of poems. He became still more closely associated with Burne-Jones, and these two, with other artist friends, carried out some important decorative work at Oxford University. This work brought Morris in contact with a young lady named Jane Burden, whom, when he was twenty-five years of age, Morris had the happiness to make his wife.

Before the marriage, Morris went with his friends Webb and Faulkner to Paris, and while they were rowing down the Seine he told them of his forthcoming wedding, and of his desire to have a beautiful home to which to lead his bride. "I want a small palace of art of my own," he said. The two friends encouraged the idea, and Mr. Webb agreed to share the task of making such a home. When they got back to England, they searched far and near for a suitable site. They found at last the very spot desired, at Upton, which has now become Bexley, two miles from Dartford, in the delightful county

of Kent. Here Morris, with the assistance of his friend Webb, built his house.

It is more than fifty years since the work was begun, and at that time English architecture, particularly as regards houses, had sunk to its lowest ebb. Morris declared that the average English house was simply a square stucco box with a slate lid. He determined to have a house of handsome red brick. It was not quite a new idea, but, rather, a charming old idea revived. Of red brick, then, he made his house, and he was so pleased with it that he called it the Red House, and by that name it is still known and has become famous. Beautiful as it was, the house was not perfect. Morris so loved trees that he would have none cut down, so they had to build the house to suit the situation. The consequence was that some of the best rooms faced the wrong way, and did not catch enough sun to please the poet's taste.

When the interior decorations and furniture were being planned, Morris found that the things that he wanted could not be supplied. The builders and cabinet-makers, the ironmongers and others, offered articles which were hateful in the eyes of the artist-poet. Things which had answered for the needs of their fathers and

grandfathers, thought the builders and manufacturers, were surely good enough for their own generation. And when Morris wanted wall-paper which should be a joy to the eye, and not simply a cloak for hideous brick and plaster, he could not get it.

The next thing to do, then, was to get things specially made. Morris set to work and designed furniture to suit his plan. Some he took from the London house which he and Burne-Jones had rented from Rossetti, the poet-painter. There were some huge chairs here which Morris had designed, and a famous settle. The latter, when taken to the London house, was found to be so huge that it filled one-third of the entire room. Rossetti painted some panels for it. The settle was taken down to the Red House, and is there



WILLIAM MORRIS

From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer

now, but not the panels. For his hall at the Red House, Morris designed a huge piece of furniture, which was clothes-press and seat combined. Rossetti went down and began some paintings on this, but left it unfinished, and so it remains to this day. A handsome side-board for the dining-room, designed by Morris, remains also. The house was finally ready for occupation in the autumn of 1860, but it was not until the following spring that Morris led his bride home.

In the meantime, other needs of the home had brought about a strange development. In addition to artistic wall-papers, Morris needed these also were beyond his reach. Now, if he could not get them for the little domestic temple of art that he was building, neither could anybody else in England get them. So he gradually evolved a scheme.

That scheme was neither more nor less than the founding of a big business for supplying the things which he had been unable to get through the ordinary trade channels. Fancy a

poet as a wall-paper manufacturer, a poet as manufacturer of tiles, of brass-work, of tapestry, and so forth! Does it not almost make the mind reel? But there was no false pride in Morris. He saw that if he wanted beautiful things he himself must make them.

The firm was started in 1861. The partners were Morris, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Webb, C. J. Faulkner, an Oxford friend who was in sympathy with their views; Madox



THE FRONT DOOR AT RED HOUSE with the motto in Latin: "Thy exit and thy entrance"



STAINED GLASS WINDOW with French motto in alternate panes: "If I can"



THE RED HOUSE AT BEXLEY, KENT The beautiful home that Morris built for himself

shall, a friend of Brown. The firm existed to design beautiful buildings, and to beautify buildings which were already in existence. They decorated churches with things of their own manufacture. They made fine stained glass, handsome wall-hangings of tapestry and paper, embroideries, jewellery, printed cottons, carpets, silk damasks, tiles, furniture, metal-work, and many other things. Need we wonder that the venture created surprise? Everybody was amazed when the work of the firm was exhibited, and soon the little band of artist-craftsmen were

busily employed. We cannot at this date imagine what a change their work has wrought in our daily lives. Builders and architects were slowly brought to realise that ugliness, hideous little meannesses of style, and all that goes to dwarf the mind and fret the spirit were not, after all, really bound to be shown in the planning and decoration of our homes. Men with money were taught that richness and splendour can be attained in the home without vulgarity and undue display of wealth.

Here was a campaign against a form of misery which he alone had recognised. A flower must have light and sunshine in which to grow to perfection and beauty; and Morris realised that men and women and their children must have beauty around them, or they must become stunted and dwarfed in mind unless they, too, had sweetness and light and uplifting influences about them. He worked at this plan with all his

energies for several years. A severe illness brought a crisis. He could not carry on his work from the beautiful home in Kent which he had built. Either he must give up his home or give up his business. It was a severe struggle to decide. It was this pretty home which had given birth to the whole enterprise in which he was engaged. But the work must not stand still; everything must be sacrificed to that.

THE POET'S WORKSHOP

So Morris, who loved the country, gave up his home and went to live in London—in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, where his workshops were. A poet in the workshop! Well, he might be in a worse place, seeing that from that workshop was springing an influence which was re-making England in an artistic sense, and spreading its beautiful effects from England into every land.

The famous firm of artists lasted twelve years, and then came to an end. It had done its work, and left behind an influence which can never be lost. It taught artists that it is not for them to stop at loving the beautiful in the common circumstances of life; it taught them that there is a call upon them to share actively in the creation of beauty in material things, as well as by brush and pen. That influence is not lost. G. F. Watts, one of the greatest of English artists, started a little pottery manufactory in a lovely village in Surrey, and even after his death the work went on under the loving superintendence of his widow. At Compton, Surrey, hard by the famous Hog's Back, is a marvellous little gallery in which are stored some of Watts's finest pictures, which all who will may see. And around the gallery are the sheds of the artist-craftsmen who produce the pottery whose beautiful forms the artist-painter delighted to see. Clearly this was an after-effect of the influence of the firm Morris created.

HE MAKES NEW VENTURES

Even while he was producing wall-paper and tiles and other works of art for the cottage and the palace, Morris's restless mind turned to printing and bookbinding. He started a firm of his own, and called it the Kelmscott Press. Here he produced beautiful illuminated manuscripts and glorious editions of the finest poets, printed and bound as English books had never been printed or bound before.

In the intervals between his business enterprises, Morris wrote tales and sketches and poems which give him for ever a high place in the gallery of English men of letters. Strange contrasts made up his life. At one time he would be dividing his time between a great poem and the mysteries of paper-staining, or between some delightful narrative and the art of dyeing silks and wools and other fabrics, or the weaving of carpets. Into all these industries he entered with enthusiasm, and the work of the poet left an effect on each of these trades which has never passed away. While his love was divided between tiles and wall-papers and carpets on the one hand, and poetry and letters on the other, Oxford University was clamouring for him to go down and act as her professor of poetry. Yet he found time to take part in public affairs, and his political life led him to a passionate advocacy of the rights of the people. We find his political faith poetically expressed in one of his books.

A POET'S DREAM OF RURAL ENGLAND

This book is called "News from Nowhere," and is a tale of an imaginary adventure of a man who goes to sleep for a great number of years and wakes up to find a new London and a new England. Parliament has gone, laws have gone, property has gone, everybody is free from law, nobody has any property, but all property belongs to everybody. Commerce is dead, everybody works at what he or she chooses; all is sunshine and happiness; nobody does wrong, everybody is good and kind, there is no poverty, no suffering. It is a poet's dream of a rustic England without factories or police or members of Parliament or prisons—a picture of happiness and content which could never, never be.

It is only a fancy sketch, of course, though we read it with breathless interest to discover how it will all work out. But in it we see the man's love of his fellows. The whole thing is impossible, of course; it is not even desirable. But we all love the book for the sake of the love which its author had for his fellow-men. There is not space to consider the work of Morris as poet—that will come to us in other forms and remain a delight to us all our days. Here we have been studying this wonderful man simply in his relation to his motherland as a maker of beauty and goodness in the lives of the humble as well as of the rich.

INSIDE WILLIAM MORRIS'S PALACE OF ART



THE HALL AND STAIRCASE



THE DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE



A SETTLE PAINTED BY ROSSETTI



THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE GARDEN

HOW SCOTLAND'S HEROES MET ON LONDON BRIDGE



ROBERT BRUCE, STOPPING ON LONDON BRIDGE, LOOKS UP AND SEES THE HEAD OF HIS HERO THERE William Wallace, the national hero of Scotland, was savagely executed by the English king, and his head set up on London Bridge. Here Robert Bruce came by, and nothing gave him so much grief, or fired him with such determination to free his country from the English yoke, as the sad sight of the head of his hero among those of criminals and traitors.

THE KING WHO TRIED AGAIN

HOW ROBERT BRUCE CLIMBED FROM A BED OF STRAW TO A THRONE, AND DROVE THE ENGLISH ARMY BACK FROM BANNOCKBURN

A GIANT OF STRENGTH WHO LOVED JUSTICE AND MERCY

A LITTLE spider hangs by a strand of web, dangling from a dusty beam in a dismal room. It swings weakly backwards and forwards, trying to reach the next beam. If it can reach that beam it will be able to fix the web to it, and so lay a cable in the air on which to hang its house.

Well, spiders are doing this sort of thing every day, and have been doing it ever since men first put up beams—why should we notice this one? Because a big, powerful man lies there watching it, lies there uneasily, on a rough heap of straw, fascinated by the swinging spider. He counts the number of swings the little spider makes—one, two, three, four—each without success. “Well, I have been beaten four times myself,” says the man. But the spider does not give in. “Will she do it?” the man wonders. Again and again the spider throws itself towards the beam, and, at last, the seventh effort brings her there. The spider reaches the beam, grips it firmly, fixes its web, and is rewarded; it has at once a cable along which to run and a foundation for its work.

The big man rises from his straw and declares that, though he has four times failed, he will take this lesson from the spider; he will try again, and again, and again. He leaves his bed of straw and goes out in secret to call to his side one or two faithful followers hiding near, and they vow together that they will try again.

Now, the man who lay on the straw watching the spider was Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, and the vow the brave spider encouraged him to take was a pledge to strive afresh for the crown of Scotland, which he had won and lost.

To whom had Bruce lost his crown? To the King of England, the greatest as well as one of the most unscrupulous of the Plantagenet line of English kings, Edward I. Of course, it seems strange today to think of Scotland under one king and England under another, but

we are thinking now of six centuries ago. As England had once been governed by seven kings, so the rest of the kingdom—Scotland, Wales, and Ireland—were governed each by its own sovereign, and it was Edward I. who first sought to get all the power into his own hands. To understand how all this happened, we must leave the unhappy king with the spider for a while, and turn back to what had happened before.

The Bruces were a Norman family who came over with William the Conqueror, and were rewarded for their services with ninety-one manors—some 40,000 acres of land—all in England. The next generation of the family reached Scotland, where the second Robert Bruce—the eldest son was always called by this name—was given a part of Scotland called Annandale, including nearly the whole of Dumbartonshire. The fourth Robert Bruce married a niece of William the Lion, King of Scotland, and became one of the great barons of the land. The sixth, King Robert's grandfather, was an indirect heir to the throne, and the king, Alexander II., sent for him one day, and told him that he should be the next sovereign. But after that Alexander had a son, who, as Alexander III., proved one of the best and wisest kings that Scotland ever had.

The disappointed Bruce bore this reverse nobly, and, passing his time as much in England as in Scotland, became the first Chief Justice of England. But the unexpected death of Alexander III. reopened the question of the succession to the throne, and that brings us to the turning-point in this strange story. It became a question with Scotland, “Under which king?” for there was a second claimant to the throne in the person of John Baliol, after whose father the famous college at Oxford is named. The Baliols were a notable Norman family of warriors, scholars, and builders.

Now, the John Baliol of Robert Bruce's time was the son of a descendant

THE KING WHO TRIED AGAIN

of David I. of Scotland, and it was not easy to decide whether he or Robert Bruce should be king. So it was decided to refer the question to Edward I. of England. In doing so they are said to have regarded him as their overlord, but what they really meant was simply to have him as their umpire. Edward, who was a cunning man, decided that he would have the land for himself, but would put a puppet on the throne; and so he chose Baliol, who was the weaker of

of Scotland, was born on July 2, 1274, and was eighteen when Edward decided against his grandfather, the sixth Robert.

Baliol soon found that his position was simply a mockery, that he was merely the tool of the English king, and at last he rebelled, and war broke out between England and Scotland. The masterful Edward marched with an army to Scotland, de-throned Baliol, sent him prisoner to Eng-land, and carried off the famous Coronation

Stone from its ancient place at Scone. That is the stone which is placed in the Coronation Chair at Westminster Abbey to this day, and it is said by legend—though of course it is not true—to have been the stone upon which Jacob laid his head on the night he dreamed of a ladder to heaven.

In the fighting the two Bruces, father and son, sided at first with King Edward, but then arose the patriot Sir William Wallace, of whom Burns's poem tells us, a great warrior who overran the land, and for a time was so successful against the English that he became "Guardian of Scotland." He was defeated, after many brilliant successes, in a great battle at Falkirk, was captured, sent to London as a traitor—which he certainly was not—and executed with horrible cruelty. Bruce was inspired by Wallace, and fought under his banner, and when defeat came he was made to give up his little daughter Margaret—for he was



WHAT FIGHTING WAS LIKE IN THE DAYS OF ROBERT BRUCE

the two claimants, making him king in name, but in reality regarding him as a subject of his own. This, of course, put an end for the time being to the claims of the house of Bruce. The sixth Robert Bruce handed on his claims to the seventh Robert, and the seventh Robert passed them on to his son, the man who lay on the straw watching the persevering spider.

It was now nearly the end of the thirteenth century. Robert Bruce, the liberator

by this time married and a father—as a hostage for his good behaviour. Edward feared to execute Bruce, wishing by cunning and a pretence of forgiveness to attach him again to his side. For some time Bruce kept the peace, but his heart burned within him, and he quietly entered into a solemn compact with other nobles never to rest until Scotland should be freed from the English yoke. However, he once attended Edward's Parliament in London, where he

THE KING WHO TRIED AGAIN

saw a sight that must have almost maddened him with grief and shame. At Westminster he saw Scotland's dearest relic, her Coronation Stone, and on a hideous gibbet on London Bridge the head of his old leader, the great patriot Wallace.

The execution of Wallace was simply murder by law. He was not a traitor to the King of Scotland; he was an enemy of an English king who was seeking by brutal and unlawful conquest to be the Scottish king. Wallace, in all his wonderful battles, never fought in his own name. He was the greatest general of his day, but he fought for and in the name of the unfortunate Baliol, whom Edward had deposed. In Baliol's name he raised armies, called Parliaments together, took lands from his country's enemies and gave them to her friends. He fought Edward I. as one defending his native land against an invader.

When at last his little army was broken by treachery and overwhelmed by the mighty hosts of Edward, Wallace was left unsupported. The English king offered rewards for his capture as if he had been an outlaw in a deer forest. The bribes proved effective, and it was a Scotsman who accepted and betrayed the great Scottish patriot into the hands of his enemies.

Wallace was carried to London, and taken through the streets in mock state, bound upon a horse, with every mark of ridicule and contempt. He was tried in Westminster Hall, standing upon a gallows, and with a mock crown of leaves upon his head. His trial was quite illegal. He was a soldier, an enemy of England, but not a traitor. The very words of the sentence pronouncing his doom showed this. That sentence speaks of Edward having "conquered Scotland," thus showing that Wallace was opposing, not a lawful king, but an armed invader. Wallace could not have expected justice, and he did not receive it, for he was condemned to death as a traitor to a king whom he had never promised to serve.

Nothing could exceed the barbarity of his sentence. It is almost too terrible to read of, and we will say here merely that he was murdered by stages. Part of his body was burned; his head was nailed up on London Bridge; while his limbs were sent to be exhibited on the gibbets of Newcastle, Berwick, Stirling, and Perth. Wallace died a hero, but his spirit lived on. It animated and fired the whole Scottish nation, and is alive today. Most of all was its influence manifest in Robert Bruce's career, to which we now return.

It was his visit to London that determined Bruce and moved his great spirit. While at the English court he received notice that a Scottish noble named Comyn, the nephew of Baliol, had betrayed to Edward the secret of his compact for the redemption of Scotland for the Scots. Bruce then secretly left the court, and hurried back to Scotland. There were no telegraphs in those days, no railways, no steamers,



THE BATTLE OF STIRLING BRIDGE, AT WHICH BRUCE FOUGHT AND WALLACE LED

no coaches, no great highways. It was horseback all the way, everywhere over narrow roads beset with outlaws and robbers, desperate men starved and hounded out of civilisation by the horrible laws of that time.

Bruce hurried to Dumfries and met Comyn in a church there. How the tragedy came about nobody knows, but we do know that the men quarrelled before the

THE NATIONAL HERO OF SCOTLAND IS LED IN CHAINS THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON



SIR WILLIAM WALLACE WAS A TRUE PATRIOT, WHO LOVED HIS COUNTRY WITH A FERVENT LOVE, AND TRIED TO MAKE HER FREE; BUT, TO THE GREAT DISGRACE OF THE ENGLISH KING, EDWARD I., HE WAS CRUELLY EXECUTED AS A TRAITOR.

A KING GOES OUT TO SEEK REVENGE AND MEETS THE KING OF KINGS



Edward the First twice invaded Scotland, and so, on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, he is called "The Hammer of the Scots." A third time he led his army north, where Robert Bruce was leading the nation to freedom and independence, and Edward vowed terrible vengeance, declaring that he would not sleep two nights in one place till he reached Scotland. But a greater power than kings stepped in to break his vow, for Edward died almost within sight of the Scottish border.

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high altar, and in a fierce fight Bruce struck Comyns a blow with his dagger, and that one of his retainers completed the ill work with a thrust from his sword.

The die was cast. There could be no more indecision, fighting first for and then against the English king. Bruce must be outlawed, or become too high to be outlawed. He gathered together a few nobles and supporters, and, marching to Scone, where the Coronation Stone should have been, was crowned King of Scotland, with bishops to bless him, and noblemen of the highest rank to support him. It was March 27, 1306.

THE TWICE-CROWNED KING WHO WAS STILL WITHOUT A KINGDOM

He was king at last—twice enthroned, but still without a kingdom. That had to be fought for. He was thirty-one, and, his first wife having died, he had married again, this time a lady who was not in sympathy with his ambitions. "You are a summer king; you will not be a winter king," she sneered. She was cruel, but she was right. Bruce was not able to organise support before his enemies were upon him. He was one of the bravest of the brave, a man of enormous strength, great skill, and dauntless courage. But not even the greatest warrior can fight armies alone. He was defeated in three or four battles, owing to the inferiority of his forces. He sent his wife and daughter for safety to a church at Kildrummy, and, so far as is known, he did not see them again until after the battle of Bannockburn, eight years later. Truly, poor Bruce was not a winter king.

He fought with matchless skill and bravery, but was vastly outnumbered, as in a battle at Breadalbane, where he had but 300 ill-armed men against a thousand excellent soldiers. After desperate fighting, Bruce had to order his little force to retire up a pass into the mountains. He himself was the last to go, bringing up the rear and slaying those who came nearest.

HOW BRUCE FACED THREE MEN ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE

At a critical point, between a precipice and a lake, and there was hardly room for his horse to move, three men sprang upon him. One seized his bridle, a second grasped his leg and tried to throw him down the precipice, while the third leapt up behind him on the horse. But his amazing strength and skill enabled Bruce to deal with each of the three in turn, and to escape with his life. A great baron witnessed the feat, and spoke generously of it to the Lord of Lorne, who commanded the army against Bruce.

"It seems to give thee pleasure that he makes such havoc among our friends," said Lorne angrily.

"Not so, by my faith," answered the other; "but, be he friend or foe who achieves such deeds, men should bear faithful witness to his valour. And never have I seen or heard of one who, by his knightly feats, has escaped from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce."

By this time Edward, whose friends in Scotland were fighting for him and against Scottish freedom, was himself on the way with a great army to Scotland. He vowed terrible vengeance on Bruce. "I will not sleep two nights in one place till I reach Scotland," he declared. Couriers raced before him to carry his instructions. The wife and daughter of Bruce were seized in their sanctuary and carried to England, where they were kept in cages like wild beasts. Bruce's youngest brother was beheaded, while a cousin was hanged on the same gallows as Wallace, but—thirty feet higher! Two other brothers of Bruce were captured, one of them being the Dean of Glasgow. Edward was so anxious to have them in his clutches that he had them sent on to him at Carlisle. There he had them executed, nailing up their heads on the tower of the citadel.

THE OLD KING MARCHES TO HIS DOOM AND THE YOUNG KING GOES TO HIS PLEASURES

Thus poor Bruce lost three brothers in this horrible march of revenge. But death was upon Edward, and his grim vow was not fulfilled. He died before he could reach Scotland. He decreed that his bones should be carried in a coffin before the army until Scotland was crushed. But his son, Edward II., wavered. He turned back to London, buried the dead king with great magnificence, and abandoned the war for a life of pleasure in his capital.

All this time, with only a handful of friends, Bruce was hunted like a wild beast through the mountains of his native land, and at last he took shelter in the little island of Rathlin, off the coast of Antrim, where, starving in his lonely retreat, he pondered bitterly over his fate. He had been defeated by superior numbers in four battles; his kindred were nearly all murdered; his wife and daughter were in captivity. Surely it could not be right to continue the struggle, he thought, as he lay miserably on his bed of straw, and his mind was made up to abandon it, to become a pilgrim to the Holy Land, and live as a hermit.

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And then, as he lay grieving and brooding, the little spider swinging above him caught the king's eye. Six times the spider failed to reach the beam, and then it succeeded. If a spider can fail six times and win at the seventh, surely a king could try again! So Bruce left Rathlin, and crossed to the lovely little isle of Arran, where we still see the cave in which he lay and hid and pondered. He thought about the heroes of old time, of what they had done, and how; and he resolved that he would fight again and win, and consecrate his victory to the service of mankind.

Edward II. was carousing at the English

pursued it as a gifted soldier, but with humanity, showing mercy and tenderness to women and the weak, and striking like a giant at his stronger foes.

Like the good general that he was, Bruce realised that it was in the castles and fortresses that his enemies made the strongest and longest resistance; he had nothing to fear in the open field. So one by one these were stormed and broken down—all except the strongest, Stirling Castle. This was besieged, and its gallant defender agreed with his assailants that if help did not come to him by June 24, 1314, he would surrender to Bruce.



ROBERT BRUCE ADDRESSING HIS MEN BEFORE THE GREAT VICTORY AT BANNOCKBURN

court when Bruce stole out of his Arran hiding-place, and, at a signal from the Ayrshire shore, crept in a little boat across to the Scottish mainland. By that mysterious method of communication which has distinguished so many romantic risings in the Highlands, Bruce got in touch with his friends. Rich man and poor man, noble and serf, leapt to arms at his coming. He raised an army, carried conquest far and wide, defeating the powerful men who once had overwhelmed him. He was everywhere successful. He had a great cause, and he

Edward II., whose son twenty-three years later was to win the victory of Crecy, while his grandson, the invincible Black Prince, was to gain the day at Poitiers—this same Edward now went marching hot-foot to Scotland to keep the appointment the defender of Stirling had made. He was punctual. He reached Stirling two days in advance, so that if he won the battle he would relieve the citadel prompt to time. The English army was a hundred thousand strong; the Scots army was thirty thousand. When they arrived on

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the Sunday night, some of the English body-guard, led by a famous warrior, Sir Henry de Bohun, tried to force their way into the beleaguered town. They were met by a small number of Scots, with Bruce himself at their head. He was riding a pony, and had gone out to inspect the positions. Seeing Bohun advancing on his war-horse, Bruce rode towards him, and, raising himself in his stirrups, struck him dead with one blow of his battle-axe. That ended the fighting for the night, and the incident created a great impression on both armies. When remonstrated with for running such a risk, Bruce turned the subject by saying, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

THE GREAT DAY WHEN ROBERT BRUCE MADE HIMSELF MASTER OF SCOTLAND

The battle of Bannockburn was fought the next day, June 24, 1314. Bruce had planned the place of battle. He had arranged his small force so that the English cavalry, which was much to be dreaded, could advance only over marshy ground, in which he had caused pits to be dug, and the ground to be planted with hidden spikes. His spearmen he arranged in circles and squares, so that, no matter how they were attacked, they would receive their enemies on a wall of spears. The battle from the beginning went hopelessly against the English, who sustained the greatest defeat that a British army has ever known. The cavalry toppled over one another; the infantry were slain in heaps. At the critical moment of the fight a new host of men appeared behind the Scottish forces from the shoulder of a hill. The English thought it was another Scottish army, and fled in utter ruin. But the supposed army was really a mob of camp helpers whom Bruce had ordered to pour out at a given signal from behind the hill. They were not fighters, but looked like it.

THE HERO AND LIBERATOR AND THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE—ROBERT THE GOOD

The battle gave Scotland her freedom. Other kings invaded her in later years, but no king conquered her again, and, though happily she now forms part of the United Kingdom, she became joined to England only when a King of Scotland came to succeed an English sovereign on the English throne. Bruce was finally established on the throne of Scotland after Bannockburn. On the battlefield, before the combat opened, he delivered the address to his army which Robert Burns set to immortal poetry, in those verses beginning—
"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Now that times of peace had come, Bruce tried to put into practice some of the lofty hopes he had expressed in his battle speech. He gave great attention to the defence of the country and the administration of laws, to giving equal justice to rich and poor, and to giving it quickly. Above all, he passed a law bidding the people "nourish love and friendship with each other." Great as a warrior fighting his country's cause, he was great as a law-giver, for he was the father as well as the liberator of his country, and his people called him Robert the Good. He suffered terribly as he grew older; he, a king, suffered in those later years from the effects of starvation and privation he had undergone in the days of his exile. Leprosy attacked him and weakened him. But he bore it valiantly. He loved his garden, he enjoyed the folly of his court jester, and he kept a lion as a pet. He encouraged shipbuilding, and was the first man to recognise how important an industry that might become to Scotland.

When he felt that death was drawing near, Bruce called for his friend the gallant Lord James Douglas. He recalled how, in the day of his adversity, he had vowed to go on a crusade to the Holy Land.

THE LAST WISH OF ROBERT BRUCE FOR A QUIET CORNER OF THE EARTH

"But now," he said, "since my body cannot accomplish what my heart wishes, I will send my heart to fulfil my vow!"

And then Robert the Good made Douglas promise that when he was dead he would remove the king's heart, embalm it, carry it to the Holy Land, and there place it in the Holy Sepulchre. Douglas promised, but in carrying out his promise he himself fell fighting in Spain. A friend carried the heart back to Scotland, and in Scotland it was buried, with the body of Douglas in Melrose Abbey.

The blood of Bruce still flows in the veins of the Royal Family of Great Britain. His daughter Margaret, restored to him with his chilly-hearted queen after Bannockburn, married a nobleman, and from them descended the House of Stuart, whence came James VI. of Scotland, who became James I. of England.

When the bones of Bruce were removed a hundred years ago, the breastbone was found sawn through for the removal of the heart, a pathetic evidence of the faithfulness of Douglas, and of the last sad wish of Robert Bruce, the warrior, that his heart should sleep in what should be the most restful corner of our earth.

ROBERT BRUCE PASSES FROM THE GREAT WORLD



This impressive picture of Robert Bruce, with his son's wife at his feet, shows the king at his parting from active public life. The figures are taken, by the artist's permission, from Mr. William Hole's fine painting of the last public act of Bruce—the presentation of a charter to the citizens of Edinburgh. Two other pictures by Mr. Hole appear on pages 134 and 135.

A GREAT PIONEER



Daniel Boone is here represented on a hunting expedition in his old age. It is said that one time he travelled across the continent, and penetrated as far as what is now Yellowstone Park.

DANIEL BOONE

A FAMOUS MAN OF PIONEER DAYS WHO HELPED TO FOUND A STATE

THE pioneers of an army are the men who, armed with spades and axes, go before the main body to prepare a camp, dig trenches, or bridge rivers. So we can easily see how the word came to be used as a name for men who strike out on a new path, making a way for others to follow. When we speak of "The Pioneers" in the history of North America, we mean particularly those men who left the older settlements and struck out into the forest, across rivers and mountains, plains and deserts, to make new homes in the wilderness. They were brave, hardy men, filled with great courage. Sometimes they left the older settlements to make room for other members of their families. Sometimes on a hunting expedition, they wandered into a more than usually fertile or beautiful spot, of which they made haste to tell their friends. A few of them, like Cooper's "Pathfinder," grew to love the quiet and loneliness of the woods. The sound of the wind in the trees and the song of the river were more to them than the voices of men, and they fled at the approach of civilisation. Some of them were men to whom any kind of settled life was hateful. Others set out in search of gold, like the miners of California, or, nearer our own time, of Alaska and the northern part of British Columbia. Where they went others followed, and we owe it to the pioneers that the vast prairies of the west, over which the buffalo roamed, have become a granary for millions, and the busy hum of cities is heard where once the howl of the wolf broke the silence.

THE BEST KNOWN OF AMERICAN PIONEERS

Many of the picturesque band of early pioneers are to us nameless. Others had names which will be handed down through history, and perhaps the best known of all, not so much for what he did, as for what he was, is Daniel Boone.

Throughout Daniel Boone's long life, the frontier was his home, and from his early childhood to his old age his days were full of adventure. It is strange to us now to think of the Schuylkill Valley as being on the frontier, but when he was born there, in 1734, not fifty years before

the Declaration of Independence, it was just on the edge of civilisation. He was born in a log cabin, and until late in his life he did not know what it was to live in a less primitive dwelling.

It is always interesting to know something about the family of a noted man. We like to ask about his people, where they came from and what they were like, and fortunately in the case of Daniel Boone we can answer all these questions. Some years before the time that our story begins, a Devonshire weaver came to settle in the Quaker colony of Pennsylvania, bringing with him his wife and a large family of boys and girls, whose influence for good in the country has been great and far-reaching. Squire Boone, one of these boys, married Sarah Morgan, a Welsh Quakeress, and Daniel Boone was one of their sons. Both his father and mother were brave and good, and taught their children the self-dependence, self-control, large patience and loyalty for which Daniel was noted.

LIFE ON THE FRONTIER

There were few schools in the country in those days, and none within his reach, and it was not until he was fourteen that he got a chance to learn to read and write. Then his brother's marriage gave the boy a sister-in-law who gladly taught him all she knew, — reading, writing, and a little arithmetic. But though he was able to gain little knowledge from books, he learned many things from nature. He knew well the trees and plants in the forest, and was familiar with the haunts and habits of the wild things that made the woods their home.

About five or six miles away from his clearing, Daniel's father owned some good pasture land, to which the cows were sent to graze each summer. There the boy's mother took him every year from the time that he was ten years old, and there they stayed until the cold weather forced them to go home again. His task was not an easy one. He had to keep the cattle from straying away into the deep forest through the day, and in the evening drive them back to the log enclosure round the cabin, where he helped his

mother to fasten them up for the night, safe from wild beasts and thieving Indians.

THE INDIANS IN PENNSYLVANIA

For themselves they had no fear of the Indians, who were always friendly to the Pennsylvanians. From his earliest infancy Daniel was familiar with the silent Red Men who came perhaps to trade their furs for the cloth and blankets that his father wove, or stood to watch the sparks that flew from the anvil in his blacksmith's shop. Or perhaps two or three of them would come on a cold winter's night to ask for shelter from the storm, and wrapping themselves in their deer-skins, would lie down to sleep on the cabin floor, with their feet to the log burning on the low hearth. He soon learned to imitate them, as they glided through the forest, and it was in these early days that he gained the knowledge of their ways, which helped him out of many a difficulty later on.

In spite of hard work, he had plenty of time for play, and it was during his summer days in the woods that he laid the foundation for his fame as a hunter. At first, his only weapon was a sapling torn up by the roots and trimmed down until it was just such a weapon as the staff which David used to kill the lion and the bear. His father was very proud of his skill in bringing down game by flinging this light club, and when he was twelve years old gave him a rifle of his own. With this he soon became an unerring marksman, and henceforth kept the family larder well supplied with food in the winter.

THE BOONE FAMILY MOVES TO NORTH CAROLINA

When he was about sixteen, the family left Pennsylvania, and travelled down through the Shenandoah Valley into North Carolina. It was a long journey for a large family to take with their horses, cattle, implements and household goods, but they travelled slowly, and Daniel had plenty of time to go on long hunts and explore the country through which they passed. They took two years on the way, but at length they reached their destination, and settled down at Blue Lick in the Yadkin Valley.

These "Licks," of which we read so much, were very interesting places. In many parts of our country, and especially in Kentucky, there are a number of salt springs, and from time immemorial these springs were haunted by wild animals, who came to lick the salt left by the water as it flowed away. They kept the ground around the spring licked bare, and so the place was called a "lick."

YOUNG BOONE GOES TO FIGHT AGAINST THE INDIANS

For the next three years Daniel lived at home, helping his father and brothers in the blacksmith shop in the winter, and in the summer going off on long hunting trips. But when he was twenty-one, war broke out with the French and Indians, and his hunting ended until it was over. The war, which is called the French and Indian, or the Seven Years' War, had been brewing for some time. A struggle was going on between the French and British for possession of the country west of the mountains. The warlike northern tribes of Indians were friendly to the French, and encouraged by them began to make raids on the Indians who were friendly to the British. Soon they became bolder, and began to attack the settlements which had been made in the valleys between the mountain chains. Then the French built forts in territory which was claimed by Virginia, and under their leadership the hostile Indians became very daring.

In 1756 General Braddock with a small army was sent from England to drive back the intruding Frenchmen, and teach their Indian allies a lesson. The expedition ended badly. General Braddock knew nothing about Indian warfare, but would not listen to the advice of the frontiersmen who were with him, because he thought they knew nothing about the profession of arms. In consequence, he fell into an ambush, and although he and his men fought bravely, they were defeated, and he himself was killed. Daniel Boone was with the army, and was in the thick of the fight.

BOONE BEGINS TO EXPLORE THE WILDERNESS

He was married shortly after this to Rebecca Bryan, the daughter of one of their nearest neighbours, and settled

down to a life of hunting, trapping, blacksmithing and farming. But though he lived for many years in the little log house that he built, his days were not peaceful. Once the Indian wars had begun, they did not cease until after Canada was taken from the French in 1763, and at one time there was so much danger that Daniel thought it best to take his wife and little sons out to Virginia for a while.

But he soon came back, and took his full share in the fighting. We know that he was present at some of the battles, and once he went away down into Tennessee, — it is thought on a scouting expedition. Up to a few years ago, a tree stood on the banks of Boone Creek, in Tennessee, on which was cut an inscription reading:

D. Boone
 cilled a BAR
 on this tree
 year
 1760.

After peace came he devoted more and more of his time to hunting, and in fact made it his principal occupation. Very soon he began to think of changing his abode, for there were now a great many families living in the valley, and it is said that he liked his nearest neighbours to be so far away that he could not see their chimney smoke as it curled in the breeze.

A TRIP TO FLORIDA

In 1765, he set out on horseback, with seven other men, to find his way to Florida, which was then a new colony. They had a terrible journey down through the swamps, and once nearly died of hunger, for the hunting was very poor, and food hard to get. However, he reached Pensacola, and might have gone to live there, if his wife, when he told her of the trip, had not decided against it. She knew that he would be unhappy unless he had plenty of his beloved hunting.

THE "DARK AND BLOODY GROUND" CALLED KENTUCKY

Then he turned his thoughts westward to the land beyond the mountains, — Kentucky, the "dark and bloody ground" of the Indians, of which he had heard many wonderful tales.

He made an attempt to find it in 1767, and, with one companion, actually spent the winter there without knowing that he had reached it, but it was not until 1769 that he set out on the expedition that made him one of the founders of the State. It was his report based on observations made on this second trip which induced Colonel Henderson to organise the famous Transylvania Company.

This time, he and his companions penetrated into the country. They climbed up over the Blue Ridge Mountains, the Stone and Iron Mountains, through Moccasin Gap of Clinch Mountain, through Powell's Valley, up a hunter's trail through Cumberland Gap until they struck the "Warrior's Path," beaten by the feet of generations of Indian war parties, and so down into the forests of Kentucky.

ALONE IN THE WOODS

Daniel did not leave Kentucky, the land of his dreams, for two years, and twice was left alone for months, without even a dog as companion. But during these lonely months he was not idle. He wandered all over the country, exploring it in every direction, noting its beauties, its well-watered plains and valleys, and storing up in his active mind knowledge that was of great value to the settlers who followed him into this fertile region. His brother Squire, who had been his companion during the year, came back in December, and they spent another winter in the woods. But this time they fell in with another party of hunters who met them in a curious way. One evening when these men were making camp, they heard what, in that place, was a most extraordinary noise. Motioning his companions to be silent, the leader crept cautiously forward and presently came on Daniel Boone, lying flat on his back and happily singing at the top of his voice as he waited for his brother.

Boone was delighted with the Kentucky country, and in 1773 persuaded a number of families to join in attempting to make a settlement there. But one night, when they were on the way, his eldest son and some companions were surprised and killed by Indians, and overcome with sorrow and fright, the little party decided not to go on. Boone and his family stayed for a time in Western Virginia,



This rather crude picture is taken from an old drawing, representing Daniel Boone and his friends rescuing his daughter and two companions from a party of Indians who had captured them. The three girls were on the Kentucky River, near the Fort at Boonesborough, when their canoe was carried to the other side by the current, and the Indians, who were hiding in the bushes, caught them and carried them off.



This picture shows the ruins of Daniel Boone's cabin at Femme Osage, in what is now the state of Missouri. When Boone left the western part of Virginia, in 1799, to find a place where he would have "elbow room," as he called it, he crossed over into Louisiana, which had been transferred by France to Spain, at the end of the French and Indian War. It became part of United States territory by the Louisiana Purchase.

and the others went back to their old homes.

BOONE IN "LORD DUNMORE'S WAR"

A new war now broke out with the Indians, who had been greatly angered by the treatment they had received from the white men. Boone did good service in this war, which is known in history as "Lord Dunmore's War," and received great praise for his work. During this war he was sent to warn some scattered parties of their danger, and travelled eight hundred miles in sixty days through woods which were alive with Indians.

The Indians were soon subdued, and when peace came the settlement of Kentucky was seriously begun. The new effort was made, on a much larger scale than before, by the Transylvania Company, with Colonel Richard Henderson at its head, and Daniel Boone for one of the leaders. Early in 1775 the first party of settlers reached Big Lick on the Kentucky, by the path which has since been marked out by the Daughters of the Revolution. They at once began to build a fort, and Boone turned surveyor, laid out the site of a town, to be called Boonesborough, and planned the fort. Outside this fort there was a great elm tree, and under its shade the first assembly ever held in Kentucky met to make laws to govern the little community.

THE GROWTH OF KENTUCKY HINDERED BY WAR

In spite of various drawbacks, the little colony grew steadily. Boone and a number of the other settlers brought their wives and families, and prosperity seemed in sight. But the War of the Revolution broke out and the Indians who were allied to the British commenced to raid the weak settlements. The first warning that the Boonesborough settlers had of their peril was the kidnapping of Boone's daughter Jemima and her two friends, Betsey and Fanny Calloway. The three girls were paddling on the Kentucky one Sunday afternoon when their canoe was carried by the current to the opposite bank, and they were captured by five Indians who had been watching the fort from the bushes. Colonel Calloway, the father of Betsey and Fanny, followed in hot pursuit with a

party of mounted men. Boone, leading a party on foot, followed the trail and, guided by the scraps of clothing and bruised twigs which the brave girls contrived to leave in the path, caught up with them and rescued them.

BOONE TAKEN CAPTIVE BY INDIANS

The war times were gloomy days for Kentucky. Provisions were scarce, and game was hard to get, for there was always danger of surprise from the Indians. Boone's fort was often attacked, and once he was wounded and barely escaped with his life. Another time, when he had gone into camp at Blue Lick to make salt, he was captured by a war party of Indians who were on their way to attack Boonesborough. He knew that the fort was not ready for defence, and in desperation promised the Indians that if they would put off the attack until spring, he would persuade his companions to surrender to them. The Indians made the promise, thinking that he would lead them in the spring, when they could comfortably and safely carry off the whole community. The other members of his party listened to his persuasions, and these brave men, to save their families and friends, voluntarily went into what they knew would be a hard and bitter captivity. All through the winter they were dragged about the country from place to place, going even as far as Detroit.

In the spring, when the Indians were gathering for the attack on the settlements, Boone managed to escape and, without food, travelled steadily on towards the fort. He reached it in four days, walking forty miles a day, having eaten only one meal during the whole journey.

THE FAMOUS SIEGE OF BOONESBOROUGH

The fort was quite unprepared for an attack, but he set the people vigorously to work, and soon had everything in readiness. However, the Indians did not reach the fort until September, when they appeared in large force, and the siege of Boonesborough, which lasted for ten days, is famous in the annals of Kentucky. At times the settlers almost despaired; but at last, to their joy, the noise of shouting and fighting suddenly quieted down, and

DANIEL BOONE

the Indians silently disappeared in the forest.

For years the settlers in Kentucky endured hardships and suffered many things from the Indians, who continued to harass the settlements even after the War of Independence came to an end, and they were no longer supported by the British. In spite of sorrow and hardships, however, the country continued to fill up, and Boone was in great demand as a surveyor. His knowledge of the Indians and his calm bravery and patience made him a tower of strength. He was made lieutenant of his county, town trustee, and was sent as representative to the legislative assembly at Richmond.

BOONE LOSES HIS LAND THROUGH CARELESSNESS

He does not appear to have been a good business man, and in spite of the fact that he was a surveyor and must have known the regulations, he failed to file his own land claims. As a consequence, new settlers registered claims against the property which he had marked for his own, and then brought suit against him to obtain possession of them. As he had failed to comply with the law, the courts could do nothing for him, and he found himself without an acre of ground in his beloved Kentucky. Sadly disappointed, he left it and went back to Western Virginia, where he lived at the little village of Point Pleasant in the Kanawha Valley for a number of years. He was held in great esteem by the people of Virginia, who again sent him to the Assembly at Richmond, though he cannot be said to have been a brilliant success as a legislator.

After the final defeat of the Indians by General Anthony Wayne, more people began to arrive in Kanawha Valley, and again Boone felt that he must move so that he might have "elbow room" as he expressed it. Some members of his family had gone down in 1799 to Missouri — then under Spanish rule — and there he followed them in the following spring with his wife and family and all his possessions. They went by water, and we can imagine the picturesque little procession as it followed the shores of Kentucky down the broad Ohio.

He was very happy for a few years in

Missouri. He received a large tract of land from the Government, had plenty of room, good hunting, and was made magistrate of his district, an office in which he was very popular.

BOONE AGAIN HAS TROUBLE ABOUT LAND TITLES

But after what is known as the Louisiana Purchase, Missouri came under the



After Daniel Boone moved over into that part of Louisiana, which is now the state of Missouri, the Spanish governor made him syndic or magistrate. While he held office, he held his court under this tree, which is now called the "Judgment Tree."

government of the United States, and again we have a repetition of the old story. Where the pioneers had gone, others followed, the land was broken up for cultivation, and the wild animals were killed off, or fled before civilization.

Under the new laws, Boone lost his office, and for some time had a good deal of trouble about his lands, because he had again neglected to see that his title was registered. However, this difficulty was settled happily by the Government making a special grant to him of a thousand acres. He did not move again, for he was now an old man, but contented himself with making long hunting trips, and once, it is said, went as far as the region of Yellowstone Park.

In 1813, he was greatly saddened by the loss of his wife, and after her death left the little house in which they had lived for years, and for the remainder of

DANIEL BOONE

his life was tenderly cared for by his sons, to whom he had sold his land, so that he might pay some debts which he owed in Kentucky. He lived until 1820, always happy and active, going off sometimes on a hunting trip, sometimes working a little on the farm.

At the time of his death, there was in session, in St. Louis, a convention to draft a constitution for the state of Missouri, which had applied for admission to the Union. Upon hearing the news of his death, the delegates to the convention adjourned for the day as a token of the

the best type of pioneer, and that in honouring him they showed honour to what was greatest in the men who had made the state. He was a simple, upright, honourable man, enterprising and persevering. Honest himself, he looked for honesty in others. He was strong, silent and self-possessed, never self-assertive, nor self-seeking, but always ready to take the lead in an emergency. As well as being physically brave, he had that fine kind of courage which enabled him to run the risk of being misunderstood in doing what he thought right, as for instance



A PIONEER HOME

This is the kind of home which the pioneers built on the edge of the wilderness. The men have felled trees, in clearing the ground for cultivation, and are dragging them into a heap to burn them. During his adventurous life, Boone must have assisted many times at such a scene as this.

respect in which he was held, and for twenty days after each member wore a band of crape on his left arm as a sign of mourning.

KENTUCKY ERECTS A MONUMENT TO BOONE

Some years after his death, the people of Kentucky felt that some honour should be shown to Boone, and a monument was built to his memory at Frankfort, the capital city. He was not the first man to explore the region, nor even the first to settle in it, but they realised that he was

when he persuaded his companions to surrender with him, and so saved the fort from almost certain destruction. Audubon, the great naturalist, said of him when he was a very old man that "when he spoke the very motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true."

Such was the man who has been chosen as typical of the pioneers who took their lives in their hands, and going out into the wilderness showed the way for a nation to follow.

THE MUSIC BOY AT THE COURTS OF KINGS



MOZART PLAYING ON THE HARPSICHORD AT THE COURT OF FRANCIS THE FIRST IN VIENNA
This picture of Mozart's boyhood is the copyright of Messrs. Goupil & Co.



MOZART ON A VISIT TO THE PALACE OF MARIA THERESA, QUEEN OF HUNGARY AND ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA

THE MUSIC BOY

THE LIFE-STORY OF WOLFGANG MOZART, WHOSE MARVELLOUS MUSIC WOULD NOT BE KEPT BACK

THE COMPOSER WHOSE MELODIES RING THROUGH THE WORLD

FOR a hundred and fifty years there has been a stream of remarkable child musicians who have excited much attention for a time and have then disappeared. A few have grown into fine players, but as a rule the infant prodigy is merely a pretty freak of education, who pays in after-life for the strain and excitement of his early triumphs.

But there has been one real infant prodigy in music—Wolfgang Mozart. He was not a Peter Pan of the piano, for he grew up. As well as having a fine career *behind* him when he was a man, he had a still more glorious future before him. The early blossoming of his genius was a natural event. He was one of the angels of song, sent to gladden the earth with beautiful harmonies. His is among the loveliest music that ever came from the soul of man, and it seems as though, in recompense for the shortness of his life, he began to charm the ears of men with his strains when he was but a baby.

Wolfgang Mozart was born in 1756, in the picturesque little mountain town of Salzburg, which now belongs to Austria, but was then the centre of a little German principality ruled by a prince-archbishop. Mozart's father was a musician in the service of the archbishop—a painstaking, learned, and sensible man, lacking the divine fire of genius himself, but passionately fond of all the forms of musical art. His life was given entirely to music, and when he was not practising the violin, or the primitive kind of piano known as the harpsichord, he was either teaching others or composing music himself. He had a pretty daughter, Maria Anne, who was five years older than Wolfgang, and, as she was as clever as she was pretty, he thought he would make her an infant prodigy, and improve his position by the money she earned.

So, when she was eight years old, he began to teach her the harpsichord, and, naturally, little Wolfgang came

into the room to listen. When his sister left the instrument, he climbed on the stool and sat down before the keyboard, and struck the notes at hazard, just as most babies of three would do. But, instead of tiring of this new game, he found he could strike two notes at the same time, and that some of the notes sounded harsh, while others were pleasant to hear.

After this great discovery of his own, Mozart used to sit at the instrument for hours at a time, taking the keenest pleasure in finding harmonious chords. His father thought it was only child's play, but to keep him in good humour he began to give him lessons in playing some simple dances. But the baby was more curious about music than his sister; he learnt his pieces more quickly than she did, and then continued to search out notes and chords of his own on the keyboard. At five he was inventing his own melodies, putting harmonies to them in the manner of a real composer.

There is nothing childish about the first composition of Mozart that has come down to us. The melody is simple, and so is the accompaniment, but the manner in which the melody is built out of an unusual number of phrases is masterly. Very few of our song-writers of the present day show such a command of the resources of their art as Mozart possessed when he was five. The thing was pure genius. The child knew nothing about the grammar and the learned part of music. He merely made up his airs to satisfy and delight his own ear; he could not write down on paper the music he had invented—his father had to do that for him; but his inborn, God-given sense of intricate and exquisite design in melody was finer than his father's. He did not know that such and such a thing was right or that such and such a thing was wrong; he felt it. He was all feeling. When he was scarcely able to

THE MUSIC BOY

walk, his first question to any friends who took him on their knee was, "Do you love me?" The answer "Yes" made his little face break into smiles of joy; but if anyone said "No," even in play, he would begin to weep. His heart was in everything he did, and whatever touched him made him throb through all his being. As soon as he was taught the first rules of arithmetic, he covered the walls and table of his bedroom with figures. Arithmetic pleased him because it could be connected with the theory of music.

The strange intensity of the child's emotions does not seem to have interfered with his health, but it made him very delicate in his tastes. He could not bear to listen to the archbishop's band when the players were not perfect in their parts. His ear could detect the slightest mistake, and a discord hurt him like a blow. He especially objected to the blare of a trumpet—a noise most children delight in. He said the sound was not musical, and should not be used except as an accompaniment to sweeter-sounding instruments. His father thought this a piece of affectation, and to cure his little son of his childishness he asked the trumpeter to his house and requested him to play before the boy. Wolfgang begged the man not to blow, and when the trumpet was sounded he fell down and almost had a serious illness. Not until he was ten was he able to bear the sound of a trumpet.

In the meantime he had become the most famous child in Europe, for at the age of six he had set out with his sister and father on a musical tour, and after playing at

Munich the party went on to Vienna, where they received a glorious welcome. They were invited to the palace of the Emperor of Austria, who was amazed at "the little magician," as he called Wolfgang. To see if the child's genius was merely the result of a laborious system of training, the Emperor covered the keyboard of the harpsichord with a long strip of cloth, so that all the notes

were hidden. Then he asked the little fellow if he could still play on the instrument. Wolfgang struck through the cloth at the hidden notes and played without making a single mistake, and the Emperor was so delighted that he ordered a hundred ducats to be paid to the boy's father. The Empress gave young Mozart a costly Court dress, and the little musician became the playmate of the princes and princesses of Austria. He was very fond of Marie Antoinette, who afterwards became Queen of France, and perished in the terrible revolution. "You are good. I will marry you," he said one day, when she helped him up after he had tumbled on the polished floor of the palace. What a different page in history the poor Queen's life would have been if the boy's saying had come true!

Soon after, Mozart was taken to Paris to play before the Court. On the journey the carriage broke down, and a day was needed to repair it. To while away the time, the elder Mozart took his little son to a neighbouring church, where there was a fine organ, and began to tell him how the pedal was worked. "I can see how it goes," said the marvellous child, and, standing at the organ, he began to play the great



THE BIRTHPLACE OF MOZART

THE MUSIC BOY

instrument as though he were a practised organist with long experience behind him.

So the astonished father, during the rest of the tour, exhibited his boy as an organ player as well as a composer and performer on the harpsichord. The King and Queen of France were as delighted with the Mozarts as the rulers of Austria had been. At table in the palace of Versailles the boy was placed by the Queen, and she fed him and played with him, and he composed for her, and then went to the Royal Chapel and played for an hour on the organ before King Louis and his courtiers. The French people took a great interest in the little musician, but his supreme triumph was in England. King George of England was very fond of music, and so was his Queen, and they went into raptures over the playing and compositions of the wonderful child. The Queen sang to the little lad's playing, and the King looked out the hardest pieces of music he could find and set them before him. The child performed them in a delightful way, and then, looking on the floor,

Mozart saw an accompaniment written by Handel. Taking up a violin, he invented a melody as he played.

The boy was like a singing bird. He could compose music as easily as he could speak; he could sit down and write a song much more quickly than he could make a

speech. When he caught a cold in London and was not allowed to play any instrument, he passed the time away by composing his first symphonies for the orchestra. Always, when he fell unwell, he com-

posed music; it did him more good than medicine, for he fretted if he could not pour out the melodies and harmonies that filled his little head. When he left England, at the age of nine, he gave a farewell concert, at which all the symphonies were composed by himself. Four years afterwards he travelled to Italy, and captivated the music-loving people of that sunny land.

On arriving at Rome he went straight to the Sistine Chapel to hear a famous psalm by a man called Allegri. Nowhere else in the world could this splendid piece of music be heard, for no one was allowed to make a copy of it, and the men who sang it were not permitted to take the parts home with them. Mozart listened to the work which was thus preserved so jealously, and in the evening he handed his father the full parts of Allegri's music.

He had carried all the notes in his head and written them out after leaving the chapel. This is still one of the most wonderful feats of memory on record, and the fame of it spread through Europe. In Rome Mozart was treated like a prince, but in Naples there was an outcry that he was a sorcerer; he played so



MOZART'S FIRST FIDDLE

THE MUSIC BOY

wonderfully that the audience said it could only be done by witchcraft. Rising from their seats, they shouted, "Take that ring off your finger!" Nor would they be quiet until he took off the supposed magic ring and played the piece again with the same marvellous power.

He left Italy in a blaze of glory, having composed for the people of Milan a grand opera, "Mithridates," which was received with a great storm of applause.

Throughout his travels, Mozart studied with a passion for increasing his musical knowledge. From every country through which he passed he took some golden spoil—from France, its new dramatic music; from England, the grandeur and solidity of structure of Handel; from Italy, the emotional melody of the song-writers and the severe, scientific composition of the learned school of composers. Never did a child work as Mozart worked, but it was all happy and exciting play to him.

If Mozart had not had so strangely fortunate a childhood—with kings and queens to pet him, princesses to play with, and nations to applaud him—there would now be less joy in the world, less beauty and faerie charm. It was out of the golden memories of his early days that the great musician wove—in the sorrow, poverty, neglect, and suffering of his manhood—the lovely melodies that have won him immortality. For Mozart soon fell on evil days. He wished to settle in his native town, where, when nearly twelve he had been

made concert-master to the prince-archbishop; but the old ruler of Salzburg, who had been proud of the honours the boy had gained, died amid the grief of the people, and

a harsh, ambitious, intriguing nobleman was appointed in his place. This man was angry that one of his dependants should have won fame throughout Europe, and though he only paid young Mozart the paltry salary of \$5.25 a month, he would not let him give a public concert at Vienna. He exacted new compositions from the boy on every occasion, and yet sneeringly said that the young master knew nothing about the art of music. The archbishop was one of those jacks-in-office who are so puffed out with a sense of their official importance that they cannot bear the presence of really great people near to them.

When Mozart was twenty-four he was asked to write a grand opera for the Munich carnival, and he produced one of the finest works of the age. "No music has had such an effect on me; it is magnificent," said the ruler of Munich, and he treated the young genius like a friend. Mozart's master was angry that one of his young servants, now receiving only \$200 a year, should enjoy such distinction, and summoned him to come at once with him

to Vienna, where he made him take his meals with the house servants. Unfortunately, Mozart was invited out to play before the Emperor of Austria, and he pleased the great man, while the archbishop was disappointed



MOZART THE BOY



MOZART THE MAN

THE MUSIC BOY

over some matter he had come to urge at Court. The archbishop then roughly told Mozart to return at once to Salzburg, and when the musician came to his palace he had him actually kicked from the door.

Mozart remained in Vienna and set up as a teacher of music, but in spite of his fame he remained poor. He was one of the first men to break with the system of being the humble servant of some noble patron, and the people of Vienna began to look on him with disfavour. He was too independent for them, and even the Emperor, though still admiring his work, was very slow to do anything for him. To add to Mozart's difficulties, he found someone in a worse

even take part in a merry party and throw out jokes and carry on conversation while he was composing some work of immortal beauty. His mind seemed to be divided into two separate parts—the workaday part that worked very carelessly, and the musical part, a large, serene region of high imaginative beauty and deep splendour. He was a baby and an angel. What money he made he gave away to whomsoever asked for it. His great operas made the fortunes of other men; but he was too busy over some new work to care about the value of anything he had finished and done with.

But his privations undermined his strength, and the fury with which he worked,



THE IMMORTAL MOZART PASSES OUT OF THE WORLD WHILE COMPOSING AN IMMORTAL REQUIEM

position than himself. He hastened his marriage to Constance Weber, whose father had died, leaving his family in poverty, to save her from unhappiness. It was poverty marrying hunger. But, though they were often in want, Mozart and his wife were not unhappy. A friend called on them one cold winter night and found them dancing together, and was told that, as they had no fuel, they were keeping warm by waltzing.

Mozart was never still. He was always strumming on something—his hat, his watch-chain, the table, or the chairs. He was always in a good humour, and nothing could disturb him. He worked in the midst of the loudest noise, and anywhere. He could

under his wonderfully continuous inspiration, further weakened his frame. One day, when he was feeling ill and depressed, a tall, haggard stranger in grey asked him in a mysterious manner if he would write a funeral service. Mozart started to compose the work—the greatest piece of music he produced—and the strange thought came over him that he was composing for his own funeral. Perhaps this was why he poured out the full force of his soul in this sublime Requiem. A terrible fever attacked him, and, leaving his masterpiece unfinished, the purest musical genius of our earth died at the age of thirty-five, and was laid to sleep in a pauper's grave.

THE MAN WHO GAVE WORDS CHARIOTS IN THE SKIES



WILLIAM MARCONI, THE YOUNG ITALIAN WHO GAVE THE WORLD WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

MARCONI'S INVISIBLE HORSES

THE IRISH MOTHER'S BOY WHO SENDS WORDS
GALLOPING OVER THE SEAS AND ROUND THE EARTH

A BOY'S WONDERFUL DREAM COMING TRUE

A FEW years ago a slim, blue-eyed, fair-haired boy, nineteen years of age, was sitting in a workshop in Italy, reading a journal dealing with electricity. The journal contained an account of a wonderful discovery made by a young German professor who had just died. The boy had heard, some years before, about the discovery, but it was only while he was reading the paper that he became interested in it. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly, a marvellous inspiration came to him. He put down the paper, and began to dream of changing the world by a great invention founded on the discovery of the young professor.

He dreamed of strange lines of invisible electric force covering the earth, stretching from continent to continent, crossing the stormy oceans, sweeping over the vast empty deserts of rolling sand, and linking the nations together. All the villages, towns, and cities looked like a forest. For a long pole rose from the top of every house, and messages sent by the invisible force ran down the pole, and set various kinds of instruments working. There was no need to wind up the clocks to know the time, or to buy newspapers to learn the news. All the clocks of every country were worked by lines of invisible force sent from a timekeeping station, perhaps hundreds of miles away. And the news that is now given in newspapers was also sent to each householder by the same force from a central station. There were no wires and no visible means of communication—merely a tall pole with a small instrument for receiving messages sent by an invisible force.

And in his vision the boy saw a similar instrument attached to the mast of every ship in the world. With this instrument the men on each ship could create and send messages to other ships, and receive messages sent thousands of miles.

"There would be no danger from shipwreck then," said the boy to himself, "for a ship could send invisible cries for

help across the ocean. All the other vessels would hasten to its aid, guided through fog and darkness by the lines of invisible force."

It was as if he could fill the realms of space with invisible horses, galloping at a speed undreamed of, carrying messages as in a lightning flash from land to land and over seas.

A wild and impossible dream it seemed, but Marconi's "invisible horses" are now galloping in the skies. It was in January, 1894, that William Marconi sat in his workshop reading about the discovery of electric waves made by a young German professor. Though he was then only nineteen, he was as clever as the oldest men of science in Europe. He had studied electricity and chemistry and engineering, without any thought of making a living by his knowledge, for his father was a wealthy man, with a fine estate at Bologna, in Northern Italy. To please his son, Mr. Marconi built a workshop for him in the garden, and there William—or Guglielmo, as William is called in the Italian language—used to amuse himself by working out any ideas that came to him.

But there had been a long struggle between the boy and his father before William was allowed to go his own way. His father was passionately fond of music, and his heart was centred on the hope of seeing his son become a great musician. His mother, too, was greatly attached to music. The daughter of a rich and well-known Dublin merchant, Mr. Jamieson, she had gone to Italy to study singing, and met Mr. Marconi and married him.

So both William's parents took great pains with his musical education. But he was quite stupid at learning music. "If you don't pay more attention to your lessons," his father sometimes said, "I will throw all this stuff out of the window!"

The "stuff" was a collection of bits of machinery, wires, and electric batteries, with which William had filled his

MARCONI'S INVISIBLE HORSES

play-room. At the age of eight he had begun to play at being an inventor; and when he was eleven years old he started to build a new kind of steam-engine. At the age of fourteen he took up the study of electricity in real earnest.

His father was in despair, and once destroyed some of his son's appliances, saying, "I won't have the house blown up."

The fact was that he was vexed because William cared more for science and engineering than for music. But, happily, Mrs. Marconi began to see that her little son had a real talent for invention, and she soothed the disappointed father, and made it her special care to see that William was permitted to go on experimenting. She gave him all the money he wanted, to buy instruments with, and paid clever teachers

For many years the leading men of science all over the world had been trying to discover these electric waves. A famous professor of Cambridge, James Clerk-Maxwell, came to the conclusion in 1865 that electric waves existed. In fact, he proved that they existed, and he showed that light and heat were formed of waves of electricity, as ordinary electric currents are. The trouble was that electric waves were apparently so small that it was impossible to detect them, and their existence had to be taken for granted. But in 1888 Heinrich Hertz, a young German professor, made a very simple experiment. He placed on a table an electric machine that produced electric sparks when a current was sent through it. Then, going two or three yards from the table, he held in his hand a brass ring



THE BIRTHPLACE OF MARCONI AND HIS GREAT INVENTION—BOLOGNA, THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF ITALY WHERE MARCONI THOUGHT OUT WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

to come and instruct him in science and machinery. Hearing there was a great man of science at Leghorn, she sent William to study under him, and afterwards she arranged for him to go under a still greater man at Bologna University.

So, in spite of his troubles over music when he was a child, William Marconi found in his sweet, wise Irish mother the best friend and helper a clever boy could have. He repaid her by working with all his might for ten hours and more every day. He thought it would be possible to make a machine by which electricity could be obtained direct from coal. While he was trying to devise a way of doing this, he picked up a journal containing an account of the electric waves discovered by a German man of science.

broken in the middle, with two brass knobs at the broken ends. He found that whenever a spark was produced in the electrical machine, a tiny spark also appeared between the brass knobs of the ring which he held.

We know that if we throw a stone into a pond it will make ripples that will spread in widening circles to the edge of the water. If there was a cork on the water, it could be seen bobbing up and down as each ripple moved beneath it. In this case the cork might be called a "detector," because by means of it we could detect very slight ripples in the water.

Now, the broken brass ring was an electric detector. It enabled Hertz to detect the invisible electric waves that raced about his room at every spark made by his machine on the table. The waves spread

MARCONI'S INVISIBLE HORSES

in circles from the machine, and could be detected in any part of the room. Having found this out, Hertz dropped all his other work, and, wild with enthusiasm, threw himself into the study of the marvellous electric waves. He invented a way of measuring them, and discovered that they were much longer than anyone had suspected. Some of them were a few inches in length, but those produced by powerful machines were miles long. And the marvel-

powerful than those that Hertz had discovered. The boy now went to this professor and explained his idea.

"Would it not be possible," said Marconi, "to use these waves in sending messages?"

"No," said the professor, smiling at the boy; "the thing is not practicable."

William Marconi was not discouraged; but he was afraid that men of science in Europe and America would be making such an instrument as he had thought of, and he



MARCONI, AS A BOY, SENDING THE FIRST WIRELESS MESSAGES IN HIS FATHER'S GARDEN AT BOLOGNA

ous thing was that these waves of electricity passed through wood and brick. They could be sent through houses without anyone feeling them or seeing them; and yet, on the other side of the house, they would produce a little spark in the detector.

Such was the discovery that set William Marconi thinking. He had studied electricity at the University of Bologna under a famous Italian professor, who had invented a machine for producing electric waves more

made up his mind that it was useless to compete with men who had far more knowledge and practical experience than he. So, instead of trying to work out his new idea, he kept looking at the papers for an announcement of the invention of wireless telegraphy. But no announcement appeared; and, after waiting for eleven months, Marconi began his first experiments.

This happened in December, 1894. In the meantime the brilliant boy had studied

every article he could find relating to the new electric waves, and he found that a great deal of work had been done in the matter. An American, Mr. Branley, had made a new kind of electrical machine which produced very powerful sparks. A Frenchman had devised a detector which was a great improvement on the broken brass ring that Hertz used, and Marconi's old teacher at Bologna had worked out a better way of producing electric waves. Everything was thus ready for the production of electric wave messages, and yet nobody but a boy thought of putting all these things together.

HOW HIS IRISH MOTHER WOULD WATCH MARCONI AT PLAY IN HIS ITALIAN GARDEN

No wonder Marconi hesitated ! The thing seemed so easy that one would have expected to find hundreds of men eagerly working it out.

So it was largely for the pleasure of playing with a new idea that the lad began to experiment in his father's garden. His mother used to come and watch him, and get some of the servants to help him. He put up two poles a few yards from each other, and attached a tin box to the top of each pole. One box was connected by a wire to a machine for making electric sparks. Then the sparking machine was attached to an electric battery worked by means of an ordinary telegraph key. Every time the key was pressed, a little blue electric spark flashed out, and sent a train of invisible electric waves rippling through space. The waves rippled on till they struck against the tin box on the other pole.

In this second tin box was the first of Marconi's wonderful inventions. It consisted of a very thin glass tube about two inches long. Both ends of the tube were stopped up with a silver plug. The two plugs almost filled the little glass tube. But they did not really touch, for there was a space about a twenty-fifth of an inch wide between them. In this twenty-fifth of an inch of space the young inventor placed a mixture of tiny pieces of silver and nickel.

THE RIPPLE OF WAVES THAT TRAVELLED FROM ONE TIN BOX TO ANOTHER

All this was an improvement on the detector of electric waves invented by the French professor. When the electric wave arrived at the tin box on the pole and passed through the glass tube, it made all the little pieces of silver and nickel stick together. Just the same thing occurs if some loose iron filings are brought close to an ordinary magnet. They are attracted together by the magnetic force, and changed from a

loose and scattered heap into a connected chain. It was this that happened when the electric wave from the sparking machine travelled through the filings in the glass tube. The filings stuck together and made a chain.

Now, at the bottom of the pole to which the glass tube with the filings had been fixed, Marconi had placed a little electrical machine. This machine sent a current of electricity along a wire into the silver plugs in the glass tube ; but so long as the filings in the tube remained loose and scattered, the current of electricity could not get through them. When the electric wave arrived, however, making the filings stick together, the electricity was able to pass from one silver plug to the other. It then ran down a wire and entered another machine, and set going a printing mechanism which printed a dot on a strip of paper.

So every spark made at the first pole in the garden created a ripple of electric waves. These waves travelled through space till they came to the tin box on the second pole. There they made the filings stick together in the glass tube, thus causing a current of electricity to pass into the printing instrument and make a dot on a strip of paper.

HOW MARCONI WENT TO ENGLAND AND "TALKED" ACROSS THE BRISTOL CHANNEL

At first the young inventor was only able to get his invisible messengers to work at a distance of thirty yards. This, of course, was of no practical use whatever ; and for some time Marconi thought that his old professor was right in telling him that electric wave telegraphy was impossible on a large scale. The boy, however, was not daunted by continual failures, and for two years he continued his work, his mother eagerly watching him and cheering him on. For weeks he would be busy in his little workshop, working out some new idea, hammering his tins into new shapes, and constructing new electrical machinery. Then some days would be spent in taking down the poles, altering the tin boxes, and setting the poles at a longer distance from each other. At last, after trying all kinds of experiments, Marconi got on the right track. He made the tin boxes larger and fixed them higher up the pole ; and at last, in 1896, he was able to send a message nearly two miles. His mother, of course, was wild with joy ; and so was his father, who had been convinced by his clever Irish wife that it was best to develop the real genius of their unmusical son.

Marconi went to England and showed his wonderful invention to Sir William

THE DAWN OF A NEW HOPE FOR MANKIND



The old watchman on the shores of Newfoundland was amused one day to see three young men flying kites. He did not know that the end of his signalling had come; but the old man's work was over, for the kites belonged to Marconi, and they picked up three taps made by a needle in Cornwall. That was the beginning of wireless telegraphy across the sea.

Preece, the chief engineer to the British Government Telegraph Service. Sir William Preece was, of course, immensely interested to find that a boy had succeeded in doing a thing of marvellous importance which all the greatest men of science in the world had failed to achieve. After witnessing with his own eyes some of the wonders of wireless telegraphy, he announced at a public lecture that Marconi had succeeded in sending messages across the Bristol Channel over a distance of nine miles.

THE SHIP THAT "TALKED" TO GOODWIN SANDS AS IT ROCKED UPON THE WAVES

The English Government then took the matter up, and in 1898 one of the lightships on the Goodwin Sands was fitted with Marconi's instruments. As the ship rocked on the waves, it was able to send messages to the mainland, and these messages were just as clear and distinct as if they had been sent through a cable running beneath the sea. The next year Marconi sent his electric waves for thirty-three miles across the English Channel; and then for two years very little was heard of him.

Assisted by a little band of clever Englishmen and Scotsmen, Marconi was busy realising his boyish dream of an invisible chain over the continents and oceans and deserts of the world, the strange and invisible lines of electric waves. In the winter of 1901 three young men went to Newfoundland, and began flying kites on a cliff above the cold, stormy, and foggy waters. The kites were made of silk and bamboo, and some of them were nine feet long. But the wind was so strong that it broke the wires by which the kites were flown; and it was some days before they had a kite safely soaring high above an old signal-house on the cliff. They then carried the wire from the kite into a little room in the signal-house, and there they attached it to an instrument. From the instrument ran another wire that ended in an ordinary telephone receiver.

THE GREAT DAY WHEN THE TAPPING OF A NEEDLE IN EUROPE WAS HEARD IN AMERICA

One of the young men, slim, blue-eyed, and fair-haired, put the telephone receiver to his ear and stared at the clock in the room. For a long time not a sound broke the stillness of the lonely house, except the wash of the waves three hundred feet below the cliff. From half-past eleven to ten minutes past one, on December 12, 1901, Marconi and his two assistants listened at the telephone receiver. Suddenly three clicks, as sharp and distinct as the rap of a

pencil on the table, sounded in the telephone. *The taps had come from England.*

Two thousand miles away, on the coast of Cornwall, one of Marconi's operators was making three quick taps on an electric machine. At every tap a fierce current of electricity leapt across a gap in the wire, and made a blue spark of lightning. At each spark a ripple of electric waves swept, silent and invisible and unfelt by human sense, across the Atlantic Ocean. Reaching the cliff in Newfoundland, the unseen waves of electricity struck the receiving apparatus fixed on the kite, ran down the wire into the signal-room, and made a sound in the receiver. Marconi had thrown his invisible bridge across the Atlantic Ocean, and along it his invisible horses were galloping with their messages!

The old signalman on the Newfoundland cliffs had been much amused to see three young men playing at flying kites, as if they were boys, but the taps Marconi had heard in the signal-house were a sign that the work of the old signalman was over.

THE INVISIBLE HORSES THAT MAY CARRY A MESSAGE ACROSS THE EARTH AT ONCE

No human eyes were ever to be needed again to watch for ships plying between Europe and America. Even the sword of light with which the great lighthouses pierced the darkness, and the hoarse, long cry of warning they sent through the fog, were no longer necessary. Marconi had chained down the lightning, and transformed the electric flame into a voice that could link ship to ship when hundreds of miles apart, and cover the stormiest ocean with invisible guiding lines, connecting every vessel with the land behind it and the land before it.

Marconi is now building wireless stations that can send a message through space for ten thousand miles. All ships fitted with this instrument can speak to each other over a distance of two or three hundred miles, and ships have been known to pick up a message sent from England a thousand miles away. Some great New York newspapers now receive their European news by electric waves sent from Ireland to America. Soon all lighthouses will use wireless telegraphy, and every ship will have an instrument that will indicate how far off the lighthouse is, and what message it is sending. This will be done without human aid. For the electric waves will do all the work of registering their messages and printing them. No fog or darkness or storm will disturb them in their work.

MARCONI'S INVISIBLE HORSES

Already the wireless telegraph has saved the lives of thousands of shipwrecked men and women and children. A thousand men, women, and children were saved from the sinking ship *Republic* a few years ago, and all the poor people who were drowned in the *Titanic* might now be living if the ship that passed only seventeen miles from the sinking liner had picked up the wireless appeal for help.

As it was, 700 lives were saved by wireless telegraphy, and the value of the invention was made clear to the world. But, now that this great gift is given to the world, the law must see that it is properly used, and that the wireless telegraph is not left at the mercy of one man on a great ship, so that when he sleeps the great invention of Marconi is sleeping too. The wireless telegraph must be always working.

The rescue of the passengers and crew on the steamship *Volturmo* has been called "the most impressive demonstration of the value of the wireless telegraph." Only 600 miles from the scene of the *Titanic* disaster, 523 of the 654 men, women and children were taken off the burning vessel and saved after the call by wireless had been sent. The scene was a dramatic one. A terrific storm was raging at the time the fire was discovered; life boats were lowered but the waves dashed them against the ship and two of the six were wrecked. But the wind and the waves and the fire did not prevent the wireless from doing its great work, and in a comparatively short time ten ships responded to the call for help. These ten vessels surrounded the *Volturmo*, but for sixteen hours they were unable to take any one off the ship, owing to the storm which continued to rage. At the end of that time the rescues were made by those who, after answering the wireless call of distress, had stood valiantly by the burning ship until the waters had become calm.

One can only imagine to what extent the wireless may be used in the conducting of railroads and traffic in general in the future. But if one can judge from what has already been accomplished along this line, one can give his imagination full play without fear of hitting wide of the mark. During the severe blizzard in March, 1914, traffic was much impeded by

drifted snow, and all telegraph and telephone connections were cut off. On the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad trains were operated wholly by Marconi wireless without a mishap. Through the use of the wireless for the first time in the history of the civilized world, it is possible to obtain the exact time of day or night. To-day all that is necessary is to connect with the wireless station and the precise second is flashed from the wireless to any part of the country. It is no longer necessary to depend on the telegraph and railroad stations; these could not always be absolutely correct since some time must have been lost by transmissions and re-transmissions, and errors were bound to occur. This accuracy is of course of the greatest advantage to railroad and steamship lines, where the exact time is a necessity. To the individual it is not of such importance, though it is of value.

But we have grown so used to marvels that we have almost ceased to be amazed at the wonders that have been opened to us by this great invention of a tireless youth. On one of the last days of November, 1915, a message was sent from Germany to the station at Tuckerton in New Jersey. The wave sprang out into the void, and as quick as the flash of a thought it was caught not only in New Jersey but far off in the Hawaiian Islands, nine thousand miles away from its starting point.

At the present day Marconi is one of the most famous of living men. He is still a young man, and in the prime of his genius, and he is very happy, because he is hard at work with his invisible horses, harnessing them for the ends of the earth and on all the seas, driving them with greater care, and making improvements in his system which will be a blessing to the world for ever. Perhaps he will not live to see the whole of his boyhood's vision realised, for it will be long before every house in the world has a wire running up to the sky to receive its news and its time by electric waves. But many minds are now at work, and already things that he could scarcely have imagined have grown from the seed of his genius. The sound of the human voice, through the medium of a wireless telephone, has been heard, across mountain, plain and ocean, nearly five thousand miles away.

PROCLAMATION OF WILLIAM I, AS GERMAN EMPEROR, AT VERSAILLES, JANUARY 18, 1871



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PRINCE OTTO VON BISMARCK

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO MADE AN EMPIRE FOR HIS KING

WE are so accustomed in these days to think of the German Empire as a powerful nation, united under the sway of its emperor, that we feel a little shock of surprise when we discover that within the memory of many people now alive, it was composed of a small number of independent states. The present German emperor was born while his grandfather was as yet only king of Prussia, and before he had any expectation of becoming emperor. Indeed it was not until several years after the close of the Civil War in the United States that the king of Prussia was proclaimed emperor of united Germany. How this came about is a most interesting story, and is really the result of the life work of one great man, Prince Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck.

LACK OF GERMAN UNITY IN EARLY DAYS

Before the latter half of the nineteenth century, the German people had never become united in the same way as, for instance, the people of France, or the people of England. To be sure until the time of Napoleon the country was nominally under the rule of an emperor, the head in name of the Holy Roman Empire; but he had little power over the independent princes at any time, and in the later centuries practically none. Germany was divided into a large number of states, some of them of comparatively large size, some of them smaller than the District of Columbia.

At one time there were between two and three hundred of these states — principalities, grand duchies, duchies, and bishoprics, and the ruler of each was an independent sovereign, even though he was only a simple knight, who held a few hundred acres for which he nominally gave allegiance to the emperor. Then there were the free towns, or imperial cities, which were self-governing and held their charters direct from the emperor, or had freed themselves from the rule of the prince upon whose land they stood. Hamburg, Lübeck and Bremen are still free towns. All these little states made war upon one another at their own pleasure, and were only held together in a sem-

blance of unity by the general diet, or assembly of representatives of the princes.

HOW THE EMPERORS WERE ELECTED

From among these princes an emperor was elected, who bore the title of German King and Holy Roman Emperor. Once he had gone to Rome to be crowned by the Pope, but centuries before this practice had fallen into disuse. Any German prince might become emperor but actually the title had remained for several hundred years in the powerful house of Habsburg, to which the rulers of Austria belong, and had come to be looked upon as belonging to it. In the early days of the empire, all the princes had a voice in the election of the emperor, but in 1356 it was arranged that seven of their number should represent all the rest. These seven added the title of Elector to their own, and the office became hereditary. The number was afterward increased.

Among so many independent rulers, some were bound to become more powerful than others. The dukes of Austria, by marriage and conquest, gradually became possessed of a great part of the dominions that now comprise the empire of Austria. Bavaria, Saxony and Würtemberg were also powerful states which afterward became kingdoms, but in later times Prussia, which originally did not belong to Germany at all, grew in size and importance until it rivalled Austria and finally put that country out of the German confederation.

HOW PRUSSIA BECAME A GERMAN KINGDOM

Old Prussia, that is that part of Prussia which lies up round the Baltic, between the Vistula and the Memel, was peopled by Slavs. At one time, the Slav people were spread across the north of Germany, as far as the Elbe, but before the beginning of the thirteenth century they had been pushed back by the Germans beyond the Vistula. Before that time the country that had once been theirs had become the duchy of Pomerania and the mark of Brandenburg, so called because it was the mark or march which divided the still un-

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conquered, pagan Slavs from the more settled territory. The margrave of Brandenburg was one of the electors.

So matters stood at the close of the crusades against the Saracens. Then a religious order of German knights, which had been founded for warfare in the Holy Land, undertook to subdue the pagans nearer home, and turned their attention to the Prussians. It was for a time the fashion for adventurous spirits from other countries to join them, and Chaucer represents the knight in the *Canterbury Tales* as having been engaged in such a crusade. Before long the people were conquered and converted. Most of them were reduced to serfdom, and the land became the possession of the Teutonic Knights, under the overlordship of the king of Poland.

This state of affairs lasted until the time of the Reformation, which made a change. The head of the Teutonic Order joined the Lutheran Church, and instead of being Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights became duke of Prussia and married. He belonged to the Hohenzollern family, the head of which was the duke of Brandenburg, and thus it came about that when a duke of Prussia died, without heirs, Prussia became a possession of the rulers of Brandenburg.

By and by, Prussia threw off the overlordship of Poland, and when in 1701 the elector of Brandenburg took the title of king, he preferred to be called king of Prussia, because as ruler of that country he did not owe even nominal allegiance to the emperor. Gradually Prussia increased greatly in size. By conquest, purchase, inheritance and shrewdness in treaty making the kings added to their territory bit by bit, until the kingdom stretched far across the north of Germany.

WHEN GERMANY HAD NO EMPEROR

Meantime the power of the emperor had gradually grown less, and after the disastrous wars with Napoleon it quite disappeared. Then the emperor renounced the title of Roman Emperor and in its place took that of Emperor of Austria, a title which is still borne by the Austrian ruler.

A CONFEDERATION OF GERMAN STATES IS FORMED

Napoleon's power was broken, but the title of emperor was not at once revived

in Germany. By the treaty of Vienna, which settled the affairs of Europe, the German states, which had now been reduced to thirty-nine, were formed into a confederation, or *bund*, not of the people, as in the United States, but of the princes. These princes were to send representatives to a diet which sat at Frankfort-on-the-Main, but the diet had nothing to do with the internal affairs of the different countries which constituted the confederation. The representative of the emperor of Austria was always president of the diet.

This arrangement did not please Prussia, which by the treaty of Vienna had gained a great deal of new territory. With her increased strength, the rivalry which had grown up between Prussia and Austria became stronger also, and the jealousy of the one country toward the other became acute.

Gradually Prussia became commercially supreme. The king drew the sovereigns of some of the independent states into a customs union or *zollverein*. Under the agreements by which they entered the union all the countries included agreed to use the same customs tariff, and from this union, Austria was shut out. Thus the way was paved for Prussian supremacy in German politics, and this is how matters stood when Bismarck commenced the work of his life.

OTTO VON BISMARCK IS BORN THE YEAR OF WATERLOO

Otto von Bismarck was born in the year 1815, the year of Waterloo, at Schönhausen, an estate in Brandenburg which had belonged to his father's family for many centuries. His earliest years, however, were spent in Kniephof, in Pomerania, another estate which his father owned, and it was here that he listened to tales of Frederick the Great, whom both his father and mother remembered, of Napoleon's invasion of Prussia and of the great War of Liberation from the terror of his yoke. His father, Charles William Ferdinand von Bismarck, who had been a captain in the army, was a quiet and unassuming man. His mother, who was the daughter of a court official, was a very beautiful woman, and possessed, in large measure, the ability and strength of character with which her great son was endowed. She was very ambitious for him,

THE IRON CHANCELLOR



Prince Otto von Bismarck, to whom in great measure is due the creation of the German Empire. He spent his life in the service of his country, and felt himself well repaid for all his work when he read the offer of the imperial crown of united Germany to his royal master, the King of Prussia.

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood.

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and wished him, he said, "to learn much and attain great things." He loved his father very dearly, and reproached himself because he thought he had not shown his affection as he might. His mother held very liberal views which he shared in his early years. It was not until after his student days were over that he became the strong conservative known to history. He lost his mother before he had reached the age of twenty-five, and his father six years later. Of a large family of brothers and sisters, only two other children lived beyond their infancy, his brother Bernhard, who was some years older, and his sister Malvina, several years younger than he.

HIS STUDENT DAYS AT SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

When he was six years old, he was sent to school in Berlin. First, as a little boy, he went to a private school, and when he was a lad of twelve he was sent to the gymnasium of the Grey Friars. At the age of seventeen he was ready for the university and first went to Göttingen where, however, he only spent one year. At the end of his first year, he returned to Berlin and finished his university career in that city. It is odd to read, of a man of his dignity and culture, that when he was a student he was fined for throwing a bottle out of a window, and for having been seen smoking on the street. His student pranks, however, were neither many nor grave, and he left the university with a reputation for scholarship which his after life proved to be well deserved. He was punished once for taking part in a duel, but the quarrel was not his, and he prevented the principals from injuring each other.

Even in his early manhood he had leanings toward public life, and a year or so after he left the university, he passed the necessary examinations and found a place in a government office. But he had no great liking for the routine of office, and after a couple of years, during which he also did his military service, he left the public service. He then undertook to manage his father's estate at Kniephof in Pomerania, and it is pleasant to know that he made an excellent landlord and was much beloved by his tenants. He also lived for a time at Schönhausen with his father, and after his father's death in 1845 settled there, as it then fell to him as his

inheritance. At this time it almost seemed as if his career were to be the life of a country gentleman and landholder with progressive ideas about the cultivation of his estate.

HE IS A CONSCIENTIOUS SUPERVISOR OF THE DIKES

Shortly after his father's death, he again entered the service of the state as *deichhauptmann*, an office which gave him supervision of the dikes that keep the Elbe from flooding the low, flat country through which it flows. The office carried no salary with it but nevertheless he felt a strong sense of responsibility, all the more because he had had the man who preceded him removed for "official misconduct." He had no deputy and was obliged to stick closely to his post in the late winter and early spring. When the floods came he was compelled to be out in all sorts of weather, in rain and storm, at all hours of the day and night.

His letters give delightful glimpses of his life at this time. He tells of his love for the storm, of the long hours spent on horseback in the freezing cold and pouring rain, his love for flowers, and his deep and abiding love of God, and trust in Him. He describes "the break-up of the ice on the Elbe until it carried out" "to the free sea like shattered chains." Through his letters there runs always, like a thread, the expression of the great love for his country which was one of the master motives of his life, and which prompted him to use the great force of his will in turning the course of its history in the direction that he thought wisest and best for it.

HIS MARRIAGE AND HAPPY FAMILY LIFE

In the year 1847, he married Fraulein Johanna von Puttkamer, a clever and well-educated woman who was able to understand and sympathise with him. They had three children who grew up in the warm atmosphere of home life that came from the deep love that their father and mother had for each other. Later in life, when he was in the midst of the strife of political life, Bismarck said that he was "truly filled with gratitude to God" for "the quiet happiness of a family life filled with love, a peaceful haven." Perhaps it was the quiet times of rest that he gained in that peaceful haven, which enabled him to

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carry out his great ideas exactly as he planned them.

The year 1847 was important for him in another way also. This same year he took his seat in the Prussian diet as substitute for the member for his district, who was ill. He did not enter it, however, as a liberal. He had long since changed his opinions and was now strongly conservative, and believed that the king should have a very great deal of power.

The following year, there were stirring times in Germany. The people everywhere demanded constitutions. Everywhere

toms still survived. At length the king granted a constitution and summoned an assembly, or diet, to ratify its terms. The diet accepted the constitution, and by it the internal affairs of the kingdom of Prussia are still governed. Bismarck was a member of the diet, and by this time his strength, his vigour of mind and his daring had become very evident.

HE IS APPOINTED PRUSSIAN REPRESENTATIVE AT THE GERMAN DIET

Nevertheless, when in 1850 the king appointed him his representative at the



The principal entrance to Friedrichsruhe where Prince Bismarck spent much time in his later years.
Photograph, Underwood & Underwood.

there were rebellions which were put down, in some cases with the aid of the Prussian army. In most of the states, the people gained something, but not all that they desired, and it was at this time that the great German emigration to the United States began. Many of the revolutionists chose to come to a strange country, where they could have the greater freedom that was denied them in their own. During the year, there was a good deal of trouble in Prussia, where the king still had almost absolute power, and, although serfdom had been abolished in 1807, some feudal cus-

Frankfort diet, a good deal of surprise was expressed. Men thought he was too inexperienced and too hot-headed for so important a post. He proved his value there, however, and held it until, eight years afterwards, he was transferred to Petrograd as ambassador to the Russian court. During these eight years, he gained a tremendous knowledge of German politics and the German people, and it was then that he laid and matured the plans which he afterwards so unerringly carried out. In all this time he never once lost sight of his dream of making the king of

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Prussia head of the German nation. To quote a speech, which he made in 1850, he wanted "to gain in Germany a place worthy of Prussia." He was determined that Prussia and not Austria should be the leading German power. While he was at Frankfort, he also held his seat in the Prussian diet. The king learned to depend on his strength, and frequently sent for him that he might gain his help and advice. In one year Bismarck said he travelled 2,000 German miles in journeying between Frankfort and Berlin. More than once, had he so chosen, he might have been called to office in Berlin, but he preferred to wait.

HE BECOMES AN AMBASSADOR

Even before revolutionary times, Bismarck had met the heir to the throne, William, Prince of Prussia, the brother of King Frederick William IV, and had developed a great admiration and friendship for him. The prince returned the friendship, and immediately after he came into power, sent Bismarck to Petrograd as ambassador to Russia. He spent four years in Russia, and did much to strengthen the friendship between the two countries. He was then sent to Paris as ambassador, but held this post for only a few months before he was recalled to Berlin, partly against his will, as he wished, as he said, to "ripen" in Paris. He foresaw already the struggle with Napoleon III, and wished for a longer time to study his character.

HE IS MADE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL

He returned to Berlin in September, 1862, and was at once appointed president of the council. This carried with it the presidency of the Prussian diet, and soon he was also made foreign minister.

He had been recalled to Berlin so that he might aid the king in a dispute with the diet about its right to refuse taxation. King Frederick William IV, who had been an invalid for some years, died in the year 1861, and, was succeeded by his brother King William III, afterward the Emperor William I, who had for some years been acting as regent. King William at once began to reorganise the army, and for this purpose required large yearly sums of money. To this the House of Delegates strongly objected, and reduced

the budget, that is, the sum to be raised by taxes to carry out the plans of the government for the year's work.

It was at this point that Bismarck was called in, as the one man who was strong enough to oppose the lower house, and clever enough to find a way out of the difficulty. He did it very simply. He argued that as the constitution did not say what was to be done in such a case, and as the king and the upper house each had a vote equal to the vote of the lower house, the king, with the consent of the upper house, had the right to rule without a budget. This was done, and for four years,—what is called the "Time of Conflict,"—the government was carried on without the consent of the lower house to its expenditure. So much was done in these four years, however, that the people were more than willing to forgive the irregularity, and the power of the king, in which Bismarck believed so strongly, was established.

Bismarck had been all the more ready to accept office because the king's plans fitted in exactly with his own. His powerful mind had now become almost completely dominated by his great idea of welding Germany into one nation, with his much loved Prussia at its head, and his king supreme in all its councils. For this he needed the army which the king was preparing, and had already declared that German unity could only be reached by the power of the sword. The opposition to his course was strong, and at one time was shared in even by the queen and the crown prince, but Bismarck stood his ground like a rock, and let the storm rage.

For years, all Germany had been longing for union, for an end to the dissensions that had rent the nation for so many centuries. Many efforts had been made to bring about this union, but all had failed. Bismarck believed that they always would fail until the rivalry between Austria and Prussia was ended, and he had already determined that Austria should be shut out. For this a strong army was needed, and so he threw himself heart and soul into the struggle on the side of the king.

THE WAR WITH DENMARK AND WHY IT WAS FOUGHT

The first thing that justified him in the eyes of the country was the result of the

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war with Denmark. This was fought over what is known as the Schleswig-Holstein Question, which is an interesting story not only in the history of Prussia, but also in the history of Germany and in the history of all Europe as well.

Schleswig and Holstein are two duchies that for generations had been ruled by the kings of Denmark, though their government was quite distinct from that country. The people of Schleswig were chiefly Danes, while the majority of the people of Holstein have always been Germans.

because it had been united with Holstein for so long a time. An international congress of European powers tried to arrange matters, but was unsuccessful, and the question was still unsettled when the king died.

He was succeeded by Christian IX, the grandfather of the present kings of England and Greece and of the tsar of Russia. King Christian attempted to incorporate Schleswig into Denmark, and the Duke of Augustenburg set up his claim. The Prussian diet, as well as the German diet,



A favourite resting place of Prince Bismarck's in the park at Friedrichsruhe.

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood.

Frederick VII of Denmark had no children, and the succession to the throne lay through his sister. But it was claimed that his heir could not succeed to the duchy of Holstein, because it was governed under the old Salic law, by which inheritance could not go through a woman. To overcome this objection, the King of Denmark tried to make both duchies an actual part of the kingdom. The German diet, however, objected, and supported the Duke of Augustenburg, who claimed the right to succeed to the dukedom of Holstein by inheritance, and to the duchy of Schleswig

wished to support the Duke of Augustenburg, but no pressure could force Bismarck into this course. Instead of doing so, he persuaded the King of Prussia to enter into an alliance with the Emperor of Austria to force the King of Denmark to carry out the terms of the treaty by which he had succeeded to the throne of Denmark, and which he had broken by his legislation with regard to Schleswig. War was declared. The Danes fought bravely, but were defeated by overwhelming numbers. The king lost not only Schleswig and Holstein, but his little duchy of Lauen-

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burg as well, and his dominions were reduced to the kingdom of Denmark that we know to-day.

BISMARCK RECEIVES THE TITLE OF COUNT FROM THE KING

The conquered territory was ceded to Austria and Prussia jointly, but Bismarck had no intention of allowing this arrangement to stand, for he had already well in mind the idea of the Baltic and North Sea canal, and for this purpose desired Kiel as a harbour. Soon differences arose between the allies, but at first they were apparently settled by an arrangement by which Austria took over the government of Holstein, and Prussia that of Schleswig. At the same time, Prussia paid to Austria the sum of a million dollars for her share in the sovereignty of Lauenburg, and that duchy became a possession of Prussia. This piece of diplomacy so pleased the king that he created Bismarck a count, and wrote to him that he had won for Prussia a place worthy of her history.

THE WAR WITH AUSTRIA CALLED THE SEVEN WEEKS WAR

Still the future of the duchies was not settled, and Bismarck saw that the end would probably be a war with Austria, and for this he began to prepare. It was not long in coming. In the spring of 1866 the friendship between the two countries was broken and their alliance ceased to exist. Bismarck then presented to the princes of the Confederation a scheme for its reform, by which Austria should cease to be a member. Austria retaliated by calling upon the diet to gather the armies of the Confederation to punish Prussia. The majority of the representatives of the princes agreed. The Prussian representative left the diet, and the German Confederation was broken up.

War immediately began but it was all over very quickly. The Prussian troops, who were ready for war, were everywhere victorious, and it was only the good sense, and practical wisdom of Bismarck that kept them from marching on Vienna and dictating terms from that city. He reflected that after all Austria was a German country. He wanted to gain her friendship, not her hatred, and did not wish to inflict too much humiliation upon her. No sooner was she defeated than he set to

work to win her good-will, and when the treaty of peace was made insisted that none of her territory should be taken from her.

PRUSSIA RECEIVES LARGE ACCESSIONS OF TERRITORY AFTER THE WAR

He followed the same policy with the South German states who had sided with her, but the North German states, those which bordered on Prussia, fared differently. Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, and the city of Frankfort lost their independence and became part of Prussia. Schleswig and Holstein were also made part of the Prussian kingdom. Thus the war of 1866, or, as it is commonly known, the Seven Weeks War made Prussia the strongest of all the German states, and the people felt that Bismarck's policy had been justified.

The Prussian possessions now stretched almost solidly across the north of Germany, from the Russian frontier on the east to the frontiers of Belgium and Holland on the west. The small northern states, such as the Mecklenburg duchies, that still remained independent, were friendly to Prussia and had aided her in the war. Indeed they are so surrounded by Prussian territory that they are helpless against her, they are "under her guns" Bismarck said, and their votes would of course go with her in the new confederation that Bismarck already had in view.

BISMARCK'S DREAM OF A UNITED GERMANY

For he had a much broader vision than the king. The king wanted to make the kingdom of Prussia powerful, just as Austria had been in the old days. Bismarck was wiser. He wanted just the same thing, but in a different way. He believed that to make Germany united it was necessary that one of the states should be much more powerful than the others, so that the king of that state should as a matter of course be emperor, and he was determined that this state should be Prussia. Nevertheless, he realised that this power should as it were be tucked away and be put out of sight. It must be used to advance the interests of the whole nation, and not for the glorification of the king. Otherwise, the other princes might grow jealous of Prussia, and soon combine against her.

AN EMPIRE BUILDER OF MODERN DAYS

HE FORMS THE NORTH GERMAN CONFEDERATION

According to the terms of peace, the army of Saxony, which had sided with Austria, was put under the control of the king of Prussia. Treaties were made one by one with the other princes that had opposed him and soon a confederation was formed. This, however, did not include Baden, Württemberg or Bavaria, nor was it at this time proposed that the king of Prussia should be emperor, for part of Bismarck's greatness lay in the fact that he was content to make haste slowly. A constitution was adopted for the government of the confederation, and under this the king of Prussia was to be hereditary president. It was provided that under no circumstances should Austria become a member of the union. This confederation was called the North German Confederation because it included only the states which lie north of the River Main.

So far matters had gone as Bismarck desired. He had ended the long struggle between Austria and Prussia. But one step more was needed. His king was not yet emperor, all Germany was not yet united.

Perhaps this might have come to pass without another war, but he thought not. Napoleon III, who was then emperor of France, was jealous of the growing power of Prussia and the greater unity of Germany. German unity rather interfered with his own ideas and he would have liked to hinder its development. Believing this, Bismarck prepared to be ready to crush France if cause for war came, and for this purpose, immediately after peace was concluded began still further to strengthen the army. He did not shrink from the thought of another war, since he believed that the one thing needed for a united Germany was a war in which all the states would feel impelled to fight against a common enemy. Therefore, when in 1870 Napoleon III became rather aggressive, Bismarck did nothing to ward off a quarrel between the two countries, but on the contrary hastened the break between them.

THE WAR WITH FRANCE WHICH MADE AN EMPEROR OF THE PRUSSIAN KING

The war began in September, 1870, and ended most disastrously for France. Her

armies were defeated, her emperor was taken prisoner, Paris itself had to surrender, and when peace was made, the country lost two of her provinces — Alsace and part of Lorraine. The German princes had, as Bismarck expected, joined in this war, so that they felt that the victory increased the renown of all Germany. The king of Prussia was with the army. His son and his brother were both victorious in battle, and in the first flush of victory, while the troops were still before Paris, he was proclaimed German emperor at Versailles.

The great desire of Bismarck's life was at last gratified. He had made his native country the foremost state in Germany. He had made Germany powerful, and united her as she had never been united before. By his work, his own much loved king had been made emperor, and he had enlarged the territory of the empire itself.

HE RECEIVES THE TITLE OF PRINCE AND IS MADE CHANCELLOR

In his gratitude the emperor gave him the title of prince, and presented him with the great estate of Friedrichsruhe. He was made chancellor of the empire, and as he still retained his office of president-minister of the Prussian diet, he was, next to the emperor, the most powerful man in all Germany. Of course there was a great deal of work to be done to get the machinery of the imperial government in running order. In his wisdom, however, he had seen to it that the constitution of the North German Confederation was wide enough to include the additional states which now joined to make the German Confederation, and there was much less friction than might have been expected.

Each of the states kept its own home government, under its hereditary prince; but the imperial diet has the arrangements with foreign countries in its hands, the army and navy are under the control of the emperor, and he has the right to declare war, if it be entered into for the defence of the empire. The constitution declares, however, that the emperor must not declare war, unless the enemy country has first made an attack, without the consent of the federal council, or Bundesrath.

This is composed of representatives of the different states, and the members are

AN EMPIRE BUILDER OF MODERN DAYS

appointed each session. On the other hand, the members of the Imperial Diet, the Reichstag, are elected for five years, and election is by universal suffrage.

THE SIMPLE HOME LIFE OF A GREAT MAN

As long as the Emperor William I lived, Bismarck retained his power, which he constantly used to increase the power

in the simplest and funniest and most interesting manner about all sorts of things that had happened in these tremendous years, and talking of them exactly as every-day people talk of every-day matters,—without any affectation. The truth is that he is so entirely simple that one is obliged to be saying to oneself all the time: This is the great Bismarck,—



The Iron Chancellor in conversation with the Crown Prince, now the Emperor William II.
Photograph, Underwood & Underwood.

of the state, and to make Germany feared and respected in Europe. More than once he wished to give up his office, but the emperor very emphatically refused to allow him to resign. The American historian, Motley, whose friendship for him dated from their student days, in Göttingen, gives a very pleasant picture of him in these days of his greatness. Speaking of a visit which he paid to him at the time of his silver wedding, Motley says: "After dinner Bismarck and I had a long walk in the woods, he talking all the time

the greatest living man, and one of the greatest historical characters that ever lived. . . .

"If he had learned nothing else, he said, he had learned modesty. . . . We breakfast at any hour, dine generally about half-past three, he not being allowed to dine late, and after dinner we make these sylvan excursions, and go to bed, after a scrambling, promiscuous supper, about twelve. . . . The intense affection which he has for his wife and children is delightful to contemplate, and as you may

imagine he is worshipped by them." His work followed him to the country, and Motley says: "While he is sitting there and talking to all of us, his secretary hands him the piles of letters with which he is goaded in his retirement, and with a lead-pencil about a foot long makes memoranda as to the answers and other dispositions to be made."

THE CONGRESS AT BERLIN

In the year 1878, a great Congress met in Berlin to settle the affairs of the Balkans. Although the Balkan countries had been conquered centuries before by the Turks the people had never ceased to look forward to the time when they might regain their independence. For many years the Turkish power had been declining, and as it grew less, the Balkan people broke out in revolt from time to time, and some of them had partly freed themselves from the hated yoke of their conquerors. But Russia on the one hand, and Austria on the other were trying to gain control of these small states. This brought about the possibility of a great war in Europe, and to find a way to avoid the danger a congress of the European powers was called to meet at Berlin. The great powers of Europe sent delegates, and Bismarck presided at the meetings, which were held at his palace in Berlin.

This Congress compelled the Turks to recognise the independence of Servia, Rumania, and Montenegro, and to give Bulgaria partial independence, and, as a result, the peace of Europe was preserved for many years. About thirty years later, Bulgaria obtained complete independence. The Congress also took the government of Bosnia and Herzegovina from Turkey and gave it to Austria-Hungary, but they were not annexed to that empire until 1908.

The old emperor died in March, 1888, and was succeeded by his son Frederick III, who had distinguished himself as a soldier in the wars of 1866 and 1870. He was a broad-minded man, liberal in his views, and was greatly beloved by the people, who called him "*Unser Fritz*." But he was already an invalid when his father died, and only reigned three months before he too died and was succeeded by his son William II, the present emperor.

BISMARCK IS ASKED TO RESIGN THE CHANCELLORSHIP OF THE EMPIRE

Bismarck retained his office during the months of Frederick's reign, and held it for some time after the accession of William II, for whom he had a strong affection. At first all went well, but soon differences of opinion arose between them. Bismarck thought that the emperor ought to govern according to his advice, as his father and grandfather had done; the emperor on the other hand wished to take his own way without interference from the chancellor. The result was that the emperor determined that the chancellor should give up his power, and two years after his accession, he asked his great minister to resign. He created Bismarck Duke of Lauenburg, and in other ways tried to soften the blow; but for several years they were not friends.

Bismarck was now an old man, and for the rest of his life he lived simply and quietly at one or the other of his country homes, oppressed only by the unhappiness of the quarrel between him and the emperor. The German people had long before this realised that he was perhaps the greatest man in their history, and had begun to show him great honour. They even made pilgrimages to see him, and on his birthdays large deputations coming to congratulate him followed one another all day long. He was a source of pride to the whole nation, for he had given them pride and belief in themselves.

In the last years of his life he had a very great sorrow in the death of his wife, who had been his faithful and beloved companion for so many years. He survived her for four years, and died peacefully on July 31, 1898, at Friedrichsruhe, where he was buried in a spot that had been chosen by himself.

He was deeply mourned throughout the empire, and every honour was shown to his memory, the emperor himself attending his funeral, as if he had been a member of the royal house.

His children were worthy of him, and each of his sons reached distinction. The elder — Prince Herbert von Bismarck — was at one time secretary of state for foreign affairs and Prussian minister. The younger — Count William von Bismarck — became president of the province of Prussia. Both of his sons are now dead.

A FAMOUS ARTIST'S FAMOUS FRIENDS



DR. JOHNSON VISITING SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN THE ARTIST'S STUDIO



THE DYING GAINSBOROUGH SENDS FOR SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS TO COMFORT HIM

The picture of the reconciliation with Gainsborough is the copyright of the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield; and the upper picture is by Mr. Francis Barraud.
The picture on page 18 is from a photograph by Hanfstaengl.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN

THE STORY OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND THE
LITTLE PEOPLE WHOSE FACES EVERYBODY LOVES

THE LOVELY PICTURES THAT ARE FADING FROM THE WORLD

Some of the loveliest pictures in the world are fading away. This is the story of the man who painted them.

On a drowsy day in school a little boy sat doing a lesson in Latin. The work wearied him, and he turned his exercise paper over and made a fine little pencil picture. The schoolmaster, who was his father, was angry when he discovered what the boy had been doing, and, in a very bad temper, he wrote on the drawing, "This is drawn by Joshua in school, out of pure idleness." Well, that little drawing, the work of a vanished hand, is still in existence, and there upon it, plain for us to read, is the scolding father's comment, still clear 180 years after. The drawing is worth far more than its weight in gold today, and the father's note adds to its value, for that little drawing was one of the first efforts of a boy who was to grow up to be Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The father of Sir Joshua was a clergyman, a good, learned man, but of a hopeless type, who, going down to Plympton, in Devonshire, to become master of the grammar school there, so mismanaged the school that all but one scholar left. He was an absent-minded man whom nothing greatly troubled. While out riding one day he dropped one of his boots, but rode on without missing it. Such was the father of the great artist-to-be, who was born at Plympton on July 16, 1723. It sometimes happens that with a schoolmaster for his father a boy receives but a scanty education, and it was so in the case of little Joshua. The fine scholar who could not keep a school together could not take the trouble to educate this tiny boy, one of a family of ten, and perhaps the greatest mystery that the sleepy-minded clergyman-schoolmaster had to study. He seems to have had no notion that the boy was a genius, though if he had looked at one of the whitewashed walls of his house he would have seen a drawing, made by a fat baby finger dipped in ink, which might have given him a clue.

Two great artists, Haydon and Wilkie, went down to the house seventeen years after the death of Reynolds and found this little drawing made on the wall nearly a hundred years before, and both declared that that baby drawing showed something of the spirit and character of the great artist's later work. They found other examples of the skill of Reynolds in the town. One was a beautiful portrait of an old man, owned by an elderly lady, who regarded it as her greatest treasure. So dear to her was it that she would not have it dusted or brushed. She had it *blown with the bellows!* All her care was in vain, however, for a stupid maidservant blundered up to the painting with the bellows in her hand and thrust their point right through the picture.

Joshua attended his father's school, where, as we have seen, the worthy schoolmaster did not at all understand his wanting to draw. Even when the lad presented him with a serious piece of work from his pencil, the father did not see the genius in the composition. It was simply the result, he thought, of an old book on drawing which the boy had found. "How this proves," he sagely remarked, "what the author of the book states, that by observing the rules laid down in this book a man may do wonders, for this is wonderful." It was the book that the father blessed, not the boy. But Joshua knew he could draw, as a young duck knows it can swim, and he did not trouble about much else.

He was only twelve when he first painted a portrait. This was the likeness of a tutor in Lord Edgcumbe's family. The boy went on a visit to Lord Edgcumbe, and, sitting in church, made a sketch of the tutor on his thumb-nail. Then he ran down to a boathouse, got an old piece of boat-sail and some paint which the boatmen used for their boats, and, with these meagre materials, painted the portrait from the tiny sketch.

And all this time, as Joshua began to grow up, his father was thinking what

a capital chemist he would make. Happily, a neighbour had observed the boy's talent for painting, and persuaded the father to apprentice him to a London artist named Hudson, a man of poor talent, but then considered quite the best of portrait painters. Reynolds went up to Hudson's studio, and all went well for a time, for the boy wrote of his work, "While I am doing this I am the happiest creature alive." But Hudson was a small-minded man, and is believed to have been jealous of his pupil. At any rate, the apprenticeship, which was to have lasted four years, came to an end in half that time, and Joshua, now nineteen, returned to Plymouth Dock—now Devonport—and began to paint portraits of officers and their wives. One of the officers, Captain Kepple, on sailing to take charge of a squadron in the Mediterranean, took the young artist with him, and Reynolds passed an eventful three years abroad. While on shore at naval stations he lived free of expense, and as he was paid for painting a good many portraits, he was able to build up a little fund to enable him to go to various centres of art, and study the great masters at Rome, Venice, Florence, and elsewhere.

Among the friends whom Reynolds met abroad was John Astley, then a very poor art student, whom the more fortunate Reynolds befriended. One day the friends were out on a country ramble with several companions, and all save Astley removed their coats on account of the heat. Astley at first refused to do so, but was laughed by the others into following their example. It was then seen that the back of his waistcoat was made from the canvas of one of his own paintings. He was carrying a picture of a foaming waterfall upon his back, because he was too poor to buy a new lining for his waistcoat.

Two very serious things happened during this tour. First a horse ran away with Joshua down a precipice, inflicting injuries which marred his face for life; and next, even worse, came an illness, following a chill, while he was studying in the Vatican. Apparently trivial at the time, this cold left him permanently deaf, so that this man, whose company was sought by all the choice spirits of the age, could not converse without the help of an ear-trumpet.

Upon his return to England, Reynolds was encouraged by Lord Edgcumbe to set up a studio in London. He was only twenty-nine, but orders flowed in upon him in abundance. He produced a method of his own, fearlessly, regardless of criticism.

At this time portraits were being painted in the fashion set by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the seventeenth century. Kneller's work had been a grand advance upon the work which had preceded his, but that which followed was only a feeble imitation of his. Reynolds threw over the old traditions, painted with boldness and freedom, with rich colouring, and with life and movement sug-



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, PAINTED BY HIMSELF
This portrait shows very clearly the cracking and fading away of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures, which will one day be lost to the world

gested in the backgrounds. Hudson, his old master, went to see his work. "Reynolds cannot paint as well as he did when he left England," he said sneeringly. Others said to him, "This will never do. Why don't you paint like Sir Godfrey Kneller?" We have all heard that "This will never do." It was said of Wordsworth's poetry as well as of Reynolds's portraits.

Fortunately, there were better critics than the artists of the period. Wealthy people crowded to the young painter's studio to have their portraits painted, and Reynolds never afterwards knew the want of money.

He had his younger sister, Frances, to keep house for him, and he never married.

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She had something of his artistic faculty, but not much; and, kind as he was, it grieved him a little that she should paint copies of his works, for he was quick to see that her work was desperately weak and poor. Her copies, he said, made him cry and made others laugh. But she was a good, kindly soul, whom Dr. Johnson called his

luck" when he arrived. There was no fuss or ceremony at the table; the guests helped themselves to whatever they wanted. It was not what they ate and drank that mattered, it was the company that counted; and in fancy we can picture the old artist now, seated at the head of his table, with his trumpet to his ear, straining



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PICTURE OF A LITTLE BOY, MASTER CREWE, DRESSED AS HENRY THE EIGHTH

"dearest dear," and she fell in perfectly with her brother's notions of housekeeping. He loved to entertain a few friends, such as Johnson and Burke and Goldsmith—a rare company of genius. They would drop in for midday dinner. If one of them happened to be late, the others would begin their meal, and the late-comer would take "pot

to catch the good things falling from the lips of his friends, and dropping some sage or cheery remark of his own, always mellow, kindly, and wise. And Fanny Reynolds, who knew her brother's tastes, kept his house in the manner he desired, and because she made his life happy and comfortable she deserves to be kindly

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remembered, even though her poor little paintings did bring the tears to her great brother's gentle eyes.

One item of the housekeeping the brother and sister managed jointly, and that was the marketing. Sir Joshua used to go down to the fishmonger's in the morning and select the fish for dinner. In the afternoon his sister would call at the shop to pay the bill. The fishmonger declared that he had never known anybody so good at making a bargain as these two. Sir Joshua picked the best fish, and Miss Reynolds beat the merchant down to the last penny! Another little

picture we like to recall in his home life is the picture of the painter and his pet bird. For hours he would play with it, and one day, when it escaped from the house, he left his work, ran out into Leicester Square, and searched for a long time for his lost companion. But the bird had flown.

It was when he was thirty-four years of age that Reynolds painted his first famous child study. If he had painted nothing else but pictures of little people he would be famous. He loved children, and though he was an old bachelor he understood them thoroughly. There is a story of a little boy who sat for his portrait, and perhaps was a little restless, for Reynolds would take him up and rock him on his foot, singing, "If you're good you shall have another ride." That boy became Lord Melbourne, the first Prime Minister of Queen Victoria's reign. Reynolds has never had an equal as a painter of children since Raphael. Look at that picture of innocent mischief, the little boy Crewe, dressed up as a tiny copy of bluff King Henry VIII., the very embodiment of boyish fun and gaiety. Then take, by way of contrast, that lovely painting of the child Samuel, and that wonderful portrait of a little girl which Reynolds drew as the faces of five angels. Few pictures in all the world have been more frequently copied and published than these.

There are many other works of children almost equally famous, notably "The Age of Innocence," one of the treasures of the National Gallery; but most of his pictures of children have a beauty of their own, a distinctive charm which makes the portrait seem alive to us even after all these years, when the paint is cracked and faded, and much of the work in ruins.

For that is the melancholy condition of most of the works of Reynolds. His glorious pictures, painted for all time, are fading away through no fault of his own—except that he believed his materials would last, and found out the truth too late. He did his work with all his strength and all his talent, but he used materials which, while giving great splendour to the colouring at the time, proved ruinous to the pictures as the years wore on. His workmanship was superb, but the materials employed in the bulk of his work—ah, there lies the sadness of his story! It was not that he meant to purchase present effect at the cost of future durability. He thought that his colours *would* last.



LADY GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

He had a burning passion to discover the secrets of the old masters' colours, and he destroyed many valuable old pictures of the Venetian school in the attempt to fathom the mystery the canvases held, the way in which the colours were laid on, the materials of which they were composed. The secret of his own colourings he jealously guarded. Of all the many pupils that he had, none was permitted to know the secret of his methods; his brushes and colours were religiously locked away. He saw the failure of some of his own work through the perishing of his colours, and when he criticised an old portrait of Henry VIII., Horace Walpole said, "It is not surprising that Sir Joshua should dislike colouring that has lasted so long."

Reynolds's love of company did not end with the little meetings at his own home; he established a famous literary club, of which Johnson, who used to call Sir Joshua

“almost his only friend,” was a member, together with Edmund Burke, the statesman, Oliver Goldsmith, the author, Sheridan, the orator, and David Garrick, the actor. The friendship between Johnson and Reynolds was specially notable. Johnson’s main interest centred in literature; he knew nothing about art; but Reynolds, listening to the great man’s conversation, declared that he could apply Johnson’s discourses to the painter’s art, so helpful, suggestive, and inspiring was his talk.

Johnson once made three requests of Reynolds. The first was that Reynolds would forgive him a sum of thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him; the second was that Reynolds would read his Bible more frequently; the third was that he should cease painting on Sundays. Reynolds gave a willing assent to all three, and kept his word.

The friendship between Reynolds and Goldsmith was celebrated very charmingly. Goldsmith died eighteen years before the painter, but as he lay upon his deathbed he wrote an epitaph for his friend, as though the artist were already dead. Here it is:

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell
you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better
behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless,
and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying,
and bland;
Still, born to improve us in every
part,
His pencil our faces, his manners
our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most
civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he
was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels,
Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only
took snuff.
By flattery unspoiled—

And there it ends. Death stilled the hand of the writer before he could finish his verses. It is a fine epitaph, even though it pokes fun at the artist’s contempt for



VISCOUNT ALTHORP, PAINTED BY REYNOLDS

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some of the old masters, and to his way of removing his ear-trumpet when he did not want to listen.

Among all the painter's friendships was one which alone suffered a check. It was Reynolds's friendship with Thomas Gainsborough, a superb painter and a fine fellow, but whimsical. He and Reynolds met, and Sir Joshua sat to him once for his portrait. Then the distinguished sitter was taken ill, and had to leave town. Upon his return he wrote to Gainsborough, expecting, of course, to be asked to renew his sittings; but Gainsborough only replied that he was

finish them. But before the end of the interview his words began to fail, and his last utterance to Reynolds was: "We are all going to heaven, and Vandykè is of the company." He died in the following month.

When the Royal Academy was founded, in 1768, Reynolds was elected its first President, and in the following year he was knighted. It was as President of the Royal Academy that Reynolds delivered at the banquets the famous series of lectures on art which grown-ups still delight to read.

With many of his opinions we do not now agree, but the whole tone of the lectures is



KING GEORGE THE THIRD GOES TO THE ACADEMY WITH SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND OTHER ARTISTS

glad to hear of Sir Joshua's restoration to health—and the portrait was never finished.

Years passed away, and poor Gainsborough lay dying. He thought of the small rivalries and misunderstandings which had kept him and Reynolds apart, and he sent begging Reynolds to visit him.

Of course Reynolds went, and many a tear has been shed over the story of the reconciliation of these two splendid men.

Gainsborough bravely talked of getting better, and had some of his pictures brought to his bedside to show his friend, and explained the way in which he meant to

an inspiration to the thoughtful and ardent. Reynolds had not been well educated, but the literary quality of these discourses is very high, so high, in fact, that it used to be said that Johnson or Burke wrote them for him or helped him with them. But they were entirely his own work, and their excellence is due to the fact that he took enormous pains with them, as, indeed, he did with everything. "Those who are determined to excel," he said, "must go to their work, whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; and they will find it to be no play, but, on the contrary, very

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hard work." And, with the modesty of true genius, he could say, "Alas, I can only make sketches—sketches."

Quite the foremost portrait painter of his time, Reynolds worked hard, and lived happily, enjoying the society of his friends, helping the needy, encouraging the struggling. He travelled, and wrote upon the art of the countries he visited, and his fame as a writer was so great that his works were translated into French and Russian. When he was sixty-six, however, his health failed. He had had a warning before, a paralytic stroke laying him aside for some time, but after that he completed one of the greatest of all his portraits, that of Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse." But now his sight began rapidly to fail him, and he had to give up painting. He lived only three years after that, and died on February 23, 1792. Although he had spent his money freely, he left a fortune of about a hundred thousand pounds, every penny of which he had earned.

English art was born again in him. As time has passed away, men have more and more realised the merit of his work, and pictures which he painted for a few guineas now sell for thousands of dollars. Great as was his popularity, he was not really

understood by the public in his own day, as one incident shows. When Reynolds was at the height of his fame he went down to Plympton, his native place, and what must they do but elect him mayor!

He took the honour in great good part, and said, indeed, that nothing had pleased him more. To show that he was really grateful, he painted a portrait of himself, and sent it off post-haste to the town to be hung in the public hall there. A friend wrote him to say that he had hung the picture in a good position. He had placed it, he said, between two bad pictures, between which it would shine the better. The "two bad pictures" proved to be the work of Reynolds himself, executed before the day of his fame, but admirable examples of his art, though for one he had been paid only four guineas—frame and all!

Reynolds was buried in St. Paul's. A great company of distinguished people attended his funeral, at which a pathetic and striking thing happened. Edmund Burke attempted to make a speech at the graveside, but he was overcome by grief for his dead friend, and the greatest orator in the golden age of oratory stood dumb and weeping at the loss which he and the whole of the world had sustained.



THE UNHAPPY WIFE OF KING CHARLES HIDES IN A DITCH FROM THE PARLIAMENT ARMY



QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA, HAVING RAISED FIVE MILLION DOLLARS BY PLEDGING THE CROWN JEWELS IN FRANCE, WENT TO ENGLAND TO AID THE KING AGAINST THE PARLIAMENT. DISCOVERED BY THE ARMY, SHE FLED TO THE OPEN FIELDS, AND HID IN A DITCH WHILE SHOTS PASSED HARMLESSLY OVER HER HEAD

CHARLES STUART'S WIFE

THE STRANGE STORY OF HENRIETTA MARIA
WHO SHARED THE SORROWS OF A THRONE

A WOMAN WHO MISUNDERSTOOD A PEOPLE AND MISLED A KING

"As happy as a queen," we say, although queens never knew unhappiness. But sorrow enters the palace as well as the cottage. It came full flood into the life of an English Queen, Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles the First, a woman in whose life folly and courage, talent and meanness, were strangely mingled.

She was born at the Louvre in Paris, in November, 1609, and was the daughter of Henry IV. of France, whose father was murdered when Henrietta was only six months old. Clever and lovable as a child, pretty, merry, and charming as a young lady, she was married to Charles I. when she was only fifteen, and for the first few years her married life was unhappy. The King was a Protestant and Henrietta was a Roman Catholic, and she came to England attended by a retinue of Catholic servants. The majority of the English people were Protestants, and the Queen gave deep offence to the nation when she refused to attend the coronation of her husband because the service was Protestant. Her retinue, also, soon caused trouble in the palace by refusing to obey the King, saying that "being a heretic, he had nothing to do with them."

The marriage deed was such that it allowed the Queen to have these members of her own church about her, but finally serious trouble arose, and so the King ordered them to be turned out of the palace and out of the country.

This caused the girl-queen great unhappiness, but she recovered, and peace and a happy home life came to the King and Queen. Had she been wise she might now have done much to avert the tragedy hanging over her husband's head. For ten years all went well at Court. She was too frivolous to see that heavy clouds were gathering on the horizon. Seven children were born to her, of whom

one died. The eldest surviving child became Charles II., and the next son was afterwards James II.

During these years, in which she called herself the happiest woman in England, Henrietta was extravagant and foolish; but Charles loved her, and she was truly fond of him. But her influence was never for good. Her only serious thought was of religion, but generally she was very careless. Doubtless she had the highest aim, but it was not right to undermine the authority of her husband, and to endanger his throne, by endeavouring to spread the Roman Catholic religion in the land over which he reigned as a Protestant king. The differences arising out of these religious questions gradually grew, for not only did the Queen cause great alarm by having Catholics at Court to convert the ladies there, but she disturbed the people by taking the future Charles II. to Mass. This the King forbade, but he could not prevent her from doing other things which lessened the good-will of the people toward her and the King.

The Queen could be fierce in little things too. She planned a play in which she was to appear at Court before the King, and, because a man named Prynne wrote a pamphlet against women acting, she rejoiced that he was punished by having his ears cut off. Gay people flocked to the Court. The Queen had not the ability in many cases to appreciate real merit, but frequently did her best to induce the King to promote and honour unworthy people.

When she had been fifteen years in England, terrible trouble arose between the King and the people, which she was either too lazy or too light-headed to understand. The people had been shamefully oppressed by the King, who sought to impose unlawful taxes and to override the authority of Parliament. No matter how wrong a course he might be taking,

when she did come to interest herself in affairs, she encouraged him to follow the wrong path. Instead of persuading him to deal justly with the nation, she encouraged him to continue wrong-doing, and tried to get foreign nations to help him with money and armies to crush the will of the English people. She implored the Pope to help, and was willing to promise to do anything in order to get her hands upon money. Her purpose was base. She wanted money, she confessed, to bribe members of Parliament to betray their principles and aid the King in his evil courses, and when this failed she advised the King to go down to the House of Commons and arrest five brave men who had dared to speak against his misconduct.

She never gave him worse advice. Having given it, she was so proud of herself that she could not keep the secret, but must tell the whole story to Lady Carlisle, from whom Parliament got warning, so that the men were able to escape. Soon afterwards the Queen fled to the Continent, taking with her a great part of the Crown jewels. We must not think she was deserting the King. No; it was now that her wrong-headed bravery showed itself.

She went to the Continent, sold or pawned the Crown jewels, and raised a great sum of money, so that she was able to set out for England with five million dollars and a great quantity of war stores. The ships which brought her over were caught in a storm. "Comfort yourselves," she said to the terrified women who were with her; "queens of England are never drowned." The ships were beaten back to the coast of Holland, but she started again when the storm had gone down, and this time reached Bridlington in safety. She was now the most hated woman in England, for her gossiping tongue had betrayed the secret of her visit to the Continent. Parliament ships were, therefore, on the look-out for her

vessels, and tried to destroy them as they lay at Bridlington.

The Queen had already landed, and had gone to bed in a house. The shots fired from the ships flew into the town and struck the houses. The Queen, springing from bed, rushed to a place of safety; but after she had gone she remembered that she had left her pet dog in the house, and she went back, in the face of shot and shell, to rescue it. Then she took to the open fields, and hid herself, with her ladies, in a ditch, where the shots passed harmlessly over their heads. That was a sample of her courage. If she had been as wise as she was fearless, she would have been a great woman indeed.



HENRIETTA MARIA, THE QUEEN WHO HID IN THE FIELDS FROM CROMWELL'S ARMY

Having rejoined the King, she continued to give him evil counsel. She now wanted him to give Orkney and Shetland to the King of Denmark, in order that the Danish king should send a fleet and an army to help Charles against his subjects. Later she wished the King to give the Channel Islands to France in return for a similar service from the French monarch, her brother. Happily, neither suggestion came to anything. But now an interesting thing happened.

Henrietta set out at the head of a small army, which she was to lead from Newark, to join the King at Oxford. On the way

she stopped at Stratford-on-Avon, and was the guest of—*Shakespeare's daughter!* This was Mrs. Susanna Hall, the elder daughter of the poet. Her husband was a doctor, and their child, Elizabeth, was Shakespeare's only grandchild. With Mrs. Hall the Queen spent two days—from July 11 to July 13, 1643. Shakespeare had been twenty-seven years dead, but what a fascinating talk the Queen must have had with his daughter! James I. had been a good friend to Shakespeare, and Mrs. Hall would naturally feel grateful to the wife of the king's son. How precious today would be some little record of this conversation!

KING CHARLES IN HAPPINESS AND CAPTIVITY



CHARLES THE FIRST MARRIED TO HENRIETTA MARIA IN NOTRE DAME, PARIS, BY CARDINAL RICHELIEU, THE GREATEST STATESMAN IN FRENCH HISTORY



CHARLES THE FIRST. THE CAPTIVE KING, IS ALLOWED TO SEE HIS CHILDREN

THE KING'S WIFE HIDES FROM CROMWELL'S MEN



A QUEEN HIDING IN A BARN—THE SAD FATE OF THE WOMAN WHO BETRAYED A NATION



HENRIETTA MARIA HEARS THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE PARLIAMENT MEN

CHARLES STUART'S WIFE

Catholic though she was, the Queen was ready to betroth young Charles, her eldest son, to a daughter of the Prince of Orange, a Protestant, in the hope that this would bring money and armed assistance. But before anything could come of this it became

pursued and fired at, and the shots did some damage; but the Queen was undaunted, and told the captain that he must set light to the magazine and blow up the ship rather than let her be captured. She escaped, however, and reached France, where,



CHARLES THE SECOND AS A BOY

necessary for her to flee to Exeter, while the King went to war with his people. At Exeter her daughter Henrietta was born. Here she was very ill, but a Parliament army was approaching, and she had to flee. Escaping to Falmouth, she got on board a ship, and fled to France. The ship was

ill as she was, she made her way over the rocks of the coast to the hut of a peasant, and there rested till she was able to travel to Bourbon. She was kindly received by the King and Queen of France, who gave her the Louvre to live in, and an allowance of 12,000 crowns a month.

Though she lived in the royal palace, she lived humbly, in order that every farthing that she could scrape together should be sent to the King.

For two years the Queen saw none of her children. The baby, Henrietta, had been left at Exeter with a very devoted friend, the Countess of Dalkeith. During the first two years of its life the child was well treated by the Parliament. Certain sums of money were set apart for it, and the famous Thomas Fuller—the witty preacher and writer—was made responsible for the child's upbringing. But, as matters grew worse between the King and the country, Parliament ordered that the child's retinue should be dismissed, and that the baby should be sent to St. James's Palace, where a sister and the future James II. were already little better than prisoners. Lady Dalkeith would not consent to such a thing. She dressed the girl in the

garb of a little beggar boy, and set out on foot to Dover. The child could talk now, and would say, "But I'm not a little beggar; I'm a princess." After exciting adventures they got safely over to Paris, and joined the Queen at the Louvre. Great was the happiness of the mother to

CHARLES STUART'S WIFE

receive her beautiful child, whom she had not seen since the first few weeks following its birth. But she did not forget her husband, and continued to work on his behalf.

A serious civil war now broke out in France, and the poor Queen and her daughter were forgotten. The King and Queen of France had to fly from Paris, and the Louvre was besieged by a mob. They only wanted to capture the palace; they thought nothing about the lot of those within it. The Queen and her baby girl were reduced to starvation. They had not so much as bread to eat; they had not coal enough to light a fire. The Queen had to keep the princess in bed for warmth, and when help finally came to them they had neither food, fire, nor light.

Still greater trouble came to try the heart of the Queen. News reached her from England of the arrest of the King. She wrote, begging to be allowed to return to England and plead before the Court for her husband's life; but consent could not be given to this proposal, and very soon afterwards the distressed Queen heard that her husband had been executed. The shock to her was so serious that she afterwards declared she did not know how she survived it. She retired for some time to a nunnery. Her son Charles II., though now an exile, set out for England, but was defeated at the battle of Worcester, and had to flee, escaping after the strangest adventures an English king ever had.

When Charles II. was welcomed to the throne of England, the widowed Queen came too. She was lodged at Somerset House in great state, and was given an income of \$1,500,000 of our money. But she soon tired of England; the disgraceful life which her son encouraged at Court must have been terrible to her

were few people, however, to sympathise with her in the sorrows which filled her mind, and so she once more left England, never to return. She died near Paris, in August, 1669, and was buried in the church of St. Denis, the royal burial-place of France.



TWO CHILDREN OF CHARLES STUART—MARY AND JAMES

She was courageous and daring, but she lacked wisdom and knowledge. She was a wrong-headed, wilful woman, and nothing but disaster could teach her. There can be no doubt that she greatly influenced King Charles in an evil course, and so helped to bring him to his doom.

THE IMMORTAL PEASANT BOY

HOW JOSEPH HAYDN FOUGHT AGAINST POVERTY AND LONELINESS, AND WROTE HIS NAME ON THE ROLL OF FAME

A HERO OF THE DAYS OF PEACE IN THE BALKANS

THE people of all civilised nations have been looking with surprise at the sudden energy and boldness of the men of the Balkan States, and many have wondered why they have not heard more of these races before. Some will have been asking what the Slavs of the Balkan Peninsula have ever given towards the whole world's benefit or enjoyment. One section of that race, at any rate, the Croats, has produced a man of genius known in every land to which European music has penetrated.

A hundred and fifty years ago the Croats were regarded as the most terrible people in Europe. They were a part of the Servian and Montenegrin races, and, like them, they were great fighters, fierce in onslaught and delighting in battle. They had settled in Austrian territories, between Italy and Hungary, and they furnished the fighting men by means of whom the great Austrian Empress, Maria Theresa, beat back her many foes. The whole of Croatia was used by the Austrians as an outpost against Turkish invasion. It was a barrack State for the supply of soldiers for the Austrian Army.

The people were almost entirely rough, hardy, uneducated peasants, and a hundred years passed before they produced a man who gave them a good alphabet and a grammar, and lifted their mind and imagination into the world of art. Yet it was in the days of their darkness that the Croats produced the great master of modern music—Joseph Haydn.

Music was their passion, as it is now. One out of every three peasants either sings, plays, or composes songs of his own. The men sing at their plough, the girls sing as they fill their water-pots at the fountain, and by every village inn you may hear the jingle of the tambura and watch the dancers footing it on the green. In one of these villages there was a wheelwright who had learnt to play the harp by ear, and sat up at

night singing to it with his wife and children around him. The mother was also a good singer, and as the children grew up they all clamoured to be allowed to sing to the accompaniment of their father's harp. One of the little fellows soon began to give signs of a good musical ear. Perched on a stool in a corner of the low, dark living-room, he listened with joy to the duets his father and mother sang, and now and then he joined in with his pretty childish treble.

Some nights, however, the little man would steal out of the cottage and go to the house in which the schoolmaster lived. For the schoolmaster had a fiddle, on which he played the merriest, wildest dances. The tiny boy said to himself: "That is a very easy way to make music. I have only to get two nice smooth pieces of wood and rub one of them gently up and down the other, and I shall be able to play as well as the schoolmaster."

He toddled into the wheelwright's yard and found two pieces of wood with some resemblance to a violin and its bow; then, entering the cottage, he sat down gravely by his father's side and scraped away amid the harping and singing, keeping strict time and imitating admirably the schoolmaster's handling of the bow.

The delighted father began to imagine a brilliant future for his little boy. Four leagues from the little village of Rohrau, where the wheelwright had settled, was a town on the Danube where his family still lived. There one relative had risen to the proud position of choir-master. He was asked to come and see the wonderful boy. The great man arrived, heard the child sing, and was so pleased with his little cousin that he offered to take entire charge of him and begin his musical education at once. So, in 1738, at the age of six, Joseph Haydn left the little cottage in which he had been born and entered the great world in which he was to win renown.

THE IMMORTAL PEASANT BOY

Haydn was never ashamed of his lowly origin. Rather was he, as he said, proud of having made something out of nothing; and when he became famous and wealthy he remembered the multitude of his poor relations, and every friend who had helped him. He even gave money to the daughter of his cousin, the choirmaster, in spite of the fact that he was neglected and beaten after being taken from his home. For the choirmaster was not a good man, and his little pupil received from him more blows than food. Happily, when Joseph was seven years of age, the musical director of the famous cathedral of St. Stephen in Vienna came through the country searching for boys with good voices. He heard of little Joseph and sent for him. The child was set to read a difficult piece of music at sight, and this he did so well that the man was delighted, and arranged to take him to the choir school at Vienna.

So, at the age of eight, the little Croatian peasant boy became a singer in the great cathedral of Vienna. Here he was supposed to be well fed, clothed, and lodged, and to be taught Latin, musical composition, and the playing



THE HOUSE NEAR VIENNA IN WHICH HAYDN WAS BORN

of instruments. But as a matter of fact the choir boys were poorly fed and scantily clothed. It was a festal day in their lives when they were summoned to sing at a private banquet, for then they were sure of a good meal out of the remains of the feast. It was not the food, however, but the lack of instruction that troubled Joseph. He sang in the cathedral for nine years, and all this time he had only two lessons in the composition of music.

Music had become his passion. Fond as he was of fun and play, he would break up the most enticing game whenever he heard the organ playing, and he practised on every instrument on which he could lay his hand. At the age of thirteen he began to compose. Picking up a tattered book on harmony at a bookstall, he studied it while his companions were enjoying themselves at play. Taking his little musical instrument,

called a clavier, under one arm, and his book of harmony in the other, he would leave the playground and find some place where he could practise undisturbed.

Few boys of thirteen have been so bent on improving their talent as was this lonely country lad in a strange city. Even the choirmaster laughed at his attempts at self-education. But Haydn said later in life: "I felt I had something in me, and by dint of hard work I succeeded in bringing it out."

Joseph, however, was not a little saint. Indeed, he was always bubbling over with mischief. With the other boys he went to sing at the palace of the great Empress, Maria Theresa. The building was just being completed, and Haydn dared the other boys to climb the scaffolding, with the result that the whole choir was soon sitting astride the highest beam. The Empress

saw them, and found that Haydn had by his daring led the others on.

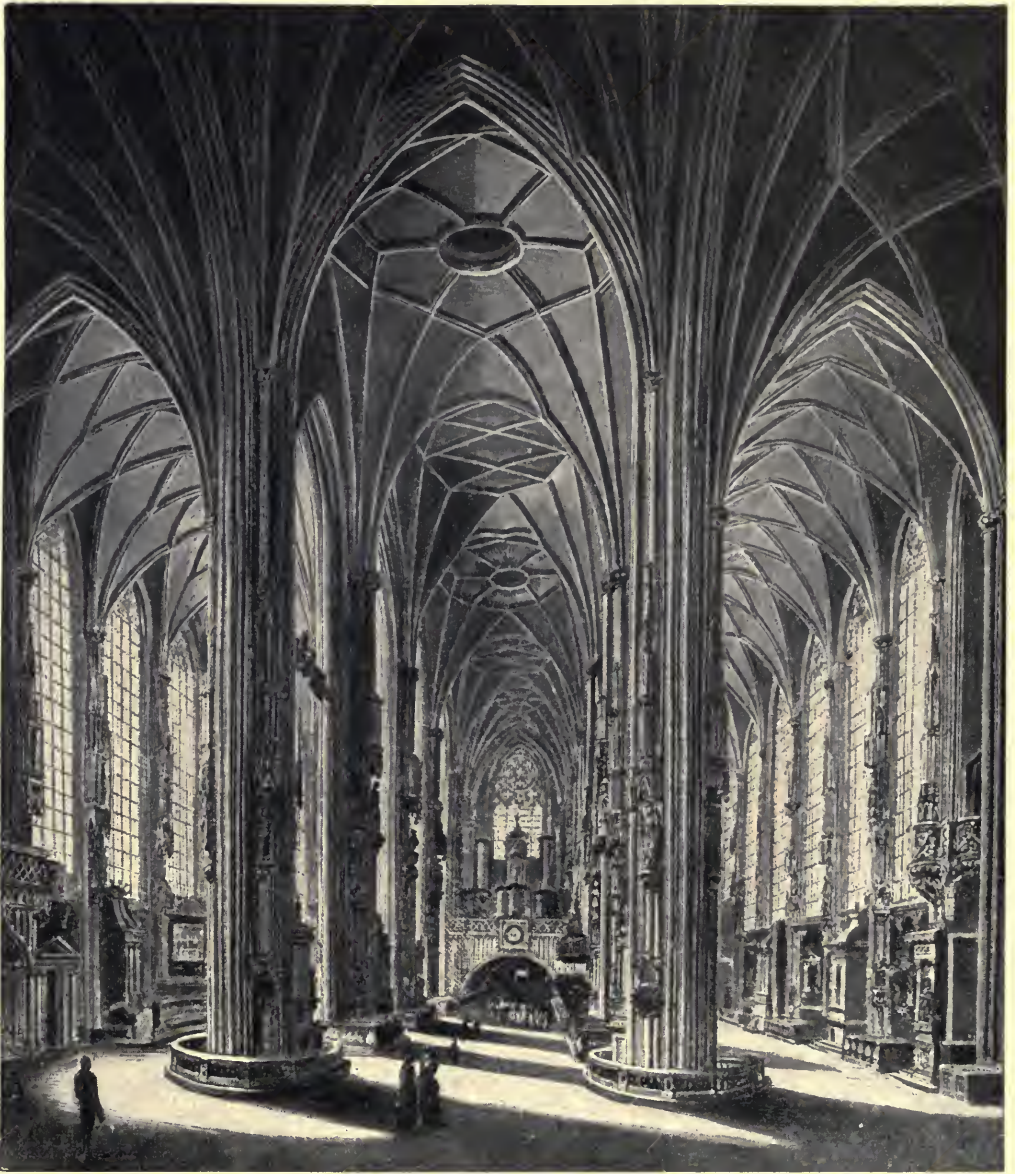
"Give that boy a good thrashing," she commanded, and a good thrashing Joseph received. Afterwards, when he was at the height of his fame, the Empress welcomed him very

graciously. Haydn reminded her of the unpleasant time he had after their former meeting. The grim old fighting Empress smiled. "That thrashing does not seem to have done you any harm," she said.

Unfortunately, it did not cure Joseph of his mischievous ways. He was kept in the choir until he was a growing lad of eighteen. Then the tragedy that befalls every boy singer occurred. His voice began to break.

"Joseph Haydn sings like a crow," said the Empress to the choirmaster. At this outspoken proof of royal disfavour, the surly old man began to watch for a chance of getting rid of his pupil. Haydn's thoughtless love of fun gave the desired opportunity.

Joseph had a new pair of scissors, and a schoolfellow's pigtail hung temptingly before him. Snap went the scissors and down fell the tail. The choirmaster ordered Joseph to come and be caned.



THE STATELY CHURCH IN VIENNA IN WHICH HAYDN SANG AS A BOY

But Joseph was now a big boy and a very dignified person.

"I am not a child," he said, "and I will leave the choir rather than be caned."

"Leave the choir you shall," said the angry old man, "and at once. But you shall be caned first."

Caned he was, in spite of his struggles, and then he was discharged.

On a cold winter evening in the year 1749 there was a young man of eighteen wandering miserably about the streets of Vienna, with no money in his pockets, no

home to go to, and no friends. All night he tramped about to keep himself warm, and when morning came he was still wandering the streets, worn out with hunger and fatigue. There was no prospect of a career before him, for he had not been trained for any profession or trade. No doubt, if he could have found the money to go back to his native village, his father would have fed him and taught him how to make wheels. But Joseph was too poor and too ambitious to become a burden on his hard-working parents. Fixed in

his youthful mind was a resolve to be a composer—a resolve that never left him.

He knew that there were years of hard work before him, and bitter struggles. But there were opportunities of learning music in Vienna which he could not find at home. So he stayed on. In the course of the day he met a tenor of another church, who saw he was faint for want of food, and offered him shelter in a garret. Here Joseph remained for the winter, cold and hunger his constant companions, and music his only comfort. Now and then he earned a little money by playing the fiddle at dances or giving lessons at starvation wages. But so thin and weak was he when the spring came that a good-natured Viennese tradesman found that he could not stand the sight of the boy's sufferings any longer. He was not at all a rich man, but, like many of the people in Vienna, he had a good taste in music, and it struck him that Haydn's work showed promise. So he gave him 150 florins, to be paid back at any time the boy liked.

HOW HAYDN BLACKED THE BOOTS OF A FAMOUS SINGING MASTER

The sum represented about \$75 in our money, but it was a fortune to the starving musician. In fact, it led him into the world of lucky accidents. He spent some of the money in hiring a garret in a fairly good house, so that he might be able to support himself by giving lessons in music while he pursued his studies as a composer. In the same house the famous Italian poet, Metastasio, came to live, and after hearing some of Haydn's music he engaged him to give lessons on the clavier to a young lady. In return Haydn received food—the one thing he needed most. But what he longed for most was good instruction in musical composition, and this also he obtained in a peculiar way.

It happened that one of the greatest singing masters the world has ever seen, Porpora, was staying in Vienna, and Haydn's only pupil went to the great man for singing lessons, taking the boy musician with her to play accompaniments on the clavier. Now, Porpora was also a master of composition, and he was in need of a servant to clean his boots and look after his clothes and valet him. Haydn offered to do all these things in return for lessons in composition. This Porpora agreed to, but, on the whole, Haydn got the worst of the bargain, for he received but little real help from Porpora, and had to go on teaching himself. He worked eighteen

hours a day, and went out as accompanist to his master's pupils. Gradually he came into favour among the noblemen and women of Vienna, and by raising his fees for giving lessons in music was able to lift himself above poverty. Then, having more leisure, he threw up his job as a bootblack and began to write music.

THE COUNTESS WHO WOULD NOT BELIEVE THAT HAYDN WAS HAYDN

At the age of twenty-four some of his first works appeared, and excited great attention, for they were surprisingly original. Having had no master to direct him, Haydn had worked out everything for himself, with the result that his music was unlike that of any other man. Some people attacked it because of its strangeness, while others praised its novelty. One beautiful countess was so taken with his works that she asked the young composer to call upon her. A young man in very shabby clothes entered her mansion, and at first she would not believe he was the famous Haydn. But his touching account of his struggle with poverty convinced and interested her. She at once became his warm friend and supporter, and at the age of twenty-seven Haydn's long and wearing battle for daily bread was over, for his new friend obtained for him the position of bandmaster to a nobleman, and Haydn was able to think of marrying.

Joseph had long been in love with the pretty daughter of a barber who had given him lodging in his days of extreme poverty, but the boy did not like to ask her hand in marriage until he had made his way in the world. Unfortunately, he had to wait too long before asking his little sweetheart to become his wife, for when he returned, joyful and triumphant, to the shop of the friendly barber, he learnt that the barber's daughter had entered a convent and was about to take the vows of a nun.

THE MAN WHO NEVER LOST HIS CHEERFUL HEART

It was too late to induce her to change her mind. Unhappily for himself, Joseph, partly out of gratitude to the barber and partly out of a longing to settle himself in life, married the barber's elder daughter. She was a terrible shrew, and she cared nothing for music, except the money it brought her through her husband. So their marriage was an unhappy one, though Haydn had such a fund of good-humour and fun that his married troubles never soured him or made him downhearted. In good fortune and in bad fortune he was always the same

HAYDN LOOKS OUT ON A STORM AT SEA



THE COMPOSER COMING TO ENGLAND, WHERE HE BECAME THE MOST FAMOUS MAN OF HIS AGE

THE IMMORTAL PEASANT BOY

man—good, generous, kindly, and bubbling over with gay and sparkling humour.

Some people complained to him that the music he wrote for church services was lacking in solemnity.

"I can't help it," said Haydn. "God has given me a cheerful heart, and He will surely pardon me if I worship Him cheerfully." He wrote a prayer at the beginning and end of all his works, and when composing the "Creation" he knelt down every day and prayed for strength for his task. But deep and solemn he could not be. He had nothing in common with the great German musicians, though the Germans still claim him as a fellow-countryman. He was a Croatian, a brother to the Servians and Montenegrins, and a kinsman to the brave Bulgarians. This fact has only recently been discovered, and it illumines all that is strange and puzzling in the character of one of the most original of composers.

Haydn was strangely wanting in worldly ambition. He considered that he had reached the summit of his hopes when he became bandmaster to a great Austrian nobleman at a salary of \$200 a year. What pleased him and contented him was the fact that he was in control of a little band, out of which he could study to get all kinds of new effects in instrumental harmony.

He was called Papa Haydn. For twenty-nine years he remained in the humble position of bandmaster to Prince Esterhazy. In the meantime his music and his fame spread from end to end of Europe. Kings wanted him in Italy, and concert managers in London offered him a fortune if he would go to England for just a few months. But Haydn had become so deeply attached to his master that he would not leave him. It was not until the old prince died, in 1790, that Haydn left the country house of Esterhazy and went to London, where, to his astonishment, he found himself the most famous man of the age. A single

concert brought him in \$2000. The Prince and Princess of Wales welcomed him, the Duke of York invited him to stay at his palace, and crowds assembled in London to catch a glimpse of the successor to Handel, and to cheer him.

But Haydn was not spoiled. It was music alone that he cared for, and not the rewards and fame it brought him, though naturally he was pleased that his great achievements were widely recognised. Finding that society life prevented him from working hard at his art, he returned to Vienna, and began again to work sixteen hours a day at musical composition. A young man asked him for lessons; he gave them at a charge of twenty cents an hour, remembering the days of his own poverty and need. The young man whom he taught at this price was the great Beethoven!

Returning to England with the new music he had written in his retirement, Haydn became the guest of George III. Then he went back to Vienna, with the idea of composing a great oratorio.

His famous work, "Creation," was composed in 1799, and was played all over Europe. It was followed by the "Seasons," with words taken from the Scottish poet, Thomson. But the later work showed signs of fatigue, for the effort brought about a serious illness, leaving the old composer too weak to continue the work of his life.

He lived on quietly in Vienna, surrounded by friends and admirers, until the city was bombarded by the French and a cannon-ball fell near his house. His heart was broken at the triumph of his country's enemies, and soon after the French captured Vienna the master of modern music died, on May 31, 1809. His last request was to be carried to the pianoforte. There he played the national anthem of Austria, the "Emperor's Hymn," which he had written in the days when he and his country were at the height of their glory.



HAYDN'S STATUE IN HIS NATIVE CITY

HAYDN AND THE PRINCE WHO HELPED HIM



HAYDN, AFTER HIS YEARS OF STRUGGLE AGAINST POVERTY, WAS BEFRIENDED BY PRINCE ESTERHAZY, WITH WHOM HE IS HERE TALKING

THE KING OF MUSIC COMPOSING THE IMMORTAL MELODIES THAT HE COULD NOT HEAR



One of the saddest things in the world is the fact that Beethoven, who was supreme as a composer, became in his later life so deaf that he could not hear his own music. "For years," he said, "I have avoided almost all society because I cannot tell people I am deaf. I have to appear as a misanthrope—I, who am so little of one."

This picture is from the painting by Rudolf Eichstaedt, and is the copyright of Paul Sonntag, Berlin.

LUDWIG BEETHOVEN

THE JOYLESS LIFE OF A MAN WHO BROUGHT
JOY INTO THE WORLD FOR ALL MANKIND

A KING OF SOUND IN A SILENT WORLD

What a humiliation, when anyone standing beside me could hear at a distance a flute that I could not hear, or when anyone heard the shepherd singing, and I could not distinguish a sound !

WHAT heart is not stirred by this cry of despair from Beethoven, from the heart of a man who gave the world some of its noblest music. Was there ever a greater, sadder irony than that Beethoven, king of composers, never heard a sound of the grandest works of his later life, that third period of his career in which he wrote the wonderful compositions which were described as being of unearthly beauty ? His harmonies fill our hearts with happiness, yet he himself was so utterly deprived of hearing that, when he conducted his works in public, his friends had to take him by the shoulders and gently turn him round so that he might face the audience and *see* the signs of their rapture, of which his stricken ears could not inform him.

Loving his music as we all must, we value and treasure it the more when we know something of the career of the man who wrote it. The story of Beethoven's life is tinged throughout with sorrow, but so brave was its hero that after this lapse of time we may read the story without distress, and receive a fine message of inspiration from its pages. Ludwig, or Louis, van Beethoven was born at Bonn, in Prussia, in December, 1770. The town possesses a well-known university and a cathedral church, which has an interest for us, as it was founded by Helena, the empress-saint, mother of Constantine the Great, who is supposed to have been the daughter of a Yorkshire tavern-keeper.

Ludwig's father was a tenor singer, who gained his living as a chorister in the church at Bonn, the Archbishop-Elector of which, in those days a high dignitary of the Church and a prince of the German Empire, ruled both church and city. In the same choir was Ludwig's grandfather, a fine old man, who was still singing bass when

the boy was born. He died when Ludwig was only four, but the child loved him and never forgot him. Little did the old man dream that the baby boy would make him immortal, but so it was. When Ludwig became famous, men who had known son, father, and grandfather wrote down their recollections of the kind old man ; and today, nearly a century and a half after that cheery old singer's death, we are able to describe him, to tell of his active, happy ways, and his keen, bright eyes. Little Ludwig inherited eyes like his grandfather's, and the same short, active, powerful figure. Nearly all musicians are remarkable for their eyes, just as was Beethoven. His eyes were small but piercing ; he could look terribly fierce and alarming, but when he was happy and broke out into one of his jokes, his eyes simply danced with fun, and lighted up his stern and eager face.

John Beethoven, Ludwig's father, was a poor type of man. He was very intemperate ; he was harsh, grasping, and cruel. He was always poor, for his salary was small, and he made himself still more poor by his wretched habits. Ludwig's mother had been a cook, and, before meeting John Beethoven, had married a valet, who had died. She was a woman of kindly nature but weak character, who meant well, but could do little for her children. But little Ludwig loved her, and when she died, while he was still a youth, he wrote a letter concerning her full of tenderness and charm. But though he loved his father, too, " my poor, dear father," as he afterwards wrote, the relations between these two were very different from those of mother and son.

Mozart was fourteen when Ludwig was born, and he was the talk of musical Europe. He had made a tour, giving concerts, when only six years of age. Now, thought John Beethoven, if little Mozart could do this, then little Beethoven must be trained to do the same ; the boy should become in time a money-making machine to keep his father

LUDWIG BEETHOVEN

in luxury and idleness. This would be better than John's having to sing for \$150 a year, which was, in our money, the sum that the drunken chorister received in wages. So, when Ludwig was little more than four years of age, his father set him to work at music, teaching him to play both the violin and harpsichord.

HOW LITTLE LUDWIG HAD TO BE WHIPPED BEFORE HE WOULD PRACTISE

Perhaps it was on account of his father's methods, or perhaps it was because his genius had not yet ripened, but, at any rate, little Ludwig did not take readily to music. He had many a whipping to make him practise, and he did not equal Mozart and other child marvels by performing in public at six; to the disgust of his father, he was a great grown-up fellow of seven before he played at his first concert.

The elder Beethoven must have thought himself a most unfortunate man. Ludwig received little schooling of the ordinary sort, for he had said good-bye for ever to the classroom by the time that he was thirteen. His father's lessons ceased when the boy was nine, for by that time Ludwig knew all that his parent could teach him. Other men in the choir, however, gave the bright boy lessons, and one of them taught him French and Latin and Italian. But it is a good thing that Ludwig mastered his music better than his foreign languages, for when he tried to write French, as a grown man, the result was very amusing.

An important step in his education came when, at eleven years of age, he was appointed assistant organist at the Court chapel, where, in the absence of his master, he was left in charge, and did so well that the master reported that the boy would make a second Mozart, and deserved assistance to travel. Soon afterwards the boy was given an appointment in the orchestra of the Court theatre, and though he was not paid either for this or for the organ-playing, he gained experience and practice which were of great value to him.

THE BOY WHO WAS TO "MAKE A NOISE IN THE WORLD"

He had already begun to compose music. His first composition that can be traced, published when he was thirteen, was said to have been written when he was ten. When Ludwig was fourteen he was given a salary of \$75 a year, and three years later, with the aid, it is supposed, of a friend, paid his first visit to Vienna. He went to see the hero of his dreams, Mozart, who at thirty-two was at the height of his fame as

a composer, and was within three years of his miserable death.

The boy asked to be allowed to play to the great genius, and Mozart, who was full of trouble at the time, consented. Thinking that the piece which the boy played had been carefully prepared, he did not pay much attention to it. The lad was quick to notice the effect, and begged that Mozart would himself suggest a theme on which he should play. This Mozart did, and Ludwig played with such wonderful skill that the composer, stepping softly into an adjoining room where his friends were, said, "Pay attention to this boy, for he will make a noise in the world some day or other."

But the day had not yet come, for Beethoven had to borrow money to pay his way back to Bonn, where his mother was dying. The outlook was now very sad and gloomy, but at this time Ludwig made the acquaintance of a delightful family named Breuning—a widowed lady, with three young sons and a daughter, with whom he remained on terms of friendship till his life's end.

HOW NAPOLEON'S ARMY FRIGHTENED AWAY BEETHOVEN'S FRIEND

The Breunings arranged for him to give lessons to two of the children; they invited him to their house, took him out visiting, introduced him to people of influence, made him read good books, and generally brightened his life and opened new avenues of knowledge and happiness to him. The Breunings understood the talented youth, and, without letting him have all his own way, made allowances for the moodiness and fits of temper which had already begun to show themselves in a genius who had had no proper training at home.

Ludwig's position improved, but that of his father became worse. The elder man's habits were becoming still more deplorable, and his voice was becoming less and less valuable to the choir, and the son, at nineteen years of age, became the chief bread-winner of the family. By 1792 his employer, the Elector, was brought to realise that young Beethoven really was a genius, and that he ought to go to Vienna to complete his musical education. So to Vienna he went, arriving there when he was nearly twenty-two. Two months later his father died, leaving two younger brothers practically dependent on him. Whatever allowance Beethoven may have received stopped in 1794, for in that year Napoleon's army entered Bonn, and the Elector fled.

Beethoven went to Haydn, who, after the death of Mozart, reigned as the greatest

LUDWIG BEETHOVEN

composer of the age. The young man did not understand the elder, and it is certain that Haydn did not realise the splendid talents of Beethoven, so that the two were never very friendly. It is believed, however, that Haydn befriended Beethoven by mentioning him favourably to people of influence. Beethoven managed to obtain lessons in other quarters, but his instruction was slight when we consider the wonderful use to which he put it. His talent as composer and pianoforte player was now asserting itself. He was a marvellous pianist, the greatest of his day. It was not merely that he could play perfectly the most difficult

of nobility, so they welcomed him, apart from his talents, as one of themselves.

They found him a trial, however. He was nervous and sensitive, and full of ill-humours. His nerves must have been affected, even at this time, for he behaved in the most extraordinary way even to his best friends and well-wishers. On the least excuse he would storm and rave and insult his host and hostess and their guests, and stamp out of the room. He would suddenly leave houses at which he was afforded free residence, to betake himself to mean lodgings. He quarrelled with everybody, to his own great injury. Few people understood him.



BEETHOVEN, AS A BOY OF SEVENTEEN, PLAYING IN THE HOUSE OF MOZART AT VIENNA

music at sight—many players could do that—but he could extemporise, or compose music at the piano, on the spur of the moment as no other man could.

He sat at the piano and composed as he played, evolving masterpieces of creative genius and beauty such as no other musician could equal. He became famous, and society courted him; Beethoven became the rage, as we say, in the houses of the rich. He was helped by an accident. His name was *van* Beethoven. It meant nothing in his case, for his family was poor and of no account; but the great people of the Austrian capital thought that the *van* meant a title

the Breunings did, and there was one generous nobleman who did, and when the composer had run away in his ill-humour he would say, "Leave his room as it is: Beethoven will come back." And he would go back after a time, then flare up and depart again.

He was always changing his lodgings, when absent from the houses of his friends. At one place the other lodgers could not put up with the noise that he made. He had a loud, harsh voice, and when he was composing he used to "roar" his tunes, beginning at half-past five in the morning. He scribbled his music all over the walls,

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and upon everything that he could lay his hands on. He would pause when washing, a melody having struck him, and while he fixed the tune by "roaring" it, he would pour the water from the jug over his hands, and let it run all over the floor, to the ruin of the ceiling beneath. He was terribly untidy in his habits, and lost to everything but his music. Entering a restaurant for dinner, he would sit down and write music on the menu, forgetting all about food, then jump up, and offer to pay for his meal, only to find that he had had nothing to eat. His servants were a constant trouble to him, as he must have been to them. They worried him in all sorts of ways. He retaliated by pouring soup over one, by throwing eggs at another, and by other unamiable tricks.

Such was his life while he was composing music that was to live for ever. But when he was twenty-six he found that deafness was beginning to steal upon him. It attacked first one ear, then the other. He was greatly grieved, but he kept it secret as a proud man keeps secret the knowledge of a deadly ailment.

THE TERRIBLE DAY WHEN BEETHOVEN PASSED FROM THE WORLD OF SOUND

But as time went on, his friends noticed that Beethoven, who had always been so still when playing the piano, now began to stoop a little over the keys; that was in order to catch the sound of the notes that he played. But he would not confess what ailed him, though he tried doctor after doctor and quack after quack. He knew that his hearing was leaving him, and the thought almost drove him wild. Noises distressed him. People calling unexpectedly upon him found him dressed in a rough, ragged old suit, with his ears plugged with wadding. They thought it one of his peculiarities; they did not understand that he was trying to spare his ears from all sounds which he thought would hurt them.

Napoleon was striding at this time across Europe, laying the cities waste, and presently his army came thundering at the walls of Vienna, and the poor composer hid in a cellar. It was not that he was a coward, or that he feared to lose his life; he was terrified lest the sound of the cannon should shatter the last remnants of his hearing, that the man whom he had once worshipped should complete his ruin. For he at one time regarded Napoleon as a great hero, and wrote one of his finest works in his honour. He dedicated it, "To Napoleon Bonaparte, from Louis van

Beethoven." Napoleon was at the time only a great general. Soon afterwards he was made emperor, and this enraged the composer, who thought that Napoleon should not have accepted any such position, so he immediately tore up the dedication. THE FINAL BLOW WHICH SHUT OFF A GREAT MAN FROM THE LIVING WORLD

While his deafness was growing upon him, Beethoven's life became increasingly sad. He grew more and more irritable and quarrelsome, for it seemed to him that his lot was too hard to bear. He knew how he pained and grieved his friends and admirers, but he knew also that they did not understand how great were his sufferings. He was too proud to tell them, too proud to seek their sympathy, but let himself be considered a bore and half a maniac. The hearing entirely left one ear, and he used a trumpet for the other, in order that he might hear the band when he conducted. But conducting became a tragedy. In a soft passage he would crouch down at his desk so as hardly to be seen, and when he wished the band gradually to swell out in tone he would slowly rise on tiptoe and then spring into the air, as if to force from the musicians the effect that he sought. And it would happen that in so conducting he would lose his place on the score, and would be reading one part of the composition while the band was really playing another. It was a tragic sight for his friends.

At last his condition became so bad that he could not hear at all. He had to give up conducting; he could not even converse with his friends by word of mouth, but had to get them to write down on paper what they would say to him. He was shut off from the living world, and it was then that he wrote the bitter cry with which this story begins.

HOW THE SOUL OF BEETHOVEN FELT THE MUSIC HIS EARS COULD NOT HEAR

And he wrote a piteous letter to his brothers, which he intended to be read after his death, telling them of his sufferings, how his heart had yearned for friendship and love, but how his illness had shut him out from society to pass his time in seclusion. He had once had such acute hearing, he said, he could not say to people, "Speak louder—bawl, for I am deaf!" And the letter goes on, "O God, Thou lookest down upon my misery, Thou knowest that it is accompanied with love of my fellow-creatures and a disposition to do good. O men, when ye shall read this,

THE SPIRIT OF BEETHOVEN PRESIDING OVER MUSIC



IN THIS PICTURE THE ARTIST, MR. J. PAUL LAURENS, SUGGESTS THAT IN BEETHOVEN WE HAVE THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC AT ITS VERY HIGHEST, AND THAT HE IS THE ONE GREAT MASTER OF ALL TIME

think that ye have wronged me ; and let the child of affliction take comfort in finding one like himself, who, in spite of all the impediments of nature, yet did all in his power. . . . I go to meet Death with joy. If he comes before I have had the chance to develop all my abilities, he will come too soon for me, in spite of all my hard fate, and I should wish that he had delayed his arrival. But even then I am content, for he will release me from my sufferings."

But his work was not done, nor were his sufferings ended, when that letter was written. Indeed, his most glorious compositions follow that letter. He could no longer hear by mortal means ; shall we say that he developed a spiritual hearing ? He *felt* the music that he wrote. It was of no use his roaring or crashing at the piano ; not a note was to reach his brain again in life ; but in his heart the music echoed, and all the glories of his later work are from a deaf man's soul. But new sorrows crowded upon him.

THE BOY FOR WHOM BEETHOVEN LIVED AND LOVED AND SUFFERED

He had two brothers, unworthy men, and one of these at his death committed the care of his only son to Ludwig. The composer never married, but he lavished all the affection of his great loving heart upon his nephew Carl. For the boy's sake he reduced himself to poverty. He invested all his money and set it aside for the boy. He underwent serious privation at times, for though he was never without money, yet, owing to the horrible war, Austria had practically no gold money ; she had to issue banknotes, and these became reduced in value, so that five dollars became worth only one, while food and all the other necessities of life enormously increased in price. But the hero suffered poverty rather than draw upon the sum which he had saved for his nephew.

He spent a large sum in getting possession of the child. Carl's mother was not, in the composer's belief—and he seems to have been right—worthy to have charge of the bringing up of the boy, so they fought numerous law actions before Beethoven obtained control of the boy. And then it was clear that Carl inherited all the weaknesses of the family, and none of the virtues. He was a failure at school because he would not try. He failed at college, he failed even when set to learn a trade, and brought himself into such disgrace that he was ordered by the police to leave Vienna

and never return. He proved himself thoroughly heartless, cruel, mean, and grasping, without a spark of affection for his devoted uncle, seeking only to get all he could without making the least return. For a long time Beethoven shut his eyes to his nephew's faults, but at last was forced to recognise them. He blazed out one day in his wrath, as was his way, then immediately set to work and wrote a will leaving the scamp everything he possessed.

A GREAT MAN'S LAST PRAYER THAT GOD WOULD BLESS THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

When Carl was ordered out of Vienna, the composer went away with him, to a village fifty miles away, to stay with his other brother. There he remained for a couple of months. The niggardly brother would not let the composer have a fire in his room during the bitter weather of December, so Ludwig, taking his nephew with him, and braving the terrors of the police, set out to drive back to Vienna. He had to perform part of the journey in an open carriage, and caught a violent cold. He took to his bed on reaching home, and never again left it alive.

In his last illness all his thoughts were for his nephew. Rather than touch the money which had been invested for him, he wrote to the Philharmonic Society in London asking them to arrange a concert in England for his benefit. The society agreed to do so, and sent \$500 in advance. This reached him nine days before he died, and on the day of his death he was talking of the Philharmonic Society and of the English nation generally. "God bless them!" he said, and those were almost the last words that he spoke. He died on March 26, 1827, in his 57th year.

THE "FEW NOTES" WHICH WILL BE HEARD AS LONG AS MUSIC LASTS

In that hour music lost her greatest son. He did not develop quickly, like Mozart and Mendelssohn ; his growth was slow, and his work was not hurried. Although he was always composing, he did not publish all that he composed, nor a title of it. When an idea came he jotted it down, but he so altered and improved that, if his old notebooks did not exist, we should never believe from what simple beginnings his masterpieces were evolved. Never has a man possessed more glorious genius, but never has a man taken greater pains. What would he have given to have heard the full glory of his own creations in those darkened years when first playing, then conducting, then hearing itself were denied him !



JOHN WESLEY PREACHING FROM HIS FATHER'S TOMB IN EPWORTH CHURCHYARD

PLAIN JOHN WESLEY

THE MAN WHO RODE THROUGH ENGLAND

There were two great British warriors in the eighteenth century, and both belonged to the same family. One was a nobleman, the Duke of Wellington; the other a man of the people, plain John Wesley. We do not always remember that the Iron Duke and the great preacher were related; but they were—Wellington coming from another branch of the old family from which Wesley sprang. Wellington fought with the sword; Wesley fought with the Bible and pen.

The preacher was sixty-six years older than the duke. They lived to be old men, Wesley dying in 1791 at the age of eighty-seven, and Wellington passing away in 1852 when eighty-two. Wellington's fame is secured by every writer who deals with the period in which he lived, and it is rightly secured, for he rescued Europe from that tyrant, Napoleon. But Wesley's name hardly appears in the ordinary histories. He is passed over with scant concern; he might never have lived, for all the importance which many writers attach to his work.

Yet the world is more and more realising that Wesley's work for Great Britain was, at any rate, as important in its way as was that of the Duke of

Wellington. A soldier can save us from the peril of hostile swords, but a soldier cannot prevent a nation from perishing when it is steeped in ignorance and crime and all forms of wickedness. Wesley ranged throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom, kindling the souls of men and women into life. He was, however, not only a preacher, but an educator.

He regarded it as a great sin that people should be dirty, that they should be permitted to suffer from disease which could be cured or prevented; he regarded it as a crime that they should be permitted to live in foul dwellings. He fought poverty and drink; he fought the misery of the poor and of the orphans and the widows. He taught the people to know God, but he taught them also to know the good of this life. He regarded the whole world as his parish, but he also regarded the world as his schoolroom and his workshop; he toiled to have the people educated and made thrifty, to have them well housed, to have them equipped with the knowledge which should make them useful and valuable citizens. He taught them to be honest and cleanly, independent, fearless, and

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skilful. His was in many respects a greater work than was that of Wellington, whose praises all the historians sound.

Wesley was born at Epworth Rectory, Lincolnshire, in June, 1703, where his father was the rector of the parish. There were nineteen children, of whom fourteen were older than John, and four younger. Their father was a good man, but their mother was an unyielding character. She was a well-educated woman, versed in Latin and Greek, but though she had nineteen children, she never seemed quite to understand the whole duty of a mother. A very unhappy thing happened between her and her husband. James II had been turned off the throne for trying to make the country Roman Catholic, and William of Orange had been made king. Now, although Mrs. Wesley was a Protestant, she never said "Amen" when her husband prayed for King William III. The clergyman inquired why, and she said that she did not regard William III. as king. And the two quarrelled and parted, and never saw each other again until after William III. died. It was after this quarrel was made up that John Wesley was born.

Epworth was a wicked little place in those days, and the elder Wesley preached boldly against the misdoings of the people. The consequence was that many persons hated him, and twice they tried to set fire to his house. At the third attempt they succeeded. Husband and wife and children, who were all asleep, got out of the house, though some had their clothes scorched off them. Little John, who was only six at the time, was missing, however. He had been left asleep in the nursery, and in the terror and darkness of the night everybody had forgotten him. When his father tried to rush back into the house for him it was too late—the staircase had been burnt down.

The child was awakened by the heat and smoke, and, finding that he could not get out by the burning doorway, he made his way to the window. There his parents saw him, and prayed for his deliverance. There was no ladder to be had; but one man climbed upon another's shoulders, and, the house being low, he was able to reach the child, drag him through the window, and place him in safety on the ground. At that very moment the blazing roof fell in.

Had it fallen outwards, the rescuers and the child would have been killed.

The escape was a miraculous one. Little John's father, seeing the child safe, gathered his family about him, and, speaking to the people gathered round, said: "Come, neighbours, let us kneel down. Let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my children. Let the house go; with them I am rich enough."

This incident had a great effect upon Mrs. Wesley, for she felt that her son John was marked out by Divine favour for some special work, seeing that he had been so wonderfully saved. She therefore trained him with special care, and educated him with perhaps more tenderness than she had shown toward her other children. But she did not waste tenderness on any of them. It was her boast that by judicious thrashings she taught all her nineteen children to "cry softly."

But there must have been much good in this strange, stern woman, for the children who grew up all loved her. The effect of her training, however, was evident in the impression that it left upon Wesley's mind, for, like those of other great men, his ideas as to the education of children were in many respects highly foolish. He taught that they should not be allowed to cry, and that they should not be allowed to play. That was the result of the strange training which he received from his mother.

John was a serious, clever boy, and his father used to say of him: "Our Jack will never do anything unless he can give a reason for it."

The boy was sent at an early age to Charterhouse School. School management was different then from what it is to-day. The big boys used to steal a great part of the food of the small boys, so that John and those of his own age had, for two or three years only bread to eat, and not too much of that. In spite of that, however, he obeyed his father's instructions to run three times a day round the school playing-field, and this made him strong and healthy, badly as he was fed. At sixteen or seventeen, Wesley passed on to Oxford University, where two of his brothers—Samuel and Charles—were already studying. The two elder brothers and a friend or two were devout young fellows; and when John joined them he followed in their footsteps, and, indeed, soon became their leader. They did everything by system and method.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF JOHN WESLEY



THE MARKET-PLACE IN THE VILLAGE OF EPWORTH



THE RECTORY WHERE WESLEY WAS BORN



EPWORTH CHURCH, WHICH WESLEY ATTENDED AS A BOY, AND OF WHICH HIS FATHER WAS RECTOR



WESLEY'S FIRST MEETING-HOUSE, GAINSBOROUGH



THE INTERIOR OF WESLEY CHAPEL, LONDON

These are some of the places most intimately connected with the life of John Wesley, but he travelled so far and wide in the land that there is scarcely any district in England without some Wesley associations.

Someone in fun called them "methodists," because of their methodical habits, and later on these were to be Methodists in a very real sense. Wesley did well at Oxford, and became a Fellow of one of the Colleges, and in due time made a successful tutor. Meantime he had become curate to his father, and was to have succeeded him at Epworth Rectory, though he did not wish to do so. When the elder Wesley died, John had made up his mind, if he could, to succeed him; but he was not appointed.

At Oxford, Wesley had been in the habit of visiting the prisoners in the jail, of relieving the poor, and looking after the clothing and feeding of the needy, and especially of school children. When his father died, and he was free to do as he liked, he came willingly to America to be a missionary in Georgia. He stayed two years here, but his plain, blunt way of preaching was not a success, and he went back to England, disappointed, yet sure that his work had not been without good result. Soon after his return home, Wesley began to preach in other places than churches. He preached in the open air, and in buildings which were not ordin-



JOHN WESLEY BEING ROWED BY A BOY

arily used for religious services. He was followed by other men, and he selected people who were not clergymen to preach. Soon it was no uncommon thing for him to be refused permission to preach in churches. He went down to his father's old church, where he himself had been curate, and the curate who had succeeded him would not let him preach in the church. So Wesley preached in the churchyard, standing on his father's tombstone.

Thus began his long series of travels. He said, "The whole world is my parish," and he acted as if it were. Year after year, winter and summer, he travelled about the country, preaching, making converts, and doing good. He did not seek to get people who were attending church to come to him. There were at this time vast numbers of people who never went to church at all, who knew

practically nothing about religion. How should they hear of religion, when there was no one to teach them? There were scarcely any Sunday-schools where children could be taught, and very few people of the poorer classes went to ordinary schools. To a great extent, the country was in reality a heathen country, though no one would have called it so, seeing the numbers of beautiful churches and cathedrals which it possessed. Wesley then appealed to the poor, to the ignorant, to the workers, to the roughest class of people. It was not that he could not preach to the higher classes. Wesley was a great scholar, and a polished gentleman, with wit and humour as well as the forceful directness which makes the convincing preacher. Therefore, he could preach to the very highest in the land just as well—indeed, better—than he could preach to the poorest.

An intellectual man always finds it hardest to address an ignorant audience, for he is always in fear of talking to his hearers in language which they will not understand. Not all churches were closed against him, but many were, so he addressed his congregations in the open country, in any house at which he might be staying, or in any hall or school or workshop that he could borrow.

There never was such a campaign as Wesley carried out. Members of Parliament of our time, when they have fought an election which lasts two or three weeks, are frequently so fatigued and broken down that they have to take a long rest. But Wesley's campaign lasted over forty years. It was harder than such a campaign ever could be again. It covered every part of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and, in his old age, a large slice of the Continent. He was preaching nearly every day, not once, but twice, thrice, even four times a day, and between sermons he was travelling. There were no railways then, let us remember. He made all his land journeys, almost to the last, on horseback. From

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end to end of the land he went, not merely by the main roads, but by pack-horse tracks, where they existed; over moors and waste places, through mountain passes, and through fords and across rivers swollen by floods, in storm and tempest, in burning heat, through snow which might have daunted many an Arctic traveller. He preached in the cities and towns, he preached in the little villages; in the fields, on the commons, in mansions and cottages, before crowds who loved him, before bad and vicious and bigoted people, who would have killed him had they dared. No other man knew Great Britain as Wesley knew it.

To-day, with all the railways, we could not follow in his footsteps. We should have to leave the train, and go on foot along byways rough and bad, such as would tax the strength of the greatest athlete. It was a wonderful, dazzling campaign. Nothing but downright illness could deter him. If he were laid low by cold or fever, he would be up and moving again, travelling long distances, and preaching by the way to congregations great or small, long before the ordinary man would be even thinking of leaving his bed. Of course, he had marvellous health; but it was greatly due to his own hard life, his contempt for luxury, that he enjoyed such health. Several times his life was in danger from fever, from consumption, and from other ills, but his healthy outdoor life, and the simple diet upon which he lived, always enabled him to shake off the effects with the least possible trouble.

Ordinary injuries occasioned by accidents he scarcely regarded. Once he had a bad fall, but he thought nothing of his bruises, preaching as usual at the place to which he was going, as if nothing had happened. At another time he had a severely sprained ankle, but he kept his appointment, and preached on his knees.

The extent of his journeys remains a marvel even to this time, when we think less of travel than ever we did before. He travelled over 250,000 miles; he crossed the Irish Sea forty-two times; he preached 40,000 sermons. He went several times to the Continent, in addition to his voyage to America; and when he was eighty he carried out a great missionary tour in Holland. That is an extraordinary record for one man, but it represents only a part of his work.

He wrote a great number of books for the people. He was not merely a preacher, but a social reformer and teacher. His sermons were often homely discourses on affairs concerning the health and homes and daily lives of the people. He was not content with that, however. He wrote books on health and the treatment of disease. He wrote works on the grammar of English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, all of which, as well as German, he mastered.

He wrote histories of various countries, and a history of the Church, and splendid books for schools, giving the choicest extracts from the old-time writers. He wrote a dictionary, and works on the Bible and on philosophy; fifty volumes giving the cream of all the greatest religious writers of all times and nations. He published the lives and writings of the great English authors on religion; he published hymns and hymn tunes and other music; he published his sermons and journals, and a magazine, which is still running to-day. These many books made him, as he said, unexpectedly rich. They brought him \$150,000; but he gave away every cent. There never was a man who had a more perfect idea of charity. He kept just sufficient to live on, and gave away all the rest as fast as it came to him.

How did he manage to do so much work? Because he was a methodist in all the private ways of life as in religion. He rose at four o'clock every morning for over fifty years. He would have his first religious service at five o'clock in the morning if arrangements had been made. If not, he would be in the saddle and on the road at that hour. He read an enormous number of books on various subjects. Books of poetry, philosophy, and history he read on horseback. How could he do such a thing? we may ask. He answers the question himself. He found that by letting the reins hang on the horse's neck he could ride in safety. Provided that the horse were a good and sure-footed one, it was safer to give it its head in this way than to ride it with a tight rein, as so many riders did. In this way he mastered the contents of vast numbers of works. When he came to a stop, he had writing materials ready, and would set to work with his pen. Once he was held up at a ferry, so, instead of stamping about, whistling and shrieking for the boatman, as too many

WESLEY PREACHING AT HOME AND ABROAD



John Wesley was one of the most wonderful preachers that England has ever produced. During half a century it was quite the common thing all over England for crowds of twenty or thirty thousand people to gather to hear him; and yet his earliest ministry, exercised during a visit to America, was a failure, and Wesley had to return to England. In this picture we see Wesley preaching to the Indians during his early American ministry.



At Oxford, Wesley associated with a number of serious-minded young men who used to meet together to encourage one another in living up to high ideals. In derision they were given the nickname of the Holy Club; and because they planned out their lives in a methodical manner so as not to waste any time they were called in derision Methodists, a name that is now honoured all over the world. This picture shows Wesley addressing his Oxford friends.

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men would, he sat quietly down, pulled out his paper, pen, and ink, and finished writing a tract upon which he was engaged. That was his way. His life was not without gaiety or joy, but he never wasted time. He was methodical in everything. Unless time pressed, he would always visit the places of interest through which he travelled, whether they were historic mansions, or churches, or places of natural beauty and interest. All that he saw and did and thought he wrote down in his journals, which he afterwards published.

To read those journals is a treat in store for every boy and girl interested in England, for there is no better picture of the country, its people and their manners, in the eighteenth century than this which Wesley wrote day by day throughout those long years. Much that he wrote in those journals did not see the light of day until recently.

He left behind him a mass of writing in a sort of shorthand and a method of writing of his own invention. This was found a few years ago. It took its discoverer four years to master the secret of the cryptogram in which it was written. At last the task was completed, and the world knows more of John Wesley to-day than ever it knew before. The interest in his work and life grows, and will grow, for the seed that

he sowed broadcast throughout the land is still bearing a rich and abundant harvest. He went about doing good, not only good which he personally was able to effect, but he exposed abuses and

injustice, and by his earnestness persuaded or shamed others into doing right.

He left England a much better land than he found it, and though all his earliest disciples

died before him, he had gathered about him, in the newer generation, such a body of earnest men of his own type of mind and character, that Methodism has become one of the great forces for good in the whole of Christendom. When he died, in 1791, there were in Britain and America 119,000 Methodists. In little more than a century this number had grown throughout the world to the following amazing figures: Ministers, 48,334; local preachers, 104,786; members of Methodist churches, 7,660,000; Sunday-schools, 81,228; teachers and officers, 861,392; scholars, 7,078,000; and adherents, 24,990,000. Wesley laboured on with splendid

courage till the last. He was still a marvel of vigour to the end. When over seventy years old he was clearly heard by a congregation of over 30,000 people, and he said then that he considered preaching at five o'clock in the morning the healthiest exercise in the world. When over eighty he could say that he had had only one sleepless night in all his life. Toward the last, when his great strength was failing, he had to be held up in the pulpit, but not until he was

within a month of death did he say farewell to his congregations. He preached his last sermon at Leatherhead on February 23, 1791, and seven days later he entered upon his long rest.



JOHN WESLEY PREACHING AT NOTTINGHAM
From a curious old picture



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE AND JOHN WESLEY
The young reformer visiting the old preacher



SAMUEL CHAPIN

This statue was made for the city of Springfield, Mass., and now stands in the Library Square. It represents Samuel Chapin, one of the founders of Springfield, and, as his model, the sculptor used another Chapin, a well-known and worthy descendant of the sturdy Puritan.

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS



A CAMEO CUTTER WHO BECAME A GREAT SCULPTOR

ONE September day, in the year 1848, a young Frenchman, named Bernard St. Gaudens, came ashore from a ship which had just arrived in Boston Harbour. With him was his wife, a beautiful Irishwoman, who carried in her arms their baby son, Augustus. They were just an ordinary little group of immigrants; perhaps there were many others like them on board the same vessel. But of all the crowd of immigrants who came ashore that day, the St. Gaudens family stands out unforgotten, for the baby in his mother's arms, little Augustus St. Gaudens, grew up to become one of the greatest of modern sculptors.

THE SCULPTOR'S CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS

The little family had been living in Dublin, where the boy was born. Bernard St. Gaudens had gone there a few years before, to work at his trade of shoemaking. But life in Ireland at that time was very hard, and so he brought his wife and boy to the United States to make a fresh start. However he did not mean to begin life anew in Boston, but went on

to New York, where he set up in business in the lower part of the town, which had not then been given over to the towering office buildings for which it is famous today. He lived with his family over the shop, as the custom then was, and there Augustus grew up, a healthy, happy boy, spending his days—just like other boys—in going to school, getting into and out of business, and helping to make the old streets ring with shouts and laughter.

Moreover, he had one resource which is not given to every boy. He loved to draw, and he made pictures on everything on which he could lay his hands, putting into use even the fence in the back yard. Years after, when he had become famous, he took great pleasure in drawing for his son, just such a picture, of a ragged boy holding a target, as he had made for himself, when he was a small boy with a great liking for bows and arrows.

His love for picture making increased as he grew older, until when his father asked him what trade he would like to learn, he said promptly: "Anything that will help me to become an artist." So his father sent him to a cameo cutter to learn

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to cut stone cameos, which were very fashionable ornaments at that time.

HE LEARNS TO CUT CAMEOS AND STUDIES ART

But though cameo cutting is artistic work, he was not satisfied. It taught him the need for accuracy; the necessity for painstaking attention to details and many other things, and in after days, he said that learning this trade was the best thing he had ever done. He knew, however, that it was not enough. He knew that there was much besides that he must learn, if he were to become an artist, and an artist he was determined to be. So he wasted no time, but set to work at once in the evening classes at Cooper Union, where he studied for two years. Then he went to the Academy of Design, where he stayed for four years longer, sometimes working on until eleven o'clock at night.

We must remember that during all this time he spent his days in making cameos, and that he had to be at his work table at seven o'clock every morning, winter and summer. In the story of his life, he tells us how hard it was to get up in the dark winter mornings, and turn out in the cold to walk to his work, for in those days there were no electric lights, and few cars. But he was a merry boy, who made light of difficulties, and the love of his art, added to pluck and determination, carried him through. Even in his boyish days, he lived up to his saying that love and courage are the great things.

At first he had need of courage, for he was only a boy, and his first employer, a man named Avet, had a very bad temper. At times he was very kind, and would take Augustus with him on expeditions to the country; but usually he was unreasonable and unjust. He scolded perpetually about trifles, and wound up by dismissing St. Gaudens in a rage, because he had dropped some crumbs on the floor. This was too much for the boy's patience, and though Avet offered him strong inducements to return, he refused, and found another cameo cutter, named Le Brethon, with whom he spent some happy years. This man helped St. Gaudens greatly in coming to a decision to devote himself to sculpture. He encouraged him in every way, and not only aided him with his modelling, but gave him an hour

every day, so that he might work by daylight. Le Brethon, however, could only cut shell cameos, and as St. Gaudens was a good stone cameo cutter, he was able to add this better paying work to his business.

HIS "GREAT ADVENTURE." HE GOES TO PARIS

The years went on in work and study, until St. Gaudens was just nineteen, and then one day his father asked him if he would like to go to Paris. He was surprised, and greatly delighted, with the idea, for though he had learned all that the New York Art Schools could then teach him, Europe had seemed a far off dream. But his father, who had been watching his progress with pride, had been quietly laying aside a fund ready for the time when his son should need it.

Before he left home, St. Gaudens finished a bronze bust of his father, and made a drawing of his mother's head. These are his first known works, and are of interest chiefly because they show that his parents were both people of intelligence, and that his likeness to his mother was strongly marked.

LIFE AS A STUDENT

He set out for Paris with a light heart for, though he had little money in his pocket, he was young and strong, and he had in his craft of cameo cutting the means of earning his own living. And earn it he did. Not only through his student days in Paris, but later in Rome, while he waited for commissions, his cameo lathe kept the wolf from the door. In his Roman days he was said to be the best cameo cutter in either Rome or Paris. Still he did not pay very great attention to the making of money, for he soon became absorbed in his work at the art schools, and only cared to earn enough to keep him actually above want. Paris was chosen as his place of study, because one of his father's brothers lived there, but this uncle gave him no assistance, and they soon drifted apart.

He studied in Paris for three years. While he was waiting to get into the Beaux Arts School, he attended a smaller school; but spent the greater part of these years at the Beaux Arts, under the sculptor Jouffroy. As he spoke French

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as well as English, he lost no time through not being able to understand the language, and soon his work was so good that his fellow students spoke of it with pleasure in after years. Still he was not a brilliant student, and took no prizes. He just worked steadily on with one aim in view — never to do anything less than his very best.

PLEASANT DAYS IN EUROPE

His devotion to art, however, did not prevent him from enjoying a great deal of pleasure. One of his student friends said later, that in these days St. Gaudens was a most joyous creature, and was a great favourite in the studio. He loved swimming and wrestling, and was particularly fond of going off, with one or two chosen companions on long walking trips lasting for days or weeks. On these trips he was the life of the party, as he and his friends went along, whistling and singing, and enjoying the humorous little incidents that happened by the way. In the summer of 1870, he went with two friends on a walking tour through Switzerland. They travelled from Paris by train to Strasburg, and from this city set out on foot; and walked through a large part of Switzerland. This little excursion was one of his bright memory spots. In later years, when he was ill and suffering, he spoke with peculiar pleasure of his feelings when he first saw the Alps.

Shortly after his return to Paris from this trip, the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 broke out. He was strongly tempted to join the French army, when the Republican government came into power, but after a struggle with himself, he gave in to his mother's wishes, which were strongly against such a course.

LIFE IN ROME AND FIRST COMMISSIONS

Study in Paris, however, became impossible at this time, so he left and went to Rome. Here he set up a studio of his own, and began to work on the statue of Hiawatha which now stands in Hilton Park, at Saratoga. This was his first large work; but an American visitor — Mr. Montgomery Gibbs — was so much pleased with its promise that he helped the young sculptor in many ways, and St. Gaudens never forgot his kindness. It was through Mr. Gibbs that he got his

first commissions, but others soon followed, and the years he spent in Rome were busy ones.

They were broken by a short visit to his home in New York, when for the last



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This statue stands in Lincoln Park, in Chicago.

time he saw his mother. Her death shortly after was a sad blow to him, for love of his family was a strong feature in his loyal, affectionate nature.

He stayed in Rome for some years, during which, in addition to the "Hiawatha," he made a statue called "Silence" for the Masonic Temple in New York, a bust of Senator William Evarts,

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and a good deal of other work. While he was in Rome, he was joined by his young brother Louis, to whom he taught cameo cutting, and who afterwards became a sculptor also.

RETURN TO NEW YORK AND FARRAGUT STATUÉ

Finally, in 1875, he came back to the United States, and set up a studio in New York. But he was still almost unknown, and at first found it difficult to make ends meet. It was not until his beautiful

statue of Admiral Farragut proved that he was already a sculptor, whose name would be remembered, that Americans began to grow proud of him, and to value his work. When he undertook this statue, he decided to make it in Paris, partly because there were difficulties in the way of making the bronze casting at home. Immediately after his marriage, therefore, he went over to Paris, and did not come back until the statue was finished and ready to set up. It is now in Madison Square overlooking the crowds that surge



THE SHAW MEMORIAL

This beautiful tablet is a memorial to Col. Robert G. Shaw, of Boston, who was colonel of the first negro regiment formed to recruit the Federal army in the Civil War. The memorial is meant to represent the moment at which he marched forward, at the head of his regiment, into the battle in which he was killed. It stands on Beacon Hill, facing the State Capitol in Boston.

up and down, just as in his lifetime the great admiral looked down from the quarter deck on the sailors as they passed to and fro about the decks below.

While he was in Paris, he also made an altar-piece representing angels adoring the cross for St. Thomas' Church, in New York. About this altar-piece, one of his friends tells a pretty story of an old woman who, seeing it through the open door of the brightly lighted studio, fell on her knees in prayer, and said it was like heaven. Unfortunately, when the church in which it was placed was burned, the altar-piece was completely destroyed.

A BUSY LIFE IN NEW YORK AND CORNISH

From the time that the Farragut statue showed people what he could do, St. Gaudens was kept very busy. Indeed, for many years, he had no time to go abroad, but lived either in New York, or at his lovely home at Cornish in New Hampshire. Many of his friends followed him to this beautiful spot in the New Hampshire hills, and before long it became a delightful artists' colony. During these years, he made some of the country's greatest treasures in sculpture. For Chicago, he made the statue of Lincoln, called the "Standing Lincoln," of which some one has said: "As you gaze on it, you actually feel the great spirit of that wonderful man." The Shaw Memorial for Boston, which some people look on as his most beautiful work, was made at this period of his life. He kept this tablet in his studio for thirteen years, working on it at intervals, always finding something to change or improve, until at last it was finished to his satisfaction, and he let it go. Much to his amusement, he found it difficult at first to obtain models for the soldiers; the superstitious negroes fearing that some harm would happen to them. At last, he hit upon the plan of paying one man a small sum for every suitable model brought to the studio, and soon had as much difficulty in getting rid of them as he had before in finding them.

Many other beautiful things left his studio during these years: the famous figure for the Adams tomb in Washington, the "Puritan" for the City of Springfield, in Massachusetts, and the statue of Peter Cooper, for the front of the Cooper

Institute in New York, are the best known of his large works that date from this time. He was particularly glad when he was asked to make the Cooper statue, because the Institute was his first school, and he never forgot the loyalty he owed it.

In addition to these large works, he made many other things, besides doing a great deal of work in what is known as bas-relief, or low-relief, like the portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, and one of the Schiff children, which is so beautiful that two great museums ordered copies of it. The Luxembourg Museum has a bronze copy, and the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, one in marble, which is so exquisite that it at once draws the attention of the visitor. The winsome little girl, and the sturdy, manly boy who holds her hand, are so much alive that it seems as though they might walk out to meet one.

This low relief work is exceedingly difficult, requiring the utmost care at every step in its production; but St. Gaudens was a master in it, and delighted in its use. One of his critics said, that he revived this art, and another that he was its greatest master since the days of the great Italians in the fifteenth century.

SHERMAN STATUE AND VISIT TO EUROPE

When he was commissioned to make a statue of General Sherman, he went again to Paris, thinking that there he would have more quiet than he could get at home. The model was finished in time for the annual exhibition of sculpture, and made such an impression that, not only was it given the place of honour, but St. Gaudens was asked to make a statue for the Luxembourg Museum, where the work of the greatest living artists is placed. This was an honour that he appreciated very much, and so he presented to the museum the lovely figure that he called "Amor Caritas."

He enjoyed his stay in Paris greatly, and took much pleasure in meeting the friends of his student days. He paid a visit to Italy with one of his old walking companions, and another to Spain with his wife. He went over to Edinburgh too, in connection with the Stevenson tablet for that city, and was delighted with his reception there and in London. This was his last visit to Europe, for when he came

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home at the end of three years, he was very ill, and though he recovered, he was never again really strong. William Dean Howells, who was his friend, said that after this "His face was full of a most pathetic charm," that he looked "like a weary lion." He had made a bas-relief of Mr. Howells and his daughter, which is

It stands now at the Plaza entrance to Central Park, in New York, looking as though horse and rider might, at any moment, leave the pedestal and, with Victory leading the way, march down the long vista of the avenue ahead. When it was finished, he had it set up in a field at the back of his house in Cornish, so that he might look at it from every point of view, and see that it had no fault or blemish, before he allowed it to be taken to its New York home.



THE ADAMS MONUMENT

Stands in a quiet spot, surrounded by shrubs, in the Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington.

HIS LAST YEARS

To this last period of his life, we owe the seated statue of Lincoln, which now looks out over the Lake Front at Chicago, the "Pilgrim" which is in Philadelphia, the memorial to his friend R. L. Stevenson, for Edinburgh, where it was placed in St. Giles Cathedral, the statue of Charles Stewart Parnell for Dublin, the memorial of Phillips Brooks for Boston, and when death came to him he was engaged in directing the work on the group of figures that he had designed for the front of the Boston Library. The Stevenson tablet was begun in Paris, where it was cast, but was finished in Cornish.

Many stories are told of the pains that he took with all his work, and his anxiety that it should be correct in every detail. For instance, he asked the man who sat for the Lincoln statue to wander round the country dressed in the clothes he wore to represent Lincoln, in order that they might gain the proper wrinkles. When he was at work on the Parnell statue, he had a model made of the square in Dublin, in which it was to stand, so that he might become familiar with its surroundings. Then he

one of his most beautiful pieces of work. Still he continued to work, though in these last years he was content to make his head-quarters at Cornish, where he had two studios. Here he finished the Sherman statue, which is one of the very few great equestrian statues in the world.

had a painted, wooden pillar made of the same height as the pillar against which the statue was to stand, and had this wooden pillar set up in the open, with a full sized cast of the statue, so that he might see just how it would look when it was finished. When this statue was al-

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most ready, the studio at Cornish, in which it stood, was burned up. The statue, with much other work, was quite destroyed, but ill and tired as he was, he bravely set to work and did it again.

Though he accomplished so much, it must not be supposed that St. Gaudens' life was only a record of endless work, no matter how much he rejoiced in it. He was a man who enjoyed life thoroughly, and many a boy might envy his keen delight in the winter amusements at his country home.

RECEIVED MANY HONOURS

As he became famous, he was consulted by great people, and showered with honours. France gave him the Cross of the Legion of Honour; England made him a member of the Royal Academy, and in

this country the three great universities of Yale, Princeton and Harvard gave him degrees. Yet he remained the same gentle, modest man of simple tastes that he always had been. He was ready too with warm praise, or help, or generous, kindly criticism for his fellow artists, and willing to give time and strength to any project for aiding the cause of art in his own country. The American Academy at Rome owes much to his efforts to arouse interest in its work.

He was a great man; great enough to be unspoiled by success. Many have sung praises of his genius; but perhaps the greatest thing of all that has been said of him is this: he left the world better than he found it, and, cost what it might, he never sent out into the world anything that was unworthy of him.



THE STATUE OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF DANIEL WEBSTER



THE BIRTHPLACE OF DANIEL WEBSTER, NEAR SALISBURY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Daniel Webster was not born in the log house his father built when he first moved into the wilderness, but in this frame dwelling about three miles away. The house is still standing, though it has been much changed. Mountains are in plain view and perhaps the sight had something to do with the firmness afterward displayed by the man. There can be no doubt but that we are influenced in later life by the sights and surroundings of our earlier years.



DARTMOUTH COLLEGE AS IT APPEARED IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Dartmouth College grew out of a school for Indians, founded in Connecticut about 1750. In 1769 it was removed to Hanover, New Hampshire, and the name changed to Dartmouth College. The funds came from England at first, but with the Declaration of Independence the college was forced to depend upon local support. Whites soon outnumbered the Indians. This old print shows the first buildings to be constructed.

FROM A NEW HAMPSHIRE FARM TO HIGH POSITION IN THE NATION

THE STORY OF DANIEL WEBSTER, THE GREATEST LAWYER AND ORATOR OF HIS TIME
HOW A MAN GAINED EVERYTHING EXCEPT WHAT HE MOST DESIRED

MANY of the great men the United States has produced have come from poor farms, and the parents of some of them were in humble circumstances. In their boyhood they learned to work and were compelled to do without many useless, though pleasant things. They were ambitious and worked hard to make their hopes come true.

At the end of the French and Indian War, a young New Hampshire soldier, Captain Ebenezer Webster, built a log cabin in what is now the central part of the state. At that time, however, this house was further north than any other in New England. The nearest white people to the north were in Montreal. Indians lurked in the forest. Neighbours came slowly, and for years it was dangerous to venture far away from the little settlements.

THE YOUNG FARMER IS AGAIN CALLED TO WAR

Hardly was the little town of Salisbury well established when the news of Concord and Lexington swept through the hills. Captain Webster at once raised a company, and with it marched and fought throughout the war. He won the good opinion of Washington, who put him on guard duty after Arnold's treason. At the end of the war Captain Webster worked hard to persuade New Hampshire to adopt the Constitution. He was one of the electors chosen to vote for President, and took great pleasure in voting for Washington. In many other ways, this strong, honest soldier was honoured by his neighbours.

Ten children were born on the New Hampshire farm, and this is the story of the youngest son, Daniel, born January 18, 1782. He was a delicate child, and it was feared that he would not grow up. He was excused from hard work on the farm, and spent his early years in the fields and woods, hunting and fishing and gazing on the great mountain peaks which seemed so near. Yet the family was intelligent and

ambitious, and the boy learned to read very early, at the age of three or four, and attended the poor schools of the neighbourhood whenever they were open. He read everything he could lay his hands upon, and remembered all he read. In his autobiography, he tells us of reading the Constitution printed on a handkerchief, at the age of eight.

THE BOY IS PROMISED A COLLEGE EDUCATION

Though Captain Webster was a poor man — for ready money was scarce in the backwoods — he determined to send the boy to college. After study at Phillips Exeter Academy, then a young and small school, but now known over the world, he entered Dartmouth College in 1797. He did well in his classes and determined that his brother Ezekiel should also attend college. This brother was two years older than Daniel, and they were devoted to each other. The plan succeeded, though the family was forced to make many sacrifices, and Ezekiel entered just before his younger brother was graduated in 1801. He was acknowledged to be the best speaker in the school, had read much history and English literature, and had done well in Latin.

STUDYING LAW AND TEACHING SCHOOL

Strange as it may seem when we learn of his later success, Daniel Webster was not anxious to study law, and only agreed to his father's plan because of affection. After a few months, however, he was forced to stop his studies to earn some money to help Ezekiel through college. For a year he taught a little school in Maine, and then returned to his law books. He read as much history and poetry as law, however, and also spent much time on Latin.

By this time, Ezekiel had been graduated, and had secured a position in a school in Boston, which he kept while he too studied law. He now returned the favour, and brought Daniel to study in

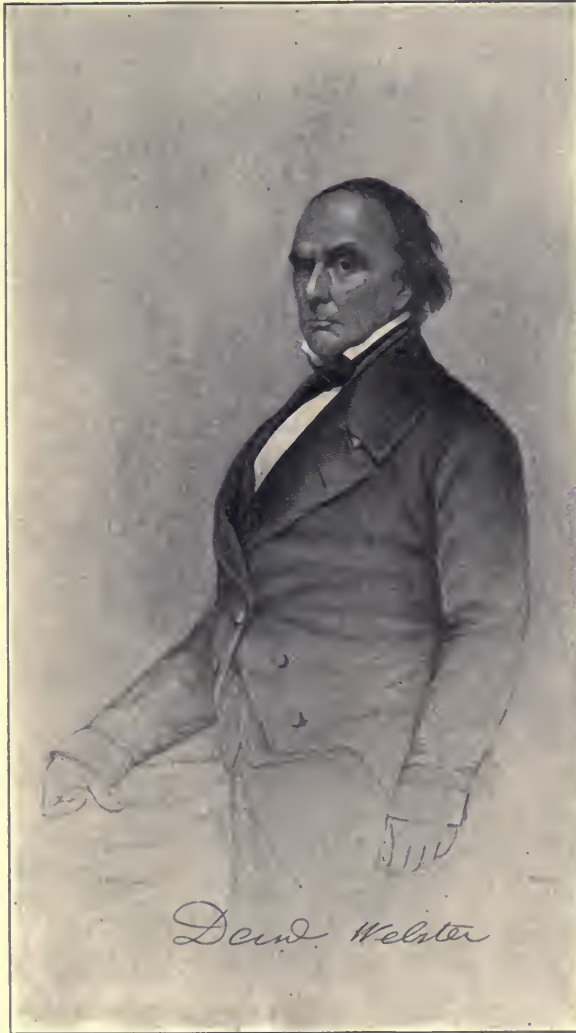
FROM A NEW HAMPSHIRE FARM TO HIGH POSITION IN THE NATION

that city, where the advantages were greater than in a New Hampshire village. The brothers were always helping each other in ways like this. At last, in 1805, the young law student was admitted to practice, at the age of twenty-three. Just at this time he was offered a position as clerk of a court, which would have given him a good salary. It was a great temptation, but he refused the offer, and began to practise at the little village of Boscawen, near his old home. After two and a half years, Ezekiel was also ready to practise, and Daniel turned over his office to him, and moved to Portsmouth, then a very prosperous sea-port town.

SUCCEEDS AS A LAWYER AND GOES TO CON- GRESS

Within a year or two, he was making a reputation as a lawyer, and was beginning to take a deep interest in politics. He was often called upon to make speeches, and in 1812 was elected to the United States House of Representatives. New England was opposed to the War of 1812, then raging, and Mr. Webster made several speeches in opposition to the way the war was being conducted. He was elected a second time, and during this term decided to move to Boston. There his reputation as a lawyer increased.

He was not allowed to remain in private life, but in 1822 was again sent to Congress, was twice re-elected, and in 1827 was sent to the United States Senate, where he was to gain his greatest fame. From this date until his death in 1852 he was either Senator, or Secretary of State nearly the whole time.



WEBSTER AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS FAME, THOUGH
AFTER HIS HEALTH HAD BEGUN TO FAIL.

All these years he had been studying and making speeches, and his reputation as an orator had spread over the whole country. He made a great speech at Plymouth in 1820, to celebrate the landing of the Pilgrims two hundred years before. When the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument was laid he spoke, and again eighteen years afterwards when it was finished. In the Senate he soon took a leading place, and his long study of the Constitution compelled everyone to listen to him. Soon an opportunity to gain greater fame came.

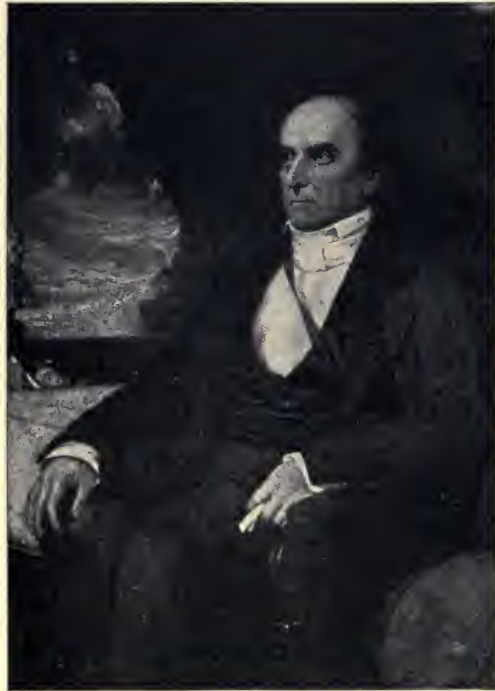
South Carolina was very much displeased with the tariff laws, which were thought to be unjust to the South. Senator Hayne of South Carolina charged that New England had always been unfair to the South and West, and held that it might be necessary to break up the Union, if these sections were not better treated. He declared that the

FROM A NEW HAMPSHIRE FARM TO HIGH POSITION IN THE NATION

Union was only an agreement among the states, and that it might be broken up at any time. He also said that a state had a right to refuse to obey unjust laws.

In reply, Mr. Webster spoke four hours, and his speech, or parts of it, are known to every schoolboy. He said that the people, not the states, made the Union and the Constitution, and only they could dissolve it, and closed with the words: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." From this time on,

been meant by the treaty of 1783, which had acknowledged the independence of the United States. Great Britain sent a special minister, Lord Ashburton, to arrange the treaty, and he and Mr. Webster worked for months over the question. Finally a treaty was agreed upon in 1842, and the boundary line was fixed as it is to-day. The treaty also agreed that both Great Britain and the United States should keep naval vessels along the African coast to break up the slave trade.



DANIEL WEBSTER AND LORD ASHBURTON

Lord Ashburton was sent by Great Britain in 1842 to negotiate a treaty settling several points of difference between the two countries. The treaty generally known as the Webster-Ashburton Treaty was signed the same year. It was a compromise, but has proved satisfactory. The pictures by G. P. A. Healey hang in the State Department at Washington.

Webster was called the "Expounder of the Constitution."

LEAVES THE SENATE TO BECOME SECRETARY OF STATE

When William Henry Harrison was elected President in 1840, he appointed Webster Secretary of State, and he continued in this office after Vice-President Tyler became President. The chief business was making a treaty with Great Britain. The boundary between Maine and Canada had never been settled, and it was difficult to understand what had

After the treaty had been signed, Mr. Webster resigned in 1843, and went back to the practice of law. He had bought a country home at Marshfield, near Duxbury Bay, and there he spent all the time he could spare from his cases. He loved the country and used to rise in the summer at three or four o'clock and walk around the farm, watching the sun rise over the water. He was proud of his oxen, and other cattle, and loved to be called the "Farmer of Marshfield." He enjoyed attending country fairs and discussing the cattle on exhibition.

FROM A NEW HAMPSHIRE FARM TO HIGH POSITION IN THE NATION

RETURNS TO THE SENATE AFTER HE CEASED TO BE SECRETARY OF STATE

Almost at once the people of the state began to talk of his return to the Senate. He objected at first, for he was always careless about money and was in debt. If he continued to practise law, he could easily make enough to pay off all his debts and more besides in a short while. If he returned to Washington, he would not have time to earn money at law, and his salary as a senator would not pay his expenses. He did wish to be President, however, and in 1836 had received some votes. He was again elected to the Senate for the term beginning in 1845 and accepted.

Though he opposed the annexation of Texas, which brought on war with Mexico, his son had raised one of the first companies of volunteers, and after fighting bravely had fallen ill and died in 1848. His daughter also died the same year, and he himself was ill. From about this time forward he was never really well.

FAILS TO GET THE WHIG NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT

When the Whig party came to nominate a candidate for President in 1848, both Webster and Clay were passed over. The party had won with a military hero in 1840, when General William Henry Harrison was elected. The party leaders determined to try the same plan again, and General Zachary Taylor, of Mexican War fame, was named by the Whigs. General Taylor was not known as a party man. In fact it was said that he had never voted in his life, but he was popular, and the leaders thought that he could be elected. Webster had made some enemies in his long service, and it was feared that he could not get so many votes as Taylor.

THE FAMOUS SEVENTH OF MARCH SPEECH

The last great question which Mr. Webster took a part in settling was what is known as the "Compromise of 1850." The dispute between the North and the South was growing more bitter. Arrangements had to be made for the government of the territory secured from Mexico. Some of the Northern people were determined that slavery should not be allowed in any new territories. The

South was just as determined to preserve its rights under the Missouri Compromise, which allowed slavery south of 36° 30'. California, partly above and partly below that line, asked for admission as a free state. What was to be done?

Henry Clay, now an old man, offered a compromise. California was to be admitted as a free state, but slavery was not forbidden in the remaining territory taken from Mexico; the slave trade should be abolished in the District of Columbia, but a new law returning runaway slaves should be passed. Both Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster were devoted to the Union and they felt that if something was not done to stop discussion, war was sure to come. In a powerful speech delivered on the seventh of March, 1850, Mr. Webster spoke in favour of the bill, which finally passed, though not until he had left the Senate.

MANY OF HIS OLD FRIENDS TURN AGAINST HIM

For this speech he was much abused in some parts of the North, and some of his old friends joined in blaming him. He was accused of having made the speech with the hope of gaining votes for the Presidency in the South. These critics declared that he ought to have done nothing to favour slavery in any way. It is true that Mr. Webster hoped to be President, but his real motive was love for the Union, which he feared was threatened by rash men, North and South.

Before the compromise had passed, President Taylor had died, and President Fillmore offered him the office of Secretary of State. He accepted in July, 1850, but no great measure came up during the time he held the office. In 1852, he still hoped to be nominated for the Presidency, and was much hurt when General Scott was made the Whig candidate. He knew that his last chance was gone. His health continued to fail, and on October 24, 1852, only a few days before the election, he died at his beloved Marshfield.

From the New Hampshire farm he had reached a high position in the nation. He was considered to be the greatest lawyer and the greatest orator of his time. His countrymen gave him their admiration and their respect, but they failed to give him the great office he desired.

MAD SAILOR MAN

THE TALE OF A PIRATE AND A PATRIOT WHO FIRST CAPTAINED
A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD AND BEGAN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE MAN WHO TAUGHT ENGLAND TO BE GREAT AT SEA

Once upon a time a white man climbed a tree in Panama, and saw two oceans—the two seas which have now met through an iron gate. The white man could not have dreamed of the Panama Canal, but he saw a nobler vision still, the dawn of his country's greatness. This is the story of how he came down the tree and began the British Empire.

WE who read of his deeds do not call Sir Francis Drake a mad sailor. That was only the playful name that his wife gave him when, in his own little ship, he did not hesitate to encounter a whole fleet of Spain.

At the beginning we have to fix one or two thoughts concerning Drake in our minds. He was, until the time of Nelson, not only the greatest sailor England had produced, but the greatest admiral. He loved God, and sought faithfully to serve Him, yet such a man, doing his work in his way today, would be driven off the seas as a pirate. Can we honour a pirate? Can we believe that this man to whom were erected statues was a sea-thief and a robber? There is no disguising the fact that Sir Francis Drake was a pirate, the boldest and most successful pirate that ever lived. But, having said that, let us do him justice.

All the great sailors of his age were pirates. The Spaniards against whom he fought were pirates; the men who gallantly joined his ships were pirates. They were all pirates together. Drake did not consider himself a pirate, neither did Queen Elizabeth. He looked upon himself as one appointed to defend the Protestant faith against the tyranny of the merciless Spaniards, who were seeking with fire and sword to make themselves masters of a great part of the world. They tried for years to kill the Princess Elizabeth, so that Mary Queen of Scots might reign in her stead and promote the Catholic faith. They secretly worked up rebellions in England, and when these schemes failed Philip of Spain built his terrible Armada, intending to invade England, to make her a colony of Spain, and, by force of arms, to compel her people to accept the religion of Rome. Drake's was the figure towering across

the path of the King of Spain. When he saw a Spanish ship he sank it or brought it in triumph to England, or at least he emptied it of its treasures. He did not want wealth for himself. He loved his country better than his life, and he felt that every blow at Spain was a blow struck for little England. It was largely due to his personal efforts and to the wealth he brought home that England was able to build her little navy and once for all to crush the navy of Spain. Drake had a great part in founding the greatness of England. She could not be great so long as Spain ruled the waves, and that for a reason the school history books do not all tell us.

Columbus discovered America in his voyage of 1492, while Da Gama found the sea-way to India in 1498. The Pope then divided the Western and the Eastern World between Spain and Portugal. He gave Spain all the new lands west of a certain point, and Portugal all the new lands east of the same point. And Spain would not allow English ships upon the seas in the newly discovered ways. They were "pirates" if they appeared in the Pacific or Indian Oceans; they were villains to be murdered openly or by stealth if they showed themselves off the coasts of America!

The American continent has over sixteen million square miles of land, and the Pope, dividing the world, had given all this vast tract of land to Spain. The Spaniards, who did not seek to colonise, but only enslaved the natives and wrung gold and silver and gems from them, declared that for any other nation to approach their vast possessions was a crime punishable with death. When Philip of Spain seized Portugal, he claimed her new territories too, and so sought to bar the way of England, both east and west. These were the conditions into which Francis Drake was born; we shall see how he changed them as he passed on his way through the world.

He was born near Tavistock, in Devonshire, somewhere between 1539 and 1545; we do not know which year exactly. When he was a boy England was under the sway of Queen Mary, who, four years before her death, married the terrible Philip of Spain, so that he went to live for a time in England, and under his influence she persecuted the people. Drake's father was forced by the persecution to quit his home and flee into Kent, where he is believed to have become a naval chaplain, and to have preached to the sailors on their ships in the Thames. Young Francis was taken in hand by his relative, Sir John Hawkins, a bold seaman who must have given him a good schooling, for Drake proved a capital scholar, wrote admirable letters, and was a gallant gentleman as well as a fearless mariner. Yet he could have had little time for learning, for we find him apprenticed at an early age to the owner of a ship. The personal charm and good conduct of the boy so engaged the affections of his master that the master, when he died, left the little ship to Drake, so that Francis was shipowner and captain, too, while still but a youth.

THE DAYS BEFORE ENGLAND HAD BECOME GREAT AT SEA

In his tiny vessel he made many voyages along the coast, and then reached boldly out to sea, where he learned of the threats of the Spaniards to treat the English as robbers if they caught them in parts frequented by the ships of Philip.

At this time England was very much afraid of Spain. Mary was dead, and Elizabeth, who had ascended the throne when only twenty-five, had not yet felt her power. The Pope had informed her that she had no right to the throne, that it belonged to him to give away, and that it must be given to a Catholic, meaning either Mary Queen of Scots or Philip of Spain. As there were many Catholics in England, Elizabeth, who was a Protestant, had to act with great caution. She feared most of all to give offence to the all-powerful Spain. Spaniards might attack English ships and drive them from the sea, although the two countries were at peace, but England must not return blow for blow, as that would cause open war, for which England was not prepared. She had practically no navy, and no army at all; she was a little island protected only by the sea.

Now, Drake was not the man to be stopped by Spanish threats, and when, in 1567, Sir John Hawkins fitted out a

fleet for the Spanish Main, as the shores of the Caribbean Sea were called, Francis sailed with him in his tiny 50-ton Judith. When crossing the gulf of Mexico the English ships were overtaken by a storm, and had to seek refuge in the harbour of Vera Cruz, where lay twelve Spanish ships with treasure worth \$5,000,000. Next day twelve more Spanish ships appeared off the entrance to the harbour, but, not liking the looks of the English craft, dared not enter.

HOW DRAKE'S LITTLE SHIP FOUGHT HER WAY OUT LIKE A TIGRESS

Now, Hawkins was quite ready to fight, but he remembered the command of Queen Elizabeth, "No war, my lords," and, instead of fighting, he went to the Spanish admiral and entered into a written agreement of peace. With that the Spanish ships entered the harbour, took on board a thousand men, and at once attacked the English ships. Although taken by surprise they made a brave defence against the treacherous attack and gave a good account of themselves against great odds. With twenty-four Spanish ships against five English ones, the English suffered badly. Only two escaped, and one was Drake's little Judith, which fought her way out like a tigress, and had a big share in sinking two Spanish vessels and burning another. Drake got safely home, and complained to Lord Burghley, Queen Elizabeth's famous Chancellor, of the treachery of the Spaniards; and it was in this way that he gained an introduction to the queen. Drake's fame began to be sounded about when the sailors from the two surviving ships landed, for he had fought with great valour in the battle, and had shown splendid seamanship in handling his vessel. The queen gave him a licence to go forth upon the sea and, at his own cost, in his own ship, seek revenge against Spain.

THE POWER THAT QUEEN ELIZABETH GAVE TO DRAKE

Drake was still young, but he had a very wise head on his shoulders. He did not plunge at once for gain and glory, but he made two journeys of discovery to what we now know as the Isthmus of Panama, the narrow neck of land uniting North America and South America, through which the Panama Canal now passes. Having gained all the information he needed, he set out from Plymouth, on May 24, 1572, with two ships and seventy-three men, to sail over 4000 miles, and brave the perils of the seas and the ships of Spain. He reached the Gulf of Darien, where he was

MAD SAILOR MAN

joined by another little English ship. There were thirty men in this, and Drake, sailing to the coast off a place named Nombre de Dios, near the site of the present-day city of Colon, left his own two ships in charge of the thirty men. He and his crew then set out in boats which they had brought with them in pieces and put together on board. They found two Spanish ships near the shore, manned by poor Indians whom the Spaniards had enslaved. Drake released them and treated them with kindness, and landed off Nombre de Dios at three o'clock in the morning.

enormous stacks of solid bars of silver, worth five million dollars. There was too much to take; their little boats could not have carried it, so Drake ordered his prisoners to lead him to the treasure-house where the gems were stored.

They took him there, but again the treasure—gold and pearls and jewels—was more than the boats could carry. There was the treasure, and there were the men who had hazarded their lives to snatch it from the enemy, but at the last moment they hung back. Might not the Spaniards return upon them suddenly with increased



THE BUILDING OF A GREAT SHIP IN THE DAYS OF DRAKE

Nombre de Dios was a Spanish colonial town to which gold and silver from Mexico and Peru were brought to be shipped to Spain. It was upon the money derived from the labour of slaves in these mines that Spain depended for her ships and soldiers. Drake marched upon the town, where the Spanish soldiers turned out and fought the invaders. The garrison was speedily put to flight, but Drake was severely wounded in the thigh. Two Spaniards were captured, and made to reveal the hiding-place of the silver. Here the English found

numbers and overwhelm them? Drake was furious that his men should fear the Spaniards. "I have brought you," he said, "to the mouth of the Treasure of the World. If you do not take it, but should hereafter want it, henceforward blame none but yourselves. Break open the door!" But even as he spoke he sank fainting, through the loss of blood from his wound, and his men, thoroughly frightened now, instead of seizing the treasure, took up their commander and bore him to the boats, pushed off to the ships, and never

again saw the Treasure of the World. But other booty was awaiting them, and something greater than booty. They hid their ships in a quiet bay while Drake recovered, and the Spaniards, thinking the English had gone home, returned home.

Drake now led his men upon a dazzling series of adventures. They sailed into the harbour of Cartagena, and captured a rich ship under the very noses of their astonished enemies. Next they burnt their smaller ship in order that they might be free from the care of her, and so land as many men as possible, and then, with this small force, they did a thing such as has never been done before. They braved the might of Spain on land, sacked the city of Porto Bello, and set out to waylay some of the rich caravans of treasure which were travelling from the mines of Mexico and Peru to the port to be shipped. It was only a narrow neck of land that they had to cross, but they needed guides, and they found them among the Indians whose comrades Drake had released from slavery.

Our hero was to be well rewarded now, for one of these poor Indian guides gave him one of the greatest inspirations of his life. He had taken a great liking to Drake, and, telling him he would show him two seas at once, led him to a tree and bade him climb. HOW DRAKE SAW TWO OCEANS AT ONCE AND PRAYED THAT HE MIGHT SAIL THE PACIFIC

Let us remember that Drake had sailed out across the Atlantic to reach what we now call Panama, and knew nothing of what lay on the other side of the land. It had taken Spain from 1492, the year Columbus discovered America, until 1513 to learn that there was another sea beyond, and when Drake climbed the tree a dazzling vision met his eyes, one of the most thrilling sights a man can look upon. There, on the one hand, lay the Atlantic Ocean, from which he had come; on the other lay the mighty Pacific Ocean, which, so far as is known, no Englishman but himself had ever beheld. Here were two seas with but a narrow path of land between, and as the enthralling vision met his eyes a great wave of romantic enthusiasm forced our hero to pray "that Almighty God, of His goodness, would give him life and leave to sail once in that sea *in an English ship*." Not simply that he, Francis Drake, might be the man, but that he might sail in that sea *for England*.

Before they left the isthmus they fell in with a Spanish caravan and nearly thirty tons of silver, and they bore away all they could and hid the remainder. But before

they could get back to fetch the balance the Spaniards had returned and carried it off, and when they returned to seek their ship that also had disappeared. The ship was out at sea, the little boats had disappeared, and Drake with three of his men, conquerors of cities and warships, were left to float out to sea, like the first of all sailors on a raft of tree-trunks. After many perils they found the boats and regained the ship. THE SLENDER CHANCE UPON WHICH THE FATE OF ENGLAND HUNG

But upon what a chance hung the precious lives of these men! How utterly different the history of England and of Europe might have been had that little raft capsized in the waves! It did not capsize; they sailed home with all their treasure, reaching Plymouth fifteen months after her departure. News of Drake's return was soon ringing through the port, and one who was present wrote that the people all ran out of church, leaving the preacher alone, while they hastened "to see the evidence of God's love and blessing towards our queen and country."

The queen soon heard of the bold man's doings, and, although she dared not openly encourage him, she delighted to hear from his own lips of the manner in which he had striven to cripple the power of Spain, which was being so wickedly used against other nations. It is believed that the queen kept Drake out of sight for two years by employing him in Ireland, but, at any rate, he there and then began to plan another voyage, and the queen consented. Sir Philip Sidney, one of the finest of Englishmen, firmly believed that Drake was doing a righteous work in attacking the Spaniards, and intended to accompany him on his new voyage, but was prevented by his duties at court. Drake took with him five ships. The biggest was his own, the Pelican, a vessel which would be considered small for river work today. With it were four smaller ships. HOW DRAKE SET OUT IN SECRET TO SAIL AROUND THE WORLD

The men manning his ships did not know where they were bound for, or they might have feared to go. They believed in magic, witches, and demons. Every storm, every thunderclap, every flash of lightning seemed to them the work of evil spirits, and they firmly believed that parts of the world were inhabited entirely by demons. They thought they were going for a treasure-hunting trip into the Mediterranean, and they little dreamed that they were going round the world! In the history of the world only one ship's crew had ever before

THE SLAVE-DRIVEN GALLEYS OF SPAIN



THE GALLEY-SLAVES OF THE SPANISH FLEET IN THE HARBOUR OF CADIZ, WHERE DRAKE, IN HIS FAMOUS PHRASE "SINGED KING PHILIP'S BEARD"

made such a journey, and that was the crew of Ferdinand Magellan, who, when their leader was slain, went on and completed the trip Magellan designed. It is unlikely that the English sailors had even heard of Magellan's voyage, or that they believed it possible. They did not know that the earth is round. Men thought in those days that the earth was really two flat planes, with water between. And when, in after years, people talked of Drake's voyage, they would sometimes say he had "shot the gulf," meaning that he had by some marvellous means caused his ship to leap from one side of the world to the other.

THE TREACHERY ON THE LITTLE COCKLESHELL SHIP SAILING DOWN THE ATLANTIC

There is an old painting of Drake in which he is shown with a pistol in his hand, and an aged caretaker, whose duty it was to show visitors round, would point to the picture and say, not having the least idea of the meaning of his words, "That is the pistol with which Drake shot the gulf!"

It was on December 13, 1577, that this memorable secret voyage round the world was begun. The little cockleshell ships went proudly out into the Atlantic, down past the coasts of Spain and Portugal, away by the west coast of Africa, until they reached Cape Verde Islands. There Drake told his men that he meant to make for the great South American country of Brazil, and on the way there a man named Thomas Doughty tried to stir up a mutiny against his leader, to murder him, or to put him away on a lonely island and leave him there, or to depose him from his command, so that Doughty himself could succeed to it. When the ships reached St. Julian's, on the Patagonian coast, Drake caused Doughty to be tried by a jury of forty picked seamen—just a quarter of the entire men of the fleet. He was given a fair trial, found guilty, and sentenced to death.

THE CAPTAIN BIDS FAREWELL TO THE MAN WHO GOES OUT TO DIE

Drake's kind heart yearned to save his enemy, and he sought every means to enable him to escape the penalty; but Doughty was brave in his last hours. He did not seek to avoid the just penalty of his crime, but when he was sentenced he begged his captain's forgiveness, and asked that he might dine with him. Together the two men received the Sacrament, then they sat down to a banquet, "each cheering up the other and taking their leave by drinking to each other, as if some pleasant journey were at hand." Then Doughty rose from

the table to die, and, "naming Drake his good captain and bidding him farewell, laid his head upon the block." The incident is one of the saddest in Drake's career.

After this tragedy the little ships, now reduced to three, set sail down the east coast of South America, and entered the dreaded Straits of Magellan. They were heading for the Pacific, they were making for the other side of America. It was a terrible passage, with twisting winds buffeting the ships, with icy mountains towering above them, and fathomless depths of water rolling beneath them. But Drake led the way. Rowing along in a little boat, he found the course for the ship to follow. Every inch of this great journey was over unknown sea, without maps or charts. At last, however, the dreaded straits were cleared, and the Pacific Ocean was lapping the keels of the baby ships of our brave captain. *They were sailing the ocean which Drake had seen from his tree-top!*

THE GREAT STORM WHICH DROVE THE LITTLE SHIP OUT TO THE OPEN SEA

But now a great storm swept down upon them, and for fifty-two days this little band of men was driven away to the south, down into the open sea. There was no more land south. Here was a discovery. Men had thought that the coast of South America stretched away "for ever," to join a sticky morass peopled by demons, yet here was open sea! One of Drake's three ships sank in this storm, the second lost touch with Drake and made her way back to England, and now Drake's ship alone was left. She had set out as the Pelican, but now Drake, as a compliment to his good friend Sir Christopher Hatton, called her the Golden Hind, that being the armorial crest of Hatton. The sailors regarded the storm as the work of fiends, but Drake simply trusted in God, and believed it was a sign from God that something notable would be accomplished. When, at last, the tempest abated, Drake turned about, sailed back to the mouth of the strait, and swept along by the coast of Chili and Peru.

We cannot imagine today with what horror and indignation his coming was received by the Spaniards. They had thought that nobody would ever dare to follow them through the dangerous and mysterious Magellan Strait. They were at the very pinnacle of their wealth and power, but the hour which saw Drake burst into the Pacific marked for them, and for their tyranny, the beginning of the end. Drake soon had evidence of the fear and

THE PROUD SPANISH GALLEON REACHES ENGLAND AT LAST: HOME WITH FRANCIS DRAKE



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S SHIP BRINGING INTO TORBAY A SPANISH GALLEON CAPTURED IN THE ATTACK ON THE ARMADA

hate the Spaniards had inspired among the people, for on landing twelve men at the Island of Mocha he had the mortification of seeing the natives mistake his crew for Spaniards, and set upon them. Drake, who had to act as surgeon as well as leader, cured the wounded men, and then found his way to Valparaiso, where he captured a rich prize. With his handful of men, he seized ship after ship in these hostile waters, and stormed Spanish towns. At last he got

prime of life, and as well trained for war as if they were old soldiers of Italy. Drake treats them with affection, and they treat him with respect. He has with him nine or ten gentlemen, younger sons of the leading men in England, who form his council; he calls them together on every occasion, and hears what they have to say, but he is not bound by their advice, though he may be guided by it. He has no privacy; those of whom I speak all dine at his table. The



THE GREAT QUEEN'S GREAT SAILOR—QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING FRANCIS DRAKE

news of a Spanish ship whose name, in English, meant Spitfire. They tracked her down and took from her 26 tons of silver, 80 pounds' weight of gold, 13 chests of money, and a great quantity of jewels and precious stones, a prize worth about £200,000 in Elizabethan money, but a great deal more today.

Drake treated his prisoners with the greatest kindness, and from one of them, a rich Spanish nobleman, we have a letter describing the man, his ship, and his crew. "The English general," he wrote, "is the same who took Nombre de Dios some five years ago. He is about thirty-five years of age, of small size, with a reddish beard, and is one of the greatest sailors that exist, both from his skill and from his power of commanding. Each one of the crew is in the

service is of silver, richly gilt, and engraved with his arms; he has, too, every possible luxury, even to perfumes, many of which, he told me, were given him by the queen. None of these gentlemen sits down or puts on his hat in his presence without repeated permission. He dines and sups to the music of violins. His ship carries thirty large guns, and a great quantity of all sorts of ammunition, as well as artificers who can execute necessary repairs. He has two artists, who portray the whole coast in its own colours, which troubled me much to see, because everything is put so naturally that anyone following him will have no difficulty." Drake was going round the world unguided, but he was bringing home maps and charts so that it would

THE SPANISH ARMADA IN STORM, FIRE, & RUIN



THE SHIPS OF THE ARMADA DRIVEN FROM THE ENGLISH COAST BY STORM



DRAKE'S FIRE-SHIPS SAILING INTO THE SPANISH FLEET



THE UTTER RUIN OF THE ARMADA—WRECK OF THE SPANISH SHIPS ON THE RUGGED ATLANTIC COAST

never be necessary for another sailor to go without maps out into the great waters.

By this time the little Golden Hind was filled with treasure, and the question was, Which way should they go home? Should they try for that simple way round the north of America of which there had been talk? They had only to go far enough north, it was thought, to find open water to sail through, just as by going far enough south they had found open water round the southern foot of the continent. Without hesitation Drake set out to find the North-East Passage, which, in later ages, was to cost so many precious lives to win. He got as far up the coast as Vancouver, but then the hearts of his men failed him. They

precious spices from the Indies, they rounded the Cape of Good Hope, sailed up the western coast of Africa, and so reached home on September 26, 1580, with a treasure estimated at seven and a half million dollars in the money of that period, which would be six or seven times as much in ours.

And now there was an awkward situation for the queen to face. If she showed the pleasure she felt at Drake's success, she would give offence to Spain, and bring on war. Should she, then, welcome him as a national benefactor, as one who had struck hard at the wealth and shipping of a nation which was secretly at war with her, though openly at peace? Or should she put him in prison as a pirate?



"THERE IS TIME TO WIN THE GAME AND BEAT THE SPANIARDS TOO," SAID DRAKE, WHEN THE SPANISH ARMADA WAS SIGHTED OFF CORNWALL. AND DRAKE WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD

were getting near the homes of the ice demons, they thought, so, to appease them, he turned and sailed out to the west, and then his men knew for the first time that they really must go round the world to reach home. We cannot follow the homeward voyage in detail, but we can trace it on the map. They sailed from the western coast of America, and for sixty-eight days ploughed their way across the Pacific without once sighting land. Various islands were touched farther on in the Pacific, and then they reached the East Indies. They had now done what Columbus had set out to do—they had reached the Indies in the east by sailing on and on to the west, but to do so they had had to sail two or three times as far as Columbus had thought would be necessary. They took home

Well, the Spanish Ambassador demanded the return of the treasure and the punishment of Drake, and Elizabeth at last gave him a reply which marked a new starting-point in the history of the British nation. She defended Drake on several grounds. If he had taken Spanish treasure, she said, he had taken no more than it had cost her to put down the rebellions which Spain had worked up in England and Ireland, and he had but treated the Spaniards as he himself had been treated. But the important point was this: She denied the right of the Spaniards to prohibit commerce; she denied the right of Spain to take the whole of America, known and unknown, as the gift of the Pope; she denied either the right or the power of Spain to prevent the people of other nations from trading or

A COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH ARMADA YIELDS UP HIS SWORD TO FRANCIS DRAKE



THIS PICTURE OF A DAZZLING MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF DRAKE WHO BROKE THE PITILESS POWER OF SPAIN UPON THE SEAS IS BY MR SEYMOUR LUCAS. R. A.

colonising in parts where Spain had not already settled, or from freely navigating the vast ocean, adding, "The use of the sea and air is common to all, and neither nature, nor public use, nor custom permit any possession thereof."

In that reply began the British Empire. England was to be free to trade where she would, and to colonise where she might. Francis Drake had shown her that she could do it, in spite of all the ships and men and money of Spain. Seven months after its return, the *Golden Hind* was taken up the Thames to Deptford, and the queen went on board and knighted Drake as the first man of any nation who had commanded a voyage round the world. People almost worshipped Drake and his gallant little ship.

treasure-ships coming back from America, to capture Spanish-American towns and exact ransom, and generally to weaken and terrify the Spaniards. When at last the great "Invincible Armada," with 129 vessels of war—65 of them the biggest vessels then in existence—set sail with 8000 sailors and over 2000 cannon, with 19,000 soldiers on board and 40,000 more ready—when this great host set sail, Sir Francis Drake was ready. News of the Armada's coming up the Channel was carried to Plymouth, where Drake and Howard were playing bowls upon the Hoe. Lord Howard wished to put to sea at once, but Drake went on with his bowling, and lightly answered, "There's plenty of time to win this game and to thrash



"ENGLAND IS WATCHING"—BEACON FIRES ROUND THE COAST AT THE COMING OF THE ARMADA

This picture and that in the centre of page 233 are reproduced from the collection at His Majesty's Theatre, by courtesy of Sir Herbert Tree

They thought so much of the vessel that they proposed to hoist it up bodily to the top of the spire of St. Paul's Cathedral!

Drake's life afterwards becomes more and more a leading chapter in the history of England. He knew that Spain was preparing her Armada, with the intention of invading England, and again and again he begged the queen to let him attack the Spaniards in their own harbours and in their own possessions. It was safer, he urged, to fight them there than to wait for them to go to England and risk the issue of battle close to her own shores. He himself poured money into the treasury to strengthen the Navy, and from time to time sailed forth to smash up shipping and stores in Spanish ports, to cut off rich

the Spaniards too." And so there was. When Drake's war-drum sounded on his ship, there was not a man in his fleet who did not feel that they were going to beat the Spaniards. How, day after day, that stupendous battle was fought and won is a great chapter in the history of the world. Drake's part in it was the most important of all, for at one point he had to fight the whole Spanish fleet. The Spaniards had forty-nine more ships than he, and more than twice as many men, but the English were such magnificent sailors and fighters, so bold and so clever, that there was never any real danger of defeat. A great storm helped England, and Drake, undaunted by the tempest, followed the Spaniards into Calais, where they had sought shelter, and

MAD SAILOR MAN

sent fire-ships down upon their fleet, causing the Spaniards to flee in panic into the open, where the English were ready to pound them afresh. Day after day the running fight was carried on, the Spaniards losing ships and men with never a suggestion of victory in return. They fled in confusion to the north of Scotland and to the coast of Ireland.

Drake, whose gallant heart was rejoicing during this battle, which he knew was the final struggle between England and Spain, wrote gaily during the fight: "There was never anything pleased me better than

vexed and tried our hero, and he sickened and was laid prostrate. There, on board his ship, on January 28, 1596, very early in the morning, "he yielded up his spirit like a Christian to his Creator quietly in his cabin." His death dazed and overwhelmed his companions, and in sorrow they sealed his body in a coffin of lead and bore it out a league from the shore, where, "amidst a lament of trumpets and the thunder of guns, the sea received her own again."

"Drake is dead!" The news rang through an England sorrowing and a Spain



THE SAILOR'S HOME—SIR FRANCIS DRAKE IS BURIED IN THE SEA HE LOVED SO WELL

seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northward. With the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not ere long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange-trees."

After the defeat of the Armada, Drake made many other expeditions against the Spaniards, and it was during one of these that he met his death. His ships were lying off Nombre de Dios again, the scene of his first wonderful exploit. While near there his kinsman, Sir John Hawkins, died. Various worries and disappointments

rejoicing. But Drake can never die. His spirit lived and lives immortal in his countrymen. He had broken the power and tyranny of Spain, and England was free to send her ships to every sea and colonise in the Old World and the New. Drake's drum still hangs in the hall of his descendants, and the people of Devon have a tradition that if ever England should be threatened with invasion, and should be in danger, they have but to take that drum and beat it by the shore, and Drake will come back, to "Drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

THE YOUNG JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS HOME



JOHN BUNYAN'S COTTAGE AT ELSTOW, AS IT STANDS BY THE ROADSIDE TO-DAY



JOHN BUNYAN AS A YOUTH—FROM THE PAINTING BY G. C. HINDLEY



John Bunyan riding through the rain on an errand of mercy

THE IMMORTAL TINKER

THE LAST BOOKS OF THE AGE OF MILTON

WHEN the blind poet John Milton died, in 1674, two English writers were living whose names and work must be recorded in any story of English literature. John Dryden had been appointed poet-laureate four years before, and John Bunyan was again preaching in the villages near Bedford, after having been twelve years in prison for preaching.

When you are riding towards London by the Midland Railway, you may see, on the left of the train, immediately after leaving Bedford, a village with its church tower standing curiously apart from the little church. That village is Elstow, where John Bunyan was born, in the year 1628.

No lowly-born man in the world has ever won a wider fame than the Bedford tinker, whose cottage home still stands in a country road near Bedford. The son of a mender of pots and kettles, John Bunyan grew up with his father at the forge at Elstow, and his beginnings appear to have been as rough as the life of a country boy could be. The great Civil War was dividing the country when Bunyan was a boy, and at last he joined the Army—we are almost sure that he became one of Cromwell's soldiers.

There is a story of his soldier life which shows us how little things may affect the world. Bunyan was to go out to a certain place to help to besiege it, but when he was ready to

go another man asked to take his place, and at the siege the man who took Bunyan's place was shot in the head and killed.

Had Bunyan gone to the siege he would probably have died an unknown soldier, and the world would not have heard his name. But Bunyan left the Army, and there came a day when, as he stood mending his kettles at the forge, he overheard some poor women talking by the way. They were "sitting at the door in the sun and talking about the things of God." It was the beginning of an immense change in Bunyan's life, and for three or four years the rough tinker was in the throes of a startling conflict, from which he emerged a new man.

He joined the body to which these poor women belonged, a body of despised and persecuted Nonconformists, and then began the preaching life of John Bunyan, which made his name immortal. He was thrown into prison for refusing to give up preaching, and in prison, not being able to preach to the little congregations at Elstow, he preached through his wonderful book to such a congregation as no preacher before or since has ever known.

John Bunyan was blessed with a godly wife, and, though they were "as poor as poor might be," with hardly "so much household stuff as a dish or spoon between them," his wife brought to their home books

and thoughts which were worth more to Bunyan than all the wealth of kings. His young wife lived to see the change that came over him, and then she died, leaving him with four children, one of them a little blind girl — "my poor blind child, who is nearer my heart than all besides," he wrote of her. The little girl would visit him in prison, and it is pathetic to think of these meetings. "Poor child! thought I," said Bunyan, "what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world? Thou must be beaten, must beg, and suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot endure the wind should blow upon thee."

But Bunyan married again, and gave his little ones a mother, a brave woman, who put the tags on the shoelaces that her husband made for a living while in prison, and who travelled up to London to plead with the House of Lords to set her husband free. She failed, and it was not till ten years later that Bunyan again walked about the streets of Bedford.

John Bunyan's books were the last that belong to the age of Milton and the Puritans. The writings of John Dryden mark the beginning of a new era, but not a better.

Though books are innumerable, those that reach all men in their own language are very few. First of these comes the Bible; and perhaps next is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It has been translated into all the principal languages of the world. Yet in early life its writer was only a travelling tinker, with very little learning. Its popularity has been due in part to the picturesqueness with which it presents personal religion to its readers; but only in part, for as a piece of literature, a book illustrating the use of the English tongue, it charms the student as much as its piety impresses the devout. The greatest scholars feel, with quite plain and simple folks and children, that this is a book which makes us see all that it says with a delightful clearness and fascination.

Bunyan had written several books before he pictured his pilgrim travelling to the Celestial City, and one of them, "Grace Abounding," which told the story of his life and religious thoughts, is almost as vivid as "The Pilgrim's Progress."

We learn most of what we know of Bunyan's true character from these books of his. He gave himself up to preaching and writing, in the hope that he would help others to attain the peace of mind he had found. Though he was imprisoned for many years as if he were doing harm, we know nothing but good of John Bunyan. He was a hero in patience, forgiveness, and loyalty to conscience, and his pure and noble books reflect his own life.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" is an allegory, a story that carries a second meaning. It is a parable on a large scale. But so interestingly is it told that anyone may read it eagerly who does not understand the deeper meaning of every incident. The language is always simple, an echo from the Bible, but it has a strength and majesty that move the heart more deeply than any formal eloquence could. As an instance, let us take these extracts from the description of how the pilgrims, Christian and Hopeful, find themselves at the end of their journey separated from the Celestial City by a dark river—the River of Death.

So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate. Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over; and the river was very deep. The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked if the waters were all of a depth. And the men who were with them said, "No. You shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the king of the place."

They then entered the water and Christian began to sink. Crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters." Then said the other, "Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good."

And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in great measure lost his senses. Hopeful, therefore, had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful also would endeavour to comfort him, saying, "Brother, I see the gate and men standing by to receive us"; but Christian would answer, "It is you, it is you they wait for."

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse a while. To whom also Hopeful added this word, "Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."

THE IMMORTAL PREACHER OF BEDFORD



THE ARREST OF JOHN BUNYAN IN A FARMHOUSE AT SAMSELL, FOR PREACHING THERE



THE MEETING HOUSE WHERE JOHN BUNYAN PREACHED AT SOUTHWARK, IN LONDON

THE IMMORTAL TINKER

And with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, "Oh, I see Him again, and He tells me when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon; and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow.

With what poetry and piety, in exquisite simplicity, Bunyan describes a experience towards which every human creature is going!

"The Holy War," published in 1678, four years after "The Pilgrim's Pro-

gress,"—and since has been printed in uncounted millions. Bunyan died in London, August 31, 1688, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, where his grave is still to be seen.

When we turn away from Milton and Bunyan, the last of the Puritans, to the other writers of the closing thirty years of the seventeenth century and the first fifty years of the eighteenth century, we find a complete change in subject, tone, and style. There are no more great serious books. There are no more poems conspicuous in majesty and beauty.



JOHN BUNYAN LISTENING TO THE CONVERSATION OF THE GODLY WOMEN OF BEDFORD

gress," is a much more elaborate allegory, with its inner meanings less plain, and its construction too complicated, but it abounds with passages that have great dramatic vigour. Whenever he described fights, whether of single combat or in numbers, Bunyan wrote as one who in his youth had been a soldier.

The closing years of his life were passed in honour, as a preacher who had won wide esteem beyond the Baptist congregation to which he ministered. "The Pilgrim's Progress" had an immense sale during his lifetime—over

100,000 copies—and since has been printed in uncounted millions. Bunyan died in London, August 31, 1688, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, where his grave is still to be seen. When we turn away from Milton and Bunyan, the last of the Puritans, to the other writers of the closing thirty years of the seventeenth century and the first fifty years of the eighteenth century, we find a complete change in subject, tone, and style. There are no more great serious books. There are no more poems conspicuous in majesty and beauty. But there is an abundance of cleverness, that keeps us interested at a far lower level. The inward impulse which made Shakespeare, and many smaller Elizabethans, write as the birds sing, *because they must*, was gone. The country, that had been so great in heart and mind, became, on the surface at any rate, frivolous and pleasure-loving, and sank for a while in the estimation of all the world. Profound thought gave place to fantastic "conceits." The poetry of the time grew wordy and obscure, and is not read at all now except by the curious.

BUNYAN WITH HIS FATHER AND DAUGHTER



THE BOY BUNYAN IN HIS FATHER'S WORKSHOP AT ELSTOW



BUNYAN, WITH HIS LITTLE BLIND DAUGHTER, RECITING "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" IN PRISON

This could not last, for men will not long tolerate what they cannot understand, and so there arose writers who cut away the cumbrous leafage of literature, all top and no root, and sought to be clear, reasoning, classical, if not grand. They began to write about writing, thinking carefully how it should be done—that is, they started the criticism of books, which has continued to the present day. Point and clearness were the more necessary, because authors gradually took sides in politics as parties were formed, and attacked or defended religions, or statesmen, or policies according to the divisions that sprang up in the State. The man who came forward out of this entanglement as the clearest, most powerful, most critical writer of his day, and the founder of a new, vigorous, useful, if not exalted or inspired style, was John Dryden, one of the ablest authors, in a wide variety of ways, who has ever wielded an English pen, a true but not great poet, a clear-sighted critic, the severest of all satirists, and the perfecter of our modern prose style. His manner of writing dominated English literature for a hundred years.

He was born in Northamptonshire, on August 9, 1631, the son of a clergyman, educated at Cambridge, and after leaving college he passed practically the whole of his life in London as a writer till his death, in May, 1700, when he had gained such a standing in the world of letters as warranted his burial in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Chaucer.

Admiration of Dryden must be half-hearted if we believe in sincerity as the foundation of a good life, though perhaps we need not greatly blame him for changing his politics and religion, for he changed gradually, and never changed back. Of Puritan family, and in the service possibly of the Commonwealth, he wrote a flattering poem on Oliver Cromwell, and a more flattering poem on the restoration of Charles II.

Bred a Presbyterian, he wrote a fine poem on his fidelity to the Church of England, and a finer poem to the glory of the Roman Catholic Church, which he joined in less than three years. When Protestant ascendancy was ensured by the Revolution of 1688, he remained honourably firm in his Catholic faith at a great personal loss. What has damaged

Dryden's character lastingly is his early writing of plays to suit the degenerate and immoral taste of his age—a fatal weakness, which he professed to regret when he was prosperous and independent, but to which he returned when loss of his public offices drove him to writing again for the stage. Both morally and dramatically Dryden's plays were unworthy of him, and he knew it.

Why, then, is John Dryden placed among the poets who must be honoured, though they cannot be wholly respected? It is because he did so many new things wonderfully well. They were in no instance quite the best things in literature, but they turned English writing into fresh and interesting channels. He gave, for example, to that irregular form of composition called the Ode a greater flexibility, an easier adaptation to swiftly changing feeling, fitting it particularly to a musical setting. No one has written more poetically than he of music itself, as witness his stanza about its discovery by Jubal.

What passion cannot music raise and
quell?

When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a God they thought there could
not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell

That spoke so sweetly and so well;
What passion cannot music raise and
quell?

He carried on, upon an ambitious scale, the translation of the ancient classics into English verse by turning Virgil's "Æneid" into rhyme—a poor performance in comparison with Chapman's "Homer," and not at all a representation of the spirit and atmosphere of the original, but still a readable poem on its own account. He modernised some of Chaucer, and kept him poetical.

He established literary satire by lashing Thomas Shadwell, who afterwards succeeded him as poet-laureate. And by his work which will live longest, "Absalom and Achitophel," he introduced political satire, a form of writing that must be cruel, and may perhaps sometimes be useful. His prefaces and explanatory essays to his plays and poems gave new life to criticism, and showed also how English prose could be written with dignity and fulness, yet with

THE IMMORTAL TINKER

simplicity and ease. In short, Dryden's work was to bring clearness and decision into verse and perfect the art of rhyming, while incidentally establishing a new standard for English prose.

The most attractive of Dryden's poems is "The Hind and Panther," a defence of the Church of Rome. That Church is the hind, and the Church of England the panther, while other faiths are presented as other animals of less graceful mien. "Absalom and Achitophel" was written to show why Charles II. should not name the Duke of Monmouth as his heir instead of his brother James, Duke of York. The Monmouth succession was favoured by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Protestant champion,

Pleased with the danger when the waves
went high,
He sought the storms ; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his
wit.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour
blest,

Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
Punish a body which he could not please ;
Bankrupt of life yet prodigal of ease.

It is very clever in its balanced severity, but it made no human creature the better, and events proved that Dryden was quite wrong, for James, in whose defence the poem was written, turned out to be a worthless king.

There is a strange contrast between



DRYDEN MEETS ALEXANDER POPE, THE BOY WHO CARRIED ON DRYDEN'S MANNER OF WRITING

because James was a Roman Catholic. Under scriptural names the most prominent public men of the time are introduced and described, including Charles II. as David, Cromwell as Saul. The character-sketching is bold and severe, and ever since the poem was written political satires have been imitations of it. The description of the Earl of Shaftesbury illustrates the style :

Of these the false Achitophel was first ;
A name to all succeeding ages cursed ;
For close designs, and crooked counsel fit ;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place ;
In power displeas'd, impatient of disgrace ;
A daring pilot in extremity ;

John Dryden and John Bunyan. At the very time when Dryden was writing this scathing satire, abetted by royal favour, Bunyan, the tinker and son of a tinker, was writing his "Holy War." The one has a place in the history of literature, because he registers a change, an alteration of literary method. The other has a place in literature itself, for he created books that the world will not willingly let die ; he added to the moral as well as intellectual treasures of mankind. Both must be named, but the unwithering laurel is on the brow of the plain, simple, sincere man who saw great truths clearly, and wrote them so as to make us see them.

SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD



Sir John Alexander Macdonald, the son of a Highland Scotchman, was brought to Canada by his parents when he was only five years old, so that his early remembrances were all of his adopted country. He was a man of great energy, courage and perseverance, and exercised a stronger influence on the future of the Dominion than perhaps any other man in the course of its history. When he died in the year 1891, he had served as Prime Minister for a total period of nineteen years, and had had time to impress his policy upon the nation. One of his chief characteristics was the spirit of loyalty, without which no one can achieve real greatness.

SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD

A SCOTCH BOY WHO BECAME THE "MASTER BUILDER" OF A NATION

THE LIFE AND WORK OF A GREAT CANADIAN STATESMAN

WE honour and love the memory of the great men of all nations who, in their lifetime, fought bravely for their country in the hour of danger, and gave their lives to save her from oppression and wrong; we speak of them with reverence and wish that we could be like them. We like to feel that, if danger came, we too would be ready to throw ourselves into the breach and like them fight and die. For love of country is born in the heart of every true man and woman, and it is one of the greatest things that the human soul can possess.

But, happily for the world, war does not always rage. Not every one is called upon to fight in time of war, and men, who are as great and as brave as any hero who has died in war, serve their country well in time of peace. Such are the men who work in peaceful days to make their country strong, to build up its institutions, and make and keep it ready to face with courage the dark days of danger and distress.

Such a man was Sir John Alexander Macdonald, the first prime minister of the Dominion of Canada, who spent his life and used all his great talents in the task of building a nation out of the scattered provinces of which the country was before his time composed. He did not work alone, of course, but he was the guiding power in the work of arousing unity of thought and purpose, and the love of country which alone can give strength and courage to the people of any nation.

HE WAS NOT A NATIVE OF CANADA

John Alexander Macdonald was not born in the country which he made his own and which he loved and worked for, though he reached it at so early an age that his impressions and ideals were all Canadian. His father, Hugh John Macdonald, was a Highland Scotchman, who went to live in Glasgow, where he met and married Miss Jean Shaw, and it was there that the future statesman was born, on January 11, 1815. Life did not seem very promising for him then, for his father was not successful in business, and when the boy was five years old, the fam-

ily emigrated to Canada. They had to cross the ocean in a sailing vessel, for there were no ocean steamers in those days. All went well until they reached the St. Lawrence, but coming up the river, the pilot got out of his course, and ran the ship on a sand-bank where she stuck fast. However, an outward vessel came to the rescue, pulled her off and the weary passengers were soon safely ashore on the new land for which they were bound, and on whose future the little black-eyed, curly-haired boy was to have so great an influence.

HIS BOYHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS

The Macdonalds first settled in Kingston, on the river St. Lawrence, but soon moved to a village some miles outside the town. Here the boy, with his two sisters, trudged bravely every day, in all weathers, over three miles of bad road which separated them from the little country school. The school was not a good one, however, and when his son was ten years old, Mr. Macdonald, who had a true Scotsman's love of education, sent him to another school in Kingston. He attended this school until he was fifteen, and made good use of his time, for he was a studious lad. He was especially fond of mathematics and read every book that he could lay his hand on. Indeed he read all his life, wherever he happened to be, and on every subject. It is said that at the end of a year he could pick up a book, open it and begin to read exactly where he had left off when he laid it down. He was a high spirited, merry lad and made many friends at school, so that it was said of him afterwards that he was as popular with the boys as he later became with men.

HIS EARLY HOME LIFE

We know very little about his early home life, except that the family was always on the verge of poverty. His father seems never to have succeeded in anything that he undertook, and died while still young. His mother, however, was a woman with a strong sense of humour, which must have helped her over many a

SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD

difficulty, and had a fine, keen mind. She lived to be eighty-five years old and had the happiness of seeing her gifted son the most prominent man in the country.

When he was fifteen, he had to leave school, for it was necessary to go to work. But though he had to leave school, he did not lose ambition. He went into the office of a lawyer in Kingston, where his family were now living, and there worked and studied to such good purpose that when he was twenty-one, he was called to the bar, that is, he passed the necessary examinations and became a full-fledged lawyer.

HE BECOMES A LAWYER

Business soon began to come to the hard-working, cheery young lawyer, for he was always a favourite with the townspeople who had a very good opinion of his business ability. It was not long until he had a flourishing practice, and before many years had passed he was able to go to England and Scotland on a vacation, a trip that at that time was quite as much of an undertaking as a voyage round the world would be in our own. While he was in Scotland he met Miss Isabella Clark, to whom he was married the following year. They were very happy together, but unfortunately she soon became an invalid, and died while still quite young. They had two sons, but one of them died while he was a little lad. The other, who was

named Hugh John, after his father and grandfather, lived to be prime minister of Manitoba, one of the provinces carved out of the great North West.

HE IS ELECTED MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

At the time of his marriage, John A. Macdonald had become a very well known lawyer, with a good practice, and had every prospect of becoming rich; but he now took a step which, while it made him a nation builder, left him a comparatively poor man to the end of his days. In the year 1844, he was elected member of parliament, for Kingston, and began the long career of service to his country which ended only with his death.

Canada was not then the thriving, growing nation which we know to-day. British America, as the country was then called, was not united, but was composed of half a dozen separate provinces, each with nothing to hold them together, nothing in common, but the feeling of loyalty



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

For many years a conspicuous figure in Canadian politics, Sir John Macdonald, then a practising barrister, was elected to the Canadian Parliament in 1844, becoming in 1847 a Cabinet Minister, and in 1857, Premier. Upon the establishment of the Dominion of Canada in 1867, he was appointed the first Prime Minister of the Dominion. Above is the statue erected to him outside the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

which they all felt to the British Crown. Canada, to whose parliament John A. Macdonald had been elected, only meant the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, or as they were then known, Canada East and Canada West, and neither of them was as large as it now is. The whole centre of the country, now one of the great wheat regions of the world, was uninhabited except by Indians and trappers and a few fur traders. British Columbia was

separated from the other settled provinces by long dreary stretches of desolate prairie, and the towering heights of the Rocky Mountains. The whole country was like a scattered family, and like the members of a widely separated family, with no settled place of meeting, it seemed as though the provinces were doomed to drift apart and become as strangers to each other. But there were men who saw the danger in time—the men whose strength and courage made them the leaders of the people, and chief among these was John A. Macdonald.

HE STUDIES TO PREPARE FOR STATES- MANSIIIP

When he first entered Parliament, he did not seek leadership. He had a great fund of common sense, and he knew that like everything else, the business of making laws, and guiding the destinies of a nation needs to be thoroughly well learned. For two years he spent all the time he could spare in the library. There he studied the laws of his own and other countries and gained information on every subject that came up before the House, and very soon he became known as a man who was well informed, and whose statements could be taken on trust.

He had by this time grown to be a man of strong and vigorous mind, and moreover he was a born leader; a man whom others naturally followed, and took joy in following. He was not, therefore, allowed to remain long in the background and before many years he was looked upon as the real leader of his party, and one of the strongest men in Parliament.

HE BECOMES A SOLDIER

And the country had need of strong men. For a long time there had been a strong feeling of discontent and back in 1837 some people had thought their troubles great enough to give them an excuse for rising in open revolt. The rising was for a time rather serious in Quebec, but was quickly over. In Ontario there was less trouble, but here too men took up arms, and there are people still living whose fathers marched bravely off with the militia, determined to put an end to the rebellion. Mr. Macdonald's company marched all the way from Kingston to Toronto, only to find that the rebels had

been defeated and dispersed. One of the very first cases that he had in court was when he successfully defended the jailer at Kingston, who was prosecuted for allowing some prisoners to escape.

“CLERGY RESERVES” AND “SEIGNIORIAL TENURE” ARE ABOLISHED

There had been good reason for discontent, though not for rebellion, and when the country had grown quiet again, steps were taken to remove the chief grievances. Some of the smaller things, however, had not been removed all these years, simply because no one could think of a good way to get rid of them. The greatest amount of grumbling in Upper Canada was directed against what were known in Canada West as the “Clergy Reserves,” while in Canada East “Seigniorial Tenure” was a great cause of annoyance to the *habitants*, as the tenants were called.

If it were not for history, few people even among Canadians would now-a-days know anything about the Clergy Reserves, but when John A. Macdonald went into Parliament every country boy in Canada knew all about them, for they made one of the chief topics of conversation, and their story is very interesting.

When the British government began to make grants of land in Ontario, and to open up the country, it was decided that one farm lot out of every seven should be set aside for the support of a Protestant clergy. The law seemed simple enough, but no one could decide how the land should be divided among the churches that came under the term “Protestant,” and there were endless quarrels about it. Meanwhile, there the land lay, a constant reminder of the cause of difference. People could not get away from it, and in bad weather the bad roads along the Clergy Reserve land seemed much worse to every farmer than the bad roads leading past his own. For years, no one could find a way out of the difficulty; but at last, some time after John A. Macdonald became Attorney General, he took the matter boldly in hand and had a law made which settled it for ever.

WHAT SEIGNIORIAL TENURE MEANT IN CANADA

The trouble in Quebec was of a different kind, but quite as annoying. Un-

der French rule, the land had not been granted direct to the people who farmed it. The French king, who wished to establish the feudal system in Canada, granted large tracts of land, some of them miles in extent, to a few gentlemen who were called seigniors. In return, the seigniors were under certain obligations to the king. They had to undertake to provide a certain number of men, and to arm and train them ready for battle in time of war. If a seignior sold his property, part of the money — called a fine — was paid to the king, and even if land were left to a man by will, unless it came from his father or his mother, he had to pay part of its value as a fine to the king. Besides all this, he had to keep up a mill to grind flour and meal for his tenants.

Out of these large estates, the seigniors made smaller grants to people who were called *habitants*, who in their turn owed military service to their lord, and were compelled to pay him a fine if they sold the land. They had to work for him a certain number of days in the year without payment, and were obliged to have their grain ground at his mill.

These conditions continued under British rule and became a great source of irritation until the whole question was settled under John A. Macdonald's guidance. A law was passed which gave the government power to buy up the rights of the seigniors, and arrange for the payment of ordinary rentals in their place, and the picturesque but troublesome relics of feudalism were abolished for ever.

PROPOSAL TO UNITE THE PROVINCES INTO ONE STATE

And now that these questions were out of the way, men began to think about drawing the provinces together, and uniting them under one government, for they knew that while they were divided, none of them could grow strong. It had been suggested by one man or another many times, but though the idea was not a new one, it took years for it to take hold of the minds of the people, and it was not until 1864 that the union was definitely proposed.

The proposal was not first made by Mr. Macdonald; but he threw himself into the work with all the energy of his nature,

and the strength of his will, and at once became the real leader of the movement. With other members of parliament, he went down to the Maritime Provinces to invite them to unite with the two Canadas, and in a few weeks delegates from all these provinces and Newfoundland met in Quebec to discuss the question.

THE CONFERENCE AT QUEBEC WHICH HAS BECOME FAMOUS

The result of the conference was that Ontario and Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick agreed to unite. Some years later Prince Edward Island also became part of the Dominion.

After the conference at Quebec there was still a good deal to be done, for people had not yet become used to the idea of a central government, and there was some opposition to the scheme. Thinking people realised, however, that if the country were ever going to be anything more than a string of weak provinces, it must be carried out. Mr. Macdonald, whose good humour never failed, was a tower of strength and at length all obstacles were overcome.

MACDONALD THE LEADER OF THE CONFERENCE IN LONDON

At the end of the year 1866 a little group of British and Canadian statesmen met in London to decide upon the constitution of the new Dominion of Canada. They were all clever men, and all noted for one thing or another. But one man stood out among them, creating an atmosphere of goodwill, smoothing away difficulties, turning the edge of a sharp speech with a quick, smiling answer, watchful at every turn, careful of every word, and above all knowing when and how much to give in. This was John Alexander Macdonald, and so well was it recognised that the harmony of the meetings and the success of the undertaking were due to him that he was immediately afterward knighted by the Queen, and was thenceforth known as Sir John Alexander Macdonald, or as his followers loved to call him, simply Sir John. It is said that he made so great an impression on the people whom he met in London at this time that he was asked to stay there, and promised a seat in the House of Commons, but he refused. He

THE FATHERS OF THE CONFEDERATION IN CONFERENCE AT QUEBEC



This picture represents the historic meeting of representatives from the British North American provinces to discuss the question of confederation. The meeting took place in Quebec in the year 1864, and from its deliberations arose the present Dominion of Canada. All the provinces then in existence were represented except British Columbia, which at that time was almost inaccessible. Sir John Macdonald stands in the background of the picture, his figure outlined against the light from the centre window. His great opponent, George Brown, sits in the foreground, his spectacles in his hand. The artist has caught the differing characteristics of the two leaders. Sir John's rugged face, with his forebent smile, contrasts well with the much finer features of his rival. The grim set of whose lips tells that for him no middle course was possible. The original of the picture hangs in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion.

knew well that he was needed at home to help to build up his own country. It was due to him that scarcely a change was made in the bill presented to the Parliament in London, to be passed by it before it became the Constitution of Canada.

As well as the honours that fell to his lot, a great and lasting happiness came to him at this time. For nearly ten years, since the death of his wife, his life had been very lonely, but now he was married again, to Miss Agnes Barnard, whom he had known for some time. He was devoted to his wife, who was a true comrade to him. Their home was indeed a happy one, and the good wishes of their friends for their happiness were fulfilled.

HE IS MADE THE FIRST PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

The British North America Act, as the constitution of Canada is called, was signed by Queen Victoria in March, and the Dominion held its first birthday on July 1, 1867. Sir John Macdonald was prime minister, and with the other ministers set to work with a will to make the new government work smoothly. For the task of the Fathers of the Confederation was not yet finished. There was still a tremendous work to be done, and stout hearts were needed to carry it through. The new government was like a new ship, and it needed a little time before the different parts of the machinery could work easily and smoothly together as the different parts of a government ought to do.

The provinces, which had been used to think each for itself alone, had to learn to think for one another and the nation, and the machinery for governing the whole country had to be organised and set in motion. And here Sir John Macdonald's tact and forbearance, his self-mastery and his knowledge of men were again of the greatest value, and smoothed the way round many a rough corner.

Besides all this, there was the great question of settling the country to be faced. Miles upon miles of waste prairie stretched out from western Ontario to the far off Rocky Mountains, and prairie and mountains made an impassable barrier to keep out the struggling province of British Columbia which lay beyond. Something had to be done to bridge this gap, and make a way across the rocky barrier.

THE NORTH WEST IS BOUGHT FROM HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

The Hudson's Bay Company at this time held possession of the prairie lands, and as it wanted to keep them for hunting grounds, it gave the impression that the great North West was "frozen country." Therefore, people were afraid to go up there to live, and in the whole of the vast stretch of land, lying between Ontario and the Rocky Mountains there was only one small settlement. But the government of Canada felt that this great country ought to belong to the Dominion. Negotiations with the company were begun, and after some little difficulty an agreement was reached. The Dominion bought out the rights of the company for fifteen million dollars in money and a small proportion of the land, and the prairie country was thrown open for cultivation. The great gap made by the empty plains was ready to be filled, and now British Columbia supplied the incentive to build a way across the Rocky Mountains.

BRITISH COLUMBIA BECOMES PART OF THE DOMINION

British Columbia was now ready to enter the Dominion, but only on condition that a direct railway, to reach the eastern provinces, should be built, and that it should be commenced within two and finished within ten years from the date of the union. The condition was accepted and British Columbia became a member of the confederation. Another of the tasks of the new government was completed, but the greatest of all perhaps was still only a magnificent idea.

To build a railway across thousands of miles of uninhabited land, and make a road by which people could enter it, was a thing that had never been done before. The splendour of the idea seized upon Sir John Macdonald's imagination, and he at once set to work to make it a reality. But the work was sadly interrupted for some years, and the interruption was caused by his own fault.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD LOSES POWER FOR A TIME

While arrangements were being made for the commencement of the railway, the time came for an election. Sir John be-

lieved that to have the railway built, it was necessary that he should stay in power, and to make sure of winning the election, he had done and had allowed things to be done that he should have forbidden. A company had been formed to build the railway, and it was found that the officers of this company had subscribed large sums for the expenses of the election. This made the people very angry, so angry that Sir John resigned. His opponents came into office, and as they had not his power of seeing into the future, nor his belief in the resources of the country, the work was delayed until he had time to win again the confidence of the nation.

The blow was all the more crushing because just before this he had been shown the strongest evidence of the place that he had in the affection of the people. After the strain of the election was over, he was taken suddenly ill, and for days could not be removed from the House of Commons, but lay in his office where he was tenderly nursed by his wife. It was found at that time that he had practically no money, and that if he died, his wife and daughter would be left penniless. This did not seem to be fitting, and his friends quietly set to work and collected a good sum of money. This fund was safely invested, and was practically all that he had to leave many years after when he died.

Sir John took his punishment in the right spirit. He was still in Parliament and was able to make many good suggestions to the government. But naturally he had nothing like the same power that he had when he was at the head of affairs, and gradually the people began to see what he himself knew. There was no one else in the country strong enough to have the railway built. At the next election he was voted back again into power, and set to work with redoubled energy and vigour.

HE AGAIN COMES INTO POWER AND THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY IS BUILT

A new company was formed to build the railway. Thousands of men were soon toiling to carry it across the desolate region above Lake Superior, over the great prairies of the North West, and through the lonely passes of the Rocky

Mountains. The tremendous task was actually finished within six years. The last spike was driven in the Canadian Pacific Railway in November, 1885, and the following July Sir John travelled over it all the way from Ottawa to the Pacific Ocean.

HE IS MADE A PRIVY COUNCILLOR OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

From this time on, to the end of his life, Sir John remained at the head of the government of Canada, and his story is the history of the country that he loved, and for whose greatness he strove with all his might. Already his ability had brought special honour to the Dominion. When in 1871 a treaty was being arranged between the British government and the United States he was made one of the commissioners, though never before had a British colony been represented in negotiations for a treaty with another country. Later on he made another step forward for all the dominions when he was sworn in as one of the Queen's Privy Counsellors. Since that time the premiers of all the British Overseas Dominions have been members of the Privy Council.

In the last year of his life, he worked just as hard as he had in the beginning. It was the year of an election, and a time when he believed that questions of importance were to be definitely settled. He was now an old man, but he worked untiringly. In the bitter winter weather he went about from one end of the country to the other, talking and persuading and making speeches to great audiences. The election was won, but the effort had been too great.

HIS DEATH IN 1891

He died in the spring of 1891, after a short illness, and when they heard the news strong men wept with heartfelt sorrow. They knew that the man who had done the heaviest work in building the nation had been taken from them, and that they had lost a leader that they would not soon find again. As a token of sorrow, both Houses adjourned for eight days while he lay in state in the Senate Chamber. He was buried in Kingston, beside his mother, with all the honour that could be shown him, and the same day a solemn service was held in his memory at Westminster Abbey in London.



THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL ON JUNE 17, 1775. IN THE AMERICAN STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE
The Battle of Bunker Hill was one of the first of the many hard fought battles, which marked America's struggle for independence. The Americans threw up rude fortifications on Breed's Hill which threatened the city, and repulsed two attacks upon the works. Their ammunition gave out, and they were forced to retreat by a third assault. Although victory rested with the British, their loss amounted to over 1,000, while that of the Americans was 441. The above picture shows the death of Joseph Warren, the American patriot. He was serving on this occasion as a volunteer aid to the commander. His death was much lamented.

A SOLDIER WHO BECAME A PAINTER

JOHN TRUMBULL, THE PAINTER OF THE REVOLUTION

THE MAN WHO LEARNED TO PAINT IN ORDER THAT HE MIGHT HAND DOWN THE LIKENESSES OF THE MEN OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

BEFORE the Revolution and for years afterward, there was little to encourage a young American to become an artist. Benjamin West, the Quaker lad, made a success in Europe, but the American colonists were too few and too poor to pay much attention to pictures. A few portrait painters made a living, but few cared for any other form of art. Here and there a boy worked at his drawings, and dreamed of the great paintings he would some day produce, but they would seldom realise their ambitions. This is the story of a man who determined to make a name for himself as a painter, and who succeeded.

John Trumbull was born in Connecticut in 1756. His father, Jonathan Trumbull, one of the wisest men in that colony, had filled almost every important position in it. He held the office of governor for fifteen years. He was elected in 1769, before the Revolution, served during the Revolution and afterward. Connecticut has seemed to feel that it cannot do without this family. A son of the old governor, a brother of the artist, was later governor of the state, and a grandson was elected afterward.

THE YOUNG ARTIST BECOMES A SOLDIER AND SERVES UNDER WASHINGTON

Young Trumbull went through Harvard College, and was considering an artistic career when the Revolutionary War came. He joined the new army at once, and at Boston the sketches of the British works which he made were very useful. He was appointed to Washington's staff, and this great man had great influence upon him. Later he was made deputy Adjutant-General to General Gates, but Congress did not give him the rank to which he was entitled, and the injustice hurt him very much. Several other friends of Washington were likewise badly treated by Congress. Young Trumbull therefore resigned from the army. He did not in any way lose his interest in the American cause. When Rhode Island was invaded,

he volunteered and served until the enemy was repulsed. He was anxious to do whatever he could for his country.

A great idea had taken possession of him — to learn to paint, and become the historian of the Revolution in pictures. His father wished him to become a lawyer, his mother hoped he would become a clergyman, but he was not to be turned from his purpose. In 1780 he went to London to study under Benjamin West who had become very prominent there. Just then Major André, who held the same rank in the British army that he had held in the American, was executed as a spy for his part in the treason of Benedict Arnold. Some one suggested that Trumbull be arrested. This was done and he was held a prisoner for several months. Benjamin West was able to get a promise from the King that he would not be executed, and later, he interested Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox, and together they secured his release.

HE PLANS THE GREAT SERIES OF HISTORICAL PAINTINGS

He came to America and helped to make arrangements for disbanding the army. After peace was declared, he returned to England to study. Next he went to Paris both to study and to make sketches of the French officers who had fought in America, for his picture, the "Surrender of Cornwallis," though he did not finish it until much later. He had already painted the "Battle of Bunker Hill" and the "Death of Montgomery." Before returning to the United States he made a visit to Germany, and Thomas Jefferson, the minister to France, offered him the position of private secretary. He was not to be turned from his purpose, however.

He painted many portraits both of men and women on his return and made money, but he spent much time in seeking out old soldiers and members of Congress and made sketches of them for the great pictures he had planned. When John Jay

A SOLDIER WHO BECAME A PAINTER

went to England to make a treaty with that country, Trumbull went with him, as his secretary, and renewed his acquaintances in London, but he continued to work and talk for his plans. He served also as one of the commissioners to carry out some of the provisions of the treaty. Finally, in 1817, Congress ordered him to paint four large pictures to be placed in the new capitol, which was to replace the building burned during the War of 1812. For the

painting his son, who was supposed to resemble his father.

He painted many other historical pictures, most of which are now at Yale University. Some of his more important portraits are likenesses of Washington, Alexander Hamilton, George Clinton, John Adams and John Jay. He was a rapid worker and if he had been a good business man would have been able to live in comfort. He lost his money, however, and if



Trumbull painted many portraits of private citizens as well as soldiers and statesmen. These two good examples of his work hang in the New York Public Library and represent Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lenox. Their son, James Lenox, a wealthy citizen of New York, helped to endow the Library.

four he was paid \$32,000, which was considered a large sum then.

THE PAINTINGS WHICH MAY BE SEEN IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

For his subjects he chose "Signing the Declaration of Independence," "The Surrender of Burgoyne," "The Surrender of Cornwallis," and "Washington Resigning His Commission." They were put in place in 1824. By this time he was an elderly man, and the sight of one eye was almost gone. They are not, therefore, as good as some of his other work. The faces of all the important figures in these pictures are portraits, secured with much trouble. In one case where the man had died, he

Yale College had not voted him \$1,000 a year in return for the gift of all his pictures, would have spent his last years in want.

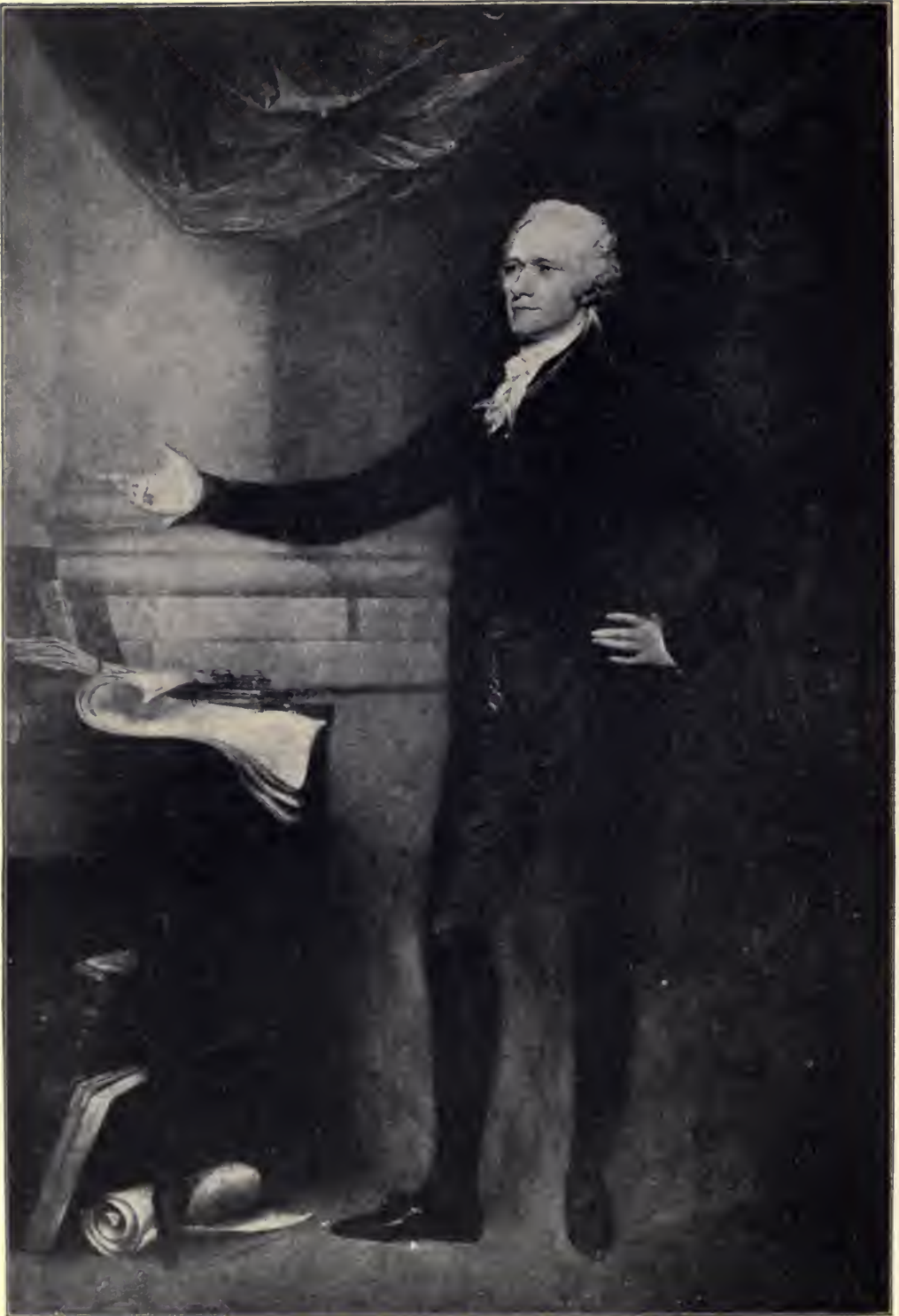
We cannot call Trumbull a great painter. His figures are often awkward, and his groups seem stiff now. He was no genius, and he had had little training in art. In fact, his interest was not so much in painting as in history, and he worked very hard to secure exact portraits of the men of Revolutionary days. At the time he painted them, they were thought to be excellent likenesses, and we should be grateful that he has preserved the portraits of so many of the men who were prominent in the "times that tried men's souls."

WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION TO CONGRESS



BY JOHN TRUMBULL — NOW IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON



THIS PORTRAIT, WHICH WAS PAINTED BY JOHN TRUMBULL, IS NOW IN THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

A BOY LEADER IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

THE STORY OF A BOY WHO BECAME A SOLDIER, A LAWYER AND A STATESMAN

THERE are some great men of whom we say that the history of their country might have been quite different if they had not lived, and Alexander Hamilton is one of these. As we all know, he was not a native of the country that he adopted as his own, and which owes so much to his genius. The beautiful little island of Nevis in the West Indies had the honour of being his birthplace, but it was to the United States that he gave all his loyalty. To this country he devoted all the powers of his extraordinary mind, and if instead of coming to New York to study, he had gone to England or to his relatives in Scotland, it might have made a great difference to the future government of the United States.

He was a mere lad, only a boy in his first year at college, when the trouble between England and her colonies in the New World came to a head, but he at once sprang to the front as one of the boldest leaders of the Revolution. He served with bravery and distinction during the war, and when it was over he showed the greater courage needed to grapple with the difficulties of government that beset the new country. It was largely owing to his wisdom, his foresight, and his power of preparing for and seizing opportunities, that the little nation was not divided by its troubles before it had time to grow strong.

The forty-seven years of his life were full of action, and the story of his early days reads like a page from a Boys' Book of Adventure, except that it is vastly more interesting, and much more stimulating because it is true.

As we have said, he was born on the island of Nevis. His father, James Hamilton, was a member of an ancient and very famous Scotch family. His mother, a beautiful woman, who had the beautiful name of Rachel, was the daughter of Dr. John Fawcett (or Fancette), who belonged to a French Huguenot family. Alexander was the older of a little family of two sons, and seems to have been named for his grandfather, Alexander Hamilton.

laird of the Grange, in the Parish of Stevenson, in Ayrshire, Scotland. His mother was not only beautiful, but talented and high spirited, and had received a much better education than was usually given to girls in her time. She died before Alexander was twelve years old, but the influence of her memory must have been great, and with this as a start, and the knowledge of his own power urging him on, he steadily climbed the ladder of fame. His father was a man of charm, a student and a dreamer. Dreaming and business, however, do not always go well together, and he was so unsuccessful that he was unable to give his son the education that he deserved.

THE BOY OF TWELVE BECOMES A MAN OF BUSINESS

Soon after his mother's death, young Alexander was thrown upon his own resources. His father had already become bankrupt, and had gone to live on the island of St. Vincent. His mother's relatives lived on the island of St. Croix, and the boy found employment there in the store of a merchant named Nicholas Cruger, who had a large business. Mr. Cruger soon saw the stuff the boy was made of and when, two years afterwards, he made a voyage to New York, he left Alexander in charge of his business. He was quite equal to the responsibility, and acquitted himself with the wisdom of a man of twice his years. There is still in existence a letter from this boy of fourteen, in which he gravely reports on the sale of lumber, oats and cheese, the character of the mahogany crop, and the despatch of a ship with her cargo.

But although he had already laid down the rule of doing his best in all things, he had no intention of being a merchant if he could help it. In spite of his duties, he found time for study, and longed for release from his uncongenial tasks. Uncongenial though they were, however, he gave them his full attention, and gained a knowledge of business, and an insight into finances that were of the greatest value

to his adopted country in after days. Still he longed for something else, and wished for anything, even a war, which might release him from his hated desk.

HIS ARRIVAL IN THE UNITED STATES

His release came sooner than he had hoped for, and in an unexpected way. In the fall of 1772, a terrible hurricane swept the Leeward Islands, leaving death and destruction in its wake. Alexander was impressed by its awful force, and wrote such a vivid description of the terror of its fury, that his relatives came to the conclusion that his talents were being wasted in a merchant's office. To his delight, they decided to send him to New York, in order that he might go to college, and a few weeks later he joyfully sailed away on his adventure.

He landed at Boston, and from that city sailed down the coast to New York. He had no friends in the country, but he had letters of introduction to William Livingstone and the Reverend Hugh Knox, and the lonely boy—he was only fifteen—soon won their warm interest by his good sense, self-control and the charm of his manner. By their advice, he went to a grammar school at Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, and at the end of a year was ready for college.

HE BECOMES A STUDENT AT COLUMBIA

He wanted to go to Princeton, but he also wanted to do the work at a much quicker rate than the rules would allow, and Princeton would not modify its rules, even for a genius. Hamilton, however, had no desire to be dependent upon his relatives for a longer time than he could help, so he turned to New York and entered King's College, now Columbia University, where the authorities were less rigid than at Princeton, and allowed him to have his own way about his studies. He entered college in 1773 with the understanding that he might go through as fast as he was able, and, with the aid of a tutor, plunged into the work with the whole-hearted energy that he brought to everything that he undertook.

He did not stay to take a degree, however. Events in the colonies were crowding thick and fast, and it was impossible for a youth of Hamilton's nature to keep out of the conflict. He was soon in the

midst of it, making speeches, writing pamphlets, and preparing himself to take part in the war that he knew was coming. Even before New York took a decided step, or sent a member to Congress, he joined a volunteer company, and it was this company that carried off the guns of the Battery from under the cannon of a British warship. He wrote for the newspapers, and did it so well that the president of the college refused to believe that what he wrote could be the work of a student, but insisted that his articles must have been written by one of the well-known revolutionary leaders. A little later, Hamilton saved this same president from the hands of an angry mob, by holding them interested and amused at the front door, while the president escaped from the building through the darkness, by the back way.

MAKES HIS FIRST SPEECH

When he was only seventeen, he made his first public speech at a great meeting in The Fields, as the present City Hall Park was then named. The meeting had been called to rouse the enthusiasm of the people of New York for the revolutionary cause, and Hamilton went with some of his student friends to hear the speeches. But as he stood and listened to them, he thought that they were not much calculated to rouse enthusiasm for anything, and that the speakers were leaving unsaid nearly everything that they should say. Suddenly he lost patience, and pushing his way to the front, he turned to address the meeting. For a moment, he hesitated, remembering that he was only a boy. But it was only for a moment and then his words came with a rush, and he electrified the people by his passionate patriotism, and chained their attention by his clearness of thought and the vigour of his words. We can see him as he stood, a slight, graceful, boyish figure, carefully dressed in the quaint fashion of the day, his fair hair fastened back in a queue, his deep blue eyes flashing and darkening with the intensity of his feelings, and his whole face lighted up with the earnestness of his youthful enthusiasm. It was no wonder that he carried the assemblage off its feet.

Boy in years though he was he had the mind of a man of mature years and was

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

even then a brilliant and steady thinker. The patriots at once recognised his value and looked upon him as one of their leaders, and the loyalists soon found it out. They dreaded his pen and tried to win him over to their side; but he had made up his mind as to the justice of the patriot cause and was not to be moved from his advocacy of it.

HAMILTON AS A SOLDIER

At the same time he set himself to the study of military tactics and theory, and when New York began to raise troops, he applied for the command of a company of artillery. At first the authorities feared that he was too young for such a post but the result of his examination put an end to their doubts and he received the ap-



This fine statue of Alexander Hamilton shows him as an orator. It stands outside Hamilton Hall, one of the buildings of Columbia University, which has developed from King's College. The statue is the work of William Ordway Partridge, an American sculptor.

pointment. He soon had enough men to fill the ranks of his little company, and as no money was provided for the purpose, he paid for their arms and equipment out of the last money that was sent to him from the West Indies. He soon fired his men by his own ambition, which was never satisfied with anything but his very best. By unceasing and untiring work he brought them to such a state of discipline that they attracted the attention of General Nathanael Greene, who was so pleased by their steadiness that he introduced the young captain to the Commander-in-Chief.

Hamilton served with his company through the campaign of 1776, in which he and his men came in for their full share of fighting and gained much distinction.

He fought bravely with his men at the Battle of Long Island, and when the island was evacuated the company was placed in the rearguard which covered the retreat, and had the honour of being the last of the troops to cross to Manhattan. When it was decided to evacuate New York he again brought up the rear, and again distinguished himself at the Battle of White Plains.

In spite of its dangers and hardships, he loved the life of a soldier, and it is said that he had so much affection for his guns, that as he marched along beside them, he patted and talked to them as if they could understand what he said.

HE IS APPOINTED MILITARY SECRETARY

He had hopes of making a name for himself as a great general, but Washington had need of his talents in another direction and, early in the spring of the following year, appointed him one of his aides-de-camp with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His duty was that of military secretary, and from the time of his appointment this boy of twenty took almost entire charge of the correspondence of the Commander-in-Chief.

He held this difficult post until near the close of the war, and shared all the trials and difficulties of those hard times. But neither hardships nor troubles ever daunted him. They were only something to fight and he showed such faithfulness to duty, unswerving loyalty, and such cheerfulness, and good humour under the greatest discomfort and distress, that he

was a tower of strength to his sorely pressed commander. In return, he won the friendship of Washington, a friendship which lasted as long as that great general lived. They must have formed a wonderful contrast, the one tall and stately, slow of speech and with a grave, quiet manner, the other boyish in appearance, short and graceful, quick in speech as in thought, and a brilliant conversationalist.

During these years he somehow found time to study, while through all the hardships he constantly thought of the future of the country. When he was only twenty-three he wrote to Robert Morris submitting a well thought out plan for putting the business of the country into proper shape. Indeed when most men could only think about bringing the war to a successful end, he constantly wrote and talked about the government of the nation, and argued that it was not enough to gain independence; it was just as necessary to learn to use it wisely.

HOW HE WON A REDOUBT AT YORKTOWN

But the years were going on and he felt that he was losing all chance of gaining military glory, and early in 1781, he resigned from the staff. He then went back to his place in the army, and thus it came about that he went with Washington to Yorktown. When orders were given to carry two British redoubts the French troops under de Deux-Ponts raced the American troops under Hamilton for the honour of being the first to reach them. Hamilton won the race, and carried his redoubt in a few minutes, an exploit that Washington said he had never seen equalled for bravery, dash and coolness.

HE DETERMINES TO BECOME A LAWYER

With the fall of Yorktown, he knew that the war was nearly over. He had already married Elizabeth or Betsy Schuyler, a beautiful daughter of General Philip Schuyler, one of the heroes of the war, and he felt that it was time to prepare for the future of his family. He, therefore, determined to study law and with his wife and baby son Philip went to live in Albany and there shut himself up with his books. He had already given the subject of law a great deal of attention though he does not appear to have made a system-

atic study of it. But no matter how much time he had given to the subject, and even though he now worked night and day, we gain an idea of his powers of memory, concentration and endurance when we read that inside of five months he had mastered the contents of his text books, passed his examination, and was admitted to the bar. It took Aaron Burr, who was himself a clever man, two years to do the same work.

He was called to the bar in June of the same year, but was not given much time

spring, he took a comfortable house on Wall Street, brought his family there, and quickly built up a good law practice.

If he had been selfish, he might now have said that he had done enough for the country, and might have argued that he had a living to make and a family to support. Even if he had done so, he might have done much for the public good, for from the very first he threw all his influence on the side of justice and order. Even at this time, when as a young man of twenty-five, he was practically beginning



This is the house which Alexander Hamilton built for himself on his farm, and named "Hamilton Grange" after the home of his father's family, in Scotland. The house, which was built far out in the country, is now in a thickly populated part of New York. It has been twice moved, but at present stands within sight of its original position. It was for some time used as a school, but now serves as the rectory of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, to which it belongs. The porch has been moved from the end of the house which is close to the Church, and placed over the western front. Most of the lumber used in building came from General Schuyler's woods.

to practise for almost at once he was appointed Receiver of Taxes for New York, and went to the legislature which then sat at Poughkeepsie. He soon, however, resigned his office as he had been elected to Congress, and in the fall he went to Philadelphia to take his seat. But he soon saw that there was little use in trying to put new life into that body and when his short term expired, he gladly went home. At the end of that year, the British evacuated New York, and in the following

life, he risked the popularity which meant so much to him, by acting for a Tory, who was, he believed, in the right, just as in his boyhood he tried to check the turbulence of some of the Sons of Liberty in New York.

But it was impossible for a man like Hamilton to settle down comfortably to make money at such a time even though he could have done it with honour. The country, that he had come to love as his own, was heavily in debt. He saw that

the states, divided by jealousy of one another, and by the difficulties around and ahead of them, were drifting apart, and he feared that if they were not wisely guided it would be a long time before they really became a nation.

As yet there was no President, and Congress had no real power. It could not even raise money by taxes to pay back the money borrowed to carry on the war.

As colonies, the states had had no feeling of unity. While the war lasted it had held them together, but it was now over, and Hamilton saw that if something were not quickly done the United States would soon be united only in name. He feared that it would soon be too late to weld the states into a powerful nation, and in common with a few others, he thought, wrote and talked constantly about the need for a real national government, with an executive head.

THE CONVENTION AT ANNAPOLIS

By and by a convention was called at Annapolis to try to find a way to regulate commerce between the states. Very few of the delegates appointed to the convention attended, but Hamilton was one of those who did. As usual he was prepared to seize the opportunity given him and before the convention adjourned he proposed that all the states should be asked to send delegates to another convention to be held at Philadelphia in the following spring, and that at this new convention the question of the government of the whole country should be considered.

Thus from the little convention at Annapolis sprang the great convention at Philadelphia which in 1787 gave the Constitution to the United States.

HAMILTON AS ONE OF THE MAKERS OF THE CONSTITUTION

Hamilton was a member of this Convention also, and although the Constitution as finally approved did not satisfy him in all ways, he accepted it loyally, and was the only delegate from New York who signed it. After it was signed by the delegates, it still had to be ratified by the states, and when the Convention had finished its work, he went home and used all his energy for ratification.

There was much opposition to the Constitution throughout the country, for many

people thought it took away the rights of the individual states. To some of the people it even seemed that they were being asked to submit to the same yoke that they had just thrown off. To fight against these ideas, it seemed to Hamilton that the best thing was to make the Constitution popular, and with the help of Madison and Jay, he wrote a number of essays to explain its meaning. These tracts urged strongly that it was necessary that the states should accept the Constitution and showed that no country can in the long run prosper at home or be respected abroad without a strong and upright government. Of these essays, which were called "The Federalist," Hamilton wrote more than half himself, and helped Madison to write others. They were first published in New York newspapers and later sent through the length and breadth of the thirteen states, and not only educated people to ratify the Constitution but helped to teach them to respect and venerate it as the law of the land. Their influence did not end there. Some few years ago, the governor of Cape Colony wrote to Hamilton's grandson, telling him that "The Federalist" was one of the influences that helped to bring about the unification of South Africa, and we are told that it was studied carefully by the men who were instrumental in giving a constitution to Japan.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE CONSTITUTION IN NEW YORK

Hamilton's greatest struggle was in the New York legislature, where, when the debate began, the party against the Constitution had a majority of forty-six. Hamilton fought hard. He made a speech every day for weeks—the last day of the debate he spoke for six hours—and when the final vote was taken it was found that he had won and the ratification was carried by a majority of three. When the city heard the news it went wild with delight. Hamilton's name was on every lip; there were great rejoicings and a procession was made in his honour, in which the Union was represented by a ship with his name appearing on every side.

HAMILTON'S GREAT WORK AS SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

The great work of his life was now to begin. Washington was inaugurated as

the first President of the United States in April, 1789. In the following September, Hamilton was appointed secretary of the new Department of the Treasury, and in this important post he did the country a service that we can hardly estimate.

The Treasury Department is the business office of the nation, and if it were badly managed, it would work just as much harm to the business of government as badly kept books would in the management of any business. Hamilton saw this clearly, and in creating the machinery for carrying on the treasury business, he did his work so well that the great department of to-day has been built up from the foundations which he laid.

When he was appointed to office, the nation and some of the states were heavily in debt both to people at home who had lent money to carry on the war, and to foreign governments. There was little money in the country, and it could borrow none because its affairs had been so badly managed that no other country would give it any more credit. Indeed some of the debts had been repudiated, that is Congress had refused to admit that it was bound to pay them, and some people saw no way out of the difficulty except the repudiation of the rest.

It was a labour of Hercules to free the nation from its terrible burden, and Hamilton was called upon as the one man in the country who could do it. To undertake it, he had to lay down his growing practice, but he did it unselfishly and willingly, and took up the task. The result was that when he resigned his office, the way was clear; the country had regained the respect of other nations, and had set forward on its great career of prosperity.

He induced the national government to undertake payment of the debts of the individual states, and this was a great help toward creating a feeling of unity, because it taught the people to think of the central government as having the power to aid them. In all that he did at this time, he never lost sight of one great aim. He worked steadily toward teaching the people to gain the habit of looking toward the national government as the heart of the nation, for this he believed was the one way to make it strong.

In season and out of season he taught that, to be respected, a country as well as

a man, must keep its word, at all costs, and must pay its debts at home as well as abroad. His clear reports showed the legislators the ground on which they stood, and were a great help in the difficult task of establishing the business of government.

In doing all this, he made many enemies, who did all in their power to prove that he was dishonest, and to bring about his fall. But they only helped him to prove his absolute integrity. He produced report after report, statement after statement, and accounted with unerring accuracy for every dollar that had gone through his hands during the years that he was in public office. He had even given up his claim for half-pay, so that it could not be said that in pleading that the army should be paid, he was also pleading for himself. It was only after his death, when his wife and family were in need, that Congress paid the arrears due him for his services in the army during the war.

HIS RESIGNATION FROM OFFICE

He held office for over five years, and then resigned, as he thought it was time for him to look to the future of his own family. With the name that he had made for himself, he was more than ever successful, and soon began to make a large income, which he needed, for he had a large family to support and educate.

But even now he stood always ready to work for the country. When it seemed impossible to keep out of war with France, Washington was again appointed commander of the army with Hamilton as second in command. But Washington was now an old man, and on Hamilton fell all the plans for the organisation of the army, the fortification of the seacoast, the navy, and the defence of the country. Happily, war was avoided, but some of his ideas were carried out, and a few years later West Point was founded on the plans that he had made.

HIS GREATNESS AS A LAWYER

In spite of political troubles, and family sorrows, perhaps these last years of his life were the happiest. His home life was delightful. His wife and children were devoted to him. His wife's family had from the first adopted him as their own and he had many proved and tried

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

friends. The *New York Evening Post* dates from these years, and he was one of its founders. He had built up a large practice, and was recognised as a great lawyer. In speaking of him later on, one judge said that in some ways he was equal to the great Webster, and in other ways he was greater. In spite of the fact that he never charged large fees, and at least in one case was known to return a sum that he thought too great, he was growing prosperous. He bought a farm out beyond Harlem, on which he built a house, and he and his wife looked forward to spending many happy years there together.

But during the campaign in which Thomas Jefferson was elected President, and Aaron Burr, Vice-President, he incurred the enmity of Burr, and the result was the tragedy of his death. Taking as

an excuse something that Hamilton had said during the election, Burr challenged him to a duel, and although Hamilton strongly disapproved of duelling, he felt he had no alternative but to accept the challenge. Nevertheless he made up his mind not to fire, and wrote his wife that he would not, but, as he fell, his pistol went off into the air. The duel was fought early one July morning in the woods at Weehawken, New Jersey, across the Hudson from New York. Burr meant to kill his opponent, and Hamilton fell mortally wounded, and was taken across the river to the house of a friend, where the following day (July 13th, 1804) he died, surrounded by his wife and children. So ended the life of a man who in a generation of great men had proved his right to be included among them.



This is a picture of the grave of Alexander Hamilton in Trinity Churchyard, New York. The tomb, which is a plain structure, was built by the Corporation of Trinity Church. With the aid of a glass you can easily read the inscription.

THE HARUM-SCARUM MAN

THE STRANGE, SAD STORY OF GEORGE MORLAND,
WHOSE PICTURES HANG IN THE GREAT GALLERIES

THE GLORY A FOOLISH MAN LEFT BEHIND HIM IN THE WORLD

MORE than a hundred years ago, some famous people met in a gentleman's drawing-room to see a fine collection of paintings, among which were some by Sir Joshua Reynolds. When these had been examined, the company turned to two little pictures by an artist unknown to them. The critics gazed with delight upon these small pictures, and one of them, pointing to the rest of the paintings, said, "Those fine pictures are the labours of giants in the art, but these little gems of simplicity are the production of a true child of Dame Nature." The creator of these little gems was George Morland, then scarcely more than twenty, and the description of him and his work was very true. Today, more than a hundred years after his death, we speak of him still as a child of Nature. He was wild, elfish, and undisciplined, and in some things he seemed never to grow up. He was one of the greatest geniuses of English paintings, whose paintings become every year more and more valuable, but all his life he lacked self-control; he was wilful, wayward, unreliable; a handsome, gifted man, with the heart of an ungovernable child. He was to painting the wild harum-scarum scapegrace that Burns was to poetry.

The two men were in many respects much alike. No men in the world had a truer, clearer sense of beauty. Burns poured forth beauty in words, in some of the most lovely and musical poems ever written. Morland saw beauty with his eye and gave it form and outline with brush and pencil. If we studied only the bare story of his unhappy life we should condemn him as utterly unworthy of a second thought, as too base and sordid and unlovely in his habits to justify the smallest notice. But we have to judge him by his work and by his circumstances. His work shows us that this man of unruly and intemperate life was at heart a poet. To his evil companions a humble country cottage, with children in mean garments playing

about the door, represented only a humdrum feature of dull life. But to Morland such a scene had a tenderness and charm which he must instantly transmit to his canvas. The heart of the child seemed always to speak to the heart of this man. He understood children and loved them. He saw with unerring eye the grace and beauty and fairy-like qualities of a little child. The presence of children made a true man of him, and we like to think of him as he was in the fleeting hours he spent in painting the pleasant ways of children.

George Morland was born in London on June 26, 1763, four years after Burns. The poet died in 1796, Morland in 1804. They belonged, therefore, to the same bad age, in which hard drinking and foolish living were the rule, in which the temperate man was regarded as a sour eccentric. So far as sobriety went, however, the influences of Morland's home were excellent. His father and mother were artists of no mean skill, and they did their utmost to ensure that their son should excel in the same walk of life. Morland's father had been unfortunate, and had lost his money in unwise speculations, so the family was poor, and this fact had considerable influence upon the life of the little boy. There are two versions as to his upbringing. That his life and studies were early vowed to art is certain, but there are two explanations. One is that his parents were so proud of him, and so anxious that no evil influence should come near him, that they shut him up like a flower in a hothouse, denied him all childish pursuits, secluded him from all companionship save their own, and kept him toiling and studying and painting all his days. There is no doubt that that was the course pursued, but what was the motive? Some writers of Morland's time say that the intention was good and affectionate, if unwise. The other explanation is that, being poor, and finding that his son had real genius,

THE HARUM-SCARUM MAN

the father determined to make money out of it, shutting the boy up in a garret and keeping him hard at work in order that he might sell the product of his brain. We shall never quite know, but, whatever may have been in the father's mind, there is no doubt as to the effect his treatment had upon the boy. He hated the system under which he was brought up. He was like a wild, high-spirited colt, longing for free, open pasture, but chained to a manger in a little stable. Early in his youth he showed signs of rebellion, and it is said that he used to lower pictures out of his attic window to a friend in order that the friend might sell them and give him the money unknown to his father.

The result of such a training was disastrous to Morland's character, but it was beneficial in developing his genius. He took to brush and pencil as other boys take to tin soldiers, and he loved to play tricks upon his parents by painting things on the floor for the fun of seeing his mother or father try to pick them up. As soon as he was old enough he was apprenticed to his father, and at an early age had some of his work exhibited at the Royal Academy. So pronounced was his talent that Romney, the great painter, offered



GEORGE MORLAND AS A BOY—DRAWN BY HIMSELF

to take him as apprentice for three years, and pay him \$30 a week. Scores of young artists of the present time would be thankful for such an offer, but George declared that one apprenticeship was enough for him. He wanted no more restraints, he said, and refused the kindly offer with a sort of scorn. It was while apprenticed to his father that Morland received the only training he ever had. He copied works by Dutch painters, and some by Gainsborough and Reynolds. But he did not care to reproduce other men's work, and once, when he was taken to an exhibition of pictures by great masters, he grew tired before he had been through one room, and left, saying that he did not wish to study other men's work, lest it should be said that he had borrowed their ideas.

Morland had no sooner reached manhood than he left home for ever. He began his own career in an extraordinary way. He took service with an Irish picture-dealer, who fitted up a little garret for him in a house in a slum off the Strand. His new master was a slave-driver of the worst type. He kept the artist at work in his garret all day, constantly hovering over him and goading him on. Morland was not even allowed to leave for meals, these being brought to him from a shop near by. Dinner would consist of a few cents' worth of badly cooked meat and vegetables, and if the hungry artist pleaded for a small piece of pudding his master would rave with fury at the extravagance. Now and then Morland would demand a dollar for his labour.

"Do you think I am made of money?" his master would roar.

"Here's half a dollar, which is more than you've earned today!"

Yet for this man Morland painted enough pictures to fill a room, and when they were done the picture dealer exhibited them as the Morland Picture Gallery and charged visitors half a dollar a head. Many people went to see the pictures, and to buy them, and the slave of the garret soon became famous throughout artistic London. Yet,

when freed from his task at nights, Morland sought low companions, who encouraged his inclination to wild ways. The story of the miserable life he was leading must have become noised about, for at last a wealthy lady living at Margate sent for him. He escaped from his tyrannous master, by whom, as he said, he had been "browbeaten and used like a Turk," and he lived for a little while happily at Margate, where he painted many excellent portraits. He also accompanied the family of his kind friend to France; but he could not remain long away from London, and, returning there, he plunged into the life of the capital as artist and adventurer. The strange thing is that, almost to the end, Morland was able, in spite of his riotous life, to continue his work as a painter. In all history there

AN ARTIST'S STUDIES OF MAN'S NOBLE FRIEND



THE FARMER'S STABLE—BY GEORGE MORLAND



HORSES IN THE STABLE—FROM THE PAINTING AT SOUTH KENSINGTON, BY GEORGE MORLAND

THE HARUM-SCARUM MAN

has not been another man like him in this respect. After carousing half the night, he would rise in the morning fresh and vigorous, to paint the loveliest pictures.

The best period in his life came when, at the age of twenty-five, he married Anne Ward, the sister of an engraver. Her brother, William Ward, helped to spread the artist's fame throughout Europe by engraving his pictures and selling beautiful prints of them. Morland had a sincere respect and liking for Ward, and under his influence became a steady member of

society, so that pretty Anne fell in love with and married him. Within a month Ward married Morland's sister, and for a time the four young people lived happily together in the same house. Differences of opinion between the ladies soon led to their setting up different households, however, though Ward and Morland remained on the friendliest terms. It was during this association that Morland painted some of his finest works. One that is dear to us all is famous all over the world as "Nancy." Now, Nancy was the painter's own charming wife. Today she looks out at us from the canvas with her lustrous blue eyes, tender and yearning as a mother's love—a sweet, refined, and gentle face, glancing at us across a century from the golden days in which for love of her the reckless artist tamed his fiery spirit, and lived in peace and moved in a reputable circle.

Alas, the days were few! While they lasted he painted noble works, exposing vice and wickedness, and displaying the

happiness and blessing of virtue and industry. But soon he was driving headlong to the very ways of which his own firm hand had shown the misery—not because his love for his wife waned, but simply because he found a picturesqueness in the ways of unworthy people, and in the scenes amid which they moved. He sought his friends among ostlers, publicans, jockeys, pugilists, and drovers. Passionately fond of horses, and himself a fine rider, he frequented the haunts of men who had charge of horses, and would ride up and down the old coach

road between London and Barnet simply to enjoy the comradeship of drivers and postillions, and the men to be met at the calling places on the way. This did not satisfy him. When he found a public-house that he liked, he would take a house near it, and would spend a great deal of his time in the house and in the stables. At one time he kept eight or nine horses of his own, stabling them at a Paddington public-house from which he drew many of the subjects for his paintings. It was here, it is believed, that he saw the interior of the stable of which he made

a famous painting called "The Inside of a Stable." It was exhibited in 1791 at the Royal Academy, and hangs now in the National Gallery in London.

During these years the artist made many trips to the sea, and to various country places near London, and wherever he went he painted Nature as his poet's eye saw it. Wretched as his life became, he never lost the feeling of a poet. In an instant the beauty and charm of a scene would take



COUNTRY SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORLAND

TWO FAMOUS PICTURES OF INDOORS AND OUT



JUVENILE NAVIGATORS—GEORGE MORLAND'S PICTURE OF CHILDREN SAILING THEIR TOY BOATS



THE SAILOR'S RETURN—BY GEORGE MORLAND

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possession of him, so that he must paint it. He saw beauty in children at all times, because he loved them. He had but one child of his own, and that died in infancy, and the tragedy seemed to set the seal upon his ruin. He grew rapidly more and more unsteady. Had that little link with love and right living survived, Morland might have become a great gentleman, in the best sense of the word, as well as a great artist. But his love for children and beauty

had foxes, monkeys, goats, pigs, dogs, squirrels, rabbits, guinea-pigs, mice, and rats, and many other things besides. He was always taking home some new pet. Once a gentleman met a man carrying a squalling pig. The man, who was nursing it with conical care, would every now and then put down the pig and let it run. Each time he did so the little pig bolted, and the man raced after it. This continued for some time, so that people, hearing the squalling



GEORGE MORLAND PAINTING HIS PICTURES—IN HIS STUDIO WITH HIS MAN GIBBS

This picture of Morland, by himself, is now in the Nottingham Art Gallery, and is published here by courtesy of the Nottingham Corporation

remained a saving trait in his character. He would go into country cottages to paint the little ones, or get them into his room and heap upon them sweets and cakes and toys, and let them romp to their hearts' content, while he sat at his easel drawing with lightning strokes the charm and grace of all their ways.

Next to children he loved animals best. At one time his house was a sort of small menagerie. He had a horse and a donkey, both of which live in his pictures; and he

pig, ran to their doors and windows, dogs chased, barking, after the strange man and his charge, fowls cackled and ran alarmed in all directions. The gentleman looking on had the curiosity to follow the man, and, seeing him at last enter a house, went in after him, to find that the man was George Morland, the famous artist!

Morland would have fared better had he confined his friendships to children and animals, but he did not. His painting-room was crowded with rascally men. In order

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to have some sort of freedom for work in his studio, he barricaded himself round with a framework of wooden bars. Those who came to buy a picture or to pose would be admitted within the framework by raising a bar. The others stayed in the outer part of the room—horse-dealers, ostlers, low

companions would sprawl about the room eating red herrings and drinking.

Bad as were his surroundings, Morland worked with extraordinary zeal. No man ever worked more quickly. He was always in debt, and he paid his debts with pictures. Dealers came about him ready to snatch



SHEPHERDS REPOSING—ONE OF THE BEST FIGURE STUDIES BY GEORGE MORLAND

jockeys, cobblers, professional fighting men. Each would be called up by the artist in turn, one to submit his hand as a model, another his face, another his figure, another for an attitude; and while the artist was painting these pictures which were to make him immortal, his company of debased

his pictures from the easel before they were dry. He worked with a sure hand and a true eye, at an incredible rate. On one occasion he painted a fine landscape with six figures in it, and finished the picture in six hours. That was typical of the rate at which he toiled. Art was not only the

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one ideal of his life, it was his very existence. He did not mind how much money he spent, or how he ran into debt, for he could earn such large sums in a day that he felt sure of always ending up with a balance on the right side. So every day, or almost every day, found him at work, either getting material, for pictures or actually painting them. There were always people ready to buy them for a tenth of their value. He

copies of it, and the dealer saw nothing discreditable in seeking to sell all the thirteen as genuine Morlands. Nor was this the only way in which the artist suffered. Mean people would take advantage of his generous temperament to get from him pictures for next to nothing; while, if they could contrive to get him into their debt, they would make him give them pictures worth many times the sum he owed.

Life could not be lived on these terms for long. Gradually, through his own extravagance, and through his lavish generosity to the unworthy men who crowded about him night and day, Morland became deeply involved in debt, and to avoid arrest had to flee from his creditors. He escaped from place to place, never resting long, with the bailiffs always on his track. But this did not grieve him. He rather enjoyed the excitement of the chase, for he knew that at any time he could settle seriously to work and pay off every penny. He would play all sorts of tricks on his pursuers, and again and again would leave them in the lurch. Once the bailiffs ran him to ground, but they were so enchanted with his brilliant conversation and his happy ways that they ate supper with him and spent a merry evening, only to find him gone in the morning, and a comical picture left behind for their consolation. At this time he had many little studios at various places in London, to each of which he could run, paint a picture, send it out to be sold, get the money, and then disappear again. At last he agreed to settle down and



GEORGE MORLAND—FROM A PORTRAIT BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON

did not mind. Even at this poor rate he could make three or four hundred dollars a week when he was in the mood.

Of course, he was badly swindled. No sooner did he hand over a picture than inferior artists were set to work by unscrupulous dealers to make copies of it, and hundreds of imitations of his work were sold as genuine Morlands. Once a friend of the artist saw a Morland painting in a dealer's shop, surrounded by twelve

pay his creditors \$600 a month. He reformed for a little while and kept up his payments, still having plenty of money left for himself, for, as he said, he could earn enough in a day to keep him in extravagance for a week. We need not wonder at that when we realise that he could paint two masterly pictures in a day—not works which looked hurried, but works of beauty, masterly touches of rural scenery, of men and women, children,

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horses, cows, dogs, and pigs—especially pigs, of which he loved to paint jolly and amusing pictures. But his good intentions did not last long. He soon slipped back to his evil ways, and, falling into debt again, resumed his shifty, hunted life. There were certain inns and attics kept by dealers always ready to receive him, with someone always ready to buy his pictures. But he was tracked from time to time, and was once arrested and sent to a debtor's prison. He was allowed to remain outside the gaol, however, and lived a prisoner at large, as it were, but always under observation, for fully three years. At the end of that time he was released, so that he must have paid his debts in addition to maintaining himself extravagantly.

The marvel is that, in spite of the hunted life he led, Morland continued to paint glorious pictures. Almost to the last his hand retained its sure touch, his eye preserved its keen appreciation of beauty of form and colour. His representations of children and their games were lovely. Such pictures as "A Visit to the Child at Home," "A Visit to the Boarding School," "Children Bird-nesting," "Juvenile Navigation," "The Kite Entangled," "Blind Man's Buff," and "Children Playing at Soldiers" are for all time. Engravings of these works have been carried to all parts of the world, and are more popular today than ever. Indeed, the early engravings of the works are in themselves now of great value, and realise increasingly high prices throughout Europe and America. In them we see Morland at his best. A lover of children painting children as only a child-lover could is reflected in them; the better soul of the unhappy man shines out of them, tender, radiant, and pure. The presence of children ennobled him.

Troubles crowded thick and fast upon him in his later days. His wild life brought illness in its train. He became subject to fits, and after one seizure he lost the use of his left hand, so that he could no longer

hold his palette. Yet he still painted away with unflagging zeal and cheerfulness, brave but foolish to the last. He was more and more in hiding. At one house, to which he went to paint in secret, he was suspected of being a forger. Seeing officers approaching, and thinking they were coming to arrest him for debt, he fled by the back way across the fields to another hiding-place. But the officers were not debt-



THE WOODMAN—BY GEORGE MORLAND

collectors; they had been sent by a bank which believed that the mysterious man was secretly making banknotes. They searched his house from cellar to attic, and rummaged every cupboard and drawer, and when it was found that not a forger but Morland the artist was the tenant, the managers of the bank were only too glad to apologise and pay him a sum of money for the wrong they had done him. At another time, while he was secretly



PLAYING SOLDIERS—A STUDY OF CHILD-LIFE

sketching fortifications, Morland was arrested as a spy. He made one or two attempts to redeem himself, and even went to the Isle of Wight to live, away from his companions, but there he became associated with smugglers and low, rough sailors.

His end came sadly. Towards the close of his life Morland was again cast into a debtors' prison, and there, on October 27, 1804, he died, most miserably. His poor wife was broken-hearted. She had tried her best to recall him from his wild ways, he meaning to please her by reforming, yet never doing so. Yet, with all his wrong-

doing, she loved him to the end, and when she heard of his death she took to her bed and died three days after him, and was buried in the same grave. Poor, beautiful, broken-hearted Nancy!

If he had learned self-control, Morland might have done great things, for some of his work is superb, placing him on a level with very great artists. His life was sad because he was undisciplined and unwise. To his credit, however, it can be said that he never allowed coarseness or baseness to creep into his pictures, but in his work showed his best self.



THE FORTUNE-TELLER—A SCENE OF GYPSY LIFE BY GEORGE MORLAND

GEORGE MORLAND'S PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE



THE FARRIER'S FORGE—ONE OF MORLAND'S BEST HORSE PICTURES



THE COTTAGER'S WEALTH—A PICTURE OF COUNTRY LIFE

THE CLIMBER UP THE GREAT WHITE WALL



A THRILLING PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. XAVIER MERTZ, WHOSE DEATH LEFT DR. MAWSON UTTERLY ALONE IN THE ANTARCTIC. HIS THIRD COMPANION HAVING PERISHED IN A RAVINE LIKE THIS

A MAN ALONE

HOW THREE MEN WENT OUT INTO A
WORLD OF ICE AND ONE CAME BACK

ONE OF THE BRAVEST JOURNEYS EVER MADE ON THE EARTH

Now and then we are inspired and thrilled by the splendour of some deed of great bravery that stands out by itself and wins the applause of the world for the hero. Most often it is done by some great soul who is spurred by a feeling of love or pity for some one else, or duty to his country, or the need of instant action in the face of danger, and almost always inspired by the knowledge that others will know, and will give him his due meed of praise.

But here we have the story of a man who did a great deed helped by no sympathy, but oppressed by the knowledge that if he failed no one would know that he had tried. It is the story of a man alone in the wide, white Antarctic desert,—absolutely alone except for the feeling of the presence of God. Left desolate by the death of his two companions, almost without food, so near the end of his strength that he could cover only a few miles in his toilsome daily march, he struggled on for three long weeks over a hundred miles of trackless snow, until at last he reached the friends who waited anxiously for his return.

In this white world December is midsummer and June is the middle of winter, and so it came about that Sir Douglas Mawson, the brave Australian explorer, set out with his comrades from Tasmania on December 2, first to drop a party with wireless plant at lonely Macquarie Island, then on to Adelie Land, which was reached, after passing through storms and through vast masses of ice, on January 8, 1912. It was a great adventure, picking their way through waters in which no other ships had ever sailed, landing on a coast no human foot had ever trod before. So little was it known, this part of our earth, that they had to strike off the map land clearly marked but having no existence. Long ago a brave American went to the Antarctic in a little sailing ship, faced all manner of perils, and

mapped things as they seemed to him, but Sir Douglas Mawson shows us how this old explorer was misled. During their perilous voyage through the ice-fields, Dr. Mawson anchored one night off what appeared to be a great ice-covered island, but when the good ship Aurora returned in the following year the island had gone fifty miles to the north-west. It was an iceberg 40 miles long, which had crept into the map as if it were land.

Well, land ho! and all ashore, men, stores, timber for the hut, coal for the fires, masts for the "wireless"—and then, just one more story on the way. On Macquarie Island, where they had to land wireless, they had dropped an important part of the mechanical plant. The metal broke into three parts, and not only broke but "sprang," so that they could not be fitted together. Yet those three parts, when they were tried in Adelie Land, contracted under the influence of the intense cold, fitted perfectly together, and, with a few rivets and stays, acted without the least trouble.

The men rush their things ashore in a motor-launch and in whale-boats, and, as the broken iron has introduced us to the weather, let us see what it means, while they are unpacking and building their hut. The temperature for the year in Adelie Land averages about 32 degrees Fahrenheit below freezing-point. The speed of the wind averages 50 miles an hour through the year.

Contrast that speed with the average wind velocities of other lands: Europe, ten miles an hour; United States, nine; Southern Asia, six; West Indies, six. A great storm means a wind of 64 miles an hour; a hurricane means a wind of 77 miles an hour; and before winds of that speed nothing can stand—towns are wrecked and ships are blown to the bottom of the sea. Now, the winds of Adelie Land rage at speeds exceeding ninety miles an hour; they rise at times to 100 miles an hour, and

blow in gusts at 180, and have been known to reach the unthinkable rate of 200 miles an hour.

On the wings of these winds is borne "drift," of which we hear much in all these travels. It was drift which doomed Scott and his companions to death in this same land, while Dr. Mawson and his comrades were snug in their snow-buried house. This drift is snow, dry, sharp, penetrating, some as fine as flour, some in icy pellets. It drifts everywhere, as sand drifts everywhere in the desert. It frays and cuts ropes, it eats away the softer parts of woodwork, it scours metal to brightness; rusty dog-chains hung

penguins left, the sea-elephants had gone, and though there were emperor penguins hatching in the winter darkness, they were not near, and the explorers were alone, alone in an Ice Age such as that enveloping Northern Europe five hundred centuries ago. Of course, they were not content to rest in idleness, and they carried on scientific work under extraordinary conditions. A man on leaving the hut might lose himself within six feet of where he had been sleeping. He might be blown away by the wind. The hut could not go, for it was built in such a position under the shelter of the rocks that wind could not act with force upon it. But it was covered with snow, and men in



PREPARING DINNER IN ALADDIN'S CAVE UNDER THE ICE PLATEAU

up under its influence are burnished like new steel. It makes breathing almost impossible for men who have to face it; it fills the eyes and nostrils of the dogs so that they lie down howling and rolling.

No wonder the expedition could not make an early inroad into this strange country. They did not expect to get far from their base, of course, for the short Antarctic summer was ending as they landed, but they did hope to get well inland to various stages and to establish food depots for the safety and well-being of the parties which were to go on sledging expeditions in the coming summer. But March came; the seals and

returning would walk on to the roof of their dwelling without knowing they had arrived.

The winds were peculiar as well as violent—amazingly local at times. Once two men skinning a seal, before the winter started, found themselves on the edge of a storm. The man at one end of the seal was in comparative calm; the man at the other end was holding on for dear life in a frightful hurricane. The men found that they could not get about without crampons—spikes fitted to the soles of the boots—and let us remember the word, for crampons were to play a tremendous part in the life of Sir Douglas Mawson. Fitted with these, the

men would go out to cut ice to melt down for water. They got accustomed to gauging the strength of the wind. They met it, leaning forward at an acute angle. To attempt to stand upright in it was to be blown over and away, perhaps to be lifted up and hurled bodily on the rocks. They learned to lean on the wind as we lean on a desk when writing. And so they could not set up distant bases in readiness for their coming back; no man could fight this wind. Sir Douglas Mawson, in his impatience, wrote, "We had found an accursed country." The most they could do was to

going outside. They had shelves for food and implements, and, to crown all, instead of hanging their spare clothes on pegs, they moistened the corner of a garment and pressed it against the wall, where it would remain frozen until wanted. Finally, a shelter was dug for the dogs which drew the sledges. This was necessary, for while the dogs could lie in comfort on the snow, the warmth of their bodies caused their hair to be embedded in the ice, to which it froze, so that to get up they had to be cut free with axes. So much for Aladdin's Cave, which, prepared in the August, was gradually stored



THERE WERE MERRY WINTER EVENINGS IN THE HUT BEFORE THE PARTIES SEPARATED ON THEIR EXPEDITIONS. Mertz and Ninnis, who were to die and leave their leader alone, are both seen here, Mertz putting records on the gramophone, and young Lieutenant Ninnis standing near the lamp on the table.

establish an outpost on the icy plateau, five miles from the base.

Here they dug themselves in. With pick-axes they sank a trench in the ice. They made a romantic little home, which they named Aladdin's Cave, destined, though they little knew it, to be the most important depot of all. Out of the ice they carved their castle, a deep trench, a living-room, with passages and cupboards, a place of warmth in the heart of the ice itself. The purest ice for cooking purposes could be hacked from the walls themselves without

with food in readiness for the sledging parties of the coming summer.

When summer came the party broke up into three detachments, and one poor man got somehow left alone at a base for nine dreary weeks.

The leader set forth with two notable men. The first was Xavier Mertz, a fine young scholar and lawyer of Switzerland, who was the champion ski-runner of his native land. The second was Lieutenant Ninnis, an old Dulwich College boy, son of a soldier-explorer, and himself a splendid

A MAN ALONE

type of heroic English manhood. They had three sledges, drawn by dogs. These three set out to explore inland to the south. They left their hut on November 10, 1912, and the Aurora was due at the base to take them away in the following January. They carried food for nine weeks, 450 pounds weight. In addition they had 25 pounds of little luxuries, such as raisins and nuts, and so on, and vital necessities those luxuries proved to be.

The outward journey ran over very difficult country. In places it was like a frozen ocean, vast stretches of billows which

chasms descending to unknown depths. Several times the dogs fell through, but were held up by their sledge-harness. One day Ninnis had a marvellous escape. Without warning, just after they had pitched camp, he fell through what seemed solid ice, and his companions rescued him from a yawning chasm. The tent had been placed actually over the crevasse on the thin covering of ice beneath which it lay hidden, and all might have been engulfed. Some magnificent marching was done, in spite of the delays and difficulties, though, could they but have known it, every mile outward



A MAN LEANS ON THE WIND. In Europe the wind blows an average of ten miles an hour. A hurricane of 77 miles an hour may blow houses down and turn ships over. Yet in Antarctic Adelie Land the winds are often 90 miles an hour, sometimes 100, and sometimes 170 or 180, and men lean on the blizzard as a man is doing in this photograph.

the wind had cut in the half-ice, half-snow. In others it was a succession of ridges of ice, down which the sledges would topple sideways. There were steep ascents to climb, steep descents down which they had slowly to creep with the sledges, holding them back with ice-axes and brakes made by binding rope round the runners of the sledges. Very bad weather was experienced at times, so that they had to remain two or three days at a stretch in their tents. The worst dangers arose, however, from hidden crevasses. Down through the crust of ice and snow with which the land is deeply covered run

added to the peril of the undertaking. During the second week in December Ninnis suffered a good deal from an abscess in a finger, but not a word did he speak of his pain. They knew he was suffering because at night, when he should have been sleeping, they saw him sitting up for hours in his sleeping-bag, puffing away at his pipe or reading, trying to forget the throbbing agony in his hand. At last he confessed to his pain, and got his leader to lance the aching spot. That morning, December 14, the other two let him rest while they rearranged the sledges. One had been

THE SIGHTS THAT FEW MEN LIVE TO SEE



A FLOATING CASTLE OF ICE IN THE ANTARCTIC OCEAN



THE AURORA LYING AT ANCHOR IN COMMONWEALTH BAY, BEYOND THE LION-LIKE HEAD OF SPRAY FROZEN BY THE HURRICANE

A MAN ALONE

damaged through a fall into a crevasse, so they replanned the loads. They divided the total load between the two sledges, but the bulk of the food was given to the sledge of which Ninnis had charge. His dogs had to pull a load heavier by fifty pounds than that of the other sledge, but, as the load consisted mainly of dried seal-meat for the dogs and food for the men, they agreed that this extra burden would soon be eaten out of existence.

Brave young Ninnis, who had borne himself blithely and well during his suffering,

hearted boys over what seemed good ice. Mertz was on ahead, singing, when suddenly he was seen to raise his ski-stick as a warning of danger. Dr. Mawson drew up to him with the first sledge, and what happened may best be told in his own words.

On reaching the spot where Mertz had signalled, and seeing no sign of any irregularity, I jumped on to the sledge (writes Sir Douglas Mawson), got out the book of tables, and began to figure out the latitude observation taken on that day. Glancing at the ground a moment after,



LIFE IN THE HOME OF THE BLIZZARD—DR. MAWSON'S MEN COLLECTING ICE FOR USE IN THE WINTER QUARTERS. The drift was so terrible at times that men would be lost for hours quite close to home.

had a good night's sleep after the operation, and he needed it, for the party had now come to a horrible position. Crevasses were everywhere, and there was a terrifying experience as they passed through a valley of snow. Booming sounds like the reports of distant cannon were heard. The snow had great cavities beneath it, and the weight of the men and sledges caused the crust to sink and the air to be violently expelled. But these were passed in safety, and on the morning of December 14, 1912, the happy three set forth like merry-

I noticed the faint indication of a crevasse. It was but one of many hundred similar ones we had crossed, and had no specially dangerous appearance, but still I turned quickly round, called out a warning word to Ninnis, and then dismissed it from my thoughts. Ninnis, who was walking along by the side of his sledge close behind my own, heard the warning, for in my backward glance I noticed that he immediately swung the leading dogs so as to pass across the crevasse squarely instead of diagonally, as I had done. I then went on with my

THE BIRDS THAT ASTONISH THE TRAVELLER



KING PENGUINS, WHICH INHABIT THE COAST OF ANTARCTICA IN IMMENSE NUMBERS, AND AT TIMES SEEM ALMOST HUMAN IN THEIR CONDUCT



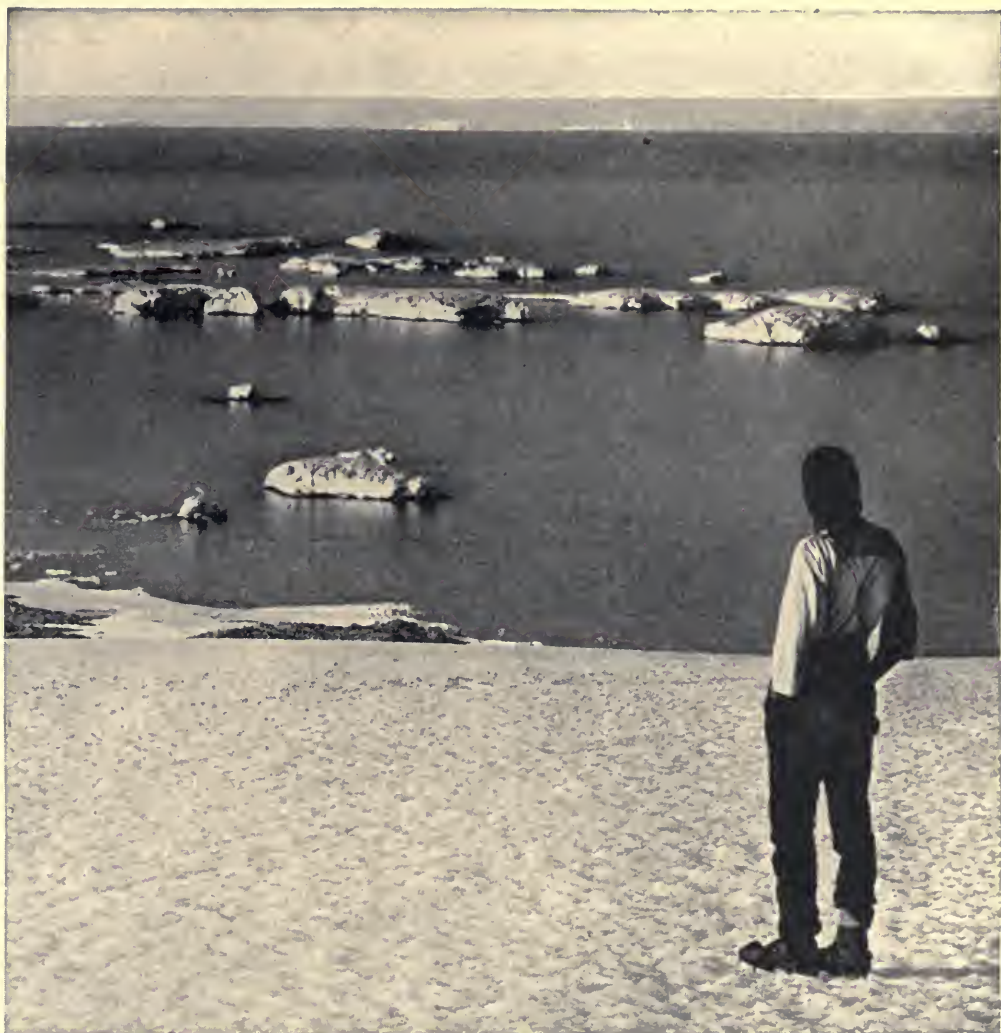
ANTARCTIC PETRELS AT HOME ON THE GREAT WHITE CONTINENT



THE ISLANDS OF ICE ON THE EDGE OF THE ANTARCTIC, SUCH AS HAVE SOMETIMES BEEN MARKED ON

work. There was no sound from behind except a faint, plaintive whine from one of the dogs, which I imagined was in reply to a touch from Ninnis's whip. I remember addressing myself to George, the laziest dog in my own team, saying, "You will be getting a little of that, too, George, if you are not careful." When I looked back it was in response to the anxious gaze of Mertz, who had turned round and halted in his tracks. Behind me nothing met the eye but my own sledge-tracks running back in the distance. Where were Ninnis and his sledge? I hastened back along the trail, thinking that a rise in the ground obscured the views. There was no such good fortune, however, for I came to a gaping hole in the surface, about eleven feet wide. The lid of a crevasse had broken in; two sledge-tracks led up to the far side

of it, but only one continued on the other side. Frantically waving to Mertz to bring up my sledge, upon which there was some alpine rope, I leaned over and shouted into the dark depths below. No sound came back but the moaning of a dog, caught on a shelf just visible 150 feet below. The poor creature appeared to have broken its back. Another dog lay motionless by the side. Close by was what appeared in the gloom to be the remains of the tent and a canvas bag containing food for three men for a fortnight. We broke back the edge of the crevasse and took turns leaning over, secured by a rope, calling into the darkness in the hope that our companion might be still alive. For three hours we called unceasingly, but no answering sound came back. The dog had ceased to moan, and lay without a movement. A chill draught



THE MAP AS LAND—LOOKING DOWN ON THEM FROM A HEIGHT OF 800 FEET ON THE MAINLAND

was blowing out of the abyss. We felt (concludes Dr. Mawson) that there was little hope.

The two horrified men tied all their rope together, but it would not reach the ledge, and all thought of going below, either to investigate or to recover the food, had to be abandoned. Down below the ledge the crevasse descended in impenetrable darkness. At intervals throughout the day the two men called down the chasm in the faint hope that their comrade, escaping death, might by this time have recovered consciousness, but there was no response, and at nine o'clock that night Sir Douglas Mawson read the Burial Service over the mouth of the crevasse. Then Mertz took his hand, with a short "Thank you!" and they turned away to harness the dogs.

The position of the two men now was desperate. They were 2400 feet above

sea-level and 315 miles from their base. The journey out for three men and two fine teams of dogs had taken 35 days. Now they had only six miserable dogs, with food for the men for a week and a half, and no food at all for the dogs. All the rest of the food had gone down with the sledge, so had the best dogs, so had the tent, the spare clothing, and most of the indispensable tools. Luckily, there remained the cooking-stove and the oil, and a spare tent-cover, but no tent-poles. Few men have been so ill-equipped in such a desperate place.

With death dogging their footsteps, the two unhappy men turned homewards. As the sun by day softened the surface of the snow and made pulling difficult, they travelled at night when the surface was frozen again. They started for home by the shortest possible way, and determined

to make the best of the fight by eking out their provisions with the flesh of dogs. But even the scanty provisions they had were not all solid food, but included the residue of the almonds and raisins and other luxuries. First they made for the spot where they had left the third sledge, and from this sledge Mertz cut one of the runners, divided it, and used it in conjunction with his own skis as a framework for a tent. Wooden spoons were made from the wood of the sledge, and tin mugs from cases in which matches and cartridges had been packed. Also a broken shovel was recovered and spliced together for digging the snow when tent-pitching.

Then began the terrible march home. The starving dogs failed one by one. As each poor creature gave out it was tied on to the sledge, carried to the end of the day's journey, and then killed. Skin and bones were given to the other dogs and part of the flesh, but the starving men had to eat the flesh too—tough, hard, stringy flesh, without a suggestion of fat—mixed with a little pemmican and made into a stew.

They were famishing. Their daily allowance came to about fourteen ounces, a few scraps of dog-flesh and pemmican, a piece of chocolate or a few



HE WENT WITH AMUNDSEN AND MAWSON, AND MAY HAVE SEEN THE SOUTH POLE



MISS VICTORIA PENGUIN, OF ANTARCTICA

raisins, and a hot drink made by stewing bags which had contained cocoa or tea. At last they killed their last dog and ate the head by each taking alternate bites. The flesh of the dog remained; but Mertz was thin and ill by this time, and suggested that they should draw now on the sledge rations proper, there being some few days' supply left. They did so, but Mertz, who had fared ill upon dog-flesh, became worse and worse, and the leader ate more dog-flesh and gave his companion the other rations. Mertz was rapidly nearing the end, yet he talked bravely, talked of the omelettes of penguin eggs that he would make when they got home. He could not get on. He was holding his companion back. But Mawson stayed by his comrade, and on January 7 a great sorrow came over the lone white world. Mertz passed away in his sleep, and Mawson was alone in the awful wild.

In this terrible position he had a hundred miles to go to reach aid, and at first he felt that the easiest thing would be quietly to sleep on in the tent, sleep and toil no more. But a great courage came to hand, the courage which has carried so many gallant souls to triumph over despair and defeat. He read the Burial Service over his

A MAN ALONE

dead friend, and cut up part of his clothing to make a sail for the sledge; he cooked all the remaining dog-flesh, and so was able to lighten the sledge of some of its load of kerosene. His own condition was very bad, so bad that it can hardly be described here. He suffered so much that he could not stand upright in certain positions. Such was the man who set out alone for the base where his friends awaited him.

The story of that journey is more terrible than any work of fiction. There were the hills of ice and snow to climb, pulling at the

broke through lid of crevasse, but caught myself at the thighs, got out, turned fifty yards to the north, then attempted to cross the trend of the cravasse, there being no indication of it. A few moments later I found myself dangling fourteen feet below on end of rope in crevasse; sledge creeping to the mouth. Had time to say to myself, 'So this is the end,' expecting the sledge every moment to crash on my head and all go to the unseen bottom. Then I thought of the food remaining uneaten on the sledge; but, as the sledge pulled up without



THE ICE NEAR THE CLIFFS WHICH DESCEND TO THE SEA

sledge; there were the crevassed descents, with death on all sides. Once he paused on the very brink of a great blue hole like a quarry, and his sledge, to which he was harnessed, slid towards it. He had to pull with all his might for a minute before he could draw it away from the hole and so save his last hold on life. But worse was awaiting the lonely, weakening man. Here is the entry he made in his diary at the end of one day: "Going up a long, fairly steep slope, deeply covered with soft snow, I

letting me down, I felt that Providence was giving me another chance. The chance was very small considering my weak condition. The width of the crevasse was about six feet, so I hung freely in space, turning slowly round. A great effort brought a knot in the rope within my grasp, and after a moment's rest I was able to draw myself up and reach another; and at length I hauled myself on to the overhanging snow-lid, into which the rope had cut. Then, when I was carefully getting out on to the

surface, a further section of the lid gave way, precipitating me once more to the full length of the rope."

"Exhausted, weak, and chilled, for my hands were bared and pounds of snow had got inside my clothing, I hung (this page from the explorer's diary continues) with the firm conviction that all was over except the passing. Below was a black chasm; it would be but the work of a moment to slip from the harness, then all the pain and toil would be over. My strength was ebbing fast; in a few minutes it would be too late. It was the occasion for a supreme attempt.

days, eating and sleeping, and then lie down and die. But he did better than that; he made a ladder of rope, tied it to the forepart of the sledge, and carried the other part over his left shoulder, fastened at the belt, so that when he fell down other crevasses he climbed out up his ladder, like a spider traversing its web, the sledge holding above like an anchor.

Day after day he toiled on through appalling peril and heart-breaking solitude. Sometimes he managed to go six or seven miles, sometimes only two or three, sometimes storms kept him in his tent all day.



SEA-ELEPHANTS AMONG THE PENGUINS—ONE OF THE STRIKING SIGHTS OF ANTARCTICA

New power seemed to come as I addressed myself to one last tremendous effort. The struggle occupied some time, but by a miracle I rose slowly to the surface. This time I emerged feet first, still holding on to the rope, and pushed myself out, extended at full length on the snow—on solid ground. Then came the reaction, and I could do nothing for an hour."

That frightful adventure was enough to shatter any human nerves, and, as he lay in his sleeping-bag, Mawson wondered whether it would not be better to enjoy life for a few

At last, after three weeks of this unthinkable labour, he had but two pounds of food left, and was still thirty miles from the base. Then something like a miracle happened. He saw a dark object looming up through the drift away on the right. He made painfully towards it and found—a cairn! Three of his friends had been out and built it, and gone, but they had left a big bag of food, and their comrade and leader was saved. With the food was a letter, telling him that the long-sought Aladdin's Cave was twenty-three miles away, that the Aurora had

arrived and was waiting. And here, too, in this lonely place and in this strange way, Mawson read a historic piece of news that had reached his ship by wireless. The letter, on which the ink was hardly dry, told him that Amundsen had reached the South Pole, and that Captain Scott was remaining another year in the Antarctic.

The ink on the letter was hardly dry, we said, and had only just dried in any case, for the bitter irony was that the three men who had left the food had been searching for him, and had departed *only that morning*. On the previous night his camp and theirs had been but five miles apart, and he arrived at the depot only six hours after they had left it! Never was such a journey as his had been; never, surely, was such a journey's ending. But with plenty of food his hopes revived.

Now, however, a new danger manifested itself. To lessen the weight of the sledge he had thrown away his crampons, and had been walking in smooth-soled boots. He had now reached a plateau where the wind was so strong that it blew him far to the east of the route he should have taken for the cave. Before he could make progress over the slippery ice he had to make new crampons. He broke up the woodwork of his theodolite, drove ice-nails, tacks, and screws through it, and, with these lashed to his feet, started afresh over the ice-slopes. A frightful struggle brought him at last to the deserted cave, but there he was kept a prisoner for a week by blizzards.

At last, on February 8, he saw a ship on the horizon; he saw his friends advancing to meet him. His sad and direful story was soon told, but the ship was beyond recall. She had set out to relieve men who were encamped fifteen hundred miles away on a glacier; she had been driven away for fear of being shut in by ice, and so dooming the other men to death by starvation. Five men had been left with supplies to await the coming of Dr. Mawson, with instructions to spend a second winter with him; and that is what they did, for, though the ship was recalled by wireless to the coast, she could not get into an anchorage owing to a gale. She went west, picked up the men on the glacier, and went back in the following summer for Dr. Mawson and his comrades.

How they passed the second winter in the lone white land, keeping in touch with the outer world by means of wireless telegraphy, is another fine story. Through the wireless they learned that Captain Scott and his four comrades had died; through the wireless they sent home news of their discovery of new lands. All the world wondered from time to time why we ceased to hear from them, and Dr. Mawson tells us.

This wireless link between these lonely men and the busy world is one of the wonders of this Age of Wonder, and one of the thrilling chapters of this human story; but nothing in this tale of exploration equals the dauntless march of this brave man alone, one of the Great Adventures that will endure for ever in the annals of our race and in the story of mankind.

The wireless mast had broken down during the first winter, but while the ship was waiting for the return of Dr. Mawson, it was re-erected and firmly stayed, and for a time all went well. They were able to communicate with Macquarie Island, and through it with the outside world. It was a great moment for the little party when the darkness of the long Antarctic night fell about them and they picked up the messages that were being flashed from Macquarie Island to Hobartstown in Tasmania, and still greater when they heard the first "good-evening" sent direct to them, and they felt that they were no longer isolated.

This solace in their banishment was left to them for about six months, and then during a terrific storm, the top of the wireless mast was snapped off, and they had to wait for weeks before they could get a day when the wind was low enough to enable them to make the damage good. At length, on August 5, they were able once more to communicate with their friends. The wireless operator became ill from the loneliness and anxiety, but one of the other members of the party assisted him, and they were able to "wireless" until continuous daylight re-appeared near the end of November. During this time they made the interesting discovery that wireless waves travel more easily across open water than they do when the sea is frozen.

LIVINGSTONE'S FIGHT WITH A LION



AN ANGRY LION SPRINGING UNEXPECTEDLY OUT OF THE JUNGLE UPON DR. LIVINGSTONE



BEFORE THE LION WAS SHOT, DR. LIVINGSTONE SAYS IT SHOOK HIM AS A TERRIER DOES A RAT



The people among whom Livingstone lived—A dance of Bechuanas in honour of the missionary

DAVID LIVINGSTONE OF AFRICA

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO DIED FOR OTHERS

SOME of us have read stories of boys who were always good and always clever, boys with clean faces and clean hands, with spotless collar and unsmear'd boots, who never had spirit or imagination enough to risk the dangers which most boys have to face and conquer.

Now, David Livingstone could never come into a story-book as a boy like that. He was a lad of mettle, who sometimes got into scrapes, or deserved to. He roamed far and near with his brothers, studying Nature, both plant and animal life, and he was as bad as Shakespeare, for if he saw a salmon when he was fishing for trout, he would poach the salmon, and if some plump and saucy rabbit scuttled across his path, he would stop and catch the rabbit.

David was very much a child of Nature in his early years, and except for those great, earnest eyes of his, and a certain business-like haste in his ordered methods, he was very like most other jolly boys. But there was one difference which marked him off from his fellows, which attracted the esteem and affection of men very much better placed in regard to social position and worldly wealth.

It was not the casual person who found him out; it was the close and sympathetic observer who discovered his qualities—men, destined themselves to become famous, such as Sir Roderick Murchison, the brilliant geologist;

Sir Lyon, afterwards Lord, Playfair, a delightful man, who taught King Edward science; and Sir James Young, who made a fortune from his discovery of paraffin. Finding Livingstone in company such as this, we might expect to trace his origin to a wealthy home. But he was the son of very poor parents, so poor that at ten years of age he was put to work as a piecer in a cotton-mill in Blantyre, near Glasgow, where he was born on March 19, 1813. Poverty, however, did not mar the happiness of the family.

The father, a splendid type of man, and the mother, a bright, merry little woman in spite of her weak health, both inspired the lad with high ideals. But he needed no spur. There was in him that faculty of steady, persistent application which carries its possessor far. Guess what this sturdy little fellow did with the pocket-money that his mother was able to afford him out of the first earned half-crown that he proudly laid in her lap. He bought a Latin grammar.

The book was not intended for show; he diligently studied it, and followed up the language at the night school. He was a good classical scholar by the time he was sixteen. His working day began at six in the morning, and he did not leave the factory, except for breakfast and dinner, until eight o'clock at night. But he would rush off, after work,

to his night school, which lasted from eight till ten, and on returning to his home he would pore over his lessons until midnight, unless his mother fondly but firmly took his precious books from him and marched him off to bed.

HOW LITTLE DAVID READ HIS BOOK WHILE HE WAS SPINNING COTTON

Livingstone was one of the rare few who could do many things well. He took up nothing unless he meant to make himself proficient in it. He was a diligent and careful worker at the factory; he was a plodding, unwearied scholar. But he was a lover of Nature, and on Saturdays he and his brothers would scour the countryside, studying birds and plants and animals. His little bit of poaching came into these excursions, and there is nobody in the world who would not forgive him.

His diligence at the factory brought him promotion to the rank of cotton-spinner, and this gave him unexpectedly a new way to knowledge, for he set up a book on his spinning jenny, and, as he passed to and fro at his work, he was able to read sentence by sentence of his precious volume. That is a practice which is hardly to be commended to operators of our present-day fast-running machinery, but with slower-moving mechanism Livingstone was able to combine mental with muscular effort, so that his mind grew while his mechanical skill increased.

All this time he was insensibly preparing himself for his great work in life. So far he had had no definite plan. He loved learning for its own sake, and humbly pursued it. But when he was about twenty a great change came over his life, and he resolved, if he could, to become a missionary. In order better to qualify himself, he determined on a course of study at Glasgow University.

THE FACTORY BOY WHO SPENT HIS WAGES AT THE UNIVERSITY

To earn his fees, he worked with redoubled energy at the factory for half the year, then spent the other half at Glasgow. There it was, while studying medicine and surgery—for he was to be a medical missionary—that he gained the friendship of many celebrated men. Sir James Young, who had begun life as a carpenter, taught his friend Livingstone how to use tools; the others encouraged in him that love of exactness which is the prime necessity of the scientist. All his experiences

and studies had gone to build up the mind and character and bodily efficiency of the man destined to become a leader into trackless wilds, teaching him self-reliance, readiness of action, and skill in what he used to call the Jack-of-all-trades line. Even his rambles as a boy had been of account. The man who is going into unknown lands must understand the life of plant and animal, and Livingstone did, particularly well.

He was two years at Glasgow University, and then a missionary society to whom he had applied accepted him as a probationer, finally equipping him for his work as a missionary. It was not all smooth sailing, for, diligent as he was, Livingstone had no inspiration or genius. In fact, at the end of the regulation period which should have qualified him for service, he had not done nearly well enough to pass, and he had to undergo a further term of study before he was finally accepted. Even then he was a miserably poor preacher, and never did well in the pulpit. Still, he passed at last, and completed his medical and surgical studies. Then the question arose as to where he should go.

LIVINGSTONE ARRIVES IN A DARK AND UNKNOWN LAND

He yearned to go to China. What if he had gone? He might have lived there long enough to meet General Gordon; and what miracles two such men might have wrought in that wonderful land! But it was not to be. War broke out between Great Britain and China, and Livingstone was ordered to the West Indies. It would have been an easy position, but he loved not ease and smooth living. "Please do not send me there," he said. "Remember that they have regular medical men in the West Indies, and my two years' medical studies would be wasted." In the end he obtained permission to go to Africa, to work under the direction of Dr. Robert Moffat, a noble man who had already begun to work wonders in the Dark Continent. He sailed in December, 1840, being then twenty-six years of age.

In those days Africa was still a land of mystery to the rest of the world. The Portuguese, who had first sailed round its coasts, had established settlements; so had the British, and the Boers had made their homes in the south, but northward all was a blank—a nightmare

of strange savage peoples, fierce wild animals, terrible gloomy forests, vast mysterious rivers of sources and courses unknown. Livingstone was the man destined to carry the torch into the darkness and gloom.

The conditions he found there were dismal in the extreme. Moffat's station was up-country, in Bechuanaland, the northernmost post of the London Missionary Society, by which he was sent out. Livingstone was ordered to wait there until Moffat returned from England. But he could not rest inactive. He must be up and doing; there was so much to do, so little time in which to do it.

He found that too many missionaries clustered about the towns and settlements, instead of breaking new ground where the actual work was to be done. He was shocked to hear of new missionaries being appointed to the same field, when he felt that there were already men enough if they would but push out to where the real work of their lives lay. He, at any

rate, would be no party to such a scheme, and he boldly set off on a great journey, seven hundred miles north of Dr. Moffat's post. He found, wherever he went away from civilisation, that the country was wretched with the effects of tribal wars, and still more from the effects of the hateful slave trade.

Wherever the Arabs and the Portuguese had penetrated, there he found this horrible commerce flourishing. It dawned upon him that to kill this inhuman traffic a real and legitimate trade must be cultivated, honest trade in which the natives could be interested and profited, so that no longer would they sell prisoners of war and even their own relatives for the miserable articles which the traders offered in exchange. The trade in slaves flourished there when Livingstone arrived, just as if

Wilberforce had never lived, and the thought came to Livingstone's mind that new highways to the coast must be found. In place of the trackless waste in which he found himself, there must be well-mapped routes by which traders could travel; by which natives could carry their wares to the seaboard of the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans; by which white men could advance into the interior to buy or exchange.

That, thought Livingstone, must be the way of the native to salvation. And that is the secret of his becoming

one of the most famous explorers in the world. The riddle of Africa had to be read in order that civilisation and Christianity might extend their blessed sway, and the land be redeemed from bloodshed and crime.

Livingstone set himself diligently, also, to master the native language, and in course of time he was able to talk freely to the tribes among whom he moved and worked. He cured the people of their bodily sickness, and at the same time



Livingstone studying Latin while working at the loom in a cotton factory

laboured to convert them from their savage ways. His name as a doctor spread far and near, and people came 150 miles and more to be treated by him. He found that, though they were cowards in the face of terrors, due to ignorance and superstition, they were very brave in bearing physical suffering. And though they were cruel and treacherous and barbarous among themselves, they were, for the most part, loyal and affectionate to him. He had a marvellous way of getting the best out of a man.

He loved all men worthy to be loved, and they loved him in return, and soon he was able to convert a powerful chief to Christianity, though this conversion cost the chief much suffering in loss of friends and respect among his own people. His name was Sechele, and Livingstone in his writings lingers lovingly over the details

LIVINGSTONE'S LIFE AMONG THE PEOPLE



LIVINGSTONE, WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN, DISCOVERING THE DESERT LAKE OF NGAMI



LIVINGSTONE HAVING A FRIENDLY INTERVIEW WITH A POWERFUL AFRICAN CHIEF

LIVINGSTONE'S HOME IN DARKEST AFRICA



ARAB CHIEFS PAYING A VISIT TO LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY AT UNYANYEMRE



DR. LIVINGSTONE WRITING ONE OF HIS BOOKS IN HIS HOME IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

of the black man's life. When he first heard the story of Christianity, Sechele said to the doctor :

" You startle me—these words cause all my bones to shake—I have no more strength in me. But my forefathers were living at the same time that yours were, and how is it that they did not send word about these things earlier ? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going."

He learned to read his Bible, and he would say to Livingstone, " Hear me read," and at the end of a chapter would remark, " He was a fine chap, that Isaiah ; he knew how to speak." But there was the problem of getting his tribe to follow Sechele. " Do you imagine that these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them ? " he asked one day. " I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them," he added. " If you like I will call my headmen, and with our whips of rhinoceros hide we will soon make them believe all together."

LIVINGSTONE'S VICTORY WITH A CHIEF AND HIS FIGHT WITH A LION

From this we may realise that the chief had not fully grasped the meaning of the religion to which he had become a convert. He learned his lesson in time. He had been a great warrior, but he was brought to see the blessedness of peace. Having realised the wickedness of violence practised at the expense of his enemies, he came to understand that it should not be employed against members of his own tribe. The convert became a missionary. He himself preached the gospel of peace, relying on the Bible instead of whips. In this instance Livingstone gained a wonderful triumph.

It was not to be expected that Livingstone would escape the perils of which all travellers in the wilds of Africa are subject, and after being nearly killed by a wild buffalo he had a terrible adventure with a lion. The natives with whom he lived had seen lions leap into their cattle-pens by night, and even carry off the cattle by day, and they fully believed that their tribe had been bewitched into the power of the lions. It was necessary for Livingstone, therefore, to teach them that there was no witchcraft in the matter, and he led them forth one day to attack the lions, in the hope that by killing one of the animals they would drive the rest away.

Several lions were discovered, and a group of natives closed round them, but let one after another escape. At last one of the natives shot and hit a lion, and Livingstone fired two bullets at it as well, then prepared to load again. But the lion charged at him, and seized him by the shoulder. The struggle which followed is famous in the history of encounters with wild beasts, for Livingstone was the first man to tell us that at such a moment the victim feels no pain.

THE LION WHICH SHOOK LIVINGSTONE AS A TERRIER SHAKES A RAT

Here is his description of this fight: " Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier shakes a rat. The shock produced a stupor, similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain, no feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror as I looked round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the flesh-eating animals, and, if so, it is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe (a native convert whom Livingstone had educated), who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while it was biting Mebalwe. It left Mebalwe, and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets which it had received took effect, and it fell down dead."

THE LION'S MARK WHICH IDENTIFIED THE HERO'S BODY AFTER DEATH

Livingstone was left with a shattered arm, and with eleven wounds in his flesh from the lion's teeth. With such scanty resources for curing his injuries, the wonder is that he did not die. As it was, he was left for life with a misshapen arm, and that disfigurement was the only means which remained, after his death, whereby his body could with certainty be recognised. This was not

DAVID LIVINGSTONE OF AFRICA

his only peril from animals. Once, while he was travelling by canoe down a river, his craft was suddenly flung high into the air by an angry hippopotamus, which butted the boat from below, causing all the occupants to swim to the banks through water which was literally teeming with crocodiles.

marry—fell in love. His courtship was comically unromantic, but it led to the happiest of married lives. He himself built the little home in which they were to live, and when they settled down he was the man Jack-of-all-trades—the doctor, tinker, carpenter, preacher, and schoolmaster of the village; while she



DR. LIVINGSTONE FOUND DEAD BY HIS BEDSIDE, WHERE HE HAD KNELT IN PRAYER

All these dangers were safely passed, however, and Livingstone suffered more from fevers and the other ills which the climate of Africa produces than from all the terrors of animal life.

Dr. Moffat had by this time returned to Africa, taking with him his charming eldest daughter, Mary Moffat, with whom Livingstone, greatly to his own surprise—for he had never meant to

was the maid-of-all-work in the home, and schoolmistress in the village. She was also the candle-maker, the soap-boiler, the tailoress, and the nurse.

Their first home was at Mabotse, but soon they moved farther north, leaving behind the house and mission which he had built and the garden which he had planted. His next home was at Tshonuanane, where his eldest son was born,

and where the excellent Sechele was converted and baptised. Now, among the superstitions of the natives was one that men could create rain by offering certain charms to the powers which they worshipped. Each tribe had its "rain-makers," and so had the tribe of Sechele. Livingstone told the people that he, too, could make rain—not by charms, but by constructing irrigation works.

A MOTHER'S SEARCH FOR HER CHILDREN
IN EDINBURGH

He actually persuaded the whole tribe to migrate with him, and to go and live forty miles away, so as to be near the River Koloben. There he taught them to dig canals, through which to admit water from the river to fertilise their land. But it was northward still that he felt compelled to go, for there lay a land of broad lakes and great rivers, and thickly populated. Here was the land in which to seek homes for white men who would help to civilise the natives.

He must explore this land from coast to coast. His children were sent home, and his wife followed, so that he might be assured of their safety. Mrs. Livingstone arrived one evening in Edinburgh, and went straight to the house of her husband's friend, Lord Playfair. She was not expected, and Playfair had a big dinner-party when the lady, travel-stained and weary, arrived. She would not sit down to dinner. She had come to Playfair that he might help her to find her children. She had lost the address, but knew that they were staying in one of the longest streets in the city.

Lord Playfair immediately engaged two or three men to divide the longest streets and to inquire at each house in turn. They found the children, and their mother was able to join them that night. This noble woman died in Africa, and her body rests in the shade of a giant baobab-tree at Shupanga.

THE GREATEST JOURNEY EVER MADE
IN AFRICA

In the meantime, Livingstone, in the face of extraordinary difficulties, carried out his plan of exploring Africa from Cape Town to St. Paul de Loanda on the Atlantic coast, and eastward to Quillimane on the coast which is washed by the Indian Ocean. The journey occupied four years, and was the greatest ever undertaken in Africa up to that time. In the course of his travels, Livingstone was constantly exposed to

perils from sickness, from wild beasts, from savages, from starvation, from perils of the forest and the swamp, the river and the treacherous lake. But he triumphed over all. He discovered rivers and lakes of which we had not previously heard; he discovered, also, one of the world's greatest wonders, the marvellous Victoria Falls, down which the mighty Zambesi river pours. He went back to England, after sixteen years' absence, armed with information as to the shape and nature of the great Dark Continent which was new to the world, and with information as to its peoples, industries, and possibilities which, for the first time in history, drew back the veil that had enshrouded the land.

For fifteen months he remained at home, honoured and "lionised," but desperately uncomfortable in such an atmosphere of hero-worship. Then he was sent out by the Government to continue his explorations, and was absent five years. This expedition cost him the life of his beloved wife, and the blow was almost crushing. He worked harder in order that he might forget it.

FIVE YEARS IN WHICH DAVID LIVINGSTONE NEVER SAW A WHITE MAN

He made many important discoveries during his five years' wanderings, and upon his return to England exposed in a book that he wrote the abominations of the slave trade, carried on with increasing vigour and barbarity by the Portuguese. Only thirteen months elapsed before he was off, for the third and last time, to Africa to settle disputed points, on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society, as to the river systems of Central Africa and the Nile sources.

He took with him only thirty-four men, and of these ten had to be dismissed for misbehaviour; and twelve deserted, carrying with them the medical stores, and leaving him in the heart of a savage land with no remedies for the terrible illnesses with which he was constantly plagued. The deserters reported that he was dead, and two expeditions were sent out to find him—one from England, the other from America. In spite of the sorry condition to which he was reduced, Livingstone kept doggedly at his task, and continued to fill in blank spaces on the map, and for five years never saw a white man. Stores which he had deposited at the outset had been stolen or squandered, but relief came

when the expedition, under Sir H. M. Stanley, was met at Ujiji. We all know the story of that meeting, and how Livingstone's life was saved by the food and medicine which Stanley took him.

Stanley pleaded in vain with Livingstone to return to civilisation. The missionary-traveller felt that his life-work was not completed, so Stanley returned to the outer world, while Livingstone remained to battle on alone with the problem of Africa's geography.

His health grew worse and worse as he travelled wearily from point to point, unravelling his tangled skein of twisted ways and mazy courses. Disease was never far from him as he made his way through dripping forests and over swamps which resembled great poisonous sponges.

At last he could walk no more, and had to be carried in a litter. He broke down at Ilala, and there in a little hut, on the morning of May 1, 1873, his attendants found him kneeling, dead, by his bed, his hands clasped as in prayer.

The faithful few who remained by his side to the last vowed themselves to a final mission of fidelity and affection—they determined that their beloved master's bones should lie in the land from which he had come. After burying the heart in the African forest, they embalmed the body, and set out to carry it to the sea at Zanzibar, having previously packed the dead explorer's effects away in tin boxes to preserve them. The brave natives had innumerable difficulties and perils to face—hunger and privation, the fear of wild beasts, and, worst of all, the enmity of superstitious savages who would not permit a dead body to pass over their land. The

body had sometimes to be hidden, and then smuggled secretly through hostile territory; sometimes it had to be disguised as a bale of merchandise. At last the natives met the English relief expedition which had been sent out,



LIVINGSTONE'S FOLLOWERS BRINGING HIS BODY TO THE COAST
These devoted men braved many perils in order to carry the embalmed body of their beloved friend and master to the sea for shipment to England.

and the leaders of this party desired to bury the body on the spot. To this the native heroes would not consent. They brought the remains of their master in safety to Zanzibar after a nine months' journey, and to-day the bones of David Livingstone lie in Westminster Abbey, a fit resting-place for one of the noblest men who have added lustre to the national name.

A GREAT MAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS FRIEND



"My time is short, my pains increase, my hopes vanish," the dying Cervantes wrote to an absent nobleman who had befriended him, "but we must bow to the will of Heaven, and all that remains is to acquaint your Excellency with the deep feeling of affection towards you which I carry to the grave." They were almost the last words Cervantes wrote.

CAPTAIN CERVANTES

THE MAN WHO CONQUERED HIS ENEMIES ; WHO, BEING POOR,
MADE ALL MEN RICH ; WHO, BEING SAD, MADE ALL MEN GLAD

THE SLAVE WHOSE MIND NO CHAINS COULD BIND

We will call him captain, for he was captain of his soul ; he triumphed over chains and slavery, over poverty, cruelty, pirates, and kings, and who does this is conqueror of the world.

THERE are a few books that will never die, and one of them is "Don Quixote." It is the story of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, whose head has been turned by reading stupid old books of false romance and chivalry—not the true chivalry of the heroic knight, but the nonsense which foolish writers of the Middle Ages mistook for it. Don Quixote read these stories until his kindly heart was on fire and his weak brain whirling ; and, long after the last of the old knights had laid his lance to rest and passed peacefully to the tomb, he found a suit of ancient armour and set out upon a raw-boned steed, with a countryman as squire, to seek knightly adventures in a world which knew not knights. The story of his adventures, of his tilting at windmills which he mistook for giants, of his thrashing and getting thrashed by indignant citizens whom he mistook for cruel warriors, is one of the most mirthful books that ever was written.

Well, this merry book was written by a man whose life was as full of grief as a man could bear. He lived at the same time as Shakespeare, when there was in progress that great struggle between England and the Turk which, more than three centuries later, has not yet come to an end. He took part in the Spanish Armada, which was to have destroyed England. He, the man whom the English love better than all other foreign writers, was in the ranks of their enemies, travelling about Spain getting money and corn and oil for the ships which lie to this day at the bottom of the British seas.

We all know his name, or the name by which he is made immortal. He was christened as Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, but he is plain Cervantes to all the world. He was born at Alcala de Henares, near Madrid, on October 9,

1547. If we look at the calendar we shall find the date of his death given as April 23, 1616, the day when Shakespeare died, but Cervantes died actually ten days before Shakespeare ; our calendar had not then been reformed, so that England was then ten days behind the times. Still, the two men died within ten days of each other. It was truly a marvellous age of great men. There were living at the same time, in addition to these two, Milton, Velasquez, Rubens, Kepler, Harvey, Spenser, Raleigh, and other giants of history. Perhaps Nature never was more generous in her gifts of great men to the world.

But there seemed small chance of greatness for Cervantes. He was a member of a good old Spanish family, but his father and mother were poor, living on a tiny farm, where Cervantes and his brother passed the days of their youth. There is no doubt that Cervantes was sent to a university, probably under a scheme which made it possible for the sons of poor people to go. There is no doubt, also, that he was fond of reading as a boy, for we know that he would pick up torn pieces of newspaper to gratify his thirst for knowledge. But it is not till Cervantes is twenty that he becomes really a living figure to us—up to then we cannot clearly trace him. Nobody dreamed that he was to be famous, and he passed on his way unnoticed. To understand the tremendous tragedy and the great romance of his life, we must imagine ourselves for a moment in England at that time.

When Cervantes was still a boy, Queen Mary ruled over England. Under her father, Henry VIII., the country had renounced its submission to the Pope and become Protestant. When Edward VI. died, young Lady Jane Grey was made queen, but Mary quickly reached the throne, sent her rival to the Tower to be beheaded, and put into prison the little girl who was to become famous as Queen Elizabeth. Then Mary began to bring back Roman Catholicism into

England, and, to the horror of the nation, married Prince Philip of Spain, the fanatical prince who was later to build the Armada to crush England, but whose reign, instead, ruined Spain. He was not king when Mary married him, and he went to England as her husband and lived there fourteen months. The effect of his spirit showed itself in Mary. She lived only four and a half years after her marriage, but in the last three years of her life she caused Latimer and Ridley, and hundreds of other men and women, to be burned at the stake.

While such fearful things were happening in England, Philip was ruling in Spain, having succeeded his father, and it was the death of a vagabond son of Philip—who was poisoned, it is said, by plotting to kill his father—that brought Cervantes into touch with the great people of his time. For, though the King of Spain could not have mourned his cruel son, the Pope of Rome sent an ambassador to Spain to sympathise with Philip; and it was natural that such a mission, seeming but a hollow mockery, should be coldly received. The ambassador, therefore, sought consolation for the royal neglect, and found it in the company of such men of wit and learning and spirit as he could find at Madrid. One of these was Cervantes, who was already known as a poet and writer of some distinction, and so well did the ambassador like him that, when departing for Rome, he took Cervantes with him. Such is the generally accepted story, though some say it was in Rome that the Cardinal and the writer first met. Anyway, in 1568, when Cervantes was twenty-one, he certainly was a member of the Cardinal's household. Two years later Cervantes left Rome to take his place on the great stage of the world, and help in the making of a glorious chapter of history. In 1570 Spain joined forces with the Pope and Venice to fight the Turks. The brave heart of Cervantes leapt at the thought

of war with such a cruel foe, and he joined the army. The rival forces met at sea, off the little town of Lepanto, a place famous in history, lying on the north side of the Gulf of Corinth. Here took place, on October 7, 1571, one of the greatest naval battles ever fought, and Cervantes was in it.

The battle was waged by very different ships from ours. The vessels were small, and were called galleys. The Turkish galleys were rowed by Christian slaves, poor souls captured by the Turks on land and sea, and thrown into chains because they could not get the ransom required for their release. There was no escape, for they

were chained to their oars. Each galley would have about thirty benches on each side, and on each bench sat five slaves—five to an oar. To pull that oar was the sole business of their lives. A sort of bridge ran between the two lines of seats, and on this walked two men armed with fearful whips, solely to flog the slaves upon their naked bodies to make them pull harder.

The Turkish galleys were rowed to the battle of Lepanto by no fewer than 12,000 galley-slaves, tugging with breaking hearts at the oars to drive the Turkish ships



CERVANTES AS A YOUNG MAN

against the forces come to set them free. If their masters won, their slavery would continue; if they failed to do their utmost, they would be cut to pieces by the whips of their captors.

Such was the situation on the morning of the battle of Lepanto, when Cervantes came face to face with the Turkish enemies of Christendom. The great day found him ill with fever, and he was told that he would not be able to fight. But he would not hear of being idle. "I would rather die fighting for God and the king," he cried, "than think of my own safety!"

There was no withstanding his courage and zeal, and he was allowed to have his way. As a reward for his valiant spirit, though he was only a private soldier, he was placed with a dozen others in the post

CAPTAIN CERVANTES

of honour, on the side of the galley which was likely to see most fighting. There was terrible fighting there, and Cervantes fought like a lion, performing wonders, and feeling that every blow he struck dashed the fetters from some poor slave chained in the Turkish galleys before him. He was badly wounded, but fought on bravely, though one gunshot shattered his left hand and arm and two others struck him in the chest. Here are his own brave words: "I held my sword in one hand; from the other flowed waves of blood. My bosom was struck with a deep wound, my left hand broken and crushed; but such was the sovereign joy that filled my soul that I was unconscious of my wounds." He added a noble-spirited boast, making light of his maimed left arm in this way: "I lost the use and movement of the left for the glory of the right."

He did not strike in vain. The sea-power of the Turks was crushed that day. Eighty of their ships were sunk, nearly a hundred were abandoned or destroyed, while nearly a hundred more fell to the victors. Best of all, after the battle the chains were dashed from the limbs of the 12,000 galley-slaves who rowed the Turks to their defeat.

It was then that Spain might have finished the work so well begun, instead of leaving it to be finished in after years by the little nations then unborn. But Spain did not. The alliance with the Pope was broken off. The King of Spain was too anxious to punish Protestants in his own land to trouble about suppressing the enemies of mankind, and the great advantages of the victory of Lepanto were soon thrown away. The fighting died down, and poor Cervantes, maimed for life, turned homewards, sad at

heart. His brilliant services were not forgotten, and his commander gave him a fine letter of recommendation to the Spanish king, asking that the valiant soldier might be made a captain. Another noble gave him a similar letter, and, thus equipped, Cervantes set out for Spain, taking with him his brother Rodrigo, who had been with him in the battles, but of whom we hear little up to this point. And now a strange thing happened.

The little galley by which Cervantes sailed homeward was captured by Algerian pirates. The man who had fought so gallantly to free the galley-slaves of the Turks became a galley-slave himself. Fortunately, his captors found the letters Cervantes carried in his pocket to the King of Spain, and, supposing him from these to be a man of great importance, they gave him special treatment, in the hope of obtaining a ransom from his friends.

Though he was indeed a slave, Cervantes was only chained, and not set to labour. He was even allowed to go about in Algiers.

He became the moving spirit of the captive colony. Nothing could destroy his gallantry and daring. Out of his tiny capital he fed the hungry; out of his boundless store of courage he protected the weak and cheered the faltering, sustaining them in their faith in God and buoying up their hope of freedom. But he was not a peaceful prisoner. He was always planning to escape. He had not been there long before he tried to escape with a number of other captives. The attempt failed, and Cervantes boldly led his companions back and confessed to the pirates that the fault was his. He was much ill-used for this, but remained undaunted. Nothing could destroy his spirit.



THE HOUSE WHERE CERVANTES LIVED AT VALLADOLID

CAPTAIN CERVANTES

Meanwhile another captive from his ship had been ransomed and sent home, and through him the story of the slavery of Cervantes and his brother was made known to his friends. The poor folk scraped together every penny they could get, and sent it to Algiers for ransom, but the pirate who owned Cervantes laughed at so small a sum for such a man. He had a great idea of the value of Cervantes. He saw what a man of spirit he was, and was wont to say that "if

Although this seemed like chaining himself for ever, Cervantes did not rest. He had told his brother to send a ship to fetch the captives home. Two distinguished men among the prisoners gave Rodrigo letters to persons of wealth; and at last a ship was secured and sent to Algiers. Cervantes made ready for it by an extraordinary plan. On the seashore was the house of a dreadful tyrant named Hassan Aga, to whom Cervantes used to carry



CERVANTES. WRITING HIS GREAT BOOK. FANCIES HE SEES DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA BEFORE HIM

he had his maimed Spaniard in safe keeping, he would reckon as secure his Christians, his ships, and his city."

It was in vain that the father and mother of Cervantes sold all their little property and beggared themselves, in vain that his unmarried sisters gave up their wedding dowries; the total was not nearly enough to buy the freedom of the two brothers. So, with a generosity that does not surprise us in him, Cervantes offered the money for the release of his brother, and Rodrigo was set free. That was like Cervantes.

messages from his master. Now, Hassan had a Christian slave as gardener, and Cervantes persuaded him to make a cave in the garden, which ran down to the seashore. When the cave was finished, Cervantes led to it fifteen captives, and there he hid with them. His disappearance caused a great outcry, as we may well imagine, but the cave was not discovered, and there the captives hid for five or six months, though all Algiers was being searched for them. The gardener brought them food, and the whole scheme was managed by Cervantes, whom

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the others, most of them Spanish nobles, trusted exactly as a child trusts its father.

At last the hour of deliverance seemed at hand. The vessel which was to bear them to freedom drew near. With muffled oars it crept silently towards the coast, in towards the sea garden with its secret cave. Then, at the last moment, a sentry saw the vessel, and raised an alarm. The captain did not

rades to be silent, saying that he would take the blame and save their lives. As his enemies dashed into the cavern he proudly faced them, saying: "Not one of the Christians here is guilty in this matter. I alone am the author of it, and it is I who brought them here." When taken before the man who owned him, faced with threat of death and torture, he told the same story,



CERVANTES MAKING HIS WILL DURING HIS LAST MOMENTS

wait to give the captives a chance of fighting their way to safety, but fled to save himself. The vessel turned about and rowed away as she had come in, like a vision in a troubled dream.

It was a terrible ending to a great adventure. The captives were now in desperate plight. Soon they saw lights and heard footsteps, and into their cavern marched an armed force. Cervantes cried to his com-

and boldly defied the tyrant, who, he has told us, "every day hanged a slave, impaled one, cut off the ears of another, and this upon so little occasion, or so entirely without cause, that the Turks owned he did it merely for the sake of doing it, and because it was his nature."

Nothing could terrify this bold-hearted Cervantes, yet, though he twice had the hangman's noose round his neck, and was

repeatedly threatened with torture, he lived unharmed. His chains were strengthened, but his master thought that such a man must really be worth a fortune in ransom, and his greed kept the prisoner alive. Cervantes wrote to the King of Spain, showing how, at a single blow, he could capture Algiers, which was quite unprepared for defence, and save the lives of 25,000 men, women, and children who were kept in slavery there. But such things did not appeal to the Court of Spain.

THE FEARFUL MISCHANCE WHICH CUT CERVANTES OFF FROM FREEDOM

Then Cervantes wrote to the Governor of Oran, a Spanish colony, saying that if the governor would lead a force against Algiers he would raise a force within the city and make the capture certain. Here, again, a fearful mischance befell Cervantes, for the messenger who carried this letter was captured, and the letter was read by the master of Cervantes. No wonder he thought his captive the only man he had to fear, but his hope of ransom saved the prisoner's life. Once more Cervantes was detected in a general plot to escape by ship, and for this he was kept heavily chained in prison for five months. At last, after a long and sad captivity, the great deliverance came. His proud old father, already beggared, appealed to the chief magistrate at Madrid, and told in the public court the whole story of his son's captivity. The Court was moved, and eventually a sum of money was raised as a ransom. It was not enough, however, being only 300 gold ducats, whereas the pirate demanded 500. Now, it happened that the pirate was on his way to Constantinople, and when the messenger arrived to ransom him, Cervantes was actually in the galley which was to take him with his master to the capital of the hated Turk.

HOW CERVANTES WON HIS FREEDOM AT LAST, AND RETURNED TO HIS NATIVE LAND

When the messenger found that the ransom was too small, his heart was so touched by the noble aspect of the gallant prisoner, and by the story of the sacrifices made for him by his father and mother and sisters, that he went to the merchants in the port and begged and borrowed from one and another until he made up the sum demanded. The 500 ducats were paid, and Cervantes, after five and a half years of slavery, was once more free. He returned to Spain, and was so glad to see his native land that as he stepped on shore he fell on his face and kissed the earth.

He hoped that his fortune would now be made; that his sufferings and heroism

would be remembered; and that he would be adequately rewarded. Most of all, he hoped that on hearing his story King Philip would fly to stamp out this foul nest of pirates and release the 25,000 suffering captives there. But there was no fortune for Cervantes; there was no expedition to Algiers. Cervantes was free, but he was doomed to live in poverty. He wrote books and plays without success; he married a lady with a tiny dowry; he gained a poor appointment under the Government, his work being to collect taxes and stores to provision the ships of the Invincible Armada, which Philip II. was then preparing against England. Having married one English queen, and been refused by a second, the king now sought to overwhelm the island kingdom. The Armada was vanquished, and Philip's ships were sent to the bottom of the sea, but Cervantes continued in his post, a poor tax-gatherer. But he became so discontented that he sought a situation in Spain's West Indian colonies, as Robert Burns was to do long afterwards.

THE KING FOR WHOM NOBODY CARES, AND THE POOR MAN WHOM WE HONOUR

Happily, both these great men applied in vain for the post that would have taken them from their real work in the world. In the days of his poverty Cervantes was thrown into a debtors' prison, and it was there that he wrote the first part of his delightful "Don Quixote." This is inferred from the fact that Cervantes spoke of his book as "just what might be begotten in gaol." The first part was published in 1605, when Cervantes was fifty-eight. The second part was not given to the world until a few months before his death.

So that perhaps it was good for the world that Cervantes remained poor. Had he been rich we should not have had his immortal book, and the world would have lost the joy which has gladdened its heart for 300 years. The name of Cervantes is one of the glories of Spain; the memory of the king who ignored him remains as a reproach and a warning to rulers. Philip sowed the seeds of a nation's ruin, but the poor captive, with his heart of gold and his mind of sunny fancies, made not only Spain but all humanity richer by his work. In spite of his misfortunes, Cervantes went through life with a smile upon his face—hero, humorist, philosopher, and friend; and all the world loves the book he left behind him. Nobody cares a penny for King Philip, but the memory of Cervantes is one of the priceless treasures of mankind.

ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE & HIS SQUIRE



DON QUIXOTE IS TREATED AS A HERO IN THE HOUSE OF A DUKE



SANCHO PANZA, THE SQUIRE OF DON QUIXOTE, BECOMES GOVERNOR OF A PROVINCE AND LIVES LIKE A KING

THE PROVERBS OF CERVANTES

He who cannot take advantage of fortune when it comes must not complain if it passes him by.

What is good is never too abundant.

When one door is shut another is opened.

He who sings frightens away his ills.

Truth always gets above falsehood, as oil above water.

There is no road so level as to have no rough places.

Love looks through spectacles which make copper appear as gold, poverty riches, and weak eyes pearls.

Let him preach well who lives well.

The little birds have God for a caterer.

To begin a thing is to have it half finished.

A good heart overcomes evil fortune.

There is nothing that costs less than civility.

When God sends the dawn He sends it for all.

Ingratitude is the child of pride.

He who falls today may rise tomorrow.

Many think to find bacon where there are no hooks to hang it on.

There is a great distance between *said* and *done*.

Diligence is the mother of success.

Those who seek adventures do not always find happy ones.

God who sends the wound sends the cure.

He who does not rise with the sun does not enjoy the day.

When you least expect it, up starts the hare.

We make less account of that which costs us little.

We are all equals when we are asleep.

There can be no true pleasantry without discretion.



AN ORPHAN BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS

THE STORY OF ANDREW JACKSON, INDIAN FIGHTER, SOLDIER AND PRESIDENT

A GREAT SOLDIER WHO BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

IT has always been the proud boast of American citizens that the poorest, if they possess the will and the ability, may rise to the highest positions in the nation. The history of the United States is full of such cases, and not one is more interesting than that of a boy born in North Carolina after his father, a poor immigrant, had died, who was twice elected President of the United States.

In 1765, just after the end of the French and Indian War, a party of emigrants left Carrickfergus, a village in the north of Ireland, to come to America. Among them were Andrew Jackson, his wife and two small sons. They had not been prosperous in Ireland, where the father worked on a few acres of rented land, and the mother helped to support the family by weaving linen. They saw no opportunity of improving their condition in Ireland and came to America where some of their relatives and friends were already living.

They landed at Charleston, South Carolina, and joined some of their friends in the back country near the North Carolina line. There they built a log house and began to cut down the trees and make ready for the crop. The work was terribly hard, they had few of the comforts of life, and had to do without many things. In 1767 the father of the family sickened and died. A few weeks later a third son was born and named Andrew for his father.

The boy grew up in the country, playing in the woods and fields, learning to shoot and to ride horseback, working a little on his uncle's farm, and sometimes going to such schools as were taught in the neighbourhood. These were generally taught in rude log houses in the woods, the terms were very short and the teachers sometimes knew very little. Books were scarce and there were no maps or charts. The boy learned a little, but he was not very fond of books.

When the Declaration of Independence was signed he was only nine years old. The British did not invade the South at first, but when they did the oldest brother,

Hugh, joined a band of American cavalry led by Colonel William Richardson Davie and died soon after. Andrew, when only thirteen years of age, and his other brother, Robert, were present at some of the small battles fought in their neighbourhood, but soon the American forces were driven away. There were many Tories in that section and soon small bands, both Whig and Tory, roamed the country, striving to do harm to the other side.

THE JACKSON BOYS ARE TAKEN PRISONERS BY THE BRITISH

A small force of British dragoons was sent to aid the Tories, and surprised a party of Whigs. Both of the Jackson boys were taken and with other prisoners were made to march forty miles without food or water. Andrew refused to black the boots of an officer, who struck him and broke his arm. While in prison both the boys sickened with smallpox, just as their faithful mother succeeded in getting them exchanged for some captured British soldiers. Robert Jackson died and Andrew did not recover his health for a long time. A little later their mother went to Charleston to help the American prisoners there, and fell sick and died.

The boy was left an orphan at the age of fifteen. He had very little property, and no one to guide him. Of his life for several years we really know little, though many interesting stories are told about him. He studied a little more, wasted some time no doubt, and some accounts say that he taught in a school like the one he had attended, though he was only a boy in years. Finally he decided to study law and rode on horseback to Salisbury, North Carolina, where he entered the office of a lawyer in that town. After two years of study he was licensed to practise law, though he never became a great lawyer.

What is now the great state of Tennessee was then a part of North Carolina, and was known as the western district. It had few inhabitants then, and life was rough and hard in the wilderness. Not many

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lawyers wished to go so far into the backwoods, and so it was not difficult for this young man at the age of twenty-one to get the appointment as solicitor, as the state's attorney was called, for this district.

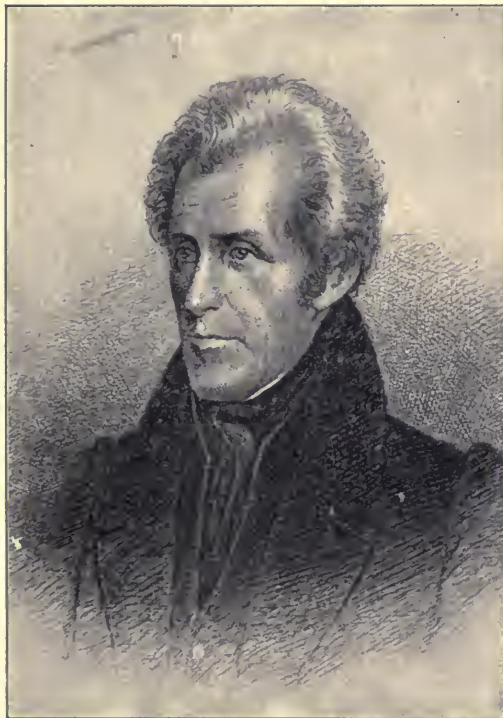
THE YOUNG LAWYER CROSSES THE MOUNTAINS TO TENNESSEE

With a few friends he set out on horseback over the mountains, and with others whom they met passed through the dan-

country store. He was tall, very slender, with keen searching eyes, and people trusted his honesty.

THE PEOPLE WILL NOT ALLOW HIM TO REMAIN AT HOME

He was not to be left to his own affairs, however, for just then he was elected a judge of the Supreme Court. This office he held for several years, but his private affairs became so tangled that



ANDREW JACKSON IN THE PRIME OF LIFE AND IN OLD AGE

gerous "Indian Country." So many and so fierce were the Indians, that no one was safe far away from the settlements. Soon whites came in larger numbers, and in 1796, Tennessee was admitted as the sixteenth state. The young lawyer had had a share in making a constitution for the new state and had made many friends. He was chosen the first representative in Congress. Before his term was over he was sent to the United States Senate. The life in Philadelphia, then the capital of the nation, did not please the man so accustomed to the freer life of Tennessee and he returned home and resigned. At this time he owned much land, and also a

he resigned in 1804 in order to straighten them out. This he did successfully, and took much interest in his farms, especially in raising fine horses. He was a perfect horseman and always loved a good horse. One of his horses had a great reputation over the whole state.

Though he had been chosen major-general of the state militia, General Jackson had had no experience in war when the War of 1812 came. The services of the Tennessee men were at once offered and General Jackson was ordered to lead them to New Orleans, as it was feared that the British would attempt to take that city. The troops did not go all the way but were

ANDREW JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS



This portrait by John Vanderlyn, an early American artist, was painted in 1820, and represents Jackson at New Orleans. It hangs in the City Hall, New York City. His appearance changed as he grew older.

ordered back home when they had reached Natchez, but the general won golden opinions from all his men by his care of them.

GENERAL JACKSON LEADS THE TROOPS AGAINST THE INDIANS

A few months later the stories of Indian massacres in Alabama filled the whole South with horror. Tennessee at once raised troops, but it was feared that General Jackson could not lead them. Soon after his return from the first campaign he had quarrelled with one of his officers, Thomas H. Benton, who was later United States Senator from Missouri, and had been shot by the brother of the latter. When the volunteers were assembling, he was lying in bed with his wound unhealed, and the doctors thought that he would lose an arm, even if he did not die.

Such combats were not uncommon then in the United States. Only a few years before, Aaron Burr, while still Vice-President of the United States, had killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel. General Jackson had also been engaged in a duel in which he killed his opponent, and was himself seriously wounded. He had a hot temper, had many quarrels during his earlier years, and was always ready to fight if necessary.

THE SOLDIERS WISH TO GO HOME

In spite of his wound, the determined general led his soldiers against the Creek Indians. The country was a wilderness, supplies were hard to get, and the soldiers suffered for lack of food. Sometimes there was meat only, sometimes bread, sometimes neither. Though the soldiers grumbled and threatened to return home, their commander by his iron will kept them in place until he had broken the power of the Creek Indians and had forced them to beg for peace. When the Americans had marched upon their "holy ground" and had not been punished by the "Great Spirit" the Creeks felt that there was nothing else to do.

General Jackson was now made a major-general of United States forces and given command of all the forces in the South. Though he had only a few men and his frail body was tortured with pain, on account of his wound and of the hardships of the campaign, he did not despair. Hearing that the British were furnishing

the Indians with arms and fearing that both British and Indians would attack Mobile, he hastened to that place, and beat off an attack both from the land and from the water. He next marched to Pensacola, Florida, then a Spanish possession. He took the town and forced the British to blow up Fort Barrancas. The power of both Spanish and British in Florida was now destroyed, but the British fleet disappeared. Believing that it had gone to New Orleans he set out on horseback toward that city and arrived December 1, 1814.

NEW ORLEANS NOT PREPARED TO RESIST THE BRITISH

News of the coming attack had already reached that city and everything was in confusion. New Orleans was hardly an American city. Louisiana had been bought from the French in 1803, and the majority of the population was either of French or Spanish descent. Though terribly ill, the iron-willed man did not waste a moment. He inspected the few hundred men who had been raised for the defence of that city, and then went down the river to examine the forts there. He decided, and the future proved him to be correct, that the British would not attempt to come up the river but would march over land, after crossing Lake Borgne, which made a "back door" to the city.

SOME OF JACKSON'S MEN WERE PIRATES

Meanwhile there were in the city about 2,000 men, badly drilled, and lacking guns and clothing. Some were little better than pirates. General Jackson agreed to pardon them if they would fight for the United States. Among the troops was a battalion of free negroes. But the presence of the born leader of men made them all determined to fight to the last. On the river were two small armed vessels, and on Lake Borgne were six small gunboats. Volunteers from Tennessee and from Kentucky were coming, and also the little force which had been left at Pensacola was making its toilsome way through the swamps toward New Orleans.

Finally the British ships arrived. They carried not only the forces which had been driven from Florida, but also those troops which had scattered the Americans at Bladensburg and had captured Washington. To these were added some splendid

AN ORPHAN BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS

regiments of Wellington's veterans, the best troops in the British army, or in all Europe for that matter. Then there were marines on the ships and nearly 10,000 sailors besides. This splendid army was advancing against New Orleans, which was unfortified and defended by less than 4,000 militia, under a general who had been in command of troops less than a year and a half. It seemed as if there could be but one result.

A BATTLE THAT WAS FOUGHT AFTER PEACE WAS MADE

The gunboats on the lake were easily taken by the British and some troops marched across the land and reached a point only eight miles from the city before they were seen. That night (December 23rd, 1814) General Jackson attacked this advance guard and threw it into confusion, but reinforcements arrived and he fell back behind an old canal and there began to throw up earthworks. The next day a peace treaty between the United States and Great Britain was signed at Ghent, but this was across the Atlantic and there was neither cable nor wireless then. The news did not reach the United States until weeks later.

On Christmas day the chief commander of the British forces arrived. This was General Sir Edward Pakenham, a brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, and a soldier who had won great reputation in the campaigns in Spain and France. He tried the American position and brought up artillery, but could make no impression upon the defences except upon that part of the breastworks which was made partly of bales of cotton. These were knocked about and some caught on fire. All of the cotton had to be thrown out.

THE BRITISH SOLDIERS ATTACK IN VAIN

Finally General Pakenham determined to send a part of his force across to the western side of the river and to attack on the eastern side at the same time. The assault was made with great bravery. The veteran troops marched toward the rude breastworks as steadily as if on parade, bugles sounding, flags flying, arms shining. The American cannon tore great lanes through their ranks but they closed up and marched onward. When they came within rifle range they were met by a withering

fire, but they still advanced, for a little distance, then halted, wavered, and fled. The Western backwoodsman who could knock a squirrel from the top of a tall tree, could not miss the bright red targets before them. Under the eye of General Pakenham, the British troops reformed, and with the killed Highlanders tried again. Their efforts failed before the deadly rifle fire. General Pakenham fell, the second in command was mortally wounded, and the men fled. Within twenty-five minutes about 2,000 of the best soldiers in the British army had been killed or wounded. The American loss was thirteen. There was never such a battle. Raw militia, many of whom had never been under fire before, had defeated a larger force of veteran soldiers, with almost no loss to themselves.

GENERAL JACKSON BECOMES VERY POPULAR

The United States went wild. The whole war had seemed a succession of American defeats on land. It was felt that this success wiped them all out. The West adored the leader, one of themselves, who had led them to victory, and the backwoods general became in a day the most popular man in the whole country. He had won the greatest victory in the history of the country.

He was offered a permanent command in the regular army, and accepted. Soon there was again trouble in the Indian country. Creeks who had escaped the slaughter, and runaway negroes, terrified what are now lower Alabama and Georgia. Jackson marched into their country and followed them across the line into the Spanish colony of Florida. There he found two British subjects who were accused of exciting the Indians to war against the United States. The general arrested them, sent them before a court martial, and had one hanged and the other shot. These rash actions at first threatened to bring on war with Great Britain and Spain but it was fortunately prevented. The next year a treaty was drawn up by which Spain sold Florida to the United States, though the government was not turned over until 1821.

THE SOLDIER FAILS AS GOVERNOR

General Jackson was appointed the first governor, and left the army to accept.

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We must say that he failed as a governor. He hated the Spaniards for what they had done or tried to do to his beloved West. Therefore he quarrelled with nearly all the Spaniards he met, and soon became disgusted. After a few months he resigned and returned to the peace of the "Hermitage," as his home near Nashville was called. He was now fifty-four years of age with a body weakened by wounds, hardships and sickness. He felt that his active life was over, and said that only another war would take him away from his home.

This was not to be. The second term of President Monroe was soon to close, and there were several candidates to succeed him. The legislature of Tennessee nominated General Jackson, and all the West took up the cry. He could not resist the compliment, and agreed to become a candidate. When the election was held it was found that no one of the four candidates had a majority of the votes. According to the Constitution the House of Representatives had to decide the question. Though Jackson had more votes than any other candidate, John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, who was second, was chosen through the help of Henry Clay.

GENERAL JACKSON BELIEVED THAT HE HAD BEEN CHEATED

General Jackson was furious, as he believed that he had been cheated out of the Presidency. From that day on until his death, he believed that President Adams and Mr. Clay had made an unfair bargain to defeat him, and hated both of them ever afterward. Opposition only made him more determined and all the while Adams was President, Jackson and his friends were planning to defeat him at the next election in 1828.

The campaign was bitter. Every rash act which he had done during his whole life was brought up against the stern old soldier. The people of the Eastern states were told that he was a brutal, ignorant man, with a violent temper, who constantly insulted those who did not agree with him, and that he would be sure to force the United States into war. The people of the West, however, felt that he was one of them and supported him against the "aristocrats" of the East. Many people in the East were surprised to find him

gentle and courteous when they met him, for the manners of this backwoodsman were very winning.

This fact is an interesting study. This son of a poor immigrant, brought up in the backwoods, bore himself in company with an ease and grace that would not have shamed a court. To women he was always respectful and deferential, and nearly every woman who met him became an admirer.

ALL THE FIRST PRESIDENTS WERE EASTERN MEN

At this time the government of the United States had been going on for forty years. Six Presidents had been chosen, but from two states only. Four had been chosen from Virginia, and had served thirty-two years. Two—John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams—had been chosen from Massachusetts. All of them, except Washington, had attended college, and he had associated with the best educated and best bred people in Virginia during his childhood and youth. No wonder that many people thought that the uneducated, hot-tempered Westerner was not fit to be President, even if he had been a successful soldier.

The common people everywhere supported Jackson, and it was soon seen that President Adams could not be re-elected. The people believed that a change was needed. The well-educated, prosperous men of the older states had controlled the government for forty years. Now a man of the people was to be put in charge. The West was jealous of the East, and was determined to have one of its own men for President. The election showed a great majority for Jackson.

MRS. JACKSON DIES AND LEAVES THE PRESIDENT LONELY

A few weeks after the election, Mrs. Jackson died. They had been married forty years before, while he was a struggling young lawyer. She had already been married when she met Mr. Jackson, as he was then, and her husband had been unkind. General Jackson loved her tenderly, though she was neither beautiful nor well-educated, and she was devoted to him. She was a good woman, and after her death, he was never the same man again. He was always lonely and sad,

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON



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Statue of Andrew Jackson, by Clark Mills, in Lafayette Square, Washington, made of cannon captured from the British in his campaigns. A replica is in Jackson Square, New Orleans.

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and tried to act toward men and women as she would have liked him to do.

We cannot tell all the things that happened during the eight years that General Jackson was President. Some of them are hard to understand, and do not mean very much to young people. He turned out many of the old officers of the government and put his own friends in their places. He determined to break up the United States bank and succeeded, though many people said that his action did great harm. He almost made war upon South Carolina, when that state said that some of the laws made by Congress were unjust, and threatened to refuse to obey them. He was able to get France to pay for the ships captured by Napoleon, and England agreed to allow American ships to trade with the West Indies.

THE PRESIDENT THREATENS TO MAKE WAR ON SOUTH CAROLINA

Because of his southern birth, the men of that section had supposed that the President would sympathise with them, but they were rudely awakened. It was then the custom of the Democrats to hold a banquet on the anniversary of Jefferson's birthday. The President was called upon for a toast at the banquet in 1830, and responded, "Our Federal Union: it must be preserved." This showed the Southerners present that they could hope for no aid from the President, and that he would oppose them with all his might. Though Jackson thought that he had been born in South Carolina, he was not willing to see that state either leave the Union, or remain in the Union and refuse to obey the laws.

In spite of the warning, South Carolina, under the leadership of John C. Calhoun, passed the "Nullification Ordinance" in 1832. It declared that the tariff acts were unconstitutional, and that South Carolina would not allow the taxes to be collected after February 1, 1833. Jackson at once had the forts in South Carolina reinforced, sent naval vessels to the ports, and ordered every officer to the South. War seemed possible, but just then Henry Clay brought in a bill lowering the tariff. This was passed by Congress, and then South Carolina repealed the Ordinance of Nullification, claiming that justice was all that was desired. The strong old Presi-

dent had gained his point, however, and no state afterward tried to remain in the Union, and at the same time refuse to obey the laws.

During the eight years that he was President, the West gained greatly in population and wealth. Millions of acres of land belonging to the government were offered for sale at low prices, and every year thousands of families loaded their possessions into wagons, and moved toward the setting sun; or else they were carried in clumsy boats down the Western rivers. So many people went to the West that soon several new states were asking for admission to the Union. With all these Western people, Jackson was very popular, more so even than Henry Clay, whom Jackson disliked so much.

During his two terms he had many quarrels. If the President thought that he was right, nothing could change him. He dismissed several members of his Cabinet because he thought they were unjust to the wife of another member, and he could not bear to see any one unkind to a woman. He always did what he believed to be the best thing for the country. In some things most people agree that he made mistakes, but he was so honest and so full of courage in all that he did that the people believed in him to the end. He went out of office almost as popular as when he was inaugurated.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE OLD LION

When his second term was ended in 1837, he was seventy years old and very feeble. He went to his home, "The Hermitage," and lived quietly with his adopted son and his family. Gradually he grew weaker, and in 1845, at the age of seventy-eight, passed away, and was buried in the garden of his home, beside the wife he loved so much. Before Mrs. Jackson's death, he had promised her that he would become a member of the Presbyterian Church. For fear that people might say that he was doing this to gain favour of the Christian people, he did not keep his promise until after he had retired from the presidency.

Such was the life of a poor orphan who, without the advantages of education or family, came to be the most popular man in the country, and was twice elected President of the United States.

THE HERMITAGE, THE HOME OF ANDREW JACKSON



Some years ago President Roosevelt visited the Hermitage and spoke. At his right hand stands Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, the daughter of one of the adopted children of General Jackson. The house is in the care of an association of patriotic women who are grouped around President Roosevelt.



Pictures from Brown Bros.
In a quiet corner of the Hermitage garden are the graves of President and Mrs. Jackson and some near relatives. Beside his beloved wife, and in the soil of the state which he loved, the old warrior sleeps quietly under the trees. Every year, many admirers of his strong character visit his old home.

THE BURGOMASTER'S MADONNA



This great picture is known as the Jakob Meier Madonna or the Burgomaster's Madonna. The original of the picture is in Darmstadt, but a copy, of which this picture is a reproduction, was long supposed to be the original, and is still believed by some people to be the work of Holbein himself. This copy, which is in itself a very great picture, hangs in the Royal Picture-Gallery in Dresden.

HANS HOLBEIN, THE YOUNGER

THE STORY OF ONE OF GERMANY'S GREATEST PAINTERS

ONE of the most famous names in the whole history of painting is that of Hans Holbein, the Younger. He was one of the giants of his art, one of those men who help to record the history of their times. His pictures are so true and life-like that we feel as if we knew the men and women that he painted. They help us to bridge the years, and see how people looked who lived four hundred years ago. They show us men and women of keen minds, of quick thought, of active intelligence, the people who lived in the wonderful, glowing days of the Renaissance.

At the end of the fifteenth century, the ancient imperial city of Augsburg was a very important centre of trade and commerce. It was also a great religious centre, for its bishop was one of the princes of the church, in Germany. It numbered among its citizens great merchant princes, and many other men of wealth and note, and to Augsburg oftentimes the emperor came to hold his court. It was a city full of life and colour and bustle; the people were prosperous and the arts and crafts flourished. Many painters found employment there, among them, Hans Holbein, the Elder, and there his famous son was born, in the year 1497, the same year that John Cabot crossed the Atlantic, to discover Newfoundland and sail down along the New England coast. They were great and stirring times in which Hans the Younger was born, and in which he lived and died, and made for himself so great a reputation that it has completely overshadowed his father's fame. It was the age in which the great movement that we call the Renaissance reached its height. Printing had been invented; painting and sculpture and literature had gained new life; navigators had found that they could venture far across the ocean to discover new lands, and from every side came tales of great adventure. News of all these doings came to Augsburg, for it lay on the high road from Italy and the Mediterranean, to Northern Europe. There was constant coming and going, and interchange of ideas between the two regions, and it was in this atmosphere of life and movement that the young Hans grew up.

Of his home life we know nothing. We do not know his mother's name, how long she lived, or where she died. His father and his father's brother both were painters, and his elder brother Ambrosius became a painter too. When Hans was five years old, his father put himself and both his sons into a picture that he painted, and some years after he made a drawing of the two boys alone, so that we know how they looked in their early years. The drawing shows Ambrosius as a curly-haired youth, while Hans is a round-faced boy of fourteen, with large eyes, and straight heavy hair cropped short around his neck and across his brows. He looks with an intent and serious gaze at something that we cannot see, while Ambrosius looks at him.

Hans the Elder, who was an excellent artist, taught both his boys to draw and paint, hoping perhaps that they too would become members of the guild of painters in their native town. But though he was a good artist, he was very unfortunate. He left his taxes unpaid, was sued in the courts for debt, and his own brother seized his furniture and had it sold. He is supposed to have died about the year 1524, but where we do not know.

HE SETS OUT ON HIS TRAVELS

Long before this, however, Hans the Younger had started out upon his own career. In the year 1514, when he was a youth of about seventeen, and when perhaps his father's misfortunes had begun to grow thick about them, he and his brother both set out to make their fortunes. There were at this time at Basel, on the borders of Switzerland, great printing houses which employed artists to illustrate the books they published, and here the two boys determined that they would make their way. Probably they set out on foot, for it is unlikely that two poor young painters could afford horses to ride. It is more than likely that, as the custom then was, they wandered in leisurely fashion from town to town, working their way as they went, perhaps painting Madonnas for the village churches, or even signboards for the village inns. At any rate, the first

picture by Holbein that we have was probably painted while he was on this journey. It is a picture, painted for the church at Constance, of the Virgin Mary holding in her arms the Child Jesus, and is a wonderful piece of work for a boy in his eighteenth year.

HE REACHES BASEL

He reached Basel in the year 1515, and seems at once to have made a good impression, for the same year he was com-

missioned to paint portraits of Jakob Meier, the burgomaster, or chief magistrate, and Dorothea his wife. For these pictures he made very careful drawings, and both drawings and paintings show that he had gained great skill. Even at this early date his power of reproducing the characteristics of the people whose portraits he painted is very evident. His pictures are much more than good likenesses.

They not only give us the features, and tell us that a man had blue eyes and brown hair, but they tell us what the real man was like, and how he faced life and its problems.

HE PAYS A VISIT TO LUCERNE

Some writers think that, for the first year or two of his life in Basel, he worked under another painter. A group of religious pictures which he painted during these years seems to show the influence of another mind. Other critics think that at this period of his life he paid a visit to Italy, because his work soon began to show the influence of the Italian school. About

this time, he painted a picture which strongly reminds us of Leonardi's great picture of the Last Supper, and it is thought that he must have seen it in Milan. But whether he crossed the Alps or not, it is certain that he paid a visit to Lucerne. While he was there he painted a house for Jakob Hertenstein, a magistrate, in the way that was then the fashion in northern Italy and some parts of Germany. The rooms of the house were decorated with pictures of religious subjects and such stories as the fable of the fountain of youth, while the outer walls were covered with pictures of stories taken from the history of Greece and Rome. The house stood for over three hundred years, and was only pulled down in the early part of the last century. Unfortunately this was done before the days of photography, and so we have scarcely any record of this work on which the young artist spent so much time.



Some time in the eighteenth century, the Queen of England found in a drawer at Windsor Castle a collection of Holbein's drawings which had been laid aside and forgotten. She recognised their value and since then they have been properly cared for. This picture gives us a good idea of their beauty.

HE MARRIES AND BECOMES A CITIZEN OF BASEL

We do not know how long he stayed in Lucerne, but in a year or two he was back again in Basel, where he now appears to have determined to settle down. The painters at Basel belonged to a guild, as a society of craftsmen was called in those days. It was a great honour to belong to the guild, for no one could become a member who had not served his full years of apprenticeship, and proved himself a master of his chosen art or craft. Admission into a painter's guild was much

the same thing as if a man had taken a degree, or had received a diploma from a school of art. Therefore, when Holbein returned to Basel, and determined to become a citizen, settle down and marry, his first step seems to have been to apply for membership in the guild. He was admitted in September of the year 1519. The next year, 1520, he married a widow, of whom we know only that her name was Elsbeth. He was now a young man of twenty-three, and this same year he became a citizen of the town of Basel which, although it belonged to the Swiss Confederation, had then an independent government of its own.

He made good friends at Basel, some of them very famous men. Among them were Froben, head of the well known printing house which published Erasmus' works, the great Erasmus himself and Bonifacius Amerbach, who afterwards made an important collection of Holbein's pictures. Of these three men Holbein painted portraits, which make them very real to us. Perhaps it was his portrait of his friend Amerbach which gained him admission to the guild. It is one of the most delightful pictures of his early years. Amerbach was so pleased with it that he called it a "noble likeness."

SOME OF HIS GREAT PICTURES

Holbein continued to live in Basel for a number of years, and while there painted many pictures. Some of these were religious pictures, among them a beautiful Madonna, as pictures of the Virgin Mary with the infant Christ are called. The mother, clothed in a flowing red dress and blue mantle, and wearing a golden crown on her head, is seated on a throne. On her lap she holds the Child Jesus, who rests his head against her, and moves about his little hands and feet in the delightfully aimless way that little children have. On either side stand St. Ursus in armour, and St. Martin in his robes, wearing his mitre and holding his bishop's staff in his hand. St. Martin looks down at the beggar, whose face just shows behind the Virgin's cloak, and who holds up a basin for the alms that the saint bestows upon him. St. Ursus, who is an upright, soldierly figure, holds in his right hand a standard which shows the cross on its folds.

Holbein, however, did not confine himself to the painting of religious pictures. His energy seems to have been immense. He painted many houses in Basel, in the same way as the house he had already done in Lucerne. He painted three of the walls of the Town Hall with historical and allegorical subjects. He made drawings for woodcuts to illustrate books,—among them illustrations for both the Old and the New Testament,—designs for painted glass windows and even designs for ladies' costumes. It was some time during these years that he made his famous Dance of Death, a series of drawings which show the coming of Death. To each one at his work or his play Death appears. He takes the child from its cradle, the ploughman from the field, the king from his throne.

But the greatest of his works belonging to this period is another Madonna, called The Madonna of the Burgomaster Jakob Meier, the same burgomaster whose portrait Holbein painted when he first went to Basel. This great picture represents the burgomaster placing himself and all his family under the protection of the Virgin, who stands in the centre of the kneeling group. In her arms she holds her infant Son, who leans against her shoulder as if weary and holds out his little hand in blessing. There are three children in the group, one of them a chubby, lovely little boy of two or three years old, who is held in place by his brother, and who looks down intently at his arm which he holds out to catch the sunshine. There is a copy of this picture in the gallery at Dresden, which is so wonderfully well done that for a hundred years it was supposed to be the original. Indeed some people now think that the copy was made by Holbein himself.

This period of hard work was probably broken by a journey through part of France. Holbein had painted a portrait of Erasmus, which Erasmus wished to present to Bonifacius Amerbach, who had gone to study at Avignon where the Popes once lived. It is believed that the painter brought this picture himself to Avignon, for a letter written by Erasmus states that he had sent it by his hand. From there it is believed that he journeyed on to Bourges in the centre of France, where the great cathedral was nearing comple-



PORTRAIT OF JANE SEYMOUR, WIFE OF HENRY VIII

tion. From Bourges he brought home two beautiful drawings which he made from a monument that stood in a chapel there.

But troubled times had come to Basel. The people had begun to quarrel about religion. Some of them had grown to

believe that it was wrong to have pictures in churches. Some of them even thought that it might be wrong to paint pictures at all. Later on there were riots in the town, for people had not yet learned toleration, and many beautiful works of art



This picture, which is called "The Ambassadors," is reproduced from one of Holbein's greatest paintings. It gives us portraits of two French gentlemen of his time, Jean de Dinteville, who was in England as ambassador, and his friend, the Bishop of Lavaur, the French ambassador to the emperor, Charles V. When the portrait was painted, the bishop was in England on a visit to his friend.

were completely destroyed. Naturally times grew hard for the artists. A decree had been passed forbidding the placing of pictures in churches. There were not enough great men in Basel to make portrait painting profitable, and Holbein left the town for a time.

THE PAINTER'S FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND

His friend Erasmus had spent some years in England, where he was greatly esteemed. He strongly advised Holbein to go there, and in fact had written about him some time earlier to Sir Thomas More. This great man, who thought the painter "a marvellous artist," had replied, promising that he would help him, and to England Holbein now bent his steps.

True to his promise, Sir Thomas treated him in the most friendly way. He set the fashion by sitting for his own portrait, and his example was followed by such men as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Rochester, and Sir Henry Guilford, a friend of Sir Thomas More's. The picture-loving English people had no great painter of their own at this time, and were glad to take advantage of the presence of so great a man as Holbein, who worked with such ease and rapidity, and made such wonderfully lifelike portraits. Some time during the two years of his stay, he painted a picture of Sir Thomas More's family group. It has unfortunately disappeared, but the drawing for it that he made shows how beautiful

a picture it must have been. The drawing was sent to Erasmus as a present by Sir Thomas, and is now in the museum at Basel.

THE RETURN TO BASEL FOR A TIME

At the end of two years Holbein, who had left his family behind, went back to Basel, where he now bought a house, for while he was in England he had made a good deal of money. About this time he painted a picture of his wife and two children, said to be Philip and Catherine. It is a simple and beautiful picture of a mother with a strong and very sad face. She is stooping forward with her hand resting on the shoulder of her fair-haired son, while she holds the little girl in her other arm. She looked sad perhaps because her husband was so soon to leave her again. He did not go immediately, however. He stayed long enough to paint the fourth wall of the Town Hall, and it was at least three years, perhaps four, from the time he left England, before he returned to London. There he found so much work to do and became so important that he only once more went home to pay a visit. It was in England that he painted the series of great portraits by which we know him best.

HE GOES BACK TO LONDON AND BECOMES PROSPEROUS

When he reached London the second time, he began work by painting portraits of some of the German merchants at the Steelyard. This was a picturesque part of London which belonged to the famous Hanseatic League, and here the German merchants, who were engaged in business in London, lived as in their own country. The pictures which Holbein painted of some of these men are very important and rank among his most famous works.

Soon, however, he was again painting for the court, and in the remaining years of his life he did a large amount of wonderful work. Only a year or two after his return to London, he painted a portrait of the Lord Chancellor, Thomas Cromwell, the great-granduncle of Oliver Cromwell. The Lord Chancellor was in high favour with the king, and from this it was an easy step to painting pictures for the king himself. It was not long before Henry commissioned him to paint

on the walls of Whitehall Palace a picture of his father, Henry VII, his mother, himself and his wife, Jane Seymour. The picture itself was destroyed by fire, but it is from a copy of the portrait of Henry VIII that we get our best idea of that monarch. The painter has shown him to us in gorgeous court dress, his right hand clasping his gloves against his hip, his left playing with the loop of his dagger. He stands with his feet well apart, and looks as if he were ready to defy the opinion of the whole world. Some time earlier than this, Holbein had painted a portrait of the queen — a very beautiful picture which is now in Vienna.

HE IS APPOINTED COURT PAINTER TO THE KING OF ENGLAND

He had now reached the most prosperous period of his life. He had been appointed court painter, at a regular salary which later was doubled, and was a personage of great importance. It was the fashion among members of the court to have their portraits painted by him. He was sent by Cromwell to paint a portrait of the Princess Christina of Denmark, and also of the Duchess Anne of Cleves, who became Henry's fourth wife. He also painted a miniature of Henry's fifth wife, Katherine Howard, a portrait of her uncle, the Earl of Norfolk, and the king's little son, Edward, Prince of Wales. This picture he gave to the king as a New Year's gift. He must have had a tender love for children, if we are to judge from his beautiful pictures of them. He caught the expression of their faces, and the unconscious grace of their attitudes, as only a man could who understood and sympathised with them.

In the year 1538, at least six years after his last visit to his home, the king sent him to the continent on business, and he took this opportunity to go to Basel to see his family. He was received with great honour by the town, and the authorities tried to make an arrangement by which he would spend a portion of each year at Basel. He assured them that he could not get the consent of the English king to his departure from court for at least two years and to this the Council agreed. He left with the understanding that he would return at the end of that time, but five years passed and he was still in London,



PORTRAIT OF A MAN UNKNOWN

and still a favourite with his royal master. He was never to see his wife and children again, for in November, 1543, he fell ill of the plague, and died at the age of forty-six.

Some of his best portraits are in England, but many of them found their way

to the continent of Europe. An important collection of his work was made by his friend Bonifacius Amerbach, whose son, Basilius Amerbach, continued to add to it, and this was bought by the town of Basel as a precious gem for its museum. Many of the pictures in this collection are won-

derful drawings, and at Windsor Castle, in England, there is another collection of drawings which are scarcely less beautiful than his finished paintings.

The story of these drawings is very interesting. They were one day discovered, in a drawer, it is said, by Queen Caroline, the wife of King George II. She was struck by their beauty, and when enquiry was made, it was found that they had been laid aside and forgotten for many years. The queen had them framed, and hung, but after her death they were taken down. They have since been carefully mounted, and bound in portfolios, and have again been placed in Windsor Castle.

Several of his pictures have been brought to this country, and some have been placed in the public picture galleries.

HIS GREAT MURAL PAINTINGS ARE LOST

From his early days to the end of his life, Holbein made a careful drawing for each one of his pictures. They are more than studies. Some of them are done in red, or in red and black chalk; some of them filled in with a little colour. It is fortunate for us that we have these drawings, for aside from the fact that they give us wonderful lessons in drawing, they are the only record that we have of his wall decorations. All of his great mural work has been lost. Some of it, as in the case of the Town Hall at Basel, was probably destroyed by damp; much of it was work done in decorating houses which perhaps it was not thought worth while to preserve. An immense amount of his work, however, remains in the world, enough to show us that he was a great painter, who worked as faithfully over a design for a dagger sheath, an earring or a brooch, as he did over the portrait of a king.

He does not seem to have required many sittings for a portrait. It is said that he made a drawing at one, or two sittings at the most, made careful notes of the colour of the eyes and hair, and of the dress of his subject, and then painted the picture from the drawing. One day, the story goes, when he was intent upon painting a picture in this way, he was interrupted by a nobleman of the court, who wished to see his work. Holbein, however, refused to admit him, saying, in excuse, that he was busy on a commission for the king.

The earl, who was furious at this opposition by a mere painter, declared that if Holbein did not immediately open the door, he would break it in. At that Holbein, who was equally furious at this rudeness, did open the door, and flung the intruder down the stairs. Then fearing that he had seriously injured the earl, he hastened to the king, and begged forgiveness. This the king promised he would give, if Holbein would make a clean breast of the story.

When Henry heard the name of the important personage who had been so unceremoniously treated by the artist, he was angry and, sending Holbein into another room, said that he must think the matter over. Fortunately, however, for Holbein, the earl, who had really been badly hurt, presently arrived to ask for the punishment of his assailant. He had himself carried into the king's presence on a chair, and poured out his tale. But he made it so one-sided and unfair, and mixed it with so much falsehood, while he said nothing about the provocation that he had given, that he turned the tables against himself. The king, who had already heard the other side of the story, was much more angry with him than he was with the artist, and told him very tartly that out of seven peasants he could at any time make seven earls, but out of seven earls he could not make one such artist as Holbein. The earl muttered threats of vengeance, and then the king told him plainly that if he attempted revenge, he would find he had to deal not with Holbein but with the king, and that he would suffer for it, if any harm came to Holbein. The artist was a favourite with the king, who is said to have given him a painting room in the palace at Whitehall.

Holbein's wife did not long survive him. They had four children, two sons and two daughters. Both of their daughters married, and lived and died in Basel, but neither of their sons stayed in that city. Before Holbein's death, Philip, the elder son, was apprenticed to a goldsmith in Paris, and afterward settled down at Augsburg, his father's native place. From him was descended the noble family of the Holbeins of Holbeinsburg. James, the younger son, also became a goldsmith, and followed his father's example by going to live in London, where he spent his life.



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