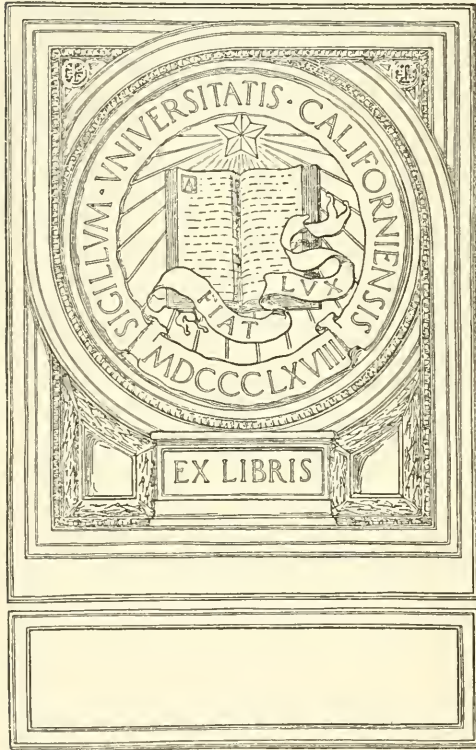


THE EXCURSIONS OF A
BOOK-LOVER

Fredric Rowland Marvin

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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THE EXCURSIONS OF A BOOK-LOVER

BEING PAPERS ON LITERARY
THEMES

BY
FREDERIC ROWLAND MARVIN

*"Dearly beloved old pigskin tomes!
Of dingy hue — old bookish darlings!
Oh cluster ever round my rooms,
And banish strifes, disputes, and snarlings."*



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1910

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TO
PERSIS
MY BELOVED WIFE
IN GLAD REMEMBRANCE OF
A HAPPY MARRIED LIFE

273610

THIS book is precisely what its name indicates. The papers of which it is composed represent the many pleasant evenings which a Book-lover has passed in delightful association with what an English poet has called "the sweet consolors of the mind." There is no plan or special purpose in the arrangement. The Excursionist's migrations were not, all of them, "from the blue bed to the brown." He visited the libraries of his friends where he found not only the goodly fellowship of many rare volumes, but the companionship of kindred souls, and the joy of a fragrant cigar. The gladness of many evenings is in these pages.

F. R. M.

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I

BOOKS

Collegian.

Did you, ere we departed from the college,
O'erlook my library?

Servant.

Yes, sir; and I find
Although you tell me learning is immortal,
The paper and the parchment 'tis contain'd in,
Savours of much mortality.
The moths have eaten more
Authentic learning than would richly furnish
A hundred country pedants; yet the wormes
Are not one letter wiser.

— *Glaphorn's "Wit in a Constable."*

BOOKS

I

“And I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life; making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche, and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own literary possessions lightly and deliberately, with no chance of tearing or dog’s ears.”

John Ruskin.

NO, Mr. Ruskin, the man who would make of books lasting and intimate friends will never proceed in the way you recommend. The man who truly loves good books will draw them to himself by a subtile, mysterious, and indescribable attraction. Books will not *decorate* his shelves, “each volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche,” but, like friends, they will gather around him in affectionate companionship. They will commune with him. Between him and them there will be absolutely no ceremony. He will attract such books as give him pleasure, and the night will be turned into day with the splendor of their hallowed fellowship. Charles Lamb, beloved of all book-lovers,

used sometimes to kiss the quaint and curious volumes that, open upon his desk, awaited his coming. They were to him in no wise like little statues. They were his dearest friends. Thus tenderly the author of *Elia* discourses of a noble library:

“It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage, and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the fruit bloom of those scintial apples which grew amid the happy orchard.”

When you know a man's enemies, you know as well something of his character. The hostility of the right man is an honor not to be despised. In the same way one may form some opinion of a book by the aversions which it awakens. Books, like their readers, have their own special enemies, and it would be by no means a difficult task to single out and name at least one or two famous works that have created no small amount of hatred and contention. But there are certain general enemies that in all lands and in every age attack good books of every kind, and that not infrequently menace literature itself. An able author whose friendship I have long enjoyed, but whose name it would be a breach of confidence to disclose, told me that he always numbered among

the worst enemies of literature the ordinary publisher. I give his words as I remember them:

“The publisher of such cheap books as are sold on railroad trains, and are greedily devoured on the verandas of fashionable hotels and public houses where idlers and pleasure-seekers gather—the publisher of such books is certainly to be regarded as one of the most dangerous of all the remorseless enemies that books of whatever kind may have. He prints for the dollars they bring him novels of no worth whatever, and that crowd from every available place such books as inform the mind and arouse the mental energies. He prints poor fiction by the cord as men saw hickory logs. There is, however, this important difference: the wood is reserved for merry flames that leap and dance upon the hearth, shedding warmth and cheer through long winter evenings, while, since the day when the Holy Inquisition went out of business, books (even the worst of them) have escaped such consuming and purifying fires. Yet now and then some large and pretentious printing establishment, by rare good fortune, goes up in flame and smoke; and a worse than worthless stock of misused paper sheds upon our dark world for one brief hour the only effulgence it is capable of diffusing. The mercenary publisher is but a shade less objectionable than the mercenary clergyman. He is the evil genius of the world of letters. Not a book of real value will he touch, and not an unknown writer of ability will he help to name or fortune.”

It may be that my friend is too severe in his judgment, and uncharitable in his somewhat sweeping accusations. Yet when every allowance has been made, and the exceptional pub-

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lishers have been suitably acknowledged and commended, is there not a substantial foundation of truth beneath the seemingly harsh indictment? Some time ago I made for my own amusement a list of such unusually good books as I could think of that had been "turned down" by more than one publisher of excellent standing before at last they came into the hands of men who had courage and enterprise. The list was at once surprising and humiliating. It included many of the best and most famous of the books that will live. William R. Alger's "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life," with a wonderful catalogue of more than five thousand works, in many languages, relating to the nature, origin, and destiny of the soul, and having an Appendix giving an exhaustive list of books treating of "the souls of brutes," has now passed through fifteen editions. The author gave ten years of hard study to the monumental work, and when the book was completed there was not a publisher in all the land who would give it the slightest consideration. The book would have remained unpublished had not Mr. George W. Childs, who was applied to, discovered its importance. Mr. Childs would not at first believe that there could be any difficulty in obtaining a publisher, but when he was made aware of the situation he at once enabled the author to give his great work to the world. It would not be difficult to cite many other cases which lend quite as forcible an endorsement to my friend's seemingly

severe arraignment of the publishing fraternity.

The newspaper, so it seems to me, might be counted in with the enemies of good books. Not every periodical is to be classed with "the workers of iniquity." There are worthy papers and magazines, though there are fewer of these than most men believe. Yet it is true that thousands of journals are without concealment the foes of whatever is noble and good in the great world of letters. The man of affairs who might by some acquaintance with worthy books save himself from being buried alive beneath all that is sordid and vulgar, is literally thrust into his grave with the breath of life still in his body by mercenary editors who print and circulate countless pages of rubbish. These, not content with slaughtering the language in which they profess to print their papers, destroy as well the soul of all high thinking. Wendell Phillips wrote many years ago:

"It is momentous, yes, a fearful truth, that the millions have no literature, no school, and almost no pulpit but the press. Not one in ten reads books. But every one of us, except the very few helpless poor, poisons himself every day with a newspaper. It is parent, school, college, pulpit, theatre, example, counselor, all in one. Every drop of our blood is colored by it. Let me make the newspapers, and I care not who makes the religion or the laws."

Never were truer words uttered or printed. The newspaper-habit, like the opium-habit and the thirst for alcohol, is a great national evil.

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Could about two-thirds of the journals now published be, by some stroke of magic wand, swept into the already overcrowded United States Pharmacopœia, to be henceforth dispensed only upon the issuance of a physician's prescription, as are other and less dangerous poisons, it may be there would be few of the poorer journals published, but we should, beyond doubt, have stronger minds, purer morals, and better books.

Another enemy of good books is the public library. Not every library is to be counted in with the foes of our best literature. No sane man could wish to suppress the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the Emmanuel Library at Cambridge, or the Library of Harvard University. For these let us be ever thankful! But think for a brief moment of the Library of Congress at Washington—that vast dumping ground for thousands upon thousands of copyrighted books!

In England few persons purchase books. Readers borrow from circulating libraries. In America things are different. We like to own our books. One may see in even the open country little libraries that belong to men and women of humble station and slender purse. We write our names in our books, and scribble upon their margins with a proud feeling of ownership. The books belong in our homes, and are not "to be returned." In a very true sense they are friends and companions. But alas! how often they are friends no wise reader can afford to choose.

Books are cheap. The old-bookman sells them by the bushel. A dime will buy twenty-four hours' worth of reading, such as it is, allowing for skipping. Cheap literature is a national evil. Fewer books and better ones are needed.

"I have a picture hanging in my library," wrote Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "a lithograph, of which many of my readers may have seen copies. It represents a gray-haired old book-lover at the top of a long flight of steps. He finds himself in clover, so to speak, among rare old editions, books he has longed to look upon and never seen before, rarities, precious old volumes, *incunabula*, cradle-books, printed while the art was in its infancy—its glorious infancy, for it was born a giant. The old book-worm is so intoxicated with the sight and handling of the priceless treasures, that he cannot bear to put one of the volumes back after he has taken it from the shelf. So there he stands—one book open in his hands, a volume under each arm, and one or more between his legs—loaded with as many as he can possibly hold at the same time. Now, that is just the way in which the extreme form of book-hunger shows itself in the reader whose appetite has become over-developed. He wants to read so many books that he over-crams himself with the crude materials of knowledge, which become knowledge only when the mental digestion has time to assimilate them."

I doubt much if a general and indiscriminate book-hunger is to be desired. "Bibliophagia" is a new word, and many good scholars are far from pleased when they see it in print; yet it has come

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to remain with us, and soon or late every dictionary in our language will hail its arrival and bid it welcome. Book-hunger is not exactly like the hunger one has for a joint of beef; it is less gross, but in no wise less rapacious. Every bookseller must be on his guard against the man who steals books, not that he may sell them, but that he may own them. The literary and book-loving thief knows precisely what he wants, and he is a good judge of values. The pockets of his coat are constructed with a view to frequent visits to the second-hand bookseller, whose dusty shelves have a charm for those who understand such matters that no mere Philistine can ever comprehend. It is astonishing how much the literary thief can stow away in safe places. When he is so unfortunate as to be caught, shame does not greatly disturb him. He is far more anxious about the fate of his plunder than he is about that of his person.

In the city of Albany, where gather politicians great and small from every corner of the Empire State, and where I have been so fortunate as to live for more than a dozen happy years, "Ye Olde Booke Man" is one Joseph McDonough, a prince among the mighty and sagacious traders in rare and curious books from lands far and near. On his sacred shelves the dust of learning is soft and deep, and before one is aware of the danger, his most holy resolutions are reduced to even finer dust. Over that seductive and dangerous store-

house of knowledge the public authorities should compel the good Joseph to inscribe for the protection of feeble wills and debilitated purses the warning of Scripture, "Lead us not into temptation." Book-catalogues are seldom regarded as a part of the body of literature, and yet surely some such catalogues are genuine contributions to that department of polite literature we call *belles-lettres*. What can be more delightful than a well printed catalogue, on good paper, with wide margins. Some such are rendered still more attractive by the insertion of finely executed prints of sumptuous bindings and dainty tail-pieces. Many catalogues are as well composed as they are printed, and so it comes to pass that the bookseller is not infrequently a bookmaker whose contributions to the library are worthy of preservation. How a well-prepared catalogue stimulates the hunger for good books! This the trained bookseller knows full well, and he ponders upon the result as he constructs the captivating pages.

In this connection it may be interesting to note that there have been men who, under pressure from those who did not wish them well, actually devoured in a literal and not in a figurative sense the printed page. Some time ago the *Scientific American* gave its readers an account of the remarkable meals of certain unfortunate men:

In 1370 Barnabo Visconti compelled two Papal delegates to eat the bull of excommunication

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which they had brought him, together with its silken cord and leaden seal. As the bull was written on parchment, not paper, it was all the more difficult to digest.

A similar anecdote was related by Oelrich in his "Dissertatio de Bibliothecarum et Librorum Fatis," (1756), of an Austrian general who had signed a note for two thousand florins, and was compelled by his creditor, when it fell due, to eat it.

A Scandinavian writer, the author of a political book, was compelled to choose between being beheaded or eating his manuscript boiled in broth.

Isaac Volmar, who wrote some spicy satires against Bernard, Duke of Saxony, was not allowed the courtesy of the kitchen, but was forced to swallow his literary productions uncooked.

Still worse was the fate of Philip Oldenburger, a jurist of great renown, who was condemned not only to eat a pamphlet of his writing, but also to be flogged during his repast, with orders that the flogging should not cease until he had swallowed the last crumb.

We cannot think such dinners good for digestion, but perhaps they were not so distasteful as at first glance they appear. We do remember that a book-lover in the wild west wished that after his death his body might be opened, and that under his ribs, close to his heart, there might be stowed away a certain little book that he had treasured through many long years. Edwards, the book

collector, left written instructions with regard to his coffin. It was to be made out of some of the strong shelves of his library. Many an author would like to have one or two of his books laid upon his coffin, or could wish that at his funeral some choice page from his best work might be read by a literary friend. At the funeral of Edmund Clarence Stedman the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke read verses of his own making in honor of the dead. They were good, but doubtless all who were present would have much preferred to hear some tender and gracious lines penned by the dead singer. A stereotyped service in which a begowned priest is the thing most conspicuous, and his metallic voice the sound most distinctly remembered, is hardly the kind of service an artistic mind would find pleasure in contemplating. The Protestant Episcopal burial service, much lauded in certain quarters, is well adapted to the commonplace ministrations of an ordinary priest, but its fixed and unalterable sentences and sonorous but insipid platitudes are poorly adjusted to finer needs. When they laid to rest the gifted and gentle Whittier, Mr. Stedman spoke with deep feeling and "a trained artist's judgment," and those who heard his address felt that the right word had been spoken.

In earlier ages, upon funeral occasions, noble and beautiful words were uttered by men who voiced the deep feeling of a true heart. We turn the page yellowed with time, and come to the

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“doleful complaints” of Sir Ector de Moris over the dead Sir Launcelot. What manly grief and noble speech! The venerable chronicler tells us:

“And then Sir Ector threw his shield, his sword, and his helm from him; and when he beheld Sir Launcelot’s visage, he fell down in a swoon; and when he awoke, it were hard for any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. ‘Ah! Sir Launcelot,’ said he, ‘thou wert head of all Christian knights. And now I dare say,’ said Sir Ector, ‘that Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, thou wert never matched of any earthly knight’s hands; and thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bear shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman, and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever eat in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest.’ ”

Blessed is the man who lives in holy fellowship with great and noble books. His is a world upon which no evil genius may breathe the blight of a selfish and unlovely spirit. Angels wait upon him day and night. His solitude is peopled with heavenly companionship. The highest delight possible to man is his. Before him open the gates of Paradise.

II

One of the most interesting of the many books that from a Romish point of view explain the liturgies of the Roman Catholic Church is "The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church," by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh, a learned and conscientious priest who ministers to St. Mary's Church in the city of Troy, N. Y. The book is all the more interesting as well as astonishing because of the unquestioned piety and unusual frankness of the author. Theologians are not as a class conspicuously honest. The amount of hedging and dodging encountered in an ordinary book on divinity or on church history and public worship is enough to demolish the faith of the stoutest believer. If a man would retain the sweet and simple faith of his early days he should leave untouched the apologetics of every school, and keep himself unspotted from theological seminaries. Walsh has given the world a remarkable book. The man himself is profoundly honest. He believes without question or reservation of any kind all the astonishing puerilities and trivialities of the great religious organization of which he is a representative. And speaking as he does, with authority, he endorses and recommends to his fellowmen what he himself holds to be true. He does not see that the very sincerity which he manifests renders only the more absurd the astonishing things which he represents to be of importance

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in the sight of the Creator of heaven and earth. That the self-existent and eternal Spirit "whose presence bright all space doth occupy" could care anything about the proportion of alcohol allowed in the wine set apart for sacramental purposes, or that it could be of any consequence to that Spirit, whether raisins steeped in water and crushed in a wine press for Eucharistic purposes were to be accounted true wine, seems to me a thing beyond the belief of a sound mind. Think of a God answering to the Westminster Assembly's definition of Deity—"a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth"—think of such a God concerning Himself about a beeswax candle or taking the slightest interest in the head-covering of ecclesiastics. Yet here is a learned and sincere man who thinks these things are worth writing about, and who believes that the Eternal One of whom we can have no adequate conception gives thought to such trivialities.

I honor the man who in an age like this has a real faith, and who stands by it under all circumstances, but I can have no personal interest in a faith that is not reasonable. Some kind of anthropomorphism we must have. The sacred writings of all lands represent the Eternal Spirit as possessed of a body, and they ascribe to Him such physical parts and acts as are proper to man. He is said to hear, speak, come and go. He has eyes, mouth, ears, hands and feet. But all this is

represented as analogy. Fundamental knowledge of God as He is in and of Himself, and apart from all His creatures, no man may have. I must think of Him under some form or shape, and yet that form or shape need not belittle His nature. That is to say, it need not fall below the thought and imagination of a cultivated mind. I must think of Him as a person, though an infinite person (attaching to the term its natural meaning) is a self-contradictory phrase. But I am not reduced to the necessity of representing Him as an arranger of altar-lights and a fitter of priests' caps. The anthropomorphism may be at least abreast of the best there is in man and the age.

More and more we are coming to think of God as inseparably associated with nature, as working with it and through it. We would not undervalue the Divine revelation in man—"the Word was made flesh"—but modern science has disclosed Him in nature with new power and beauty. This is a noble view of His presence and activity. In the blush of the morning and in the evening breeze He is present. In Him as in a mirror is reflected the vast universe. You may call this Pantheism if you will, but it remains a noble thought of the Creator. The poet apparels it in something of its own beauty in "Tintern Abbey":

"I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,—
 A motion and a spirit which impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.”

Perhaps there is a still higher reverence—a reverence that refuses to discuss what must forever transcend all human knowledge. Have we reason to believe that God bears any real resemblance to our thought of Him? Is there any description that describes Him? The Hebrew Scriptures tell us that “His thoughts are not as our thoughts;” that “His ways are past finding out.” No name suffices for Him, nor can any confession encircle Him.

“Who dares express Him?
 And who confess Him,
 Saying, I do believe?
 A man’s heart bearing,
 What man has the daring
 To say: I acknowledge Him not?
 The All-enfolder,
 The All-upholder,
 Enfolds, upholds He not
 Thee, me, Himself?”

The Incomprehensible must so remain. Over the vast chasm that sunders the Infinite from the finite no bridge may spring its arch. If I can with my hands make no graven image, am I to make with my mind another image less gross but perhaps not less remote from the unseen Pres-

ence? Is there not also this danger, that my life shall be conformed to a pattern having no resemblance to what I would copy? My thought as such is ductile and tractable, but may it not harden into unyielding dogma? Riding over the hills beyond the little village of Altamont, I saw builded into the walls that mark off different farms and that separate them from the highway, certain stones that contain shells. Once those stones were soft mud on the bottom of a pre-historic ocean. The wet earth, lifted above the water by some tremendous cosmic upheaval, hardened into enduring stone, and there today are the shells that long ages ago held living creatures.

Other things than mud harden, and become firm, solid, and compact. In man conduct tends in the direction of character, and mental habits become permanent. Opinions solidify into doctrines, and these after a time we no longer recognize as bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh—they seem to us Divine, and it comes to pass that we fall down and worship them. Our only safety is to be found in the cultivation of an open mind ever ready to welcome and entertain truth from whatever quarter.

Narrow and puerile ideas of the Divine Presence destroy the power of that Presence. The God who concerns Himself with religious trifles and trinkets will be found to concern Himself with nothing more important. Here lies the danger of every kind of Ritualism. The toy and

the child go together, alike in cradle and pew. Vestments, processions, incense, altar-cloth, mitre, the pastoral staff, and candles—what are these but the sacred tops, balls, and kites of children who long ago should have developed into full-grown men and women?

This thought of God as transcending all human relationships,—as not only more than man, but different from him in every way,—was the highest thought of the Greek mind. Æschylus wrote of Zeus, “He exists in Himself.” Solon invoked Zeus as “the source of life and death.” Thus ran the ancient Dodonian inscription according to Pausanias, “Zeus was, and is, and is to be.” Everywhere in ancient literature we are charmed and captivated by this wonderful thought of God which represents Him as “all in all.” This was the great message of the Hebrew Scriptures, “God is not a man.” He was “The Self-existent One”—He was Jahveh—“I am that I am.” And Jesus taught in the same direction, “God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” Everywhere in the Hebrew writings, and in the words of Jesus, is this grandeur of inaccessible solitude lighted by an Infinite Love. Is it not, then, pitiable that God should be represented by any church, creed, or book as not only a man, but as a trivial man,—one who concerns himself with ecclesiastical regalia, candles, and things of that kind?

III

This is the inscription which Dr. Edward Everett Hale makes Philip Nolan ask to have cut into the stone that was to preserve his memory, and with it the delightful writer brings to an end his striking and strange story of "The Man Without a Country."

IN MEMORY OF
PHILIP NOLAN,
LIEUTENANT
IN THE ARMY OF
THE UNITED STATES.

"He loved his country as no other man has loved her ;
but no man deserved less at her hands."

Nonsense! sheer nonsense, good Dr. Hale! No sane man could love such a country as you have described—a country that could treat any man, to say nothing of one of its own soldiers, in the way you have represented the United States as having treated Philip Nolan in the story of which we are now writing. Love for such a country would be immoral, were it possible, and possible it certainly is not. Nolan was a young officer who in a moment of exasperation cried out: "Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!" The wish, if it really was a wish, was beyond question not patriotic, and "damn" is not exactly a Sunday School word. Perhaps the young man might have been punished as a traitor, but in that case, while the United States would have gained no glory, we should be the losers of a charming

story. Think of allowing a foolish court-martial to wipe out "The Man Without a Country" as you would erase with a wet sponge some mark from a slate. Of course that is what would have happened had the author of that picturesque oath been shot. Dr. Hale entertains a strange idea of what it would be right and just for the United States Government to do with an indiscreet and hot-headed young soldier. Think of returning in these days to the cold-blooded brutality of Torquemada! And then again, think of a normally constructed man cherishing anything like respect, to say nothing of love, for the kind of country Dr. Hale has pictured. There are in this world better things than even one's country—God, justice, and the love and service every man owes to our human race, these come first. The noblest patriotism does not fling its cap in air, and shout, "My country, right or wrong!"

Philip Nolan was, notwithstanding his temporary lapse from loyalty, a very good sort of man; in fact, he was an unusually desirable citizen. His extreme conscientiousness, which, since there was in truth no such man as Nolan, must have been Dr. Hale's conscientiousness, was just the peculiar moral quality we as a people stand most in need of. All the time that our unfortunate soldier was the victim of a cruelty which we are asked to believe was a reasonable punishment, fat politicians of all political complexions were swindling the public treasury and plundering it

without shame. It is fair to believe, if we are to listen to Dr. Hale, that had those politicians got the word "damn" and the name of their country into anything like close proximity, the one with the other, they would have been treated to the fearful punishment of a life-long cruise. But surely their more than damnable rascality and corruption were worse than a passionate oath soon repented of. Dr. Hale's book is everywhere praised for what men call its patriotic teaching, but to my mind its instructions are wrong and its story immoral.

IV

Charles Sumner collected a large and valuable library, and one that covered many subjects quite foreign to the one absorbing interest of his life. To be sure, some of the most unpromising works contributed to the literary embellishment of his public addresses, but still not a few of them were, according to his own statement, as far away from his personal feeling and experience as a book could possibly be. Among his books were some treating of religious doctrines as such, and, what seems strange enough to any one who will give the matter a thought, there were among these some that were much the worse for use. How could he enjoy the old English preachers of the time of Bishop Taylor and yet remain wholly destitute of religious feeling? So far as is known the following letter which Sum-

ner wrote to his college friend, the Rev. Dr. Stearns, of Newark, N. J., is the only record we have of the distinguished statesman's religious views. As such it has a permanent interest:

Cambridge, Jan. 12, 1833.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have received and am grateful for your letter. The interest you manifest in my welfare calls for my warmest acknowledgments. I do not know how I can better show myself worthy of your kindness than with all frankness and plainness to expose to you, in a few words, the state of my mind on the important subject upon which you addressed me.

The last time I saw you, you urged upon me the study of the proofs of Christianity, with an earnestness that flowed, I was conscious, from a sincere confidence in them yourself, and the consequent wish that all should believe; as in belief was sure salvation. I have had your last words and look often in my mind since. They have been not inconstant prompters to thought and speculation upon the proposed subject. I attended Bishop Hopkins' lectures, and gave to them a severe attention. I remained and still remain unconvinced that Christ was divinely commissioned to preach a revelation to men, and that He was entrusted with the power of working miracles. But when I make this declaration I do not mean to deny that such a being as Christ lived and went about doing good, or that the body of precepts which have come down to us as delivered by Him, were so delivered. I believe that Christ lived when and as the Gospel says; that He was more than man, namely, above all men who had as yet lived—and yet less than God; full of the strongest sense and knowledge, and of a virtue su-

perior to any which we call Roman or Grecian or Stoic, and which we best denote when, borrowing His name, we call ourselves Christians. I pray you not to believe that I am insensible to the goodness and greatness of His character. My idea of human nature is exalted, when I think that such a being lived and went as a man amongst men. And here, perhaps, the conscientious unbeliever may find good cause for glorifying his God; not because He sent His Son into the world to partake of its troubles and be the herald of glad tidings, but because He suffered a man to be born in the world in whom the world should see but one of themselves, endowed with qualities calculated to elevate the standard of attainable excellence.

I do not know that I can say more without betraying you into a controversy, in which I should be loath to engage, and from which I am convinced no good will result to either party. I do not think I have a basis for faith to build upon. I am without religious feeling. I seldom refer my happiness or acquisitions to the Great Father from whose mercy they are derived. Of the first great commandment, then, upon which so much hangs, I live in perpetual unconsciousness—I will not say disregard, for that, perhaps, would imply that it was present in my mind. I believe, though, that my love to my neighbor—namely, my anxiety that my fellow creatures should be happy, and my disposition to serve them in their honest endeavors—is pure and strong. Certainly I do feel an affection for everything that God created; and this feeling is my religion.

“He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

I ask you not to imagine that I am led into the above sentiment by the lines I have just quoted—the best of Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner"—but rather that I seize the lines to express and illustrate my feeling.

This communication is made in the fulness of friendship and confidence. To your charity and continued interest in my welfare, suffer me to commend myself as

Your affectionate friend,

CHAS. SUMNER.

Very different is a letter which the distinguished philosopher and scientist, Joseph Henry, wrote to his friend, Mr. Patterson, concerning his religious belief. It was the last letter he indited, and it was not mailed because he intended to read it over before he sent it to its destination. Mr. Patterson never received it. It was found in the drawer of Prof. Henry's desk after his death. Its interest for us centers in the fact that it, like the letter of Sumner's writing, gives us in frank and unconventional fashion the religious convictions of a man of great learning and distinction. It differs from Sumner's letter not so much in its spirit and temper as in the substance of the belief which it sets forth.

The letter is too long for unabridged transcription, but a few salient excerpts may be given, and from these the reader will with little difficulty discover the drift of the entire letter:

“In the scientific explanation of physical phenomena we assume the existence of a principle having properties sufficient to produce the effects which we observe; and when the principle so assumed explains by logical deductions from it all the phenomena, we call it a theory; thus we have the theory of light, the theory of electricity, etc. There is no proof, however, of the truth of these theories except the explanation of the phenomena which they are invented to account for. This proof, however, is sufficient in any case in which every fact is fully explained.

“In accordance with this scientific view, on what evidence does the existence of a Creator rest? First, it is one of the truths best established by experience in my own mind that I have a thinking, willing principle within me, capable of intellectual activity and of moral feeling. Second, it is equally clear to me that you have a similar spiritual principle within yourself, since when I ask you an intelligent question you give me an intelligent answer. Third, when I examine operations of nature I find everywhere through them evidences of intellectual arrangements, of contrivances to reach definite ends precisely as I find in the operations of man; and hence I infer that these two classes of operations are results of similar intelligence. Again, in my own mind I find ideas of right and wrong, of good and evil. These ideas, then, exist in the universe, and therefore form a basis of our ideas of a moral universe. Furthermore, the conceptions of good which are found among our ideas associated with evil, can be attributed only to a being of infinite perfections like the being whom we denominate ‘God.’ On the other hand we are conscious of having such evil thoughts and tendencies as prevent us from associating ourselves with a di-

vine being who is the director and the governor of all, or even from calling upon him for mercy without the intercession of one who may, being holy, yet affiliate himself with us."

Of all published statements of faith or of want of faith it seems to the writer that the Confession of Octavius Brooks Frothingham, made by him at the close of his ministry in New York, and not many years before his death, is the saddest, and in some ways the most astonishing. Mr. Frothingham was graduated at Harvard in 1843, and at the Cambridge Divinity School three years later. His first pastorate was with the North (Unitarian) Church in Salem, where he remained about eight years. His second charge was in Jersey City, and lasted four years. In 1860 he became the pastor of the Third Unitarian Congregational Church in the City of New York, and that church soon after his settlement with it became an "Independent" congregation, while Mr. Frothingham became widely known as the leader of the "Free Religious Movement." Mr. Frothingham's reputation as a brilliant writer, eloquent speaker, and accomplished scholar was not only national, but world-wide. Among his books—all of them crowded with interest and literary charm—are "Transcendentalism in New England," "The Religion of Humanity," "The Life of Theodore Parker," "The Life of George Ripley," "The Life of Gerrit Smith," "Recollections and Impressions," "Boston Unitarianism," "The

Cradle of the Christ," "The Spirit of the New Faith," "The Safest Creed," "The Beliefs of the Unbelievers," "The Assailants of Christianity," "Visions of the Future," and a large number of sermons, with several books of Bible-stories for children.

After a ministry in New York of about twenty years Mr. Frothingham's health failed, and a trip abroad was taken without any change in the direction of recovery. He resigned his charge, and for the few years that remained to him devoted himself to literature. His closing years were marked by an increasing melancholy which may have been due in part to ill-health. He was disappointed in the result of his life-work, which he accounted to have been in some measure a failure. Mr. Frothingham in his "Recollections and Impressions" ascribes the mental and spiritual disquietude of certain distinguished unbelievers to "temperament" and to the subjective results of "transitional periods," but these certainly do not entirely account for the extensive distribution of the "downcast mood" among unbelievers of widely differing temperaments and circumstances in countries and civilizations far removed from each other. Doubt and unbelief, though they may not equally depress all, have yet no power to make any either strong or happy. Elsewhere Frothingham treats of Thomas Paine, but there is abundant evidence that this man had something of the "downcast mood" discoverable in Joseph

Blanco White, "George Eliot," the author of "Physicus," Aaron Burr, Shelley, and Robespierre—widely differing temperaments, dispositions, and purposes. And yet it is true that some devoted Christians have shared this "downcast mood." Cowper was quite as miserable in mind as was White—he was much more miserable than Shelley, and it must be remembered that a great deal of Shelley's misery was merely poetry, and then he was in ill-health.

So soon as it was known that Mr. Frothingham had given up his church and his work, the *New York Evening Post* secured from him a statement of his views which was of such an extraordinary character as to command the interest and attention of all thoughtful men. A sadder statement it is hard to find. From it we excerpt these lines:

"One fact began to loom up before my mental vision in a disquieting way—that the drift of free-thought teaching was unquestionably toward a dead materialism, which I have abhorred as deeply as any evangelical clergyman I know. The men who would become leaders in the free-thought movement do not stop where I stop; they feel no tradition behind them; they have no special training for the work of 'restoring,' in which light I regard much of my work; I did not aim to create any new beliefs or to tear down all existing ones, but to restore, to bring to light and prominence the spiritual essence of those faiths. . . . The men whom I saw coming upon the stage as the apostles of the new dispensation of free thought were destroyers

who tore down, with no thought of building up; there seemed to be no limit to their destructive mania, and no discrimination in their work. Their notion seemed to be to make a clean sweep of every existing creed; they apparently knew not and cared not whether anything in the shape of belief should arise from the ashes of the world's creeds.

"The situation, therefore, when I stopped preaching and went to Europe, was about as follows: Evangelical religion was stronger, the churches were better filled, there was more of the religious spirit abroad than when I began work twenty years ago. Such men as came forward as teachers in the free-thought movement were out-and-out materialists. Lastly, my own position was unpleasant and my health was failing. . . .

"When I left New York for Europe I believed and said that I might take up my work as pastor of an independent church when I got back. But I may as well say now that I could not do it. I would not be able to teach as I did. Whether it is that advancing years have increased in me whatever spirit of conservatism I may have inherited—my father was a clergyman—or whether it is that there is such a thing as devolution, as well as evolution, and that I have received more light, I do not know. But it is certain that I am unsettled in my own mind concerning matters about which I was not in doubt ten or even five years ago; I do not know that I believe any more than I did years ago, but I doubt more. . . . But, looking back over the history of the last quarter of a century with the conviction that no headway whatever has been made; with the conviction that unbridled free thought leads only to a dreary negation called materialism; there has been a growing suspicion in me that there might be something behind or below

what we call revealed religion, which the scientific thinkers of our time are beginning vaguely to distinguish as an influence that cannot be accounted for at present, but which nevertheless exists. . . . I said a moment ago, let scientific investigation go on by all means; not only it can do no harm, but I am sure that the farther it goes the more clearly will scientific men recognize a power not yet defined, but distinctly felt by some of the ablest of them. This question has presented itself to me many times in the last few years: What is the power behind ignorant men who find dignity and comfort in religion? Last summer, when in Rome, I was much interested in observing the behavior of the Romish clergy, not the men high in power and steeped in diplomacy and intrigue, but the working men of the church—the parish priests who went about among the people as spiritual helpers and almoners. I talked with many of these men, and found them to be ignorant, unambitious, and superstitious; and yet there was a power behind them which must mystify philosophers. What is this power? I cannot undertake to say. But it is there, and it may be that those persons who deny the essential truths of revealed religion are all wrong. At any rate, I, for one, do not care to go on denying the existence of such a force.

“To my old friends and followers, who may feel grieved at such an admission on my part, I would say that I am no more a believer in revealed religion today than I was ten years ago. But, as I said before, I have doubts which I had not then. The creeds of today do not seem in my eyes to be so wholly groundless as they were then, and, while I believe that the next hundred years will see great changes in them, I do not think that they are destined to disappear. To sum up the whole matter,

the work which I have been doing appears to lead to nothing, and may have been grounded upon mistaken premises. Therefore it is better to stop. But I do not want to give the impression that I recant anything. I simply stop denying, and wait for more light."

V

There died in 1902, in the ninety-second year of his age, one of the most interesting of the few public men it has been my good fortune to know. Frederick Saunders was at one time city editor of the New York *Evening Post*, and, later, the successor of Dr. Cogswell in the librarianship of the Astor Library. The latter position he secured through Washington Irving, who was his father's friend, and it was held with honor to himself and advantage to the institution until 1893, when the increasing infirmities of age compelled him to retire.

Mr. Saunders was born in London, and came to the United States early in life as the representative of his father's publishing house (Saunders and Otley), and as an advocate of international copyright law. He did not live to see the enactment of the law, but he did much to create a favorable public sentiment, and those who know the history of that long and, at times, bitter conflict are agreed in pronouncing him the true initiator of the International Copyright Law, the justice of which is now so generally recognized. Through his father, who was an influential pub-

lisher in earlier days before literature had suffered the commercialization which is now its pitiable disgrace, he had the privilege of knowing and of counting among his friends such men and women as Robert Southey, Harriet Martineau, Dr. Chalmers, Thomas Carlyle, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, Thomas Moore, Henry Hallam, Thomas Campbell, Maria Edgeworth, and Samuel Rogers.

Mr. Saunders was himself a man of letters. He wrote, so far as I have been able to discover, fifteen books, the most popular among which were "Salad for the Solitary" and "Salad for the Social." His "Evenings with the Sacred Poets" passed through several editions, and was finally revised and enlarged. From its sale he derived a considerable profit.

Mr. Saunders was a literary recluse. He delighted in books, and was never happy when far removed from his library. In no sense of the word was he a man of the world. He lacked the fine manners and charm of presence many of his friends less gifted than himself possessed. He knew his social and personal limitations, and it was his consciousness of these that made him the shy and awkward man he was. Yet in the company of those whose tastes and inclinations were like his own, he was frank, self-possessed, and joyous. He was a man who thought no guile. His spirit was deeply religious. The unbelief of his day, which found some eloquent expression in the

books and conversations of many gifted sons and daughters of genius with whom he was well acquainted, made no impression upon his deeply religious nature. He was fond of devotional books, though I do not know that any of his own works would have answered to that description. For works of a controversial nature he had no liking. His religion was personal and contemplative rather than ecclesiastical and dogmatic. His mind was of an antique cast, and he lived largely in the past, concerning himself with old books, historical associations, and archæological investigations. As a companion he was in every way delightful. He had a large fund of rare and valuable information of a bookish kind, and in the society of literary friends he was never reticent or taciturn.

His books were not marked by originality, and yet they were in no sense of the word compilations. Into them went the varied wisdom of one long familiar with the literary landscape, and whose wont it was to wander at will through wooded vales and flower-encircled fields of learning. From his literary excursions he often returned laden with the choicest flowers. His books are read now only by a select few who delight to stroll through quaint and unfrequented ways, and are satisfied with the old beauty in which their fathers delighted and which the world can never wholly outgrow.

Some good writers have received little honor in

their day and generation, and some authors of no merit whatever have, for one reason or another, found willing publishers and have received wide and even enduring praise. Circumstances over which no one may have any great control, and mere accidents, and the whims and caprices of ordinary men not infrequently settle the entire question of literary recognition. The opinion of the President of the United States with regard to the value of a book may be, from a literary point of view, of no great importance; but nevertheless it remains true that if an author can get that distinguished gentleman to say his work is in some way remarkable, its fortune is made. The unmeasured castigation of the religious press and of the pulpit will accomplish the same result, for the value of the advertisement is in neither praise nor censure, but in the successful calling of the attention to the wares to be marketed in such a way as to pique curiosity or awaken interest. Years ago the famous anti-religious writer, Frances Wright, publicly thanked the clergymen of America, of all denominations, for their persistent denunciation of her and her teachings. She told them she owed much of her popularity to their "misrepresentations," and she politely requested them to continue their "gratuitous advertising" of her lectures. Robert G. Ingersoll attributed his success as a speaker to the religious press, though, in truth, I think his splendid oratory was responsible for the large audiences that

gathered to hear him attack a religion that has withstood and will continue to withstand greater assaults than he was ever capable of making. More than one book has been suppressed into a Twentieth Edition. Literature has in these materialistic days become so commercialized that real worth not infrequently stands in the way of success. It is humiliating but true that publishers are not looking for good literature, but for "the best sellers." An American publisher said to the writer of this paper, "I am in business for money. I think my judgment of books quite as good as that of my neighbors, but I also think I know what will sell." To be born in advance of one's age is a commercial calamity. It means for an author who is dependent upon his pen poverty and neglect. The commonplaces of life are safe, and only men of exceptional ability do well in leaving the beaten track. Blazing a trail may be interesting, but the wheels of civilization roll complacently over macadamized roads or spin with lightning speed along tracks of steel. One has only to examine a book like Stedman's "Library of American Literature" to see how large is the company of those who aspire to fame in the world of letters, and yet, though writing well, die undiscovered. The writer of this paper is a member of the Author's Club, an organization that holds its meetings during the winter months in the Carnegie Building, New York City. There with good cheer and kindly fellowship gather the

men who make our books and papers, and whose names are the common property of the world. The club is not large, but among its members are some whose reputations are assured and whose books will be remembered and republished when they themselves are dust. And yet how many of that kindly and brilliant company are destined to be forgotten! How many are today little known to the reading world. Every large library is a literary mausoleum where slumber in dust and neglect the dead books of deceased authors. Eight-tenths of all the popular novels published in these times will be forgotten in another five years. A man once asked the writer what became of all the dead birds. There are millions of feathered songsters in our tree-tops, and they are constantly dying, but who ever sees a dead bird by the roadside or on the lawn? The yellow-covered novels, and novels of every other color, are dying as fast as they are hatched by the publishing fraternity. What becomes of them all? A day or two ago I discovered their fate—an enormous wagon trundled by my door, loaded down with books of every description, on their way to the paper-mill. I have had personal acquaintance with many writers whose books were good and whose names are unknown. They lived and died, and the world remembers them no more.

Yet he is happy whose life is surrounded with the charm of good literature. Even the unsuccessful author has his consolation in the rare fel-

lowship of gifted souls. Why should the scholar fret himself with the dull folly of idle fashions, the vulgar ambition of place and power, and the rude scramble for wealth that brings not with it one day more of inward gladness? Rich in noble reward is the philosophic and gentle life of high and serene converse with the storied past and the unspoken wonder and beauty of the great world of human achievement.

II

AN OLD-TIME BIBLIOPHILE

“There are different kinds of dust. One can well believe the dust that was not long ago a lovely rose retains something of its early fragrance. To the bibliophile and literary epicure there is a certain indescribable charm in the dust that old books gather to themselves on their silent shelves. Cobwebs embellish the necks of aged wine-bottles, and render more attractive the sparkling juices they imprison, and that once blushed in the purple clusters. So in the dust of the well-filled library there is a delight our prosaic house-wife cannot understand.”—“*Archæologia.*”

“Can nothing that
Is new affect your mouldy appetite?”
—“*The Witts.*”

AN OLD-TIME BIBLIOPHILE

“**T**HE Rev. Isaac Gosset, D.D., F. R. S.” —thus it is that Kirby announces Dr. Gossett in his “Wonderful Museum,” where we have the learned gentleman’s picture maliciously done by a scamp of a print-seller, who has immortalized the Doctor’s cocked hat and stunted figure. Dr. Gosset was born in Berwick Street, London, in 1744, and had his early education at Dr. Walker’s, at Mile-end, where he learned something of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic, and gave promise of becoming a distinguished scholar. Dr. Walker was a dried-up specimen of humanity who loved books much more than he loved boys, though it is on record that he was kind, after the fashion of his time, to most of the youngsters who were intrusted to his care. He was more than kind to young Isaac because he discovered, with the natural instinct which he had for everything resembling book-lore, that the lad was fond of the classics and literature. That fondness for books was a strong tie binding together the dessicated heart of old Dr. Walker and the eager, enquiring mind of the youth.

The school-master of a century ago was generally a man of one idea and not infrequently he had not that much intellectual capital, all his stock in trade being rigid discipline in the shape of a birch rod. Dr. Walker was not in every way

a typical old-time pedagogue. Uninteresting and wanting in good-fellowship as he must have seemed to the ordinary men and women of his day, and severe and exacting as he certainly was at times in his relations with the young men who were his pupils, he had still a very warm heart, and liked nothing better than to see what he regarded as the graceful and noble development of a promising intellect. When given the care and training of such an intellect he was the embodiment of enthusiasm, and no personal sacrifice was too great for him to make in directing the energies and moulding the opinions of a favorite pupil. It is said that upon one occasion, when a little boy, whose years were so tender that nothing of the kind could have been expected of him, translated a page of Livy with something more than mere correctness of rendering and gave evidence of real delight in the Latin author, Dr. Walker rose from his chair with tears in his eyes, and, embracing the lad in the presence of his class-fellows, kissed him upon both cheeks. Perhaps there was nothing markedly original about Dr. Walker, but neither was there anything rude or vulgar in his nature, and his work was not wholly commonplace. He deserved well of the age in which he flourished, and certainly he is entitled to the kindly remembrance of the generations that follow him and are better for his having lived.

From Dr. Walker's care young Isaac Gosset

went to Dr. Kennicote's school, where he remained for some time. Later he sat at the feet of Mr. Hinton, who had a national reputation for sound learning and a large experience in the training of youthful minds. He received his Master of Arts from Oxford, and it was the same venerable institution that put the finishing touch to his dignity in the shape of a Doctor of Divinity's hood, which I take it was more ornamental than the cocked hat which he wears in the malicious picture to which reference has been made.

Dr. Gosset preached at Conduit Chapel, where a cultivated congregation listened to his sermons, which were always well written and correctly delivered but which, like most of the sermons of that day and no small number of this as well, were woefully wanting in earnestness and spiritual enthusiasm. His preaching was a literary performance and awakened only an intellectual response. Preaching, unless constantly revitalized by that inner communion with God which is of the very essence of all true religion, becomes either coldly intellectual or cheerless and perfunctory. The machinery of worship has a direct and continuous tendency to destroy those spiritual elements which give to public religious services their peculiar significance and value. There is something benumbing and stupefying in the too frequent repetition of the same prayer, even though the prayer be one of exceptional beauty and peculiar fitness to voice the hopes and desires of

44 EXCURSIONS OF A BOOK-LOVER

the human soul. Liturgical services sooner or later degenerate into empty parade and lifeless form. Dr. Gosset's lack of pulpit power was due, however, not so much to the deadening influence of ritualism as to the unspiritual tendency of a pure intellectualism that appealed to the head only and left the heart untouched. And yet there must have been something in his discourses that addressed itself, if not to piety, at least to the sentimental side of human nature, for there sat in one of the pews directly in front of the pulpit a young and beautiful lady of cultivated mind and aristocratic associations, who, as she listened to the preacher, fell deeply in love with him and aspired to become his wife. Miss Hill, for that was her name, was the daughter of a wealthy timber merchant and had considerable money in her own right. It could not have been, it seems to me, solely the person of Dr. Gosset that won the young lady's heart, for he was ill-favored, being a grotesque and at the same time vain-glorious dwarf. I suppose there must be in all this world a considerable number of men and women of diminutive stature who are still of a modest and retiring turn of mind, but so far as my own personal experience extends, the most self-satisfied and boastful specimens of humanity are of Liliputian build. Gosset was not only a dwarf, but he was an absurd dwarf, and nothing but his mental power and literary ability saved him from becoming the laughing-stock of his fellow men. When

in the pulpit, in order to see his congregation, he was compelled to stand upon two hassocks; and it is related that upon one occasion, being somewhat warmed up in his discourse, he slipped from the hassocks and for several minutes was invisible, though the sermon went on without interruption.

Dr. Gosset's wife brought him a fortune of £6,000, and it was no longer necessary that he should preach in order to live. He did the only thing proper for a man of his unspiritual nature to do under the circumstances—he left the pulpit and became a collector of books. It is only as a collector of rare and costly books that the world now remembers the man who once drew one of the most cultivated of London congregations. Dr. Gosset was a good husband and father, but his wife had abundant reason to be jealous of his library. He lived with his books. Entire days were spent in their society, and he was even known to address certain volumes in the most tender and affectionate terms, assuring them of his warmest appreciation and of his determination never to part from them.

As early as 1781 Dr. Gosset was to be seen at the great book-sales. Everybody knew him at Patterson's, Leigh and Southeby's, and most of the other halls in London where books were sold. He gave large sums for choice editions of his favorite authors. It is not necessary to name the works Dr. Gosset purchased. Were he living to-day it is more than likely he would make a very

different selection. He was fond of theological books, which is not strange when one considers the temper of the age and the peculiar training he had received. Theology is now at a sad discount, and were the amiable Doctor now living in these times and in the city of Albany, he might have, I am quite sure, for a sum so small that I will not belittle the books by naming it, all the works on theology in "Ye Olde Booke Man's" shop. I should not like to tempt "Ye Olde Booke Man" with the shekels had I no cart at his door ready to receive the goods. And, in truth, I do not see how I could be induced to either risk the shekels or pay for the cart. Ponderous tomes on Election, Reprobation, Decrees, and kindred themes have lost their charm. Perhaps we are, all of us, worse for the change that has come over the public mind and eclipsed the glory of pulpit literature. I will not dispute with my reader if he believes that the dawn upon our horizon of a mighty revival of Baxter, Taylor, Cudworth, and Edwards would improve our morals and deepen our spiritual life. It may be that that is precisely the kind of a revival we need, but certain I am that it is precisely the kind of a revival we shall none of us ever see. Even dear old Dr. Hodge, whose sweet and gracious memory will haunt for many a year the classic shades of Princeton, is struck with death, and the dust already lies heavy and undisturbed upon the faded covers of his "Systematic Theology." Shedd's "Dogmatic Theology"

will soon go the lonely way of all dogmatic things. Muller's "Christian Doctrine of Sin" is passing hand in hand with Dorner's "System of Christian Doctrine" to the peaceful shades of sacred oblivion. Before our careless vision they slip into the dark, and will be soon forgotten. Am I glad of all this? Now, my inquisitive reader, why do you ask that question? I am neither glad nor sad. I only state things as they are; and all the while I quietly cherish in the secret recesses of my innermost heart the comforting belief that as God lived before Baxter was born, so He will continue to live when Shedd and Dorner are no more. Did you remark that they do not think precisely that way at Princeton and venerable New Brunswick? Well, perhaps not; yet there are those who cherish even now the pleasing fancy that approaching day-dawn makes less dun the sedges of Newark Bay and the marshes of picturesque Hoboken. It is a flying popular report (not yet a promulgation from the house-top) that not a few wise men may be found in the halls of sacred learning already named who firmly believe that God is greater than their fathers thought, and that His love is larger than their little systems of theology have made that love appear. Strange rumor!—yet "important if true."

Dr. Gosset, queer old soul! loved theology, but he was also fond of the Latin and Greek classics, and translated Epictetus. Toward the end of his life he became so antique in mental structure that

he was more at home in the Greece of two thousand years ago than in the merry England of his own time. He was a scholar, and yet he was not for that reason unsocial. He took delight in conversation, went to the theatre, rode in a fine chariot, and had a beautiful home.

At last the end came. He died suddenly, December 16th, 1812, leaving behind him two sons, one daughter, and more than four thousand books. His life as a literary collector had not impoverished him, for he made all his children rich. His sons had, each of them, £50,000, and his daughter had £20,000. To these sums must be added the financial results arising from the sale of his library. These were large for that day, notwithstanding the ecclesiastical and theological shadows that hung like damp veils of mist over the entire collection. It was thought by those who had given the matter consideration that the Doctor would leave all his sacred treasures to some university, and it was hinted that Oxford, having dignified him with a Doctor of Divinity's hood, expected to receive in return his valuable collection of books. But Dr. Gosset was too wise a man to hide his costly library in the receiving tomb of a learned institution. In his will he gave his beloved books a fatherly blessing and bade them journey to every corner of England, making for themselves new homes and new friends by humble firesides as well as in stately museums.

Not long ago there died a man of most beauti-

ful spirit and of exquisite taste, who thought, in the matter of the disposal of a library after its collector's death, as old Gosset thought not far from a century ago. "Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" (forgive, I pray you, good reader, the slightly theological cast of the sentence) this extract from the will of Edmond de Goncourt, which even in an English translation no bookman can contemplate without emotion:

"My wish is that my Drawings, my Prints, my Curiosities, my Books—in a word, these things of art which have been the joy of my life—shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum, and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passer-by; but I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the Auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again, in each case, to some inheritor of my own tastes."

There is another reason, and it is a good one, so it seems to me, why after the death of a collector an auctioneer should make the acquaintance of his library. Colleges and museums are now the recipients of so many gifts that often they have upon their shelves three or four copies of the same book. Shelf room must be economized. The duplicates are sold. I purchased not long ago a volume that had been in the library of Yale University and that contained the university bookplate, beneath which was plainly stated the fact that the said book had come to the institution from the "Bequest of Jonathan Edwards, M.D.,

in 1887." The book is before me as I write, and furnishes one more argument against sending a valuable library to the classic halls of a modern college.

After Dr. Gosset's death kind and appreciative notices of his life and character appeared. There was published also a poem of some length, and well worth reading. Few now remember that Gosset once lived in the heart of England and there collected rare and costly books; yet not long ago a gentleman told me it was his opinion that old Gosset, remembered, if remembered at all, by his cocked hat and deformed figure, was the father of our modern book collectors.

Four years after the sale of Gosset's library, William Roscoe, a man of great learning and beautiful spirit, whose books "The Pontificate of Leo X." and "The Life of Lorenzo de Medici" will long remain standard in English literature, met with reverses in business, and was compelled to dispose of his library. Gosset and Roscoe must have known each other, though, in truth, I doubt if there was much in common between them save the love of letters. When Roscoe had seen the last book pass from his fond possession, he sat down in his dismantled room, before his empty shelves, and penned this lovely sonnet:

"As one who, destined from his friends to part,
 Regrets his loss, yet hopes again, erewhile,
 To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
 And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart,—

Thus, loved associates! chiefs of elder Art!
 Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
 My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
 I now resign you—nor with fainting heart.
 For, pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowship restore;
 When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more.”

Roscoe rests in the burying ground connected with the Unitarian church in Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Nearby, in the same ground, is the grave of Joseph Blanco White. The church contains a beautiful bust of Roscoe, and upon the walls are elaborate memorials of various members of his family. I do not know where Gosset lies at rest, but doubtless some day the book-lovers of England and America will rear over his dust a memorial shaft of snowy marble to bear his honored name and record their affectionate regard.

Dear old Dr. Gosset, we love you none the less for the few faults that only make you seem more human. In a commercial age we treasure in our hearts your delight in noble and gracious books. Be pleased, we pray you, to gaze with kindly vision from the empyrean where you dwell, and add your blessing to the gladness of our hearts as we gather round us those sweet and wondrous souls that were your joy and are our delight.



III

LITERARY FAME

“’T is a fine thing that one weak as myself
Should sit in his lone room, knowing the words
He utters in his solitude shall move
Men like a swift wind—that tho’ dead and gone,
New eyes shall glisten when his beauteous dreams
Of love come true in happier frames than his.”

—*Robert Browning.*

“I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be
well lighted, the guests few and select.”

—*Landor.*

LITERARY FAME

THE honors and pleasures of this world, and it may be of other worlds as well if such exist, are for the men and women who have courage to take them. Strong, self-reliant souls spend no time in foolish regret, but reach out in every direction and appropriate to their own use whatever is fitted for their service. Audacity wins by divine right of conquest. Think meanly of yourself, and the world will take you at your own estimate. No man need go down into an entirely obscure grave if he have but the wit and courage to keep out of it. Much less is there any compulsion or limitation, divine or human, that places noble living beyond the reach of any earnest soul. Yet it is not in audacity alone that the victory over oblivion is won; there must be something in the man to justify the audacity. Or if there be in him nothing of the kind, there must be at least some rare circumstance to preserve the soul in amber. But, one way or another, the timid always bid for inglorious obscurity. Gods and men delight in the hero. If they do not herald his advent, they are never weary of celebrating his vices and virtues when once he has lived his life and made an end of it. His mouldering bones have in death this strange power, that they can change a mound of dust and sod into a sacred shrine. Only a man must think well of himself

unless he have extraordinary genius. Genius of high order concerns itself little about laws and regulations that help the wingless to rise. Men of moderate ability find in all kinds of conformity both safety and advancement. The great genius trusts his own strength. Homer and Shakspeare concern themselves about many things that scarcely enter our intellectual world, but all our rules and regulations are to them as the green withes Delilah bound about the strong limbs of the giant Samson. They can even afford to think lightly of themselves, for their strength is great, and their proportions are revealed to all by the vastness of their shadows. Very different is it with men of ordinary ability. They must believe in themselves, and that belief must find adequate expression. Shakspeare, it would seem, had no care for his plays. He never revised them, nor did he make any effort to preserve them. They were saved from destruction by other hands than his. With a moderate competence he settled himself in Stratford-upon-Avon, and thought no more of what he had written. There is a certain unconsciousness about every immortal work. In "Macbeth" we are told that

“Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.”

The little men who thus think and feel find

every line descriptive of the life they know and call their own. They give rein to the trivial elements in themselves, "strut and fret" a brief season, and are then decently interred beneath their own insignificance. Few are like the masters of thought and the leaders of great enterprises who are too vast for oblivion. And still the colossal men err on the safe side. Dante makes himself the friend and companion of Virgil. He claims a place with great poets. He praises his old schoolmaster for this, that he "taught him how men eternize themselves." Was it vanity that led Napoleon to say in an unguarded moment, "God created Napoleon and rested"? When they asked Cicero of his lineage, he responded, "I commenced an ancestry." "It becomes all men," wrote Sallust, "who desire to excel other animals, to strive to the utmost of their power not to pass through life in obscurity, like the beasts of the field, which Nature has made grovelling and subservient to appetite." Horace made no mistake when he closed the third book of his Odes with these deathless lines:

"I have reared a monument
More enduring than bronze,
And loftier than the regal pyramids,
Which neither wasting raindrops,
Nor the wild north-wind shall destroy.
I shall not wholly die—
I shall live in the remembrance of posterity,
So long as the pontiff shall ascend the Capitol
With the silent and sacred virgin."

Virgil felt the same craving for remembrance when he wrote in his third Georgic, referring to the achievements of others, these striking words: "I, too, must attempt a way whereby to lift me from the ground and to spread, victorious, my fame through the mouths of men." The gifted Fielding, whose "Tom Jones" will for many a long year preserve the literary fame of its author, had a spirit not unlike that of the Latin poet. These are his words: "Come, bright love of fame. Comfort me by the solemn assurance that when the little parlor in which I now sit shall be changed for a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honor by those who never knew or saw me." Even good David Brainerd was not free from this desire for remembrance which, in his Journal, he accounts to be a sin. Thus he puts himself on record: "The sins I had most sense of were pride and a wandering mind, and the former of these evil thoughts excited me to think of writing and preaching and converting the heathen or performing some other great work that my name might live when I should be dead."

Great men believe in themselves; and in how many instances with prophetic vision they forecast their destiny. Genius at its best is always prophetic. Learning acquaints us with the past, observation gives us knowledge of the present, but genius alone enables its possessor to anticipate the future. This power of prevision has

sustained many a great man in the hour of neglect. When Charlotte Corday had donned the red *chemise des condamnés* she said, "This is the toilet of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immortality." Danton was asked at his trial, "What is your name? Where is the place of your abode?" He answered, "My name is Danton, a name tolerably well known in the Revolution; my abode will soon be annihilation, but I shall live in the pantheon of history." Junius was sure that his book would be read long after he had himself descended into the grave. Such assurance creates within the bosom that cherishes it an audacity the common mind cannot understand. It gives to the hour of defeat all the support and enthusiasm of victory; it takes from neglect its sting, and renders the soul indifferent to the poor opinion of a thoughtless multitude. It was assurance born of this prevision that enabled Thucydides to say of one of his own books, "It is so composed as to be regarded as a permanent possession, rather than as a prize declamation intended only for the present." Just pride, noble ambition, superiority to fate, undisturbed composure in times of trouble, regard for posterity—these are not unworthy of a superior man. It is impossible to think that such a man could be devoid of all these. "I hear the voices of generations yet to be, and I hasten to render myself worthy of their applause," exclaimed a rejected philosopher in the hour of his soul's mar-

tyrdom. Noble were the voices that called to him; even nobler was his response. The appeal to posterity relieves the man who can make it from all concern about the "snap-shot" opinions of the rude and vulgar, detaches the vision from a poorer self within one's own bosom that would, from motives of immediate self-interest, make terms with the *canaille*; it gives an exalted ideal.

Yet a man should make sure that he is of the elect. There were great men before Agamemnon, but who knows anything about them? There was something wanting either in the work or in the workman. It is not wholly a fault of the age that we know so little of men who were once so distinguished. "Time," writes a gifted author, "hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, and confounded that of himself." The impartial years treat with calm indifference all our artificial distinctions. The houses of fame that men build with large expense of space and toil are, many of them, of such light pasteboard that not the faintest evening breeze shall be able to go by and leave them standing. They only are elect who elect themselves. The work must have in it some worthy or, at least, some unusual element. Cistacious made so gracious an obeisance to Eternal Forgetfulness that even the silent genius of Oblivion spared his name, and would have spared more had there been more to spare. Not one mason of all those who labored in the building of the Temple of Diana has left to us even his name, but

it is known to every schoolboy that Herostratus burned that sacred structure. Time, that effaced with ruthless hands so many worthy names, has embalmed in history the less worthy name of "the aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome."

It is common to describe fame as a poor and paltry thing, the while it is the dearest ambition of the very men who thus describe it. Dr. Bartol said, "Self-forgetfulness is God's remembrance," and it is true that the man who feeds upon himself feeds upon littleness, yet the wish to escape the fate of a mere worm is surely not a thing to provoke derision. Is one less a man because he would aspire to a man's future? Man is not only the intelligent observer of the universe, but he is in a certain subordinate sense its creator. For him

"The blossoming stars upshoot—
The flower-cups drink the rain."

All things look to him for recognition. The story in Genesis made him master of "every living thing." Unlike other animals, he faces the stars. "I, who have conversed with noble men and women who were as stars in the firmament of our common humanity, cannot contemplate oblivion; nor would I lose the rich treasures of a well-filled mind in the dark waters of Lethe. I would remember and be remembered." Thus a great thinker expressed himself in the hour of death. Man's dominion over the universe begets within him the wish that conquers time.

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Immortality hangs upon a thread. A single poem may guard for long centuries the name of its fortunate author.

“A single word may make a life immortal
Immortally said,
When all the deeds this side th’ eternal portal
Basely done are dead.”

Here is a list, interesting though imperfect, as all such lists must be, of names saved from oblivion by the happy accident of a single inspiration:

- Sarah Flower Adams, “Nearer, my God, to Thee.”
S. J. Adams, “We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More.”
James Aldrich, “A Death-Bed.”
Cecil Frances Alexander, “The Burial of Moses.”
Elizabeth Akers Allen, “Rock Me to Sleep.”
Ernst Maritz Arndt, “What is the German Fatherland?”
Anna Letitia Barbauld, “Life.”
Lady Anne Barnard, “Auld Robin Gray.”
James Beattie, “The Minstrel.”
Ethel Lynn Beers, “The Picket Guard.”
Robert Bloomfield, “The Farmer’s Boy.”
Francis William Bourdillon, “Light.”
William Goldsmith Brown, “A Hundred Years to Come.”
Mrs. Brewer, “Little Drops of Water.”
H. H. Brownell, “The River Fight.”
Michael Bruce, “Elegy Written in Spring.”
William Allen Buter, “Nothing to Wear.”
Henry Carey, “Sally in our Alley.”
Phœbe Cary, “Nearer Home.”

- Eliza Cook, "The Old Arm-Chair."
Philip P. Cooke, "Florence Vane."
Julia Crawford, "We Parted in Silence."
Richard Henry Dana, "Buccaneer."
William Douglas, "Annie Laurie."
Joseph Rodman Drake, "The Culprit Fay," and,
perhaps, "The American Flag."
Timothy Dwight, "Columbia, the Gem of the
Ocean."
Daniel Emmet, "Dixie's Land."
Thomas Dunn English, "Ben Bolt."
David Everett, "You'd Scarce Expect One of
my Age."
William Falconer, "The Shipwreck."
Francis M. Finch, "The Blue and the Gray."
Patrick S. Gilmore, "When Johnny Comes
Marching Home."
Thomas Gray, "Elegy Written in a Country
Churchyard."
Albert G. Greene, "Old Grimes."
Fitz Greene Halleck, "Marco Bozzaris," and,
perhaps, "On the Death of Joseph Rodman
Drake."
Francis Bret Harte, "The Heathen Chinee."
William Hamilton, "The Braes of Yarrow."
Reginald Heber, "From Greenland's Icy Moun-
tains."
Julia Ward Howe, "Battle Hymn of the Repub-
lic."
Mary Woolsey Howland, "In the Hospital."
Joseph Hopkinson, "Hail Columbia! Happy
Land!"
Thomas Ken, "L. M. Doxology"—"*Praise God
from Whom all blessings flow.*"
Lady Caroline Keppel, "Robin Adair."
Francis Scott Key, "The Star-spangled Banner."
Karl Theodor Körner, "The Sword Song."

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- Rouget de Lisle, "La Marseillaise."
William H. Lytle, "Antony and Cleopatra."
Francis Sylvester Mahony ("Father Prout"),
"The Bells of Shandon."
Clement C. Moore, "A Visit from St. Nicholas."
George P. Morris, "Woodman Spare That Tree."
William Augustus Muhlenberg, "I would not
Live always."
Theodore O'Hara, "The Bivouac of the Dead."
Kate Putnam Osgood, "Driving Home the
Cows."
John Howard Payne, "Home, Sweet Home."
Edward C. Pinkney, "I Fill a Cup to One Made
Up."
James R. Randall, "Maryland."
John Roulstone, "Mary had a Little Lamb."
Max Schneckenburger, "The Watch on the
Rhine."
F. H. Smith, "Tenting To-night on the Old
Camp Ground."
Samuel Francis Smith, "America."
Charles Sprague, "Ode on Shakspeare."
John Still, "Good Ale."
W. W. Story, "Cleopatra." Story will be re-
membered as a sculptor.
Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, "Curfew Must not Ring
To-night."
Augustus Montague Toplady, "Rock of Ages."
Joseph Blanco White, "Night."
Richard Henry Wilde, "My Life is Like a Sum-
mer Rose."
Forceyth Willson, "Old Sargeant."
Emma Willard, "Rock'd in the Cradle of the
Deep."
Henry C. Work, "Marching through Georgia."
Charles Wolfe, "Burial of Sir John Moore."

Samuel Woodworth, "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Andrew Young, "There is a Happy Land, Far,
Far Away."

A number of the poems included in the above list are poems only by courtesy, and in some cases it is a courtesy stretched almost to the breaking point. Of course such productions as "Little Drops of Water" and "Mary had a Little Lamb" are, without question, catalogued under the head of doggerel; and, in truth, it is in no wise likely wise catalogueable. Yet even the foolish rhymes named may easily preserve the names of their makers when erudite professors and distinguished judges have been forgotten. They require no mental exertion, and their appeal to our instinctive love of rhythm is resistless. The tintinnabulous sounds of tinkling lines that lull to drowsy slumber or set the feet in motion, as the periodical recurrence of impulses and accents seizes upon sensitive nerves, fascinate and captivate the entire man. Truthfully the poet represents in these lines the marvelous power of his divine art:

"Lo, with the ancient
Roots of man's nature,
Twines the eternal
Passion of song.

Ever Love fans it,
Ever Life feeds it,
Time cannot age it,
Death cannot slay.

Deep in the world-heart
 Stand its foundations,
 Tangled with all things
 Twin-made with all.

Nay, what is Nature's
 Self, but an endless
 Strife toward music,
 Euphony, rhyme?

Trees in their blooming,
 Tides in their flowing,
 Stars in their circling,
 Tremble with song.

God on his throne is
 Eldest of poets:
 Unto his measures
 Moveth the Whole."

The two great war-songs on the Southern side in our civil conflict of half a century ago were "Maryland" and "Dixie." The first of these was published in the Charleston *Mercury*, and at once became the delight of the Confederate heart. The second, strange to say, was written by a Northern man who was himself greatly surprised when he found himself the author of the song most popular with Southern soldiers. But Daniel Decatur Emmet did not write it for the use to which it was put. He was a minstrel of the kind our fathers liked, singing and cracking his jokes and delighting young and old with his peculiar mingling of wit and pathos. Blackened with burnt cork, he impersonated the negro, and gave

his audiences striking and new pictures of Southern life. Thus he traveled over England, returning with a fortune that slipped through his fingers, leaving him poor as he was when first he blackened his face and strung his violin.

He was the inventor of "the walk-around," and soon his name was in a million mouths. The lost fortune was his again. He composed negro songs with wonderful mastery of that peculiar vein of feeling and melody. Most of his songs are no longer remembered, but "Dixie" lived, and will always live because of its old war-time associations. It was as part of a "walk-around" that "Dixie" was constructed. Of a Sunday night, under the pressure of necessity, the great Southern war-song was written with no thought of its future. The following Monday it was sung, and a new fortune fell into the lap of Emmet. It was sung by everybody, and when, only twelve months later, the war commenced, the Southern soldiers caught up the strain and sang it in the camp and on the march. Upon more than one occasion they went into battle singing it. It became the great song of the Confederacy, made sacred by the thousands of brave men who perished with its notes upon their lips.

Many a man once envied for his wealth and world-wide renown, having played his part upon the stage of life, is no longer remembered; but how well preserved, like the fly in amber, are many names of once lowly minstrels because long

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years ago a few simple lines touched the popular heart.

A friend, gazing thoughtfully at some of the prominent books in my library, remarked: "A writer could, a hundred years ago, win immortality with much smaller expenditure of intellectual power and ability than is required now to make even the faintest and most ephemeral impression upon the reading world. Were John Ray and Andrew Bernard living today, they could not find a paper or magazine of any standing that would care to publish their rhymes. Hundreds of fugitive verses in village papers are far more worthy of preservation than anything poet-laureate Thomas Shadwell ever dreamed of writing." The critics's eye continued wandering over the shelves until it suddenly lighted upon "The Poems of William Whitehead," and then came an explosion that was contagious, though not so complimentary to my literary discrimination as I could have wished. Whitehead was a quiet and inoffensive man, with a faculty for rhyming, but without the faintest spark of fire divine; still he was poet-laureate between Colley Cibber and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Warton, who was himself nothing of a poet though a very good-natured and scholarly man. The fact is, when we speak of an English laureate we are thinking of Tennyson, and yet he was but one of the fifteen laureled singers of old England, and he was followed by Austin, even as was Chaucer by John Ray, and Dryden by Thomas Shadwell.

Not the least valuable of the familiar volumes that welcome me when it is my fortune to open them, are some old hymn books with verses that seem strange enough in these days of fine phrases and delicate rhetoric. Antiquarians will always value Sternhold and Hopkins for quaint expression of "old-fashioned piety." Metrical versions of the Psalms are rarely successful, but this version was more than felicitous, and its good fortune has not yet passed away. In the edition of 1602 are found the remarkable lines to which reference is often made, and in which the Lord is urged to "give his foes a rap." They are in the twelfth stanza of the seventy-fourth Psalm, and read as follows:

"Why doest withdraw thy hand abacke and hide it
in thy lappe?
O, plucke it out and be not slacke to give thy foes
a rappe."

Equally quaint is the thirty-sixth stanza of the seventy-eighth Psalm, in which God's covenant of mercy is described as a *trade*:

"For why, their hearts were nothing bent to him nor
to his trade,
Nor yet to keepe or to performe the covenant that
was made."

These lines are also very curious:

"For why? a cup of mighty wine is in the hand of
God;
And all the mighty wine therein Himself doth
poure abroad.

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As for the lees an' filthy dregs that do remain of
it,
The wicked of the earth shall drink and suck them
every whit."

Of all good books, ancient and modern, the words of Carlyle are forever true:

"In books lies the *soul* of the whole Past Time; the articulate, audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbors and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed, many-engined—they are precious, great; but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb, mournful wrecks and blocks; but the Books of Greece! There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally lives; can be called up again into life. No magic *Rune* is stronger than a Book. All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been; it is lying in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men."

Prince and peasant are equally mortal. The vast army that marches oblivionward without halting day or night is not composed of the poor and illiterate alone. In its ranks are lords and ladies and proud bishops of half a dozen religious denominations. Not one person in a hundred thousand will be heard of fifty years hence. Not more than one in five hundred thousand will ever be called to mind at the end of another century. Darkness and oblivion with open arms wait to enfold our race. And yet, such is the irony of fate,

in the midst of all this forgetfulness here and there some man by mere accident impresses a wholly inconsequent name upon the enduring history of our world, or enshrines it in the imperishable literature of mankind. The page that preserves for us the name of John the beloved records as well that of Judas, the betrayer of our Lord. Czolgosz will live in infamy as long, it may be, as Washington will continue in the love and veneration of our race. Learned and distinguished professors in Oxford and Harvard may write many books, but everlasting Forgetfulness awaits both them and the literary results of all their toil. The shelves of the Bodleian Library are heavy with discarded intellectual timber. Yet a student, dissatisfied with Dr. Fell, wrote four lines of no real value about the dull but erudite professor, and lo! that learned gentleman put on immortality. "I do not love thee, Doctor Fell"—had the clever translator rendered differently his "Martial," the world would never have known so well the name of the now famous Oxford instructor. Gifford, who reviewed Keats' "Endymion" with that flavor of wormwood which attached itself to nearly everything he wrote, whether in the *Quarterly* or in some other equally self-righteous mentor, once refused to reply to an attack made upon him by an obscure poet. "I will not kick the scamp into immortality!" said he. Another literary assassin connected with the *Quarterly* said of an antagonist, "I will not honor the fellow

by spitting upon him. Should I do so he would boast of it until his last hour upon earth. I cannot touch him without immortalizing him." It is known that the Patriarch of Alexandria, who is the Abyssinian Pope, blesses his people by spitting upon them, and his loyal subjects believe there is some peculiar virtue in episcopal saliva; but it is only very recently that the writer of this paper discovered how daft on the subject of expectoration are English men of letters. Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam's beautiful poem, was once so unlucky as to write these inconsiderate words about Mrs. Browning: "Mrs. Browning's death is rather a relief to me, I must say. No more 'Aurora Leighs', thank God! A woman of real genius, I know; but what is the upshot of it all? She and her sex had better mind the kitchen and their children, and perhaps the poor." Mr. Browning was very angry, and the only thing he could think of under the influence of a temporary fury was "spitting." This is what he wrote and published in the *Athenæum*, as a rejoinder to Fitzgerald:

TO EDWARD FITZGERALD

"I chanced upon a new book yesterday,
 I opened it, and where my finger lay
 'Twixt page and uncut page these words I read—
 Some six or seven at most—and learned thereby
 That you, Fitzgerald, whom by ear and eye
 She never knew, thanked God my wife was dead.
 Ay, dead, and were yourself alive, good Fitz.,

How to return you thanks would task my wits.
Kicking you seems the common lot of curs,
While more appropriate greeting lends you grace;
Surely to spit there glorifies your face—
Spitting from lips once sanctified by hers."

Browning's lips, it appears, were sanctified; had his pen also been somewhat sanctified it is not unlikely we should have been spared the above twelve lines. Perhaps it is too much to expect entire sanctification in a modern Englishman of letters, yet it is something to know that Browning was in a measure sorry for his miserable screed. It also helps us in our appreciation of Stevenson to believe that he regretted his Damien letter. An irascible pen should always be followed by a penitent heart. It is not difficult to understand Fitzgerald's sense of relief when he knew that the author of "Aurora Leigh" was safely stowed away under the sacred shadows of the little Protestant cemetery at Florence. "Aurora Leigh" is a nine-book novel in verse, complex and full of learned allusions. Mr. Whipple describes its style as "elaborately infelicitous." Doubtless it is a work of genius and contains some quotable passages, but most of the poem is hard to understand and its images and allusions are far removed from our common human sympathy.

There have been authors of no mean ability who from conscientious motives have suppressed their names, refusing to have them printed on the title-pages of their books. Of course they were

men of deep religious spirit who feared that ambition might supplant within their hearts a supreme desire for the glory of God, and so alienate from them and their work the Divine Blessing. Their books treated of religious themes, and were written solely for the spiritual advantage of their fellow-men. The author of the famous "Imitation of Christ" furnishes an instance of such inward humility and deliberate self-surrender. The book is usually attributed to Thomas á Kempis, whose real name was Hammerlein. A copy of the book was found among his papers after his death, and as it was in manuscript his associates came at once to the conclusion that he was its author. The best informed scholars and antiquarians attribute it to John Charlier Gerson, who was Chancellor of the University of Paris and Canon of Notre Dame. In well-nigh every language of the civilized world that treatise has been published, and it is one of the few immortal books in the devotional literature of our Christian faith. Yet no one whose claim carries with it any weight ever sought to be accounted the author of that remarkable work. "The Whole Duty of Man" is another book that has gone over the entire globe, influencing for good thousands of readers. The man who wrote it wrote it out of a deep spiritual experience, and his pen was dipped in his own heart's blood. He would not push himself into the light lest the pride of this world, which he so feared, should come between the blessing of God

and his work. Heaven's benediction was courted, but the applause of the world was held to be of little account. Charles H. Mackintosh, an English schoolmaster, would have only the initials C. H. M. printed upon many devout and uplifting books that came from his consecrated pen. These men were all of them superior to personal ambition, and in their self-surrender we see the power of strong and earnest faith.

There have been, on the other hand, some makers of religious literature who viewed the matter differently,—writers who found peculiar pleasure in closely associating their names with what seemed to them to be for the glory of God and the good of their fellowmen. Their delight in such associating of themselves with God arose from no love of fame, but from the thought that they were connecting themselves with an enterprise that seemed to them to be more worthy of the noblest thought and effort than any other in all the world. Most of the immortal hymns that have enriched the sacred services of the church have rendered illustrious the names of their authors. It is not difficult to believe that Toplady, who wrote "Rock of Ages," was quite as devout as was the author of the "Imitation of Christ." The wish to live on through the centuries in beautiful association with some high and holy enterprise or some piece of devout and noble literature is certainly no mean or unworthy desire.

It must be remembered that there is a pride of

humility even more offensive than the common satisfaction ordinary men feel in receiving praise from others. There is nothing lovely in self-abasement practiced for its own sake. The self-reliant man is the successful man, and self-reliance implies some degree of self-assertion. We view with pleasure one who conquers with resolute heart adverse circumstances; we are not greatly disturbed when we find him somewhat inclined to congratulate himself upon well-earned success. But mock-humility is a thing to despise, for it is the meanest kind of hypocrisy. Both Coleridge and Southey are sure that the devil's "darling sin is the pride that apes humility." The entire world feels by common instinct that Uriah Heep is a detestable sneak.

There have been authors who from other than religious motives have striven to conceal their identity. Byron issued his "Don Juan" anonymously. Southey sent his book "The Doctor" into the world with no acknowledgment of authorship. Walter Scott sent out his novels as the work of "The Author of Waverley" and at the same time, in order to distract the attention of the public, he published his poems and biography under his own name. Edmund Burke at twenty-seven printed anonymously his "Vindication of Natural Society," which was for a time ascribed to Bolingbroke. Pope did not put his name to the "Dunciad," and to escape detection he published the book in Dublin. James Hogg was "The

Etrick Shepherd." Thomas Moore called himself "Thomas Little" and sometimes "Mr. Little." Professor Wilson came before the world as "Christopher North." Dr. Wolcott was "Peter Pindar." Francis Mahoney disguised himself as "Father Prout." In later days Mrs. Lewes was "George Eliot." Dickens was known as "Boz." Mme. Dudevant took the name of "George Sand." Louise De la Ramée was famous in every land as "Ouida." In America Franklin, Irving, Dr. Holland, Clemens, Rossiter Johnson, and many other gifted writers had pen names. No one is absolutely sure that Sir Philip Francis wrote "The Letters of Junius." Chatterton had his reason for hiding behind the "Rowley Poems." Bertram and Ireland disguised themselves as "Richardus Corinensis" and "William Shakspeare." Neither love of fame nor fear of its consequences had anything to do with their concealment of themselves. There are to this day those who believe in a Celtic Homer. James Macpherson knew right well that a stupid world could see neither power nor beauty in "Fingal" and "Temora" were it known that he was himself the better part of the great Ossian. How the gifted and ingenious Scotchman must have chuckled when he read his friend's learned essay intended to prove the authenticity of those glorious forgeries. Dr. Hugh Blair, professor of rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, went so far as to declare his belief that the poems of Ossian must have been composed in the hunting

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stage of man's existence. "The allusions to herds of cattle are not many," said he in his famous review, "and of agriculture there is not a trace." How Macpherson managed to keep his face straight is more than one who has knowledge of the matter can understand. Think of Boswell kissing the "sacred relics of Shakspeare"—relics that had been manufactured out of whole cloth by one of his own acquaintances. Think of the literary rascality of the inventor of the false "Decretals of Isidore" that for eight hundred years or more deceived the entire Christian world. George Psalmanazar was the assumed name of a literary imposter who passed himself off for a native of the island of Formosa. After many adventures he came to London and there translated the catechism of the State Church into his invented Formosan language. He also published a fictitious "Description of Formosa." So great was his success that he made enough money in two years to enable him to spend more than five years in idleness and extravagance in London. Later in life he repented of his evil ways, and for fifty years conducted himself in so exemplary a manner and with such piety as to win the confidence of all who knew him. What shall be said of Vella, Maitland, Peraira, Simonides, and Baricourt? Not all who have concealed their identity have had at heart a worthy motive.

The real man is, after all, not the man with whom we have personal acquaintance. Not till

Time has sifted out the chaff can we garner the pure grain. Only when the visible man has become a phantom are we able to discern the substantial and enduring man whose home is history, and whose work is the common possession of an entire race.

The story of insufficient compensation for good literary work is as old as literature itself. Juvenal, in his Fifth Satire, has left the world bitter lines that require no comment:

“Quick, call for wood, and let the flames devour
The hapless produce of the studious hour;
Or lock it up, to moths and worms a prey,
And break your pens, and fling your ink away:—
Or pour it rather o’er your epick flights,
Your battles, sieges (fruit of sleepless nights),
Pour it, mistaken men, who rack your brains,
In dungeons, cocklofts, for heroick strains;
Who toil and sweat to purchase mere renown,
A meagre statue, and an ivy crown!”

And in Macrobius is a witty story that comes to the same end, and impresses the same truth:

“A Greek poet had presented Augustus with many little compliments, in the hope of some trifling remuneration. The Emperour, who found them of only moderate value, took no notice of the poor man; but, as he persisted in offering him his adulatory verses, composed himself an epigram in praise of the poet; and when he next waited on him with his customary panegyrick, presented his own to him with amazing gravity. The man took and read it with apparent satisfaction; then putting

his hand into his pocket, he deliberately drew out two farthings and gave them to the Emperour, saying, 'This is not equal to the demands of your situation, Sire, but 'tis all I have: if I had more, I would give it to you.' Augustus, who was not an ill-natured man, could not resist this; he burst into a fit of laughter, and made the poet a handsome present."

Fame or money the author justly accounts the reward of worthy labor—what shall be said when both are deserved, and neither is accorded? Genius neglected in life and forgotten in death is one of the saddest of all things the literary mind is ever called to contemplate. The story of Chatterton, a suicide at seventeen and buried in a pauper's grave, is one of the most familiar of illustrations. Byron visited the last resting place of Churchill, and thus describes it:

"I stood beside the grave of one who blazed,
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres."

How strange a thing is fame. It has no visible presence, yet thousands woo it with all the passion of a lover, and are willing to die if only they may hear their names sounded from its lips of song and story. Verily men chase a phantom. Yet history were something quite unlike the record it now is had not the heart of humanity thrilled to the music of remembrance. The grave is deep, but vast are the heavens to which we aspire, and glory crowns the dream of youth as well as the toil of mid-life and the serene wisdom of age.

How noble and yet how poor a thing is Fame. The ancients said much about its beauty and evanescence, and much also about its debasing influence over those who gave it the supreme place in their hearts. Marcus Aurelius expressed in clear and graceful words the feeling of the best men and women of his day with regard to all earthly glory:

Μικρὸν δὲ καὶ ἡ μικρίστη ὑστεροφημία, καὶ αὐτὴ δὴ κατὰ διαδοχὴν ἀνθρωπαρίων τάχιστα τεθνηζομένων, καὶ οὐκ εἰδόντων οὐδὲ ἑαυτοὺς οὔτέ γε τὸν πρόπαλαι τεθνηκότα.

Ἄλλὰ τὸ δοξάριόν σε περισπάσει. Ἀπιδῶν εἰς τὸ τάχος τῆς πάντων λήθης καὶ τὸ χάος τοῦ ἐφ' ἑκάτερα ἀπέρου αἰῶνος, καὶ τὸ κενὸν τῆς ἀπηχίσεως, καὶ τὸ εὐμετάβολον καὶ ἀκρατον τῶν ἀφ' ἡμῖν δοκούντων καὶ τὸ στενὸν τοῦ τύπου ἐν ᾧ περιγράφεται. Ὅλη τε γὰρ ἡ γῆ στιγμή καὶ ταύτης πόσον γωνίδιον ἡ κατοίκησις αὕτη; καὶ ἐνταῦθα πόσοι, καὶ διότι τινες οἱ ἐπαινεσόμενοι.

In closing this brief paper the writer would insist upon an independent spirit as the essential element in all enduring work. One must dismiss anxiety concerning the passing opinions of the men and women who surround him. He must give no heed to seducing voices. He must refuse to be the mouthpiece of his neighbor's whims and convictions. Schopenhauer has written strong words (stronger still in the German), and with them let this paper end:

"The history of literature generally shows that all those who made knowledge and insight their goal have remained unrecognized and neglected whilst those who paraded with the vain show of it received the admiration of their contemporaries, to-

gether with the emoluments. . . . It is a prime condition for doing any great work—any work which is to outlive his own age—that a man pay no heed to his contemporaries, their views and opinions, and the praise or blame which they bestow. This condition is, however, fulfilled of itself when a man does anything really great, and it is fortunate that it is so. For if, in producing such a work, he were to look to the general opinion or the judgment of his colleagues, they would lead him astray at every step. Hence, if a man wants to go down to posterity, he must withdraw from the influence of his own age.”

IV

BOOK DEDICATIONS

“If my book shall live, then live thy name,
Thrice dear and gentle friend;
What bright meed I have of worthy fame,
Be thine till time shall end.”

—*Old Dedication.*

“The one human element in many a famed book is its dedication. Like a flower that blooms in some sheltered nook of the far North, and there sheds its fragrance amid snow and ice, the kindly dedication whispers of love upon the threshold of some cold and passionless treatise of abstract truth.”

—“*The Hermit.*”

BOOK DEDICATIONS

THE writing of elaborate dedications and graceful prefaces was a pleasant custom of the olden time. The book was not well presented to good literary society that had no carefully written preface or introduction in which was set forth the peculiar merit of the volume, and in which was made the usual debasement of the author in a salam of high-sounding words. Some of these exordiums, as Calvin's Dedication of his Institution to Francis I. of France, and Dr. Samuel Johnson's Preface to his edition of Shakspeare, are enduring monuments of good and scholarly parts. But things are changed now, and we are fallen upon the rude and unattractive literature of "jerks and starts." Epigrammatic and telegraphic styles have jostled and crowded from their places the calm and dignified utterances of older writers. The modern preface is reduced to a pale and ineffectual "foreword," and seems destined to become a fore-syllable. Yet we have this consolation, and it is by no means a poor one, that in parting from the dignity and grace of the fathers we have escaped a considerable amount of fulsome adulation. Casaubon's "Preface to Polybius" is no longer imitated, but it comforts us to know that now no one is so wanting in self-respect as to be willing to tread meekly in the steps of translators who could dedi-

cate their rendering of the Sacred Scriptures to "the most high and mighty Prince James." Did those venerable translators actually believe that Queen Elizabeth was "a bright occidental star of most happy memory"? It may be they did; and yet we cannot resist the impression that in their hearts they knew the Virgin Queen to be the hard and unlovely shrew she most certainly was.

Shorn of dedication and preface, the modern feast of letters may be commonplace, but after all, is there not a decided gain in self-respect? The authors who named themselves "a crumb of mortality," "a pinch of dust," and "a puff of wind" may have described themselves correctly, but we are unable to believe they added anything to the dignity of literary art. Many an old-time dedication was humiliating to the last degree; and the amount of lying that authors, big and little, offered upon the altar of patronage was simply astonishing.

The long and prolix Preface is now dead and soon the grass will be green over its unhonored grave. Never can any literary resurrection give new life to its dry bones. Perhaps the time is not far distant when the shorter Preface will also go the way of all the living and disappear forever; and the book, whatever might have been its manners under other circumstances, will bolt into our best society with not even so much of ceremony as a decent bow. But the Dedication will, beyond all question, survive. We like to associate our

work with those we love. A book is worth more to its author when it bears in gracious lines and tender phrases the loved one's name. Like a sweet and fragrant flower the dainty dedication glows in beauty just over the garden wall of some volume otherwise cold and possibly unattractive. We turn to it again and again, and the book seems more inviting. It helps us to think well of the author.

Chief among noble and attractive inscriptions is that which accompanies Reiske's edition of the Greek Orators. Reiske affixed his wife's portrait to the learned and excellent work, and in the Preface to his first volume he placed these beautiful and just words:

"She is a modest and frugal woman; she loves me, and my literary employments, and is an industrious and skillful assistant. Induced by affection for me, she applied herself to the study of Greek and Latin under my tuition. She knew neither of these languages when we were married; but she was soon able to lighten the multifarious and very severe labors to be performed in this undertaking. The Aldine and Pauline editions she alone compared; also the fourth Augustine edition. As I had taught her the Erasmian pronunciation, she read first to me the Morellian copy, while I read those in manuscript. She labored unweariedly in arranging, correcting and preparing my confused copy for the press. As I deeply feel, and publicly express my gratitude for her aid, so I trust that present and future generations may hold her name in honored remembrance."

Comte lacked Reiske's calm dignity, but he had much of that author's sentiment and tender feeling when he made this impassioned address to Madame de Vaux, six years after her death:

"Adieu, my unchangeable companion! Adieu, my holy Clothilde, who are to me at once wife, sister and daughter! Adieu, my dear pupil, and my fit colleague. Thy celestial inspiration will dominate the remainder of my life, public as well as private, and preside over my progress towards perfection, purifying my sentiments, ennobling my thoughts, and elevating my conduct. Perhaps, as the principal reward to the grand tasks yet left me to complete under thy powerful invocation, I shall inseparably write thy name with my own, in the latest remembrances of a grateful humanity."

I do not know precisely why, but always Comte's address to Clothilde de Vaux reminds me of the inscription which John Stuart Mill placed upon the stone over his wife's tomb in the cemetery at Avignon, France. It was January 5, 1886, as I discover from my note book, when I stood by the last resting place of that gifted woman, and copied upon a slip of paper these lines:

The Beloved Memory
of
Harriet Mill,
The dearly loved and deeply regretted
Wife of John Stuart Mill.
Her great and loving heart,
Her noble soul,

Her clear, powerful, original and
 Comprehensive intellect
 Made her the guide and support,
 The instructor in wisdom,
 And the example in goodness,
 As she was the sole earthly delight,
Of those who had the happiness to belong
 to her.

As earnest for all public good
 As she was generous and devoted
 To all who surrounded her,
 Her influence has been felt
 In many of the greatest
 Improvements of the age,
 And will be in those still to come.
 Were there even a few hearts and in-
 tellects like hers,
 This earth would already become
 The hoped for heaven.
 She died,
 To the irreparable loss of those
 Who survive her,
 At Avignon, Nov. 3, 1858.

John Stuart Mill and his wife now repose in the same tomb. During my brief visit to Avignon I had the good fortune to occupy the room in the little French inn in which through long and lonely hours the great philosopher and distinguished author watched in anguish of heart by the bedside of his dear wife. Very happy was the married life of Mill. His wife shared his tastes, his culture, and his opinions, and in all his literary work there was abundant evidence of her co-operation. Her beautiful soul made life radi-

ant with a love which he called divine. These are the words in which Mill dedicates his immortal "Essay on Liberty" to his wife years after her death:

"To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings,—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward,—I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me; but the work as it stands has had, in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her review; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful re-examination, which they are never destined to receive. Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one-half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it than is ever likely to arise from any thing that I can write unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom."

Balzac dedicated his "Modeste Mignon" to a Polish lady. Who the lady was he does not tell us, but I think we are safe in saying she was none other than the Countess Hanska, with whom the gifted writer lived in happy wedlock a brief season which he has elsewhere described as the summer of his earthly existence:

TO A POLISH LADY.

Daughter of an enslaved land, angel through love, witch through fancy, child by faith, aged by

experience, man in brain, woman in heart, giant by hope, mother through sorrow, poet in thy dreams, to thee belongs this book, in which thy love, thy fancy, thy experience, thy sorrow, thy hope, thy dreams, are the warp through which is shot a woof less brilliant than the poetry of the soul, whose expression when it shines upon thy countenance is to those who love thee what the characters of a lost language are to scholars.

Worthy of a place among beautiful dedications are the words with which Loti prefaces his "From Lands of Exile":

"I dedicate this to the memory of a noble and exquisite woman, whose never to be forgotten image rises before me strangely vivid whenever I have time to think. These notes from the faraway Yellow Land were originally written for her alone. I used to send them to her out of the distance as a sort of chat to amuse her during the long, weary months while she was slowly fading out of life, slowly and with a serene smile."

The brilliant author is not satisfied with his own graceful lines, but follows them with a delicate and touching description of his dear friend. He brings the charming invalid before us in such a way as to show her refinement and fascination. He so associates the entire book with her delightful personality that one can never think of it without beholding as in a vision the enchanting woman whose memory its enduring pages enshrine.

With these pathetically beautiful lines Eu-

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gene Field dedicates "A Little Book of Western Verse" to his sister:

"A dying mother gave to you
Her child a many years ago;
How in your gracious love he grew,
You know, dear, patient heart, you know.

The mother's child you fostered then
Salutes you now, and bids you take
These little children of his pen,
And love them for the author's sake.

To you I dedicate this book,
And, as you read it line by line,
Upon its faults as kindly look
As you have always looked on mine.

Tardy the offering is and weak,
Yet were I happy if I knew
These children had the power to speak
My love and gratitude to you."

In all these graceful and touching dedications it is the heart rather than the mind that speaks. And it is just because the dedication furnishes so happy an opportunity for the expression of kindness and affection that it is likely to endure when the dull and wearisome preface and many another adjunct of the published book or printed poem has been forever abandoned. In the dedication the author finds companionship, and shares with wife or friend the praise which he hopes his literary work may bring him. The companionship is sometimes far more enduring than one finds in

a brief life-time of a few years. Two hundred and fifty years ago Sir William Davenant wrote and published his "Madagascar," and today two dear friends live in equal remembrance with him in the graceful dedication:

"If these poems live, may their memories by whom they are cherished, Endymion Poster and H. Jarmyn live with them."

Davenant's dedication has been imitated many times. Three years after the publication of "Madagascar" Sheppard dedicated his "Epigrams, Theological, Philosophical and Romantic" in almost the same words:

"If these Epigrams survive (maugre the voracitie of Time) let the names of Christopher Clapham and James Winter (to whom the author dediceth these his devours) live with them."

The anonymous author of a curious and now scarce poetical tract, "The Martyrdom of St. George of Cappadocia, Titular Patron of England and the Most Noble Order of the Garter," which appeared in 1614, dedicated his work:

"To all the Nobles, Honourable and Worthy in Great Britaine bearing the name of George; and to all others, the true friends of Christian Chivalrie, lovers of Saint George's name and virtues."

Richard Brathwayte prefixed to his "Strappado for the Divell" (1615) the following odd "Epistle Dedicatorie":

“To all usurers, broakers, and promoters, sergeants, catch-poles, and regraters, ushers, panders, suburbes traders, cockneies that have manic fathers; ladies, monkees, parachitoes, marmosites and cato-mitoes, falls, high-tires and rebatoes, false-haires, periwigges, monchatoes, grave gregorians and shee-painters—send I greeting at adventures, and to all such as be evill, by *Strappado for the Divell*.”

William Hornby inscribed his “Scourge of Drunkenness” thus:

“To all the impious and relentless-hearted ruffians and roysterers under Bacchus’ regiment, Cornu-apes wisheth remorse of conscience and more increase of grace.”

Cornu-apes was a name Hornby had assumed. He followed the inscription with some verses of little value, and printed upon the title page the picture of a wild man very like an ape, smoking a pipe with one hand and holding a scourge in the other.

The three inscriptions last quoted are not in any true sense of the word dedications. Dedicating a book to the memory of all the men in Great Britain who may happen to have the name of George is like erecting a grave-stone to all who have died bearing the name of John Smith. As for Hornby’s inscription, it is a mere eccentricity.

Always a true dedication is a matter of feeling. It is a thing of the heart. Though into it a delicate humor or pleasantry may sometimes intrude, it can still never be other than gracious,

dignified, and affectionate. A good illustration of what a book-dedication should be is found in the inscription which Martha Baker Dunn has given her "Memory Street":

"To my father, a man whose brain is as clear as his conscience, and whose long record of stainless purity and integrity is his children's best heritage, this book is affectionately dedicated."

General Brinkerhoof thus dedicates his "Recollections of a Lifetime":

"To My Wife. For forty-eight years, through sunshine and through cloudy weather, she has been my traveling companion in life's journey, and in all the vicissitudes of those years she has done more than her share in overcoming hindrances and in making our journey enjoyable; in all the vicissitudes of life she has been my counsellor and helper, and always ready to make a sacrifice herself for my advancement or comfort. In short, she has not only made my home a haven of rest and encouragement, but she has made my public career possible; and if I have accomplished anything of value, it is to her wise provision and optimistic faith in Providential care it is largely due."

The author of the little book, "As Seen by Me," has furnished her readers a very delightful dedication, but it is to be regretted that she did not give them the name of her "speck of humanity."

"To that most interesting speck of humanity, all perpetual motion and kindling intelligence and sweetness unspeakable, my little nephew Billy, absence from whom racked my spirit with its most

unappeasable pangs of homesickness, and whose constant presence in my study since my return has spared the public no small amount of pain."

It seems to us that always in every book dedication and in every mortuary inscription the name of the person memorized should be given. Why carve upon the grave-stone "My Dear Father"? If the name is so sacred it may not be transferred to marble, why refer to the relationship? The sorrowing heart knows for whom it sorrows, and the mere relationship with date and possibly a line of verse or of Scripture has for the passing stranger no significance of any kind. In future years when all who were related are dead it may still be a matter of interest to know where some one, humble in his day but of importance now in local history, rests. We like to see something of the story of the man's life upon the stone that covers his dust. Soon enough all earthly records will be effaced. Let us not anticipate time and hurry on oblivion.

There was about the old-fashioned book-dedication not infrequently a vulgar and obsequious commercialism. The author had a patron, or he was diligently seeking for one with wealth and high social standing. The Dedication was too often for sale. There is record of an author who, publishing a book in many volumes, dedicated each separate volume to a different patron, and so harvested a multifarious reward before any of the injured contributors to his exchequer discov-

ered the deception. The convenience of having a literary sponsor was very great; sometimes it was an absolute necessity. I doubt not a considerable number of good authors have fallen into obscurity and many have failed of a publisher through want of some titled ignoramus whose name and station would certainly have impressed the book-selling fraternity. Some of the old inscriptions are exceedingly humiliating. The author who described himself as a certain lordship's "door-mat" was not by any means the most servile of the writing brotherhood. A very respectable author described the noble lady whose name graced his dedication, and whose money made his book possible, as "a phoenix feeding on perfumes." Perhaps he really thought she resembled something of the kind. She may have been beautiful, notwithstanding the commercial relation she sustained to author and book. The old patron system had its good points, and was often of advantage to both writer and benefactor, but it had also its disadvantages. It degraded literary art and destroyed personal independence. It did more. Sometimes it cut up, root and branch, all reverence for sacred things, and even for God Himself. What shall be said of a dedication like this which a French writer bestowed upon Cardinal Richelieu:

"Who has seen your face without being seized by those softened terrors which made the prophet shudder when God showed the beams of his glory!

But as he whom they dared not approach in the burning brush, and in the noise of thunders, appeared to them sometimes in the freshness of the zephyrs, so the softness of your august countenance dissipates at the same time and changes into dew the small vapours which cover its majesty."

It is only fair to say that the author who indited the above dedication was upon the death of Richelieu conscience-stricken, and in a second edition of his book suppressed the blasphemous inscription, and, by way of penance, inscribed the book to Jesus Christ. When James I. of England answered Conrad Vorstius' book on the attributes of God, he saw no impropriety in the following dedication :

"To | the Honour | of our Lord and | Saviour
Jesus Christ, | the Eternal Sonne of the | Eternal
Father, the onely ΘΕΑΝΘΡΩΠΙΟΣ, Mediatour, | and
Reconciler | of Mankind, | In signe of Thankeful-
nesse, | His most humble | and most obliged | Ser-
vant, James by the Grace of | God, King of Great
Britaine, | France and Ireland, | Defender of the
Faith, | Doeth dedicate, and consecrate | this his
Declaration."

Hundreds of books, good, bad and indifferent, have been dedicated to the Virgin Mary, who is variously addressed as the Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven, the Lady of Angels, and the Rose of Mercy. Thousands of appellations of honor and praise have been showered upon her by Roman Catholic authors, and in some cases by Protestant writers as well. A number of books

have been dedicated to the Apostles, among whom the Beloved John seems always to be favored, notwithstanding the peculiar eminence of Peter.

In ancient pagan days, before men turned their thoughts to the Holy Virgin of our Christian faith, Hippolytus dedicated a crown to the beautiful Diana, the goddess of hunting, in these tender and gracious words:

“To thee, O lady, I offer this crown, formed of flowers from a pure meadow, where no shepherd thinks to lead his flock, nor scythe has come, but the bee skims over the pure spring meadow, which the morning waters with river-dews. To persons whose knowledge is not acquired by learning, but whose wisdom is inspired by Nature in all things always, to them it is allowed to cull the flowers, but not to the wicked.”

Renan’s “Life of Jesus” (C. E. Wilbour’s translation) contains what seems to the writer of this paper the most lovely dedication in all literature. It is possibly too long, but its exceeding great beauty would make us loth to lose a single line. We give it here as it is found on the opening page of the gifted Frenchman’s “Vie de Jésus”:

“To the Pure Spirit of My Sister Henrietta, Who Died at Byblus, Sept. 24, 1861.

Do you remember, from your rest in the bosom of God, those long days at Ghazir, where, alone with you, I wrote these pages, inspired by the scenes we had just traversed? Silent by my side you read every leaf, and copied it as soon as writ-

ten, while the sea, the villages, the ravines, the mountains, were spread out at our feet.

When the overwhelming light of the sun had given place to the innumerable army of stars, your fine and delicate questions, your discreet doubts, brought me back to the sublime object of our common thoughts.

One day you told me you should love this book, first, because it had been written with you, and also because it pleased you. If sometimes you feared for it the narrow judgments of frivolous men, you were always persuaded that spirits truly religious would be pleased with it.

In the midst of these sweet meditations Death struck us both with his wing; the sleep of fever seized us both at the same hour. I woke alone! . . . You sleep now in the land of Adonis, near the holy Byblus and the sacred waters where the women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears.

Reveal to me, O my good genius, to me whom you loved, those truths which master Death, prevent us from fearing, and make us almost love it."

This is the witty and kindly dedication that Lamb affixed to his "Essays of Elia":

To the Friendly and Judicious Reader.

Who will take these papers as they were meant; not understanding every thing perversely in the absolute and literal sense, but giving fair construction as to an after-dinner conversation, allowing for the rashness and necessary incompleteness of first thoughts; and not remembering, for the purpose of an after taunt, words spoken peradventure after the fourth glass. The author wishes (what he would will for himself) plenty of good friends to stand by him, good books to solace him, prosper-

ous events to all his honest undertakings, and a candid interpretation to his most hasty words and actions. The other sort (and he hopes many of them will purchase his book too) he greets with the curt invitation of Timon, 'Uncover, dogs, and lap,' or he dismisses them with the confident security of the philosopher, 'You beat but in the case of

ELIA.'

Nothing, it seems to the writer of this paper, could be better in its way than the inscription which introduces "Tristram Shandy":

To the Right Honourable Mr. Pitt.

Sir,—Never poor wight of a dedicator had less hopes from his dedication, than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a large corner of the kingdom, and in a retired thatch'd house, where I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by winter; being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, that it adds something to this fragment of life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this book by taking it (not under your protection, it must protect itself, but) into the country with you; when if I am ever told it has made you smile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain, I shall think myself as happy as a minister of State, perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever read or heard of.

I am, great Sir,
(and what is more to your Honour),

I am, good Sir,
Your well-wisher,
And most humble Fellow Subject,

THE AUTHOR.

The whimsical spirit of the humorist and novelist is apparent in every line of the foregoing inscription, with just enough of implied pathos to awaken sympathy. Poor Sterne was not tender-hearted. He was a cold and licentious egotist who, to use the words of another, "preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother." A Frenchman tells us that "there was nothing good in the man, though his 'Tristram Shandy' is one of the best of books if one likes the kind." He did not have the frank out-and-out sensuality of Fielding, with whom he is sometimes compared, but he had all the rotten scandal of the worst writers of his time. Taine lets his readers into the spirit of the man when he writes: "That an epicurean delights in detailing the pretty sins of a pretty woman is nothing wonderful; but that a novelist takes pleasure in watching the bedroom of a musty, fusty old couple, in observing the consequences of the fall of a burning chestnut in a pair of breeches, in detailing the questions of Mrs. Wadman on the consequences of wounds in the groin, can only be explained by the aberration of a perverted fancy, which finds its amusement in repugnant ideas, as spoiled palates are pleased by the repugnant flavor of decayed cheese."

The end of Sterne was a sad one. Alone and deserted, while some of his companions were carousing in a neighboring street, he passed unlamented to his grave, in which he was not allowed

to rest. Two nights after his burial, he was dug up by grave-robbers who sent him down to Cambridge, where Mr. Collignon, the distinguished Professor of Anatomy, dissected him before some of the medical fraternity.

Formal and stilted in its phrasing and in its loud-sounding, but seemingly insincere, expression of humility, Byron's inscription of "Sardanapalus" may be taken as an illustration of what a book dedication should not be.

To

THE ILLUSTRIOUS GOETHE

a stranger presumes to offer the homage
of a literary vassal to his liege lord,
the first of existing writers

who has created the literature of his own country
and illustrated that of Europe.

The unworthy production which the author ventures
to inscribe to him

is entitled

SARDANAPALUS

It is difficult to believe that Byron ever regarded anything that his pen had given the world as an "unworthy production." Certainly the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" gave the men of his day a different impression. Byron never lost sight of himself. Of himself he thought and dreamed. It has been truly said, "He could not metamorphose himself into another. The sorrows, revolts, and travels described in his books are all his own. He does not invent, he observes; he does not create, he transcribes. His

copy is darkly exaggerated, but it is a copy." Surely the keen-sighted Goethe must have discovered without much effort what kind of humility it was the great English poet brought him in the dedication of "Sardanapalus."

Thackeray's inscription of "Pendennis" is a beautiful tribute to a dear friend and an able physician:

To

DR. JOHN ELLIOTSON

My dear Doctor,—Thirteen months ago, when it seemed likely that this story had come to a close, a kind friend brought you to my bedside, whence, in all probability, I never should have risen but for your constant watchfulness and skill. I like to recall your great goodness and kindness (as well as many acts of others, showing quite a surprising friendship and sympathy) at that time, when kindness and friendship were most needed and welcome.

And as you would take no other fee but thanks, let me record them here in behalf of me and mine, and subscribe myself,

Yours most sincerely and gratefully,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Thus Stanley dedicates to the memory of his mother his "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church":

To the dear memory of Her
by whose firm faith, calm wisdom, and tender
sympathy,
these and all other labours
have for years been sustained and cheered:

TO MY MOTHER

this work,

which shared her latest care,
is now dedicated
in sacred and everlasting remembrance.

The following are two excellent dedications from the poet Swinburne. The first, which is affixed to "The Tale of Baten," throws a strong and noble light upon the heart of the great writer, and rebukes those who malevolently represent him as devoid of natural affection.

TO MY MOTHER

Love that holds life and death in fee,
Deep as the clear, unsounded sea
And sweet as life or death can be,
Lays here my hope, my heart, and me
 Before you, silent, in a song.
Since the old, wild tale, made new, found grace,
When half sung through, before your face,
It needs must live a springtime space,
 While April suns grow strong.

The second dedication prefaces the matchless "Atlanta in Calydon":

TO THE MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

I now dedicate, with equal affection, reverence, and regret, a poem inscribed to him while yet alive in words which are retained because they were laid before him; and to which, rather than cancel them, I have added such others as were evoked by the news of his death: that though losing the pleasure, I may not lose the honour of inscribing in front of my work the highest of contemporary names.

Worthy of a place among the dedications to which attention has been called is one with which

F. Hopkinson Smith has enriched his delightful little book, "A White Umbrella in Mexico":

"I dedicate this book to the most charming of all the señoritas I know. The one whose face lingers longest in my memory when I am away, and whose arms open widest when I return. The most patient of my listeners, the most generous of my critics, my little daughter, Marion."

A curious and interesting thing in connection with the literature of mortuary and book dedications is the fact that domestic animals have had a share of remembrance in some popular and in not a few learned works. Their pet names have also been chiseled in the stones that mark their graves; and there are now a number of burial gardens set aside for cats, dogs, birds, and even creatures of the barn-yard. A cemetery for cats has been opened near London. The prospectus, in which it is called "The Zoological Necropolis," gives an imposing array of patrons, among whom are bankers, brokers, and men and women of wealth and social standing. Near Newport, the fashionable summer home of American millionaires, is an animal cemetery where repose under marble and surrounded by costly and fragrant flowers, the bodies of polo ponies, angora cats, and even a few monkeys that have been "socially prominent." But all this is as nothing when we consider the animal cemetery at St. Ouen. To borrow the words of a modern magazine writer:

“Here are monuments of the most elaborate description, and fresh wreaths everywhere. The most striking tomb is that of a Saint Bernard who saved forty persons, but was killed by the forty-first—a hero of whose history one would like to know more, but the gatekeeper is curiously uninstructed.

I walked among these myriad graves, all very recent in date, and was not a little touched by the affection that had gone to their making. I noted a few names: Petit Bob, Espérance (whose portrait is in bas-relief, accompanied by that of its master), Peggie, Fan, Pincke, Manon, Dick, Siko, Lonette (aged 17 years and 4 months), Toby, Kiki, Ben-Ben (‘*toujours gai, fidèle et caressant*’—what an epitaph to strive for!), Javotte, Nana, Lili, Dedjaz, Trinquefort, Teddy, and Prince (whose mausoleum is superb), Fifi (who saved lives), Colette, Dash (a spaniel with a little bronze sparrow perching on his tomb), Boy, Bizon (who saved his owner’s life and therefore has this souvenir), and Mosque (*regretté et fidèle ami*). There must be hundreds and hundreds altogether, and it will not be long before another ‘God’s Acre’ is required.”

“In due time,” says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, “we shall have cats’ undertakers.” The simple truth of the matter is that we already have undertakers in our large cities who devote themselves to the burial of domestic animals. There was not long ago in New York a dog’s funeral, and the little creature, for he was a diminutive lap-dog, was encased in an elegant satin-lined casket which was in turn inclosed in a fine oaken box. The burial was in a cemetery near Nyack, N. Y. The

cost of a casket and funeral for a dog whose mortal remains repose in Woodlawn cemetery was named to the writer, and as near as he remembers, it was something like one hundred and fifty dollars. On the stones that mark the graves of various pets in the cemetery for animals near London one may read some very touching inscriptions. Harriet L. Keeler, who wrote a charming book on "Our Native Trees," dedicates her work to two pet dogs, Phyllis and Nicholas; she describes them as her "loving companions through field and wood." An English lady inscribed her book to her favorite cat, whose prowess in capturing mice is duly celebrated. John Burroughs, the distinguished naturalist and essayist, dedicated his "Bird and Bough," a little book of delightful verses, thus: "To the kinglet that sang in my evergreens in October, and made me think it was May." Even the canary bird has winged its way into the charmed circle, and readers far and near may listen to the music of its song in notes that link the feathered creature of the air with the charm of poetry and romance. Why should not the animals be remembered? The old Egyptians worshipped the cat under the name of Aelurus. It was a tradition that Diana assumed the form of a cat. Surely if religion is in no wise dishonored by Tabby's presence, our modern books are not diminished in dignity by an occasional dedication to a sparrow, a squirrel, or a dog. So renowned a poet as Tasso celebrated the virtues and

immortalized the name of a pet cat; and Chateaubriand has preserved for us, and for all the world, the name and exploits of the famous Micezzo.

V

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

“Murciélagos literariòs
Que hacéis á pluma y á pelo,
Si queréis vivir con tódos,
Miráos en este espejo.”
—*Yriarte.*

“Y ahora digo yo; Llene un volúmen
De disparates un autor famoso,
Y si no le alebaren, que me emplumen.”
—*Yriarte.*

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

VICTOR HUGO had many and long arguments with his friend Schoelcher, who did not believe in a future life. One day when Schoelcher had given religion a peculiarly bad name, Hugo retorted: "Schoelcher, you are quite right. Not every one is immortal. Upon a certain day Dante wrote two stanzas on a sheet of paper, and left them on his desk while he exercised in the open air. No sooner was the great poet out of sight than the first stanza said to the second, 'It is a fine thing to be written by Dante, for that makes us immortal!' The second stanza answered, 'I am not so sure of that; do you really believe that both of us shall live forever?' In a moment or two Dante returned, re-read the stanzas, and deciding that the second was worthless, erased it." Whatever may be the fate of that delicate and ethereal part of our human construction which theologians call the Soul, it is true beyond doubt that some men live many years, if not forever, in the history of the race or in its wonderful literature because the Power that created them made them worthy of remembrance, while countless millions of men and women in all lands and ages, strive as earnestly as they may, are foredoomed to oblivion.

It is as Sir Thomas Browne tells us in his "Urn Burial," "Oblivion is not to be hired." The

greater part must be content to be as though they had not been—to be in the register of God, not in the record of man. It is hard to find in all history a greater tragedy than that of the unremitting but futile toil of inconsequent persons to make for themselves places and names in the enduring memorials of mankind. “Mute, inglorious Miltons” crowd our cemeteries. Georges Ohnet’s “*Le Maître des Forges*” is one of the good books of the world, but it came very near sharing the unhappy fate of Dante’s second stanza. Every publisher in Paris returned the manuscript. The author, disappointed and disgusted, threw the work into the open grate wherein smouldered a partly extinguished fire. As the flames touched the paper, Ohnet’s accomplished wife, who had herself assisted in the composition of the book, came into the room and snatched the precious manuscript from its perilous position. “We have money enough and can publish the book ourselves,” she said, “and it may be those brutal publishers will yet rue the day they let ‘*Le Maître des Forges*’ slip through their stupid fingers.” The book sold faster than Ohnet and his wife could print it and a score of managers sought to obtain dramatization rights, which König alone secured after much work, and the outlay of a considerable sum of money. For three hundred nights a brilliant German actress sustained the character of Claire de Beaulieu, and it is said that when the curtain dropped upon the last performance she

burst into tears because she had lost the dear friend she had so long impersonated. Ohnet was fortunate in two things: He had a cultivated and sympathetic wife who knew good literature and could help him in its construction, and he had also enough money to render him independent of the publishing fraternity. A good wife and plenty of money! What more can a man want in this little life of ours? Yet with even these one may fail in the world of letters if there be not sufficient genius for the work, and with genius it is even possible to succeed without either the counsel of a wife or the magic of money. It is doubtless the duty of every man to cultivate a forgiving spirit, and no one will deny that "Love your enemies" includes the obligation to think kindly of one's publishers. Yet we are most of us very human. If Dante could rejoice when he saw havoc made of Filippo Argenti by the people of the mire, surely so humble an individual as the writer of this paper may hope to escape with a whole skin when he rejoices in the sad discomfiture of those Paris publishers.

But not all the sinners live in France. English publishers have made mistakes, and some very serious ones. Long years ago "Tristram Shandy" was offered to a bookseller at York, and that same bookseller, turning up his nose at what he thought the miserable nonsense of a fool, informed Sterne that "the stuff" was not worth printing. "The sermon in Tristram Shandy,"

wrote Sterne in his preface to his "Sermons," "was printed by itself some years ago, but could find neither purchasers nor readers." Its appearance in the immortal work named created so great a demand for all of the eccentric preacher's discourses that an edition in eight volumes was at once projected. De Foe, though at the time a writer of acknowledged ability, traveled over all England endeavoring to find a publisher for his "Robinson Crusoe." Murray would not give Horace and James Smith twenty pounds for the "Rejected Addresses," though later when the book had made for itself a name, he was glad to pay one hundred and thirty pounds for the right to issue a single edition. He could well afford that amount, for every copy was disposed of at once, a large part of the edition being sold before publication. After "Vanity Fair" had been printed in *Colburn's Magazine*, a publisher said that he did not want it because public interest had been exhausted by its brief career in the periodical. A printer and bookseller at Bath purchased Jane Austen's "Northanger Abbey" for ten pounds, and then did not dare to risk more money on what he accounted a "shaky venture." So great was his cowardice that the book remained unpublished a number of years.

Charles Wolfe was a good man who preached the Gospel in a desolate and lonely part of Ireland. His parishioners were rude and poor, and his home was humble and bare of adornment. By

himself, without intellectual sympathy and companionship, the Irish clergyman kept the sacred fire burning upon the beautiful altar of literature. When the labors of the day were ended, his library of a few books afforded him a safe and blessed retreat from the poverty and wretchedness which his parish duties compelled him to witness. It was his good fortune to write an "Ode on the Death of Sir John Moore," that Byron pronounced one of the best short poems in the English language. He himself, though a man of unusual humility of spirit, thought the lines good and sent them to the most prominent magazine in England. The editor returned the manuscript and pronounced the poem mere doggerel. He could find no publisher and so, in sheer desperation, he gave the gem to an obscure Irish paper, and it was printed for glory alone.

Now that attention has been called to the lonely name of Charles Wolfe, it may interest the reader to know, if he does not already know, that the Irish poet's grave is in Clonmel Parish churchyard, which was in his day the cemetery of Queenstown. Mrs. Piatt, an American lady of rare poetic gifts who has written several books of delightful verse, often visited that grave when her husband was United States consul at Queenstown. In a volume of poems which she published in 1885 there are some pleasing lines about Wolfe's last resting place, and among them are these:

"Where the graves are many, we looked for one,
 Oh, the Irish rose was red
 And the dark stones saddened the setting sun
 With the names of the early dead.
 Then a child, who, somehow, had heard of him
 In the land we loved so well,
 Kept sipping the grass till the dew was dim
 In the churchyard of Clonmel.

But the sexton came. 'Can you tell us where
 Charles Wolfe is buried?' 'I can.
 See, that is his grave in the corner there.
 (Ay, he was a clever man,
 If God had spared him!) It's many that come
 To be asking for him,' said he.
 But the boy kept whispering, 'Not a drum
 Was heard,' in the dusk to me."

The poem goes on to tell how the gray sexton
 "tore a vine from the wall of the roofless church"
 where the poet's dust reposed, and swept from the
 grave the incumbering leaves "that the withering
 year let fall," disclosing upon the stone an in-
 scription scarcely legible and covered with moss
 that had to be removed before a single line could
 be made out.

Mr. Armistead C. Gordon, in a communication
 to the *New York Times Saturday Review of Books
 and Art*, under the date of July 15, 1902, wrote:

"Ten years after the lad had sought for the
 poet's grave in the grass of the Clonmel church-
 yard, Katherine Tynan, herself one of the most
 melodious and lovely of the younger Irish poets,
 wrote 'Poets in Exile,' a prose description of the
 Piatts in Queenstown, in which she narrates the

boy's untimely death. In Clonmel Parish Churchyard, not far from the Priory, lies the second boy, who was drowned in Queenstown harbor, just below the town, in 1884—a tragedy which evoked the deepest sympathy. Readers of Mrs. Piatt's poetry will remember her poem about Charles Wolfe's grave. The golden-haired child who kept repeating 'Not a drum was heard' is now the poet's neighbor in Clonmel Parish Churchyard.

“Young poet, I wonder did you eare,
 Did it move you in your rest
 To have that child with his golden hair
 From the mighty woods of the West
 Repeating your verse of his own sweet will
 To the sound of the twilight bell,
 Years after your beating heart was still
 In the churchyard of Clonmel?”

There were some English publishers who rejected “Jane Eyre.” I believe one of them did not think the book was moral. Before Prescott gave Bentley a chance to print “The History of Ferdinand and Isabella,” two publishers of renown returned the manuscript, and one of them was good enough to tell the author that his work was quite too dull and commonplace for English readers. Whatever may be said for or against the incumbents of Saint Peter's Chair who put so much of this world's best literature under ecclesiastical ban, certain it is that neither French nor English publishers are infallible. Yet with all their faults they are more to my mind than are the vain-glorious men who figure in papers and magazines as critics. Publishers have money at

stake, unless they make the author pay for the printing of his own books, but critics who damn volumes they do not take the trouble to read, risk not a single dollar. They do not even come out into the open and show themselves. The author is tried and condemned without knowing even the name of his accuser. No stupidity of any publisher can hold the candle to a paragraph like this from the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1818, in which Mr. John Wilson Croker discusses "Endymion":

"This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt, but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype, who, though he impudently presumed to seat himself in the chair of criticism, and to measure his own poetry by his own standard, yet generally had a meaning. But Mr. Keats has advanced no dogmas which he is bound to support by examples; his nonsense is therefore quite gratuitous; he writes it for its own sake, and, being bitten by Mr. Leigh Hunt's insane criticism, more than rivals the insanity of his own poetry."

Here is another charming specimen of critical discernment and acuteness which purports to be a review of Caryle's "French Revolution." It made its appearance in the *Athenæum* for May 20th, 1837:

"Originality of thought is unquestionably the best excuse for writing a book; originality of style is a rare and refreshing merit; but it is paying rather dear for one's whistle to qualify for obtain-

ing it in the University of Bedlam. Originality, without justness of thought, is but novelty of error; and originality of style, without sound taste and discretion, is sheer affectation. Thus, as ever, the *corruptio optimi* turns out to be *pessima*; the abortive attempt to be more than nature has made us, and to add a cubit to our stature, ends by placing us below what we might be if contented with being simply and unaffectedly ourselves. There is not, perhaps, a more decided mark of the decadence of literature than the frequency of such extravagance.

The applicability of these remarks to the 'History of the French Revolution,' now before us, will be understood by such of our readers as are familiar with Mr. Carlyle's contributions to our periodical literature. But it is one thing to put forth a few pages of quaintness, neologism, and a whimsical coxcombry, and another to carry such questionable qualities through three long volumes of misplaced persiflage and flippant pseudo philosophy. To such a pitch of extravagance and absurdity are these peculiarities exalted in the volumes before us that we should pass them over in silence, as altogether unworthy of criticism, if we did not know that the rage for German literature may bring such writing into fashion with the ardent and unreflecting."

American publishers may have a long account to settle, but they are not to be classed with their brethren across the sea. It is true that Emerson was viewed with suspicion when he published his first book, and it is also true that it was a long time before that book was appreciated. No one had faith in Thoreau's genius. At the time Sylvanus Cobb was charming American readers

through the columns of the *New York Ledger* with thrilling stories of love and adventure, Thoreau was industriously hunting for a publisher. He looked far and near, but no publisher appeared upon the horizon. Lew Wallace interviewed nearly every publishing house from Boston to San Francisco before the Harpers with some misgivings consented to be his good angel, and printed "Ben Hur." Lafcadio Hearn translated Gautier's "Avatar," but could find no publisher. One night, in a fit of desperation, he threw the manuscript into the fire. Mistakes have been made and are still made on both sides of the Atlantic, but the American publisher is, in my opinion, much ahead of the craft on the other side of the sea. I do not undertake to say whether he has a brighter mind, but I know he has a larger courage. His commercialism may be as great as that of the English publisher, but his love of letters is more pronounced. Between him and the writers who trust their literary fortunes to his keeping there develops often a warm and sincere friendship. In America it not infrequently happens that the publisher is himself an author and for that reason understands sympathetically the writer's feeling, and appreciates his aim and purpose. Many are the authors who have greatly improved both the literary form and the market value of their books by following advice freely given them by their publishers.

It is not generally known that Shelley always

had to pay for the publishing of his poems. Robert Browning published his early books at his own expense. Hans Christian Andersen paid in full for the printing of his exquisite "Fairy Tales" because there was not a publisher in Copenhagen who dared to have anything to do with the work. It is said that publishers in the United States are not now so timid and are very much more discerning. Perhaps it is so, but we are not all of us so sure of it. As throwing light upon this subject a paragraph from the *Dial* (Chicago) for December 16, 1906, certainly possesses an amusing interest:

"The ready recognition of literary merit, and the eagerness of editors and publishers to welcome genius whencesoever it may hail, is a theory often urged, though naturally a little difficult of belief to those whose contributions are rejected. Some doubter of this class recently tried the experiment of copying, with changes of personal and place names, one of Mr. Kipling's most popular stories, and sent it out to ten leading magazines of this country, by all of which it was politely declined with no indication that the hoax was discovered. Finally the very publishers who had originally issued the story, after gravely weighing its merits for seven weeks, sent the practical joker a letter of acceptance and a check. Of course the check was returned and the manuscript recovered. One offered explanation of the ten rejections is that although the fraud was detected, the editors were too polite to mention so rude a thing."

Ohnet's wife is not the only wife who has had

the good fortune to rescue a husband's work from destruction. It is said that Kipling's "Recessional" was taken from the waste basket by Mrs. Kipling. Edward Rawnsley is credited with having saved Tennyson's beautiful lyric, "The Brook," from the flames. Poor Warburton had no friend at hand when his servant lighted the fire with his precious manuscripts of sixty-five unprinted plays of Massinger, Ford, Lekker, Robert Green, Chapman, Tornure and Thomas Middleton. Lady Burton did not follow in the steps of Ohnet's wife, but perhaps it is just as well she did what she did. She had a woman's distaste for the kind of literature her husband was constantly translating from Oriental sources; and after Sir Richard F. Burton's death she committed to the flames the unpublished manuscript of his translation of "The Scented Garden" (the full title in English is "The Scented Garden for the Soul's Recreation"), an Arabic "Art of Love." She was for some time undecided as to what was her duty in the matter of the manuscript which, with all her husband's papers, came into her possession with his death. During the period of indecision she received an offer of six thousand guineas for the work. The man who made the offer said, "I know of from fifteen hundred to two thousand men who will buy the book at four guineas, that is, at two guineas the volume, and as I shall not restrict myself as to numbers, but supply all applicants on payment, I shall probably make

twenty thousand pounds out of the transaction." Lady Burton replied: "Out of the fifteen hundred men who will probably read the book, not more than fifteen will regard it in the spirit of science. The remaining fourteen hundred and eighty-five will devour the book for its filth, and they will also pass it to their friends, who will be injured by the publication." She received all kinds of advice and many tempting offers. Alone with her own heart in the silence of her chamber, she sought help from above. She tells us she knew that "what a gentleman, a scholar, a man of the world may write when living, he might view differently when, a poor, naked soul, he stands before a pure God, with all his deeds to answer for, and their consequences to face and endure." Again she tells us:

"My heart said, 'you can have six thousand guineas; your husband worked for you, kept you in a happy home with honor and respect for thirty years. How are you going to reward him? That your wretched body may be fed, and clothed, and warmed for a few miserable months or years, will you let that soul, which is part of your soul, be left out in cold and darkness till the end of time, till all those sins which may have been committed on account of reading those writings have been expiated, or passed away forever? Why, it would be just parallel with the original thirty pieces of silver?'

I fetched the manuscript and laid it on the ground before me—two large volumes' worth. Still my thoughts were, 'would it be a sacrilege?' It

was his *magnum opus*—his last work, that he was so proud of, that was to have been finished on the awful morrow—that never came. Will he rise up in his grave and curse me or bless me? The question will haunt me to death, but Sadi and El Shaykh el Nafzawi, who were pagans, begged pardon of God and prayed not to be cast into hell fire for having written the work, and implored their friends to pray for them to the Lord, that he would have mercy on them.”

The author made this book for scholars only, and when, later, he saw the common people reading it, he became alarmed, and, lest the book should do harm, he added these lines:

“O you who read this, and think of the author
And do not exempt him from blame,
If you spare your good opinion of him, do not
At least fail to say ‘Lord, forgive us and him.’”

She continues:

“And then I said: ‘Not only not for six thousand guineas; but not for six million guineas will I risk it.’ Sorrowfully, reverently, and in fear and trembling, I burned sheet after sheet until the whole of the volume was consumed.

It is my belief that by that act, if my husband’s soul were weighted down, the cords were cut, and it was left to soar to its native heaven. As we had received no money in advance I was mistress of the situation. If any judge otherwise and deem me unworthy of their friendship, I must bear it in silence.”

Think of the thousands of books that have disappeared, and among them several referred to in

our Sacred Scriptures. Where are the sixty-six lost plays of Æschylus? What would not the world give for the plays of Euripides that have vanished? The few plays that remain make fearfully apparent the damage literature has sustained by their destruction. We have but little of Sophocles. Of Sappho we have only a few fragments. It may be that somewhere in Egyptian tombs or in the buried city of Herculaneum manuscripts of priceless value are awaiting the pick and the spade of the archæologist. Let us hope it may be so.

VI

ETHAN BRAND

“Quare et tibi, Publi, et piis omnibus retinendus est animus in custodiâ corporis; nec injussu ejus, a quo ille est vobis datus, ex hominum vitâ migrandum est, ne munus humanum assignatum a Deo defugisse videamini.”
—*Cicero.*

“But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages; how we may come
To death, and mix with out connatural dust?”
—*Milton.*

ETHAN BRAND

“I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.”

DEAR old Tom Hood was never so far off from heaven as sometimes he imagined himself to be; and when, the evening lamp being lighted and the curtains drawn, I forgot the rude world as I laugh over his whimsicalities and sigh over the tender pathos of his serious poems, it seems to me the sharing of his gentle companionship in those merry English days that can never more return must have been something not far removed from heaven. Rossetti won from me something of love and no little silent but true discipleship when he pronounced the poet of “Nellie Gray” and “The Bridge of Sighs” the first English poet between Shelley and Tennyson. I too remember childish ignorance, and, preacher though I have been these thirty years, I sometimes think I was never so far off from heaven as I am in these times of perplexed experience and scholastic doubt. Are we really so much nearer all that is good and beautiful in

early days of careless fun and frolic? I know not. Perhaps we are always nearer heaven than we are wont to believe. I too have dreams and visions; what would life be without the wonder-world of imagination? Well do I remember a certain hamlet on the shore of the beautiful Hudson, where that river spreads itself out into the wide expanse of Tappan Bay. Half a century ago it was a lovely cluster of houses embowered in green, but now it is something hard to describe—neither village nor city, but a dusty and noisy town, ineffectually struggling toward municipal life and importance. It was there that for many years my father served as village pastor. The old church building is gone and now a smart new structure stands where rose gray, dingy walls that echoed the sound of inartistic praise in days when paid choirs were “a wicked city frivolity.” I did not understand the sermons, and it is more than likely that they were not written with any thought of the children, who were supposed to be sufficiently instructed in the Sunday School. I remember the long winter nights. They were filled with curious tales of genii, fairies, and every kind of wood-sprite, goblin, and gnome. Many were the phantoms that lived in the dark and shadowy woods that crowned the precipitous cliffs called in those days “Hook Mountain.” They are dead now, those astonishing creatures that made the world romantic and attractive to a child’s fancy.

Life is a series of disillusionments. First, the fairies die, then the wiser theories of early years, later the plans of a mature judgment, and last of all the radiant hopes and, sometimes, the good resolves of those weary days in which we so commonly make a virtue of our unlovely necessities. But memory lives on with a sweet and gentle persistence. Out of the wreck of life she saves the most beautiful things, and youth fares best of all at her hands.

Beneath the spreading boughs of a certain maple tree in my father's garden there lived a little winged creature capable of changing itself at will into man or beast. My sister had seen a headless ghost, near the shelter of a tall tree, seated in the full splendor of the moon on a cloudless night. Strange lights danced upon the lawn at eventide, and startling sounds issued at times from the mysterious, dark recesses of the old garret. And all these marvelous phenomena of the haunted world wherein I lived and moved and had my being were explained in a most satisfactory way by a school-mate learned in such matters and wise above his years in the folk-lore of childhood. He knew of a most bloody murder that had been committed long, long years ago just where grew a scraggy lilac-bush in front of the parlor window. There had been a more recent, though less sanguinary, deed of violence in the room over the parlor, for there I had surreptitiously slashed my sister's doll and let out the

vital current of its sawdust. Long and bitter was the mourning for little wax-headed Jane with eyes of heavenly blue and golden ringlets of the finest jute, wonderful and fair to behold. Now that I am "further off from heaven than when I was a boy," it seems to me I must have had a peculiarly angelic disposition for so young a child, as was evidenced by the speed with which I memorized that most innutritious of literary documents known as "The Westminster Catechism" and fairly shouted, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever!" under the resistless stimulus of a candy cane that danced before my vision as the fascinating reward of being able to repeat without mistake of any kind three pages of the "sacred manual." With all my celestial sweetness of disposition I failed to repent, I grieve to say, of that brutal assault upon little Jane's precious sawdust until a counter and parental assault had been made upon my sensitive integument.

Under such favorable circumstances and with such helpful environment I came to know, as I grew a little older, something about Hoffman's "Wierd Tales," Poe's "Black Cat," Dr. Warren's "Diary of a Late Physician," and Hawthorne's "Ethan Brand." These specimens of wild and mysterious literature, though somewhat hearselike, gave me no discomfort. Youth delights in tragedy. It is only when later years have made one personally acquainted with real

tragedy that there is developed a more wholesome preference for comedy.

The tale of "Ethan Brand" was a special delight, and even after I had arrived at man's estate I continued to regard it as unique. That was because I knew so little about books and believed many things original that later I knew were borrowed, stolen, or begged from whatever treasury of literary resources happened to be nearest at hand. Not much in this world is original. Shakspeare pillaged North's "Plutarch" to make his "Anthony and Cleopatra," and it is said that even Homer dined on smaller fish. How surely and swiftly the illusions of life dissolve and disappear. The romance of this world is smitten with a fatal malady, and our children's children will, no doubt, be present at the funeral. How many beautiful things and gracious arts are with us no more. Letter-writing expired when men came to put their trust in the telegraph and telephone. Conversation has gone the way of all the living. In the near future some enterprising Traction Company will cross the lagoon, and the graceful gondola will be seen no more on the winding canals of Venice. Soon the department-shops of Jerusalem, Bagdad, and Mecca will rival those of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Under the disenchantment of the wingéd years I also came at last to see that "there is nothing new under the sun" and that the man who went in search of the unpardonable sin had

his double in real life and in the literature of many lands as well. Thousands of distressed and distracted men and women in all countries, but especially in orthodox Scotland and in the New England of a hundred years ago, have been crushed to earth by the grim and relentless belief that they had themselves made the same fatal discovery that compassed the ruin of Ethan Brand. The goblins of our youth are with us still. They change their names, and their pranks are different, but age only increases their power. They still terrify imagination and hurt the sensitive conscience. Superstition wears a charmed life. We die, but the ghosts live on. When they are no longer able to plague us, they plague our children and our grandchildren. Over and over again the wierd story of Francis Spira, the apostate, has been repeated with extra touches of horror by casuists of nearly every shade of religious belief and by writers upon theological and ecclesiastical themes in papers and books without end. The life and last hours of the once notorious William Pope have been almost as fruitful of psychological mysteries and spiritual terrors. And there is the death of Voltaire. What a discussion, unseemly in every way, has concerned itself with that man's last hours! Is it aught to you or to me, good reader, how the gentleman of "sardonic grin and infernal smirk" went out from this life so fragile and brief? Long ago he left us, and to make a clean job of the unsavory

affair a mob of such men and women as only Paris can engender pulled him out of his tomb and we have not even his bones, which a certain French writer said were the most conspicuous thing about him in his later years. But we have his books and, with all their faults, who would wish them destroyed? Their loss would impoverish the literature not of France alone, but of the entire world. And Thomas Paine (good people still call him "Tom" Paine) is another bogy that has been rubbed threadbare by the religious acerbity of believers and unbelievers. It is more than likely the attrition will continue. Let me not sit in judgment upon his character, nor in this paper or elsewhere pronounce upon the destiny of his soul. It is to be hoped that his immortal part fared better than his bones, which in 1836 were offered for sale with the effects of Mr. Corbett in a London auction room. Mr. (he used to be called "Rev.") Moncure D. Conway, who loves the memory of the author of "The Age of Reason," is possessed of a bit of Paine's brain which was removed and preserved by Mr. Benjamin Tilley. Conway paid twenty-five dollars for the little convolution of gray matter. Brains are cheap at that rate, but Conway did not need another man's cerebral tissue; he had enough of his own, and some to spare.

What interests me just at present is not the mental condition nor yet the moral status of Ethan Brand, but the peculiar method of self-

destruction which Hawthorne selected as suited to the character of a man who went in search of the unpardonable sin and found that it was a sin of which he had himself been guilty. Ethan Brand ended his life by leaping into a burning lime-kiln.

“Ethan Brand stood erect, and raised his arms on high. The blue flames played upon his face, and imparted the wild and ghastly light which alone could have suited his expression; it was that of a fiend on the verge of plunging into his gulf of intensest torment.

‘O Mother Earth,’ he cried, ‘who art no more my Mother, and into whose bosom this frame shall never be resolved! O Mankind, whose brotherhood I have cast off, and trampled thy great heart beneath my feet! O stars of heaven, that shone on me of old, as if to light me onward and upward!—farewell all, and forever. Come, deadly element of Fire,—henceforth my familiar friend! Embrace me, as I do thee!’

In the morning when the lime-burner looked into the kiln the marble was all burnt into perfect snow-white lime. But on its surface, in the midst of the circle,—snow-white too, and thoroughly converted into lime,—lay a human skeleton, in the attitude of a person who, after long toil, lies down to long repose. Within the ribs—strange to say—was the shape of a human heart.

‘Was the fellow’s heart made of marble?’ cried Bartram, in some perplexity at this phenomenon. ‘At any rate, it is burnt into what looks like special good lime, and taking all the bones together, my kiln is half a bushel the richer for him.’

So saying, the rude lime-burner lifted his pole, and, letting it fall upon the skeleton, the relics of Ethan Brand were crumpled into fragments.”

A gentleman who has given much time to the study of exceptional and out-of-the-way occurrences assured me that the dreadful method of suicide adopted by Ethan Brand was wholly original with the gentle and melancholy New England novelist. "Hawthorne," he said, "constructed the tale after he had decided upon the way in which its hero was to be disposed of; the story was made to fit the *dénouement*." I must think otherwise. The death of Empedocles, who threw himself into the crater of Mount Ætna, might easily have suggested to Hawthorne's classically educated mind that fearful leap into the burning lime-kiln; and the philosopher's sandal thrown up from the volcano some time afterward might have given the author of "Ethan Brand" his first hint of the snow-white skeleton that made the lime-kiln half a bushel richer. Even the death of Marcus Curtius, who, to secure the safety of the Roman Republic, mounted his horse and rode full-armed into a gulf that immediately closed over him, might have awakened in Hawthorne's mind the first thought of that dreadful plunge which gives to the story of "Ethan Brand" its peculiar horror.

It is by no means certain that the method of self-destruction made use of in the tale under review was without parallel in the common life of our American people when Hawthorne first published the story of "Ethan Brand." Instances of the same kind of suicide in later years are on

record; and when I take into account the illiteracy of the men who thus disposed of themselves, I find it impossible to believe that they were in any wise influenced in the selection of the peculiar kind of *coup-de-grace* by the story of the man who leaped into a burning lime-kiln. In 1883 a tramp who gave his name as Bell and his home as Jamestown in Pennsylvania stood for some time by a furnace in the Fay Williams Company Glass Works at Kent, Ohio. He smoked a pipe while the workmen were preparing to throw sand into the furnace, which was heated to its greatest intensity. The foreman ordered him to step aside. "Why should I move out of your way?" enquired the tramp. "Because I want to get at the fire," was the answer. "So do I," said the tramp, and with that he cast aside his pipe and jumped through the open door into the blazing mass of coal and gas. In 1901 another man leaped into a blast furnace at the Shoenberger plant of the American Steel and Wire Company at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He mounted the cage thirty feet above the ground and waited for a man named Martin Lee, who was in charge of the top filler, to open the mouth of the furnace. The moment the mouth was open and the flames shot skyward, the stranger leaped to his death. In 1895 a remarkable funeral took place at the Midvale Steel Works, where an immense ingot of steel was buried with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. The

ingot contained the bodies of John Farkin and Joseph Gazda, who were engulfed in 82,000 pounds of molten steel which proceeded from a leaky furnace and fell into a pit in which the men were at the time working. In one second not a vestige of the two men remained, and scarcely a puff arose to indicate the complete incineration.

Ethan Brand's death, horrible and striking as it certainly was, cannot be called, in view of what has been said, unique. New methods of self-destruction are hard to find in an age so fertile of resources. Yet perhaps the following excerpt from a *Medical Journal* gives what is at present, and will long remain, an entirely unique method of suicide:

"A nurse at one of the Paris hospitals not long since tried a new way of committing suicide—namely, by swallowing two tubes of Eberth's pure culture of the typhoid bacillus. On the following day and the day after that she felt no inconvenience. On the third day she had some headache but no fever. On the sixth day she felt heavy and stupid and experienced great weakness in her legs, being obliged to take to her bed. On the seventh day her temperature was, in the morning, 37.6° C. and in the evening 38.6° C. On the eighth day she had two attacks of epistaxis and her temperature in the evening was 40.2° C. Several rose spots were also visible. On the tenth day serum reaction was positive. Otherwise the typhoid fever followed its normal course, but it was a very severe attack and the patient had in all 176 baths. The remarkable points of this case are the very short duration

of the period of incubation,—namely, only two days—and the rapid appearance of the rose spots, eight days after infection. M. Duflocq and Voisin, who reported the case, explained the very short duration of the incubation period by the large quantity of bacilli which were introduced into the digestive tract.”

In “The Dream of Love” by Henry Abbey we have a poem in which the deadly power of the cholera *spirillum* is made use of in the creation of artistic effect. The “heavy villain” of the poem endeavors to commit a diabolical murder by introducing into a living human body loathsome bacteria. The germs are described as they appear under the lens of a microscope.

Even the speech of Ethan Brand which, according to Hawthorne, was delivered by the wretched man while he stood upon the edge of the lime-kiln just before his fatal leap, is paralleled in Matthew Arnold’s fine poem, “Empedocles on Ætna.” These are the words, so we are told, that the old-time philosopher uttered when he plunged into the crater:

“Is it for a moment?
—Ah, boil up, ye vapors!
Leap and roar, thou sea of fire!
My soul glows to meet you.
Ere it flag, ere the mists
Of despondency and gloom
Rush over it again,
Receive me, save me!”

When one considers the many painless methods

of self-destruction known to men of even moderate education, it is surprising that any one possessed of a sane mind should ever resort to any of those dreadful and violent assaults upon life which seem to fascinate certain of our race. Why do the Japanese disembowel themselves, living, as they do, so near the great fields of opium-poppies? Why should anyone drink that liquid fire we call carbolic acid when one can as easily purchase a few ounces of benumbing chloroform? It is one of the mysteries of perverted human nature.

Perhaps the most fantastic attempt at suicide on record is the one related by Fodere of an Englishman who advertised that on a certain day he would destroy himself in Covent Garden "for the benefit of his wife and family. Tickets of admission, a guinea each." He deserves a place in the same paragraph with the man who hung himself to the clapper of the bell of the church at Fressonville, in Picardy, and by swaying to and fro caused the bell to sound in a most extraordinary manner. Of course the sound gave the alarm and he was cut down before life was extinct.

The laughter of Ethan Brand heightens the gruesome and uncanny effect of the tale and imparts to it a subtile and penetrating supernaturalism which increases as the narrative nears the final catastrophe. Bartram's child, more sensitive than the coarse and rude lime-burner, whis-

pers: "He does not laugh like a man that is glad. So the noise frightens me!" Little Joe unconsciously singles out in that brief sentence the element of tragedy which distinguishes the laughter of Ethan Brand from that of the vulgar crowd at the village inn. Lawyer Giles and his companion, the tipsy doctor, are pitiable specimens of our race, but their noisy merriment has in it nothing beyond the merely human note. The laughter of Ethan Brand is not coarse like that of the two men named. It is the laughter of a nature that has in some measure refined itself by the moral and intellectual acuteness involved in and developed by the dreadful quest. It is purely a thing of the understanding and has nothing to do with the heart. Greek dramatists as well as writers of today agree in ascribing to joyless laughter an element of tragedy. Victor Hugo tells us in "Les Misérables" that Jean Valjean, when he had decided to conceal his identity at cost of a comparatively innocent man, heard an "internal burst of laughter." It was not the laughter of gladness, but of a fiend within the bosom that had, by an evil resolve, given it fatal admittance. Those who have been much with the insane, especially with such insane persons as imagine that they have committed great crimes, know something of the penetrating fear and awful sense of calamity that in their disordered laughter usurp the place of human gladness. The vacant and joyless

laughter of a maniac, though not to be confounded with the derisive laughter of Ethan Brand, is a thing from which the sane and normal mind shrinks.

The ethics of suicide are not necessarily involved in the story under review. We do not have to answer now the question: "Is suicide in and of itself an evil in such a way and to such an extent that it becomes a duty under all circumstances to condemn it without qualification?" That question might be answered one way or the other without affecting in any way either the character or the interest of Hawthorne's narrative. Still no thoughtful man, especially if he be of an introspective turn of mind, can read the story of that fearful leap into the burning lime-kiln without catching sight of the not-far-distant ethical problem that, though not directly involved in the story, is still suggested by it. Themistocles poisoned himself in order to avoid leading the Persians against his countrymen. The Emperor Otho killed himself to save his soldiers. Every college boy knows what was the choice of the noble virgins of Macedon when dishonor stared them in the face. The story of Arnold von Winkelried, the Swiss patriot, who broke the Austrian phalanx at the battle of Sempach in 1385 by rushing against the points of their spears and gathering within his arms as many as he could clasp, commands the unqualified admiration of all good men and women. He

fell pierced with many wounds, but the Swiss were victorious. His act was deliberate; that is to say, it was one of choice and not of necessity. It was not the execution of a military order he was compelled as a soldier to obey. Neither was it the undertaking of a desperate enterprise that furnished him a single chance of escape. Death was certain. He intentionally impaled himself upon the Austrian spears for the accomplishment of an end that seemed to him so important as to warrant the sacrifice. He made a breach in the Austrian ranks through which his comrades, passing over his dead body, forced their way to the very heart of the resisting forces and carried the day. His last words are thus reported: "Friends, I am going to lay down my life to procure you victory. All I request is that you provide for my family. Follow me and imitate my example." It matters little from an ethical point of view whether he himself or the Austrian soldiers gave the deadly thrust. Either way the deed was his own.

To come down to modern times, let me call attention to a provision which, we are told, all officers engaged in fighting Indians make for escaping the dreadful consequences of capture by blood-thirsty savages. An officer with whom I was well acquainted assured me that he always carried poison with him when he went on an expedition against hostile tribes. He endeavored to select a poison swift and painless in its action,

but he accounted death by any drug better than the fate awaiting him in the event of capture. He once went into a skirmish with aconite and prussic acid hidden in his clothing in quantities sufficient to destroy not only his own life, but the lives of a considerable number of his men.

Colonel Inman some time ago published in Topeka, Kansas, a collection of short stories which he called "Tales of the Trail." In that book he expressed it as his opinion that General Custer committed suicide at the last moment, when he found himself face to face with the horrors of capture.

"With the Indians there appears to be some close affiliation between the departed spirit and the hair. I have questioned many a blood-begrimed warrior why he should want a dead man's hair, and invariably there have been assigned a number of reasons, three of which are most prominent: First, it is an evidence to his people that he has triumphed over an enemy; second, the scalps are employed very prominently in the incantations of the 'medicine lodge'—a part of their religious rites; third, the savage believes there is a wonderful power inherent in the scalp of an enemy. All the excellent qualities of the victim go with his hair the moment it is wrenched from his head. If it be that of a renowned warrior, so much the more is the savage anxious to procure the scalp, for the fortunate possessor then inherits all the bravery and prowess of its original owner.

He who kills himself in battle, accidentally or purposely, has positively no hereafter; he is irre-

vocably lost. Those who are struck by lightning or die by any other apparently direct operation of the Manitou (the Great Spirit) are hurriedly buried where they fall, without any ceremony, and no mound or other mark is erected over them. If after a battle there are found corpses not scalped or mutilated, it is certain that those persons came to death by their own hand, for it is part of the religion of an Indian not to scalp or mutilate the body of an enemy who has committed suicide. His superstition in regard to persons dying by suicide or by lightning is as religiously cherished as any of his other myths."

General Custer was found unscalped and without mutilation. This Inman regards as substantial proof of suicide. Custer was known among all the Indian tribes as not only a brave man, but an officer of distinction, and no doubt the savages were eager to obtain his scalp with its supposed communicable virtue. Great must have been their disappointment when they found that Custer had escaped their cruelty and had deprived his scalp of all that made it worth possessing.

No sharp and ironclad rule can be adopted. Under ordinary circumstances suicide is of the nature of murder, and yet circumstances may arise which call for the voluntary surrender of life. A man may be required to give his life for the preservation of another. A disabled ship was about to sink. There were not enough boats to save the entire crew. The sailors drew for places in the life-boats. One sailor who had

drawn a place gave it to his mess-mate saying: "You have a wife and little children at home and I have no one dependent upon me. Take my place; it is better that I should die than that you should have to leave a family without support." That man might have saved himself. He was entitled to the place which he surrendered. In a certain way he may be said to have taken his own life, but it was at the call, I will not say of duty, but of a rare opportunity.

It seems to me that we may sometimes make choice of the kind of death we must undergo. General Custer thought so when he made sure that the Indians should find his dead body on the field of battle. In certain parts of the world a man under sentence of death is allowed to choose one of three methods of execution. He may elect to be hanged, to be beheaded, or to be shot. Most persons would much prefer the last and would certainly make that choice. Yet there have been conscientious men who have declined to express a preference on the ground that such expression might make them in some measure responsible for their own death.

After all has been said that can be said by such ancient writers as Lucan, Epictetus, and Pliny, and by such modern authors as Hume, Donne, Voltaire, and Newman, it still remains true that self-destruction is, under ordinary circumstances, wrong in every sense of the word. The question of suicide is one not to be settled by either the

opinions of Cato or the peculiar circumstances that surrounded Philip Strozzi, but by the enlightened moral sense of good men under the influence of Christian civilization. Not all the ancients agreed with Cato of Utica. Darius is represented as saying in his darkest moment: "I will wait the issue of my fate. You wonder that I do not terminate my life, but I choose rather to die by another's crime than by my own." According to Euripides, Hercules said: "I have considered, and though oppressed with misfortunes, I have determined thus: Let no one depart out of life through fear of what may happen to him; for he who is not able to resist evils will fly like a coward from the darts of the enemy." The laws of Thebes deprived the suicide of funeral rites and branded his name and memory with infamy. Equally severe was the Athenian law. But for those who live under the brighter light and larger privilege of modern civilization and Christian education better arguments are at hand. Life has been given to us that we may cherish and use it in accordance with the will of Heaven for our own good and for the benefit of others. Every man's life belongs not to himself alone, but to his friends and to all the world. Even the poorest life may serve some good end. We cannot say that self-destruction is at all times and under all circumstances evil, for instances have been cited which prove the contrary, but as ordinarily understood and as generally practiced

by those who resort to it from cowardly and unworthy motives it is certainly the sin against God and the crime against humanity which the entire modern world accounts it to be. The familiar lines of Milton cover, for the most part, man's duty in this matter:

"Nor love thy life, nor hate: but while thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven."

VII

THE MAN OF GENIUS

“Sed nimirum quæ sunt in manu hominum, ea et mihi et multis contigerunt: illud vero ut adipisci arduum, sic etiam sperare nimium est, quod dari non nisi a diis potest.”

—*Plinius Minor.*

“The world’s wealth is its original men, and it can in no wise forget them; not till after a long while; sometimes not till after thousands of years. Forgetting them, what, indeed, should it remember? The world’s wealth is its original men; by these and their works it is a world and not a waste.”

—*Carlyle.*

THE MAN OF GENIUS

PROFESSOR Cesare Lombroso's book, "The Man of Genius," is a work the publication of which good men have reason to regret and to the title-page of which Charles Scribner's Sons should have refused their imprint. The blasphemous chapters that represent our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as an insane man of genius and the conversion of St. Paul as the result of an epileptic seizure are painful and unprofitable reading. But putting aside the gross impiety of the book, we still find in what remains little to praise and much to censure. The man who, pretending to voice the latest results of that department of medical science which deals with diseases of the human brain and disorders of the mind, gives it as his opinion that the greatest men and women of all lands and ages were insane and that genius itself is a neurosis of an epileptoid nature, is scarcely to be taken seriously or to be regarded with any great consideration. Our only reason for calling attention to "The Man of Genius" is to be found in the sad fact that many untrained minds, without realizing the nature of the book, absorb its poison and are deluded by its foolish pretensions. The work is printed in "The Contemporary Science Series," but its claims to scientific standing are slight. It is in every sense a popular

book, addressed to educated men and women in all departments of industry and in all circles of society. Dr. Havelock Ellis, who edits "The Contemporary Science Series" in which Lombroso's book appears, is a man of great learning in the not always fragrant departments of science which he delights to investigate. His books on "Sexual Inversion," "Modesty, Sexual Periodicity, and Auto-erotism," and "The Analysis of the Sexual Impulse in Women" are as wonderfully suggestive as they are in places surprisingly indelicate. They are the work of an original investigator who knows the way over which he travels, but who has himself not much use for the "modesty" which he has subjected to the most exacting scientific analysis. That he is willing to appear as the editor of Lombroso's book is due not so much to any great importance which he attaches to the work as to the fact that his attitude and that of Lombroso toward the religious world, and in some measure toward the social world as well, are closely related.

Lombroso believes that genius is a neurosis. The underlying foundation of the world's best literature and finest art is Bedlam. Behind the thrilling deeds of heroism that make history the glorious thing it is, one may discover, if he will, the disordered visage of Topsy-Turvy. Max Nordau, whose book called "Degeneration" made him famous with unscientific readers, agrees with Lombroso in defining genius as a morbid affection

of the nervous system. But he still thinks there may be cases in which genius is not morbid. He tells us that "science does not assert that every genius is a lunatic; there are some geniuses of superabundant power whose high privilege consists in the possession of one or another extraordinarily developed faculty, without the rest of their faculties falling short of the average standard."

Nordau thinks Goethe was sane, and he tells us that the poet, had he "never written a line of verse, would all the same have remained a man of the world, of good principles, a fine art connoisseur, a judicious collector, a keen observer of nature." Lombroso is more sweeping and unsparing. He assures us that many of Goethe's poems were composed in a somnabulistic state, and that the poet was subject to hallucinations of a startling and confusing nature. No man of genius slips through Lombroso's fingers. Tagged and labelled, from Socrates dancing and jumping in the street without reason, to Comte who thought himself the "High Priest of Humanity," the race of man adorns his cabinet of psychological specimens. *O lepidum caput*, remains there not for you also, Cesare Lombroso, some gilded peg upon which you may hang your own rare audacity, and so make at last in your wonderful museum the shining cluster complete?

Here are some of Lombroso's mad men: Plato, Socrates, Julius Cæsar, Nero, Septimus Severus,

Mahomet, Martin Luther, Columbus, Dante, Oliver Cromwell, Giordano Bruno, George Fox, Bunyan, Richelieu, Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Descartes, Carlo Dolce, Michael Angelo, Petrarch, Tasso, Moliere, Alfieri, Goethe, Schiller, Rossini, Rousseau, Shelley, Lord Byron, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Robert Burns, Coleridge, Pope, Victor Hugo, Charles Lamb, Tolstoi, Carlyle, Talma, Charles Darwin, Abraham Lincoln.

These were all crazy! Heaven grant this one prayer, that we may all of us go stark mad, and join the hallowed fellowship of lunatics so divinely gifted. They were not wholly *sans rime et sans raison*, but upon the dazzling splendor of each and every one of them, the all-discerning eye of Lombroso discovered the plague spot of degeneracy, and restrained by no foolish sense of delicacy, his unerring and remorseless finger is placed upon the fell contagion. George Sand is not of this illustrious companionship. Alas, she was sane! We have it from Lombroso himself that she was "free from all neurosis," which is the same as saying that she was not a woman of genius. To be sure, she had her seasons of melancholy, and mental depression was the sign of degeneration in Abraham Lincoln; but she attributed her thoughtful and pensive spirit to bile. Poor Lincoln was so far gone that he did not know what was the matter with his hepatic contrivance. It was the French novelist's "bile"

that caught Lombroso's eye. That the gifted authoress neither romanced nor sentimentalized about her depression of spirits, but seized upon a commonplace and vulgar explanation and was satisfied therewith, was a sure sign of mental health and vigor. The trite, the hackneyed, the ordinary, the vulgar, the inferior—these are the elements of a sound and well-balanced mind.

Just here a word with regard to pessimism may be injected without injury to the continuity of our paper. Is the inscription on the old sundial on the Rhine the true motto of a strong and far-seeing life? "I note none but the cloudless hours," is what the dial said. What kind of a man would he be who could take note of only the cloudless hours? Day and night have equal places in the economy of nature. There is a dark side to our world. Tooth and claw are as real as are flowers and fruit. The Latin "*Memento mori*" is as wise a bit of counsel as is the more agreeable "*Gedenke zu Leben*" of the Germans. Sorrow and calamity are in our world, and we cannot escape them by declining to see them. But if we will recognize their presence and square our living to their demands, we may put them to noble use in the development of character and in the shaping of material circumstances. The loneliness of high thinking furnishes no good argument against effort to reach those altitudes upon which forever lies repose. Willful sadness may be wrong and Matthew Arnold's "Empedocles on *Ætna*" may be

decadent, but there is a sadness in no way willful, and that is so far from being wrong that it is the secret of much power. The literature of power is seldom optimistic. Misery and anguish are the soil in which it finds root. Darkness and even sin minister to its life. Some of the greatest benefactors of mankind have been accounted pessimists. Dante and Michael Angelo lived somewhat in the shadow. Tolstoi and Carlyle were never very light-hearted. Abraham Lincoln was a man of depressed spirit who carried in anguish and love upon his great heart the distress of a mighty nation. He was melancholy. In his nature were strangely mingled kindness and loneliness. His temper and disposition were such as to occasion in Lombroso very decided suspicions with regard to his mental condition.

Max Nordau goes farther, and finds the writings of revolutionists attributable to degeneracy. He does not tell us what he thinks of the "Declaration of Independence" but we read between the lines, and since it was undeniably a revolutionary document, we credit him with discerning in it good evidence of the lunacy of Thomas Jefferson and the renowned but misguided men who joined him in signing it. Lincoln's "Address at Gettysburg" was due to hyperæsthesia, but poor man! he had not the remotest suspicion of it. He thought that his address was due to patriotism, when, in fact, it was due to a certain "offness in the upper region" when neither Nor-

dau nor Lombroso were at hand to set him right. There is a sense in which Lincoln was a pessimist. Certainly no one ever accused him of being an optimist. His wit and laughter-provoking sallies were not the natural offspring of a merry heart. Like Liston, Grimaldi and Carlini, he made others laugh while his own heart was breaking within him. But if ever there was in any heart a warm and tender love, in any bosom a noble purpose, in any life brave, wise and clear-sighted action, then Lincoln was of all men most sane.

Schopenhauer may have thought this "the worst of all possible worlds" and that "sleep is better than waking, and death than sleep," but the German thinker is by no means the only interpreter of life's mystery and gloom. Nor are his coadjutors, Hartmann, Mainlander and Bohnsen, the only high priests of a cult not without its saints and martyrs. No man who is alive to the world as it is can remain uninfluenced by its sore distress. He may sing with the poet:

"O threats of hell and hopes of paradise!
One thing at least is certain—this life flies;
One thing is certain, and the rest is lies;
The flower that once has bloomed forever dies,"

but he will not be found behind other men in his effort to render the life that flies as sweet and noble as may be for the flower that dies. The pessimist has his place among men, and his mission to the age and to his race is by no means an unworthy one. In the gloom of his twilight

things are visible that no man may see in the meridian splendor of a noon-day sun. In the shady grove, where his soul delights to dwell, are springs of strength and refreshment that are known to him alone. In periods of great political corruption, of dying faith, dissolving empires, revolutions, and catastrophes, he comes to the front, and is often the saviour of his country. Not in such periods do men turn to

“Lighted halls
Crammed full of fools and fiddles,”

but to those quiet and shadowy retreats where the pessimist may have for next-door neighbor Despondency of Spirit, but where as well he holds high communion with nobler ideals than haunt the empty brains of the children of this world. Men like Lombroso may count all the sad-eyed prophets of the soul hopelessly mad, but the generations of men rise up and call them blessed.

According to Lombroso, genius inclines those who possess that dangerous gift to excessive indulgence in stimulants and narcotics. He tells us that “great writers who have been under the dominion of alcohol have a style peculiar to themselves.” He knows just what that style is. It is characterized by deliberate eroticism, and “an inequality which is rather grotesque than beautiful.” It unites the deepest melancholy with the most obscene gaiety. It is true that many great men and a few great women have been in-

temperate. Robert Burns, Cooke the actor, Thomas Moore, George Moreland, O'Carolan the Irish bard, Edgar A. Poe and Hartley Coleridge did themselves great injury by their fondness for alcohol. Randolph, William Wilberforce, Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, Alfred de Musset, Coleridge, Erskine the English advocate, Dr. Hall the distinguished English clergyman, Kemble the tragedian, and Thomas De Quincey were addicted to the use of opium. Newton the great philosopher, Tennyson the poet, Thomas Carlyle, General Grant, Robert Louis Stevenson, President McKinley, and a countless host of the sons of genius found soothing and refreshment in tobacco. Napoleon I. took snuff, as did also Pius IX. and Leo XIII. Henry Ward Beecher wanted strong coffee. Hoffman, the German author, mingled spirits and opium. Mrs. Jordan, the Irish actress, dissolved calves-foot jelly in sherry. Kean, the actor, wanted beef tea with cold brandy. Charles Lamb was not satisfied with brandy, but must have as well gin and tobacco. Schiller delighted in the smell of apples when the fruit could be obtained; when he could not have apples he wanted large quantities of coffee or champagne. Mrs. Siddons liked porter. Bishop Berkley drank large quantities of tea. Bayard Taylor had, wherever he went, his beer.

It is freely admitted that many men and women of genius have used stimulants and narcotics—some of them have grossly abused intoxi-

cants. But even were it true that all men and women of genius were in the past and are now intemperate, still how small must be the number when compared with the countless multitudes of common-place and even uneducated persons who once were or now are intemperate. If the possession of genius inclines a man to the indulgence of appetite, what shall be said of the greater peril to which the multitudes of our race who have no genius are exposed? Certainly the vast majority of hard drinkers, in whatever age, have been wholly innocent of anything even remotely resembling genius. We do not believe that a man of genius is any more likely to have delirium tremens than is his humdrum and common-place landlady. Milton was a great poet, but he never indulged, so far as we know, in anything more invigorating than light wine and tobacco. The American authors, Washington Irving, Longfellow, Emerson and Whittier must have had some genius, but we never heard it whispered that they were intemperate. Henry D. Thoreau was a man of great genius, but he ate no flesh, drank no wine, and never used tobacco. Robert G. Ingersoll, Horace Greeley and William Cullen Bryant were men of genius, but who ever heard of their being intoxicated? Lombroso's shot fell wide of the mark when he associated genius with intemperance and labelled them both insanity.

Vagabondage is another sign of genius, according to Lombroso. He mentions Heine, Alfieri,

Byron, Burns, Leopardi, Tasso, Goldsmith, Sterne, Gautier, Musset, Lenau and Foscolo. All these immortal ones loved wandering and could not be persuaded to remain long in one place. Meyerbeer traveled for thirty years, composing the while his beautiful operas. Wagner journeyed on foot from Riga to Paris. Over against Lombroso's list let us name Goethe, Tennyson, Emerson, Thoreau and Whittier. Goethe wandered some in his youth, but during most of his life remained at home in Weimar. Tennyson lived quietly in England. Emerson went abroad twice, but was never a wanderer. Thoreau went into Canada for a brief season, but most of his life was spent in Concord. Whittier clung to his home and was averse to travel. These were all men of genius, but there was in their nature nothing of the vagabond. The life of Thoreau was marked by certain eccentricities, but the impulse to rove was not among them. The fields and forests of New England were quite to his mind, and it is doubtful if he ever entertained the thought of visiting remote lands, or even remote parts of his own country.

Sterility is pointed out by our author as another mark of genius. Many distinguished men remain bachelors, and among those who marry, the majority have no children. The words of Bacon are cited, "The noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, which have sought to express the images of their minds,

where those of their bodies have failed. So the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity." Lombroso is strong on names, and here is his list of persons who have died childless: Ben Jonson, Milton (Lombroso should have known that Milton had daughters), Otway, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Pope, Swift, Gay, Johnson, Goldsmith, Cowper, Hobbes, Camden—these are all Englishmen. He adds the names of other celibates—Kant, Newton, Pitt, Fox, Fontenelle, Beethoven, Gassendi, Galileo, Descartes, Locke, Spinoza, Bayle, Leibnitz, Malebranche, Gray, Dalton, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Lamb, Bentham, Leonardo da Vinci, Copernicus, Reynolds, Handel, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Schopenhauer, Camoens, Voltaire, Chateaubriand, Flaubert, Foscolo, Alfieri, Cavour, Pellico, Mazzini, Aleardi, Guerrazzi, Florence Nightingale, Catherine Stanley, Gaetana Agnesi, and Luigia Laura Bassi. Surely he has given us a formidable array of names. The one weak place in it is, however, quite apparent. Another list might be made of distinguished persons who have married, and in that list would be found many who had children.

The following persons of pronounced genius were not celibates: Chaucer, Shakspeare, Dante, Bunyan, Milton, Cervantes, Sterne, Goethe, Schiller, Bishop Berkeley, Marzolo, Edward Young, Coleridge, Addison, Carlyle, Landor, Comte, Haydon, Ary Scheffer, Anna Letitia Barbauld, Dickens, George Sand, Edgar A. Poe, Shelley,

Bulwer Lytton, Rossetti. The following persons were not only not celibates, but were fathers: Oliver Cromwell, Edmund Spenser, Bismarck, James Beattie, De Quincey, Byron, Burns, Tennyson, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Bayard Taylor. Lists amount to little. They may be so constructed as to favor either side. Lombroso's lists are worthless, and the lists prepared by the writer of this paper are of no greater value. Genius has absolutely nothing to do with marriage, and Lombroso, though he appears to be entirely under the thumb of his own mistaken theories, must have known that in naming sterility as a mark of genius he was trifling with his readers.

The height of absurdity is reached when Lombroso makes stammering and left-handedness to be signs of genius. All who know anything about the lives of distinguished men know very well that the vast majority of men, whether gifted with genius or not, are right-handed; and that while a few persons like Erasmus, Charles Lamb, and Mendelssohn stammered, the number of stammerers, both among men of genius and men of no genius, is never large.

According to Lombroso and Max Nordau, Henrik Ibsen and Victor Hugo are insane. Ibsen's power to sketch rapidly and with great force a peculiar situation or a deep emotion is largely due to a neurosis, the fatal tendency of which is in the direction of complete idiocy. The

high poetical endowments of Ibsen are conceded, but "A Doll's House" and "The Pillars of Society" are decadent literature. That Ibsen's parents were of a religious turn of mind and that the poet was reared in a religious atmosphere are responsible for much of his morbid moralizing and for his later dislike for established religious life and usages. His free-thinking is the decadent result of early piety. All Ibsen's characters live in a psychological atmosphere and in each career is some one vice or defect, the result of heredity or of some social environment. The inheritance is always evil and only evil. Yet these characters revolve around some religious idea. The Christian doctrine of the Atonement, in one form or another, is never lost sight of. Nordau tells us that "Ibsen's personages voluntarily and joyfully bear the cross in keeping with the Christian idea; now it is put upon the shoulders by force or artifice, which is, as theologians would say, a diabolical mockery of this idea; now the sacrifice for another is sincere; now mere hypocrisy." But in whatever way the doctrine of the Atonement is introduced it becomes the centre of thought—the ever-recurring motif.

Now all this to a mind like that of Lombroso evidences mental degeneration. Religion is in itself a species of delusion. The most sacred characters from our Saviour to the humblest of his followers appear to him to be victims of a more or less disturbed intellect.

He tells us that Ibsen is the victim of three "Christo-dogmatic obsessions"; these are, he declares, original sin, confession, and self-sacrifice. They constitute a mystic circle within which his troubled mind revolves. Nordau, who reinforces Lombroso, finds Ibsen's thought chaotic, lacking in clearness and precision. "Everything floats and undulates, nebulous and amorphous, as in weak-brained degenerates." He seems to preach free-love, and "his eulogy of a licentiousness unchecked by any self-control, regardless of contracts, laws and morality, has made of him a 'modern spirit,' in the eyes of Georg Brandes and similar protectors of those 'youths who wish to amuse themselves a little.'" "Unchastity in a man is a crime, but in a woman it is permissible." Everywhere is unrestrained individualism, and a mystico-religious obsession of voluntary self-sacrifice for others. Nordau tells us that Ibsen "seems to exact that no girl should marry before she is fully matured, and possesses an experience of life and a knowledge of the world and of men." He represents Ibsen as preaching "experimental marriage for a longer or shorter period." Surely if Lombroso and Nordau are right, Ibsen is a raving maniac. But how could such a maniac obtain so large a following and win such unqualified praise from trained and judicious critics? That is a question Lombroso does not deign to answer.

Lombroso calls attention to Charles Darwin. He is sure the great naturalist was a neuropath.

For twenty-four years he was an invalid. He could not bear heat or cold. He could not converse late into the evening without insomnia. He suffered from dyspepsia. He had spinal anæmia, which suggested to Lombroso's mind epilepsy. During the later part of his life he was able to work only three hours a day. He had some remarkable crotchets. He wrote rough drafts of his correspondence upon the backs of the proof-sheets of his books. He indulged himself in some strange experiments, such as having a bassoon played close to the cotyledons of a plant. Before instituting an interesting experiment he was absent-minded. In his old age he disliked novelty. He did not believe in hypnotism. He had some difficulty in pronouncing the letter *w*. He had a short nose and his ears were large and long. Such is Lombroso's evidence of the mental unsoundness of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all the naturalists and men of science this world has ever known. Let the reader run his eye over the evidence, and see what it amounts to. To our thinking it amounts to nothing. Certainly something more than chronic invalidism and a few eccentricities are required to make out a case of derangement. Dryden's couplet is as true as it is familiar:

“Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,”

but it is a *near* alliance only, and partitions,

though often thinner than we sometimes believe, do still divide the two.

Lombroso has no doubt of the insanity of most of the Protestant reformers. Luther was very crazy. Savonarola was stark mad. Napoleon I. was also out of his mind. We suppose George Washington escaped a place among lunatics only through some inadvertence, for beyond doubt had Lombroso thought of him he would have been caught and labelled with all the other great men of every age and land.

Walt Whitman wrote a suspicious kind of poetry. It was rhymeless. Lombroso speaks of him as the creator of that kind of poetry, but there were other writers who made use of it before his day. Nordau describes him as a vagabond, a reprobate, and a rake, all of which he thinks might be summed up in the one word "genius." He tells us that Whitman's poems "contain outbursts of erotomania so artlessly shameless that their parallel in literature could hardly be found with the author's name attached." Whitman is "morally insane, and incapable of distinguishing between good and evil, virtue and crime." To prove that the poet was a megalomaniac he prints these lines which, being separated from their context, actually prove nothing but the mendacity of Max Nordau:

"From this hour I decree that my being be freed
from all restraints and limits.
I go where I will, my own absolute and complete
master.

I breathe deeply in space. The east and the west
are mine.

Mine all the north and the south. I am greater
and better than I thought myself.

I did not know that so much boundless goodness
was in me.

Whoever disowns me causes me no annoyance.

Whoever recognizes me shall be blessed, and will
bless me."

We have not verified these lines. We let them stand as they are, for the reason that they, in truth, prove nothing but an unworthy spirit in Nordau.

In speaking of Whitman's patriotic poems Nordau is unable to conceal his hatred of America and of American institutions. He tells us that Whitman's patriotic poems are sycophantic and corrupt. They glorify the "American vote-buying, official-bribing, power-abusing, dollar-democracy. They cringe to the most arrogant Yankee conceit." He thinks "Drum Taps" may be described as "swaggering bombast and stilted patter." The dishonesty of Nordau is made apparent by his refusal to quote the best lines in "Drum Taps"—such lines, for instance, as we have in the poem, "O Captain! My Captain!"

We suppose no one will dissent from the opinion advanced by Lombroso and others that Mahomet was deranged, and that his hallucinations preceded violent epileptic attacks which not only convulsed his body, but affected as well his mind. Maudsley says, in his "Responsibility in Mental Diseases:—"

“There can be little, if any, doubt in the minds of those who do not subscribe to that faith (Mahometanism), that an epileptic seizure was the occasion of Mahomet’s first vision and revelation, and that, deceived or deceiving, he made advantage of his distemper to beget himself the reputation of a divine authority. The character of his visions was exactly of that kind which medical experience shows to be natural to epilepsy. Similar visions, which are believed in as realities and truths by those who have them, occur not infrequently to epileptic patients confined in asylums. For my part, I would as soon believe that there was deception in the trance which converted Saul the persecutor into Paul the Apostle, as believe that Mahomet at first doubted the reality of the events which he saw in his vision.”

Washington Irving, in his “Life of Mahomet,” says:

“He would be seized with a violent trembling, followed by a kind of swoon, or rather convulsion, during which perspiration would stream from his forehead in the coldest weather; he would lie with his eyes closed, foaming at the mouth and bellowing like a young camel. Ayesha, one of his wives, and Zaid, one of his disciples, are among the persons cited as testifying to that effect. They considered him at such times as under the influence of a revelation. He had such attacks, however, in Mecca, before the Koran was revealed to him.”

Were Mahomet now living, he would be confined in an asylum, and the Koran would remain unrevealed. We shall never know how many revelations as wonderful as any which dawned

upon the astonished vision of Mahomet and Swedenborg are prevented, and how many incipient religions are nipped in the bud by judicious doses of bromide of potassium, belladonna, and zinc, by confinement in the wards of an asylum, and by other remedial agents. Certain it is that asylums are thickly settled with prophets, saints, spiritual healers, and mediums of one kind or another, of whose visions and revelations the world is deprived. Yet even now, and in our own country, there are some who escape confinement and openly minister to the deluded multitudes that follow them. The founder of "Christian Science" is an illustration of what we are saying, as was also the late John Alexander Dowie, who founded the "Christian Catholic Church in Zion." Dowie died as he lived, firm in the belief in his divine mission. An hour before his death it was suggested by one of his followers, whose faith failed him, that a physician be called. The aged leader rose on his couch, and gazing fixedly at the watchers, said: "I need no physician. God is all in all."

Ann Lee was an epileptic, and her revelations and system of theology are the outcome of insanity. She is described as "a wild creature from birth," a prey to hysteria and convulsions, violent in her conduct, ambitious of notice, and devoted to the lust of power.

It is now believed by many that Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism and, it may be, the

author of the "Book of Mormon," was an epileptic. Much in his life seems to accord with that theory. The character of his work and his own words raise the suspicion that he was not wholly in his right mind. He was vain, boastful and licentious, and withal very emotional and religious. His theology is a purely pagan composite. He believed that there were many gods, and that they were polygamous or "sealed" human beings grown divine. That the great God over all gods was once a man was with him a foundation doctrine, for he held that it was man's duty and privilege to learn how to become divine. He thought that God the Father and Jesus Christ were two persons in the same sense in which Matthew and John were two persons, and that God and Jesus Christ both had material parts, and that they had wives and children. The grotesque and heterogeneous nature of his creed would seem to fit in with a theory of mental unsoundness. It must also be remembered that his ancestry was somewhat neurotic.

Beyond doubt many of the historic personages brought before us upon the pages of Lombroso's book, "The Man of Genius," were more or less deranged, but the sweeping statement that all men of genius are neurotic is not only absurd but insulting to the most gifted minds our world has ever known. It is no doubt true that "great thinkers and poets are constitutionally inclined to melancholy," but in most cases it is because

they are constitutionally sensitive to the sorrow and distress of the world and alive to the mystery of human life. For the same reason many of them incline to pessimism. Aristotle was right when, many centuries ago, he declared that "men of genius are likely to be of melancholy temperament." Men of genius are likely to be as well men of knowledge, and while knowledge means usually increased power, it does not always bring with it happiness. There is a sense in which Goethe's words are true, "Every increase of knowledge is an increase of sorrow." "He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow," exclaims the Sacred Writer. How often we see an ignoramus approach a serious surgical operation with no anxiety. The well informed man discovers reason for apprehension where the unenlightened rustic is filled with calm assurance. The courage of youth is, for the most part, due to inexperience. The young man is certain of everything because he knows so little. It is true that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Multitudes of earnest souls trace their religious doubts to increase of knowledge. "If only I knew less," said a sorrowful sceptic, "I could believe more, and believing more I should be a stronger and a happier man." The poet who said, "There is always in the eye of genius a tear," was not far out of the way; but the shallow author of that unworthy book, "The Man of Genius," only smutched a subject of which he was incompetent to treat.

The optimist is good in his place, but as much may be said for the pessimist. Not always, but often, there is about the optimist a certain vulgarity not to be discovered in the pessimist. There is an offensive smacking of the lips over the good things of this life, and an indifference to the troubles of others that not infrequently render the optimist somewhat disgusting to men of finer nerve and kinder heart. We know little of Lombroso as a man, but we gather from his sometimes blasphemous and always humiliating pages a belief that he is an optimist. The smack of the lips, the self-satisfaction, and the vulgar assurance are in evidence upon nearly every page. His book will be short-lived, and he himself will be soon forgotten, but the men and women of genius who are insulted in nearly every line he has written will live on in the grateful remembrance of generations yet to come.

VIII

THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS WORK

“I have thought in my heart that it were a singular good work if the Lord would stirre up the hearts of some or other of his people in England to give some maintenance toward some Schoole or Collegiate exercise this way, wherein there should be Anatomies and other instructions that way, and where there might be some recompence given to any that should bring in any vegetable or other thing that is vertuous in the way of Physick.”

—*John Eliot in a Letter to Mr. Shepherd.*

THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS WORK

IT is sometimes represented by those who are unacquainted with the facts in the case that physicians, through long familiarity with pain and distress, come in time to lose every feeling of compassion, and that in many instances they acquire a hard, grasping and avaricious disposition that scruples not to make gain out of the physical needs and mental discomforts of a sick world. A man of more than ordinary intelligence said in the presence of a large number of persons, none of whom disputed his statement, that most physicians were so intent upon a fat fee that they had neither time nor inclination to serve men of moderate means. He went on to explain that doctors, through trading in sickness and death, come in the course of a few years of professional life to kill within their own bosoms the lovely and gracious feeling of pity. "They view," said he, "their patients as cases to be studied and exploited. To the modern doctor Mrs. Jones is in no sense of the word Mrs. Jones, but only 'case No. 520,' and his interest in the unfortunate lady extends no further than the amount of his fee and the result of his experiments."

The severe accusation is not wholly without semblance of truth. There are among physicians some black sheep. What profession is without its share of inky wool? Even the ministry of

religion has its conspicuous specimens of decadent divinity. In a certain sense every man, no matter what his calling in life, dwells in a glass house. In most cities, and in some small villages, there are a few medical men who are "in business" for "revenue" only; and there are hospitals and asylums in which carelessness and brutality are not unknown. It would be worse than foolish to deny that some unworthy men enter the profession, and that certain institutions of charity and mercy are such in name only. But a mercenary spirit is by no means common among medical men. On the contrary, the average doctor is proverbially careless in money matters. His absorption in his profession seems to render him indifferent to his own financial interests. I know of a doctor of great ability and large practice who could never have collected half the fees due him had not his wife, with a commendable interest in good housekeeping, made out the bills and forwarded them to their proper destinations. A lady said to me: "I wish the doctor would give me his bill. My husband has three times asked for it without result; I am told that he never sends out a bill until some pressing necessity reminds him of his account book."

The "Aphorisms" of Hippocrates reflect a noble and beautiful spirit, but it cannot be forgotten that De la Mettrie, the physician of Frederick the Great, left the members of his profession advice of the most selfish and cynical character. De la Mettrie said:

“Distrust your professional brother—*medicus medicum odit*. If you are in a fix lay the responsibility on the backs of the consultants. Never try an active remedy on a person of high position; it is better that a great lord should yield to human destiny, even prematurely, than that the doctor should be compromised. In the case of consultations try to arrive on the scene a quarter of an hour before the others, in order that you may see the patient alone and gain his confidence while seeming to study his disease. Visit the patient during the time the remedy is displaying its effects; make some small change in the mode of administration; thus you will supplant not only one or two brother practitioners, but the whole faculty. Take care to stand well with the surgeons and pay court to the apothecaries. Do not give medicines to those who do not like them. In the case of the others order only drugs that are anodyne, well known, and have not a bad taste. Do not pay too many visits; this would gain for you the reputation of being eager for fees. Unpunctuality will be excused if you plead the number of people you have to see. Always have the air of being busy. If you are asked out to dinner, arrive late and look as if you had been hurrying, and arrange that you shall be sent for at dessert. If women discuss the causes of a disease, do not contradict them, but agree with them. If women advertise you, your fortune is made. Above all, do not despise the support of ladies’ maids and nurses.”

Yet few doctors die rich. Not more than forty per cent. of all the young men who are graduated from medical schools ever derive from their profession an income of more than \$1,000 a year. There are not a few physicians in rural districts

who never earn in the practice of medicine more than \$500 a year. The standard of education is high, and the examinations are increasingly difficult to pass. A man must study more to become a good physician than to qualify as an educated lawyer. And the rewards of medical service, viewed from a commercial perspective, are insignificant when compared with the golden recompense that awaits a successful attorney. Think of the "graft," "boodle," "perquisites" and other interesting things that hang directly over the heads of legally educated gentlemen. Few physicians are subjected to any great temptation from what are facetiously described in political journals as "plums." The worst that can be said of a doctor is that he seeks fat fees, but these are never so corpulent as fat offices.

Dr. Robert C. Myles, a New York physician of distinction, said to a representative of the *New York Herald*:

"The number of able young physicians in this city is growing rapidly. The city is full of young men who have great ability and natural gifts. They have studied hard and made brilliant records. They will be heard from in the future. Then there are able, modest, unassuming men with offices in side streets who are really as competent as others widely known and of assured fame. And though they are equally successful in the same classes of cases, their fees are comparatively small and their meagre incomes altogether out of proportion to the high character of their achievements. So it is evident that no one can say just what the physician's fees shall be."

The late Sir James Paget followed the after-histories of 1,000 medical students in Great Britain and Ireland. Of these 23 achieved distinguished success, 66 considerable success, 507 fair success, 124 very limited success, 41 died while students, 87 died within twelve years of commencing practice, 56 failed entirely in the profession, and 96 abandoned it for some other calling. At a later date Dr. Squire Sprigge made a somewhat similar study of 250 students, and with somewhat similar results. In America the averages are better, but the general results are not very different.

Why do young men of ability make choice of a profession so exacting and arduous, and offering, in a large proportion of cases, such meagre financial returns? There can be but one answer to that question. The choice is made from a love of the profession, and from a willingness, born of that love, to incur the risks and to face the hardships incident to a medical practice. Young men when they commence the study of the healing art know many of the difficulties that must be overcome. Their professors, as if to discourage any mercenary straggler who may have unwittingly matriculated, do not hesitate to refer to the peril and self-sacrifice of a doctor's life. A medical lecturer once in my hearing thus addressed his class:

“Young gentlemen, the path of a conscientious doctor is not strewn with roses. Much of his prac-

tice is night-work. His time is never his own. When other men fly from the sick room or the hospital, frightened by the contagions and infections of such diseases as small-pox, yellow fever and plague, the physician must remain at his post even at the risk of his life. A thousand political honors and emoluments await the lawyer, and the wealth of the Indies knocks at the successful merchant's door, but hard work, personal peril and moderate compensation are most likely the only results you will have to show in the final making up of your account. Over much of the way no one will travel with you but the minister of religion whose work and spirit are not unlike your own. Yet if you love your profession, and desire to give yourself to its development and to the service of your fellow men, you have before you in the practice of medicine a future of which you may well be proud."

Does anyone think such words likely to attract to the study of medicine men of mercenary spirit? No, that spirit is far from common among medical students and physicians. It never was common among them. So long ago as the time of the famous Dr. Mead the same superiority to sordid considerations prevailed. During the imprisonment of Dr. Friend, who in 1722 was sent to the Tower for expressing too freely his mind on matters of state, his colleague, Dr. Mead, though of an entirely different political persuasion, cared for his medical practice without compensation. When Dr. Friend was set at liberty Dr. Mead presented him with all the money he had received from his patients—five thousand guineas.

Well, that was long ago? Yes, it was a long

time ago as we measure the years of a life-time, but the same spirit is still active in the profession. The beautiful kindness of Dr. Michael K. Warner, who died in Baltimore, Md., July 22, 1905, should be remembered. The bare statement of it refutes a thousand calumnies and gives us, as I believe, a good picture of the true spirit of a large part of the medical profession. Because many of Dr. Warner's patients were poor, the doctor, just before his death, destroyed all books containing accounts against them. This he did to make it impossible for his administrators to press those who were unable to meet without great personal sacrifice the just demands that might be made upon them. Dr. Warner said that his patients knew what they owed, and that he was sure they would, most of them, so far as they were able, pay his heirs when he was gone. It would be impossible for most physicians to follow Dr. Warner's example, and destroy, in view of approaching death, all evidences of obligation; but the cultivation of Dr. Warner's spirit is practicable, and is, I believe, shared today by an increasingly large body of noble and self-forgetting men in the profession of medicine.

The writer of this paper is peculiarly interested in physicians because, though he has been all his life a clergyman, he was early trained for their profession, and was in 1870 graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the City of New York. During three busy pastorates he has

continued to follow in thought and reading the marvelous developments of the healing art. There were physicians of large experience and ability in the three churches he has served—strong, kind-hearted, and wise men, all of them, of whose counsel he was always glad to avail himself. They were, without a single exception, good to the poor. One physician connected with his church in Portland, Oregon, attended without compensation a number of indigent families in the parish. The writer once said to him: "You are a busy man, and have a large practice. The duties of your professorship in the Medical College are no light matter. You hardly do yourself justice in giving so much of your time and strength to charity." He replied: "You respond to calls outside of your parish, and I know you would be ashamed to confine your sympathies and services to the single church of which you are the pastor. Is, then, the profession of medicine so ignoble a thing that it may not stand side by side with that of religion?"

The heroism of medical men is astonishing when one considers how little applause it wins. We all admire the brave soldier who follows his flag into the thickest of the fight. If he is disabled through wounds received in battle how gladly we vote him a pension. But the daring of the doctor is greater than that of the soldier. The latter goes into battle to the sound of martial music, surrounded by enthusiastic comrades, while

the physician, alone and with no public demonstration of approval, enters the pest-house and there calmly and without ostentation ministers to suffering humanity. The soldier is not rendered by his peculiar training more sensitive to the perils of his dangerous profession. On the contrary, the more extensive his training and experience, the more indifferent he becomes to danger. It is not so with the educated physician. To his cultivated mind a thousand risks in the matter of contagion, of which the ordinary man knows nothing, are clear and distinct. The civilized world was moved to admiration by the story of Father Damien's courage and self-sacrifice. The priest went to live with lepers on the Island of Molokai in order to minister to them in spiritual things. But when in a southern country I visited a leper hospital I found there, hard at work and with no thought of danger or of disgust at the loathsomeness of the disease, a number of able physicians and efficient nurses. Brave, patient, self-sacrificing, loyal to the spirit of science, those noble men and women were working day and night to help and comfort the distressed.

In this connection it is interesting to notice the two widely sundered views of hospital-life that have found melodious expression through the inspired pens of two women of wholly dissimilar temperaments. In weird lines Rose Terry Cooke describes the death-fancies of an old sailor who is waiting to go out with the tide:

IN THE HOSPITAL.

“How the wind yells on the Gulf and prairie!
How it rattles in the windows wide!
And the rats squeak like our old ship’s rigging;
I shall die with the turn of the tide.

I’ve had a rough life on the ocean,
And a tough life on the land;
Now I’m like a broken hulk in the dockyard—
I can’t stir foot nor hand.

There are green trees in the Salem graveyard,
By the meeting house steps they grow;
And there they put my poor old mother,
The third in the leeward row.

There’s the low red house on the corner,
With a slant roof and a well-sweep behind,
And yellow-headed fennel in the garden—
How I see it when I go blind!

I wish I had a mug of cold water
From the bottom of that old curb well,
I wish my mother’s face was here alongside,
While I hear that tolling bell!

There’s a good crop of corn in the meadow,
And the biggest boy ain’t there to hoe;
They’ll get in the apples and the pumpkins,
But I’ve done my last chores below.

Don’t you hear the norther risin’, doctor?
How it yells and hollers, far and wide!
And the moon’s a-shinin’ on that graveyard—
Hold on, I’m a-goin’ with the tide.”

With different spirit, yet with like genius,
Elizabeth Barrett Browning tells of kindness dis-
covered where kindness is not always found:

KINDNESS FIRST KNOWN IN A HOSPITAL.

“The place seemed new and strange as death,
The white strait bed, with others strait and white,
Like graves dug side by side at measured lengths,
And quiet people walking in and out
With wonderful low voices and soft steps,
And apparitional equal care for each,
Astonished her with order, silence, law:
And when a gentle hand held out a cup,
She took it as you do at sacrament,
Half awed, half melted—not being used, indeed,
To so much love as makes the form of love
And courtesy of manners. Delicate drinks
And rare white bread, to which some dying eyes
Were turned in observation. O my God,
How sick we must be ere we make men just!
I think it frets the saints in heaven to see
How many desolate creatures on the earth
Have learnt the simple dues of fellowship
And social comfort in a hospital!”

In my “Companionship of Books,” I recounted the heroism of Dr. Franz Mueller, of Vienna, who fell a victim to the bubonic plague when that disease was first under bacteriological investigation in that city in 1897. At the risk of tedious repetition, let me say that Dr. Mueller contracted the malady from the bacilli in culture tubes. When he became certain that he was infected he immediately locked himself in an isolated room and

posted a message on the window-pane reading thus: "I am suffering from the plague. Please do not send a doctor to me, as in any event my end will come in four or five days."

At once a number of his associates, all of them young physicians with much to live for, and with full knowledge of the chances to which they would expose themselves, stepped forward and not only offered their services, but, in some cases, begged to be sent to Dr. Mueller. The patient refused to receive them, and died alone within the time predicted. He wrote a farewell letter to his parents, placed it against the window, so that it could be copied from the outside, and then burned the original with his own hands, fearful that it might be preserved and carry out the mysterious and deadly germ. It is possible that Dr. Mueller might have been saved had he been willing to permit his fellow physicians to encounter the great danger they would have faced in treating him. To my thinking the heroism of Dr. Mueller and his associate physicians was much greater than that required for a feat of arms on the field of battle.

I am aware that it would not be difficult to place over against what has been said the actual record of enormous medical fees paid under peculiar circumstances to distinguished physicians. Every one knows that there have been some medical men of large means. Our fathers used to read fifty or more years ago a delightful little book called

“The Gold-Headed Cane” All the doctors described in that book were men of the noblest quality, and they were also men of large fortunes. Sir William Gull received, it is reported, for treating King Edward in 1871, when he was the Prince of Wales, the handsome sum of ten thousand pounds. The *Vegetarian* is authority for the statement that Sir Morell Mackenzie received for his attendance upon the late Emperor Frederick twenty thousand pounds. The doctors who prescribed for Queen Victoria in her last illness got two thousand guineas each. Dr. Lapponi had for removing a cyst from the side of Leo XIII. a sum that would be in the money of our country about twenty-five hundred dollars. Dr. Dimsdale went to St. Petersburg years ago to vaccinate the empress, and he received for his services ten thousand pounds with five thousand pounds for traveling expenses, and later a life pension of five hundred pounds a year. Dr. Lorenz, of Vienna, went to Chicago to operate upon a child who had congenital dislocation of the hip. He had for his services one hundred thousand dollars and traveling expenses for himself and his assistant.

Mr. D’Arcy Power in discussing the “Fees of Our Ancestors” reminds his readers of the old-time story of the skillful Democedes, who received from Darius Hystaspes of Susa a fee that our modern surgeons may dream of in “the first sweet sleep of the night,” but that none of them may ever hope to obtain in any-

thing more substantial than a dream. Darius had dislocated his foot at the ankle-joint, and Democedes was called in after the failure of an Egyptian surgeon. His treatment was successful, and he was at once presented with two golden fetters, in delicate allusion to his position. Having delighted Darius by asking him "whether he meant to double his punishment, that monarch told him to go through the harem as the man who had saved the king's life. The ladies each gave him a golden bowl piled up with *staters*, so many of which fell on the floor that the slave who conducted him made a handsome fortune by picking them up."

It would not be difficult to describe other large fees, including the contested one of ex-Queen Kilinakalani's physician.

All these fees, with the single exception of the one received by Dr. Lorenz, were paid by royalty, and were in reality gifts rather than fees. The physicians who had them may imagine that they were in return for services rendered, but, in truth, they were in no sense a *quid pro quo*. The physicians were men of exceptional skill, and in treating royalty they assumed an exceptional responsibility; yet men of even their unusual ability could expect such compensation in only rare instances. It must be remembered also that these fees were not in settlement of medical bills alone, but covered the expense of long journeys and the loss to private practice occasioned by protracted

absence from home. In the case of Dr. Lorenz we have a scientific man of world-wide reputation crossing the ocean to treat the child of a multi-millionaire who could, were he so inclined, and were the thing permissible, buy out half a dozen small kingdoms in Europe or elsewhere. And it must not be forgotten that Dr. Lorenz while in this country treated a number of poor persons without compensation, and gave demonstrations of his skill in hospitals for the benefit of American physicians.

The *Bulletin of Pharmacy* has this witty account of the way in which a distinguished surgeon was defrauded out of a fee to which he was entitled:

“Sir Morel Mackenzie once received a dispatch from Antwerp asking him for his charges for a certain operation. He replied £500, and was told to come at once. When he stepped upon the dock he was met by three men in mourning, who informed him sadly that he had come too late; the patient had died that morning.

‘But,’ said the spokesman of the party, ‘we know that you did what you could, and we do not intend that you shall be out of pocket a shilling. We shall pay you your full fee.’ And they did. ‘And now,’ said the man, ‘since you are here, what do you say to visiting the city hospital and giving a clinic for the benefit of our local surgeons? It is not often they have an opportunity of benefitting by such science as yours.’

Sir Morel said he would gladly comply. He went to the hospital and performed many operations, among which were two of a similar nature to

that for which he had been called over. When he had finished all thanked him profusely. On the steamer going home he met a friend who had a business house in Antwerp.

'Pretty scurvy trick they played on you, Sir Morel.'

'What do you mean,' asked the surgeon.

'Told you the patient died before you arrived, didn't they?'

'Yes.'

'Lied. You operated on him and a friend with the same trouble at the clinic. Got two operations for one price.'"

Dr. Murray, of New York City, is reported to have said to a representative of the press:

"I know of a case where a foreign merchant doing business in New York entered a leading hospital of this city as a poor man. He was operated on for appendicitis. It was a successful operation and the man speedily recovered, yet he paid only the hospital ward rate of ten dollars a week, and went on his way rejoicing. It was afterward discovered that he was a thriving merchant worth a hundred thousand dollars."

Whether a fee is large or small must depend upon circumstances. No ordinary patient would be willing to pay one hundred dollars to a physician of average standing in his profession, nor, indeed, would he willingly pay that sum to a physician of any standing, for a single office call; but Mr. Armour, Mr. Astor, or Mr. Carnegie might be ready to pay that sum twice over to a physician of exceptional ability for less time

than is required for an office call. It is not a question of what a certain doctor could collect under the law from either of the above-named gentlemen, but it is a question of that doctor's special worth to his multi-millionaire patient under exceptional circumstances at a given time. There is no good reason why a distinguished physician should refuse a large fee, but if he makes that fee the measure of his usefulness to ordinary men and women he is false to the spirit of his profession, and may be accounted selfish and mercenary. Medical societies have been from time immemorial pursuing quacks and irregular practitioners, but to my thinking no quackery is deserving of so severe a censure as is the cold and selfish temper of indifference to the sorrow and distress of mankind when lodged in the heart of a medical man. The physician, like the minister of religion, is something more than a business man; and he can never view his services to the world in the light of mere dollars and cents without debasing himself and disgracing his profession.

It is not generally known, or, at least, it is not generally remembered, that medically educated men have furnished no small part of the permanent literature of the world. Ficinus gave us a Latin version of Plato; Julius Scaliger was a great literary critic; Perrault translated Vitruvius and lectured on geometry and architecture; Swammerdam was one of the most celebrated of Dutch naturalists; Sir Thomas Browne will be

remembered as the author of "Religio Medici" and the "Treatise on Urn Burial;" Schiller, the great German poet, was educated as a physician; Akenside was not only a doctor but a famous English poet; Armstrong was a poet; Smollet gave us "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphry Clinker;" Goldsmith was a delightful author; Madden gave us the once popular "Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine;" Camus wrote "La Medicine de l'Esprite" and "Abdeker, or the Art of Cosmetics;" Valentine Mott's "Travels in Europe and the East" delighted our grandfathers; Draper left us a "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe;" Huxley's "Lay Sermons" are well worth reading, and many a year will go by before the essays, stories and poems of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes are forgotten. It would not be difficult to name two or three hundred physicians who will be remembered because of services rendered to literature.

And sometimes literature, which has been so enriched by the genius of medical men, makes compensation in kind; an illustration of which generosity is furnished by a German writer in the following Latin lines in memory of the distinguished scientist, Dr. Virchow:

"Summo eum ingenio
Morbos illustravit;
Explorando mortuos
Vivos adiuvavit.

Vitæ persecutus est
Intima arcana
Et ubique somnia
Dissipavit vana.

'Omnis' dixit 'cellula
E cellula exorta';
Tum doctrinæ lucidæ
Patefacta porta.

Quæ reliquit opera
Perdiu vigebunt
Magna hæc vestigia
Non evanescebunt."

The New York *Medical Journal* prints its readers this translation:

"With sublimest genius
On disease light giving,
Through the study of the dead
Aided he the living.

To Life's innermost recess
Hath he penetrated;
Empty dreams on every hand
Hath he dissipated.

'Every cell from cell hath sprung'—
Thus he spake, and straightway
Illuminating Science saw
Open wide her gateway.

So the works that he hath left
Shall endure forever,
And his mighty footprints be
Obliterated never."

Women also have played an honorable part in the practice of medicine. Seven hundred years ago a woman had charge of the department of "Diseases of Women" at the University of Salerno; and the chair which she filled with such credit to herself was afterward held in turn by medical women of trained mind and large experience through seven professorships. History has preserved the names of such distinguished women as Trotula, the noted gynecologist; Abella, the author of a once famous work on "Melancholy"; Mercuriade, a celebrated writer on medical themes, and a surgeon of exceptional ability; Rebecca Guarana, a distinguished author and practitioner; Alessandra Giliani, the famous specialist in anatomy who invented a new method of preparing anatomical specimens. Of her Dr. James J. Walsh writes in the third volume of "International Clinics" (nineteenth series), recently published in Indianapolis:

"She would cleanse most skillfully the smallest vein, the arteries, all the ramifications of the vessels, without lacerating or dividing them; and to prepare them for demonstration she would fill them with various colored liquids which, after being driven into the vessels, would harden without destroying the vessels. Again, she would paint these vessels so naturally that, added to the wonderful explanations and teachings of the master, Mondino, they brought him great fame and credit."

The physician, like the lawyer, weighs evidence, only his evidence is more exact than that

of the lawyer, and far more trustworthy. It is the evidence not of fallible and sometimes dishonest men, but of impartial and remorseless nature. The statement of the patient goes for less every year with the trained and scientific physician. The medical man is possessed of surer means of coming at the exact truth. Less and less he relies upon the word of his patient, and more and more he trusts his own observation, his delicately adjusted instruments, and his careful laboratory analysis. It used to be said that medicine could never be accounted an exact science. But medicine is rapidly becoming mathematical in its precision, and every year it is harder for an untrained mind to keep pace with its swift march.

How resolutely the medical societies fight quacks and empiricism. If they would only give the matter due consideration they would see that the increasing severity in the standard by which the physician is to be measured is largely responsible for the increasing army of quacks. The exactions of legitimate medicine are too great for the limited capacities of inferior minds. The result is that such minds seek easier and less scientific channels. Many empirics are really good physicians up to a certain point, but beyond that point they cannot go. And it is just as true that many proprietary medicines are regular prescriptions such as physicians commonly employ put up in a more convenient and agreeable form. If medicine continues to advance in the future as

rapidly as it has in the last half century, no single mind will be able to qualify in the profession as an entirety. All physicians will become specialists, and the general family practitioner will disappear.

It is not always an easy thing to distinguish the honest physician from his cousin-german, the quack. The two have points of resemblance that are very confusing to the unenlightened non-professional mind. George Washington had in his last illness the services of several medical gentlemen who were regarded as the ablest practitioners at the time in the country; and yet in 1800, about eight years after the death of Washington, Dr. Dick and his associate medical brother signed the following statement which was published in the *Medical Repository*:

“Some time on Friday, the night of December 13th, General Washington was attacked with an inflammatory affection of the upper part of the windpipe, called in technical language cynanche trachealis. The disease commenced with a violent ague accompanied with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a sense of stricture, a cough, and a difficult, rather than a painful, deglutition. The necessity of blood-letting suggested itself to the General, and he procured a bleeder in the neighborhood, who took from his arm in the night twelve or fourteen ounces of blood. He would not by any means be prevailed upon by the family to send for the attending physician until the following morning; the physician arrived at Mount Vernon about eleven o'clock on Saturday. Dis-

covering the case to be highly alarming, and foreseeing the fatal tendency of the disease, two consulting physicians were immediately sent for. In the interim were employed two copious bleedings, a blister was applied to the part affected, two moderate doses of calomel were given, and an injection was administered, which operated on the lower intestines, but all without any perceptible advantage, the respiration becoming still more difficult and distressing. Upon the arrival of the first of the consulting physicians it was agreed that, as yet there were no signs of accumulation in the bronchial vessels of the lungs, to try the result of another bleeding. When about thirty-two ounces of blood were drawn without the smallest apparent alleviation of the disease, vapors of vinegar and water were frequently inhaled, ten grains of calomel were given, succeeded by repeated doses of emetic tartar, amounting in all to five or six grains, with no other effect than a copious discharge from the bowels. The powers of life were now manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder, respiration grew more and more contracted and imperfect, till half past eleven o'clock on Saturday night, when retaining the full possession of his intellect he expired without a struggle.

Several hours before his decease, after repeated efforts to be understood, he succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without interruption.

(Signed) JAMES CRAIK, *Att. Phys.*
ELISHA C. DICK, *Cons. Phys.*"

The *Medical Record* for December 29th, 1900, has this to say of the treatment which Washington received at the hands of two of the most distinguished physicians of the day:

“The treatment of an old man, sick with a disease very exhausting to vitality, and so severe that the illness lasted but twenty-four hours, consisted in the abstraction of between two and three quarts of blood, the administration of about gr. xx. of calomel and gr. vi. of tartar emetic, an injection, with external applications of a blister—and a pressure of the hand. This treatment administered to a well man in so short a time would go far toward preparing him for his last journey.

The repeated regretful statements of the physicians that they noted no benefit from their treatment, with continual repetition of the unsatisfactory means of cure already employed, and their apparent inability to suggest others, and the last request of General Washington that he might be allowed to ‘die without interruption’ have their pathetic side. Brandy was surely in common use at the time, and no doubt ‘in the house.’ Peruvian bark, iron, and digitalis were well-known drugs in the materia medica of 1800, but there is no record of their use. The almshouse patient today has more rational treatment than the ex-president of the United States had in 1800.”

Will some one tell us how we are to distinguish the able physician from the untutored empiric on one hand, and from the stupid servant of habit following his routine practice on the other? We are reminded of old Dr. Samuel Garth, who wrote the once famous “Dispensary,” and who was knighted by George I. When Garth saw his physicians consulting together just before his death, he lifted himself in bed and said with some effort, “Dear gentlemen, let me die a natural death.” Washington, it would seem, did not die a natural

death. He escaped powder and sword, only to fall at last before the deadly lancet of the regular practitioner.

It goes without saying that the popularity of the physician must always depend upon the success of his treatment. He may be a very wise man, but if his patients die he might as well be an uneducated quack so far as any regard for his professional services is concerned. And if he succeeds, the great world of suffering men and women will not stop to enquire into his scientific attainments, nor will they ask if he is a member in "good and regular standing" in some accredited medical society. The story is that when Lorenzo the Magnificent, Grand Duke of Tuscany, died, the patient's friends caught the famous physician from Padua who had failed to cure the great man, and threw him down the well in the quadrangle. We do not throw unsuccessful doctors down wells in these days, but we cover them with abuse, and in some cases we prosecute them for malpractice. Not many years ago a physician in one of our western cities, having failed to cure the mayor, found posted upon his office door a notice to quit the place under penalty of being shot.

The government of the United States, in 1864, sent Dr. Samuel A. Mudd to the Dry Tortugas for setting the broken leg of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. Booth in his flight from Washington after shooting the Presi-

dent stopped at Dr. Mudd's house to have his leg cared for; and it was claimed by the government, at the time of the trial, that Dr. Mudd knew who his patient was, and how he came by the broken leg; and that, in setting the bone, he practically assisted him in his flight. It always seemed to me that Dr. Mudd did nothing more than his duty as a surgeon, and that his conviction and punishment were grossly unjust. Dr. Mudd insisted that he did not know that he was rendering medical assistance to Booth, and that at the time he had not heard of the assassination of Lincoln. But even supposing that Dr. Mudd did know that he was treating the assassin of President Lincoln, still, to my thinking, he was doing only his duty as a medical man. No physician considers it necessary to enquire into the moral character of his patient before rendering medical or surgical aid. Were I in the practice of medicine I would set the broken leg of a thief, a murderer or an assassin as conscientiously as I would that of the most godly minister of the Gospel.

I quite approve the conduct of a doctor in a southern city who after shooting a burglar who had entered his house in the night immediately set to work to staunch the flow of blood and save the life of the miserable man. There is a curious story, the truth of which I do not know, of a physician who saved a man who had been hung for murder. The supposed dead body was conveyed to the physician's office where the resuscitation took place.

The murderer, assisted by his friends, made good his escape, but the doctor was arrested for interfering with the execution of the law. The jury acquitted him upon the ground that he did his duty as a physician. He was under no obligation to enquire how the patient came to be in need of his services; nor was he required by any law to assist directly or indirectly the executioner, who should have known that the man whose life he thought he had taken was not dead. It is the duty of the medical man to preserve and not to destroy life; when life must be taken, as in obstetric cases calling for the sacrifice of the child in order to save the mother, the physician kills only to preserve a still more valuable life.

It was a law in ancient Egypt that the physician was to take charge of his patient for the first three days at the patient's own risk and cost, but if after three days the patient was still sick the unfortunate doctor must continue the treatment without further compensation. It is recorded that on the third day the apprehensive doctor was in the habit of prescribing an immediate journey to the seacoast, the mountains, or the springs. The wealthy invalid would close his house in Memphis, and engage a camel to convey him to Faioum in the desert or to Alexandria on the Mediterranean. The old law is gone the way of all laws, but the Faioum and Alexandria of today are spelled "Newport" and "Saratoga."

Plato said, in his "Republic," "Physicians are the only men who may lie at pleasure, since our health depends upon the vanity and falsity of their promises." Plato was a wise philosopher who knew well the medical gentlemen of his day. It is not unlikely that some one or more of them had posted him off to a well-nigh impossible place on the edge of civilization for the benefit of his health. If so, he must have improved, for he had a soft spot in his heathen heart for the keensighted disciples of old Father Æsculapius. Plato thought a good physician might lie without guilt if in his opinion a lie was what the patient most needed. He would have put lies of various kinds into the pharmacopæia, for to him they seemed to be a part of the great body of *Materia Medica*. Why swallow a nauseous drug when a delicious little sugar-coated lie would do just as well? What harm could come of saying, "You are very much better than you were yesterday"? A grain or two of hope might be good for a patient even if he were actually *in articulo mortis*. The doctor is engaged to cure the sick man, and he must use such remedial agents as are adapted to the case. Hope has an immense therapeutic value. Why not use it? Dear old Plato, you lived before religious casuists quibbled! You had a warm heart and good red blood under your pagan ribs! So have also the doctors of the twentieth century. Hope is in the pharmacopæia, and liberal doses (*quantum sufficit*) are good for the patient.

There is certainly nothing in sickness and morbid conditions of either body or mind to attract the poet's fancy or to allure the lovers of beauty. On the contrary, the theory and practice of medicine is repellent to the artistic temperament, and in some cases actually disgusting. Yet the poet has not allowed the sad ailments that our flesh is heir to in this sick and sorry world to go wholly uncelebrated. Some diseases have been so minutely and circumstantially described in verse that no one educated in medicine could fail of knowing at once the nature of the disorder. Henry Kirke White, who himself died of tuberculosis at the age of twenty-one, has left us a "Sonnet to Consumption" which is greatly admired, and which is here reproduced:

"Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,
 Consumption, lay thine hand!—let me decay
 Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
 And softly go to slumber with the dead.
 And if 'tis true what holy men have said,
 That strains angelic oft foretell the day
 Of death to those good men who fall thy prey,
 O let the aerial music round my bed,
 Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
 Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear;
 That I may bid my weeping friends good-by
 Ere I depart upon my journey drear:
 And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
 Compose my decent head, and breathe my last."

This same English poet wrote the following lines on the "Prospect of Death":

“On my bed, in wakeful restlessness,
 I turn me wearisome; while all around,
 All, all, save me, sink in forgetfulness;
 I only wake to watch the sickly taper
 Which lights me to my tomb.—Yes, 'tis the hand
 Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
 Slow sapping the warm current of existence.
 My moments now are few—the sand of life
 Ebbs fastly to its finish. Yet a little,
 And the last fleeting particle will fall,
 Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
 Come then, sad Thought, and let us meditate
 While meditate we may.”

What can be more beautiful than Milton's
 description of his own blindness:

“Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse.”

Shakspeare had venesection or phlebotomy in
 view when he wrote “Love's Labor's Lost”:

“A fever in your blood! Why, then incision
 Would let her out in saucers.”

He had *rigor mortis* in mind when he wrote in "Romeo and Juliet":

"Alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled; and her joints are stiff;
Life and those lips have long been separated."

Cowper wrote stanzas which he subjoined yearly to the Bill of Mortality of the Parish of All Saints for six years. Armstrong, who was himself both physician and poet, left the world a long and dull poem on "The Art of Preserving Health," and in it are a number of subdivisions which treat of air, diet, exercise, and the passions. He assures us that

"Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days adored
One power of physic, melody, and song."

IX

SHAKSPEARE'S BONES

"History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we were; and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features.
Without the roundness and the glow of life,
How hideous is the skeleton."

—*Bulwer.*

SHAKSPEARE'S BONES

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON has become one of the most famous of all the many famous towns of England through no enterprise of its citizens and through no attractiveness of surrounding scenery, though, in truth, the winding and graceful river and the verdure-clad and beautiful hillsides are worth a long journey to behold. The world's interest in Stratford (and all the world has an increasingly great interest in that quaint and sleepy little collection of old-fashioned houses and streets bare of adornment) gathers about and centers in its Shakspeare associations. The birth-place, the school, and a few other spots closely connected with the life of the great dramatist attract every year thousands of pilgrims, but the supreme center of absorbing interest is the tomb of the Chancel of Holy Trinity. Here as nowhere else is entrenched the great Shakspeare-myth that increases in authority and importance with every flying year. Do not for one moment imagine that I question, much less that I openly deny, that there once lived that "sweet swan of Avon" who is described as having "small Latin and less Greek," but who, nevertheless, made those immortal plays that this world of ours will never allow to die, and the superb glory of which the indefatigable but blind disciples of Bacon will

never with all their toil be able to capture for their great master. Much or little Latin and Greek, he knew English, and wrote "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," and all the rest. In Stratford he lived, and there he died, and there also, so far as any man's knowledge extends, his bones were entombed beneath those four lines of astonishing doggerel that every school-boy knows by heart. For what may be called the "Bacon Theory" I never entertained even the most remote regard. I protect my use of the term "Shakspeare-myth" by a frank avowal of my entire want of sympathy with those who are endeavoring to deprive Shakspeare of the unique glory which will always remain his alone. A myth is not necessarily a fiction nor a mere creation of the imagination. It may be a fanciful narrative or a collection of such narratives in some measure founded upon real events, and, perhaps, so interwoven with those events as to make anything like historical criticism impossible. The real Shakspeare and the myth are now one. Of course I do not subscribe to the clodhopper theory that represents the noblest literature in our English language as having bubbled up from the uninstructed brain of a country bumpkin. It is admitted that Shakspeare was not a profound scholar. He was far from being possessed of Bacon's erudition; he had not Milton's Latin; and I doubt if he knew a word of Greek. No one denies he laid violent

hands upon the literary property of other men. Whatever he wanted, play, narrative, or poem, he appropriated without troubling himself to give the pillaged author credit. But it is also true that whatever he touched he beautified; and much that was worthless as he found it became pure gold in the transmuting fires of his genius.

Great writers live no small part of their time upon the thin edge of the grossest plagiarism, and yet whatever they appropriate they make their own, giving it a spirit and a new beauty of which the original author never dreamed. Goethe was full of Shakspeare. Iago and Hamlet were borrowed almost bodily. Marguerite is Ophelia in well-nigh every detail. Both women came from humble life, and were wooed by men of superior social standing. Marguerite was betrayed, and there are reasons for suspecting that Ophelia was seduced. Ophelia's mad-song reappears in Faust. To both women Fate apportioned madness and death. Compare the Witch's Kitchen with the Witch Scene in "Macbeth." Can one read the "Walpurgis Night" and not be reminded of the "Midsummer Night's Dream"? Goethe was scarcely less indebted to Marlowe and Calderon. The famous Prologue in Heaven is surely taken from the Book of Job. It was charged against Bunyan that he made his "Pilgrim's Progress" out of Caxton's "Pilgrimage of the Soul" and Bernard's "Isle of Man." The charge of literary dishonesty was brought for-

ward during Bunyan's life, for there are preserved four lines from his pen in which he repels the charge. Moliere derived his plots, his dialogues, and even whole scenes, from Italian comedies. It may be the larger fish in the sea of life and letters have a right to subsist upon the small fry, and yet the doctrine is dangerous that one may steal with impunity what he puts to good use.

Were we living in Stratford, and so fortunate as to own a corner lot or two in that sleepy old town, we would most certainly resist every movement looking toward the opening of Shakspeare's tomb. Were we so highly honored as to be the vicar, or an influential member of the corporation of Holy Trinity, nothing could be too bad for us to say about poor little Delia Bacon, who thought to bribe the sexton and work her way under cover of night like a grave-robber into the famous vault. But we frankly confess that our watch-dog proclivities could hardly be called altruistic, for the opening of that tomb would mean the bursting of one of the most profitable of financial bubbles. Stratford is the outer crust over an inner core of Shakspeare-myth. To discredit the myth would be to put Holy Trinity out of business, close the twenty or more souvenir and relic shops that every year entice from literary pilgrims and more vulgar excursionists their nimble shillings, and render the Red Horse, the Falcon, and whatever other hostelries have hung

out their signboards, the prey of the rapacious auctioneer. It may be the Red Horse could subsist for a time upon the bones of Washington Irving, if they are not already picked too clean, but the glory of its uncomfortable rooms and indigestible dinners would be gone.

More than forty thousand sixpences were paid in one year (1906) for the privilege of seeing Shakspeare's birthplace, and this was but a single item in the revenue brought in by the famous Shakspeare-myth. Nearly every visitor gives another sixpence to enter the museum. Still another sixpence is required for admission to the Memorial Theatre. Every one goes to Anne Hathaway's house, and you must give at least a sixpence to the custodian. The sixpenny fees alone in Stratford-on-Avon seldom come to less for the year than twenty thousand dollars. Mr. Fitzgerald, in *The Munsey* for September, 1907, has this to say:

"As Irving said, at Stratford the traveler's mind 'refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakspeare'; and the town practically lives upon the cult. Shakspeare is its trade-mark, so to speak. There is a Shakspeare Hotel, with rooms named after the plays; there are Shakspeare tea-rooms; Shakspeare busts meet us at every turn; not to speak of picture post-cards, plates and cups, handkerchiefs, colored models of the birthplace, and a thousand odds and ends more or less remotely connected with the poet's name and fame.

New Place, where Shakspeare spent his last years, was long ago demolished, but the conscien-

tious pilgrim must pay sixpence to see the site of the mansion and a mulberry-tree said to be a scion of the one that the poet planted with his own hand. The original tree was cut down in 1756 by a tenant who disliked the importunities of visitors; but to this day men come to you on the streets of Stratford and offer you, in mysterious whispers, pipes, brooches, and toys made out of the last remaining fragments of its wood.

Scattered through the surrounding country are subsidiary shrines. More famous than many a royal palace is the long, low cottage where dwelt Anne Hathaway, in the village of Shottery, a mile from Stratford. The visitor may tread today the very footpath through the fields along which, no doubt, the lad Shakspeare often hurried to court his sweetheart; and for a fee, he may enter the cottage and inspect its relics. Then there is another fee for the cottage at Wilmcote where Mary Arden—Shakspeare's mother—was born; and you must pay for a carriage and guide to Charlecote, the ancient home of Sir Thomas Lucy, whom the poet satirized as 'Justice Shallow.'"

There can be little doubt that the tomb of Shakspeare has been opened more than once. The doggerel over the vault could hardly restrain the curiosity of an entire world, and there is not the slightest evidence that those crude lines were the work of the great poet. It is more than likely the limping and absurd lines were cut into the stone by direction of some member of the family who feared that in time the bones beneath might be hustled out of their resting place and tossed into the charnel house which at that day adjoined the chancel of the church. Only the graves of

kings, nobles, and great generals were safe. Common bones had no value and received little consideration. It is so in some measure even now. Nothing prevents the running of a street over the dust of Joseph Rodman Drake but periodical outbursts of popular wrath. The Roman authorities chafe under restraints that prevent them from digging up the dust of Keats and the "flame-proof heart" of Shelley in the old Protestant Cemetery at Rome to make way for a smart new avenue which they are quite sure would be a greater glory to the immortal city than two scarcely ornamental gravestones. Not long ago a section of the wall of the cemetery was taken down to provide room for a street. The British Embassy at Rome must every two or three years interfere and head off the intended vandalism. Once Queen Victoria herself had to bring to bear the power of her personal influence. The bones of Schiller were tumbled into a public vault, whence they were recovered with difficulty and uncertainty. We all know what happened in the Chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate, in 1679, if Aubrey's account of the violation of the tomb of Milton is to be trusted. Shakspeare was only a poet, and when he died the world cared little for his memory, and if possible even less for the preservation of his tomb. He was simply Mr. Shakspeare of Stratford-on-Avon, a good actor and a successful play-writer. There was the best of reasons for carving over the poet's tomb that

rude curse. It was a device intended to keep his bones out of the charnel house. Of course all this is based upon the assumption that his body was really placed beneath the stone upon which is inscribed the far-famed curse. There have been those who questioned the fact. The stone itself records no name, and the lines are quite unworthy of the poet. But one way or the other, those lines were intended to protect whatever body was deposited beneath them. Conceding that they have accomplished the end for which they were composed and carved upon the stone, still there is absolutely no reason for believing that they have for about three hundred years prevented the opening of that tomb.

Mr. Donnelly introduces a remarkable explanation of the lines over the tomb. He thinks that Shakspeare requested Bacon to write an inscription for his tombstone that would prevent his bones from being cast out when the discovery of the CIPHER should be made. As Donnelly thinks that Bacon introduced the CIPHER, and as he also thinks Ben Jonson conveyed to Shakspeare intelligence of its presence in the Plays, so he naturally credits Bacon with the doggerel inscription. The author of this paper does not regard Mr. Donnelly's CIPHER-theory as in any way worthy of study or discussion, but any investigator who may wish to look into the matter for himself can find Mr. Donnelly's views fully expounded in his book, "The Great Cryptogram,"

published in 1888. The first part of the book is an interesting study of the Plays and will repay a careful reading, but the second part, which is taken up with the CIPHER, discredits the entire work. Mr. Donnelly calls attention to the discovery in the Bodleian Library of a letter from a certain William Hall addressed to Edward Thwaites, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, in which it is stated that Shakspeare ordered the four lines of doggerel cut on the tombstone during his lifetime, and that he wished to be buried "full seventeen feet deep." It is understood that Halliwell-Phillipps pronounces the letter genuine. It was probably written in 1694. The "seventeen feet deep" of course only renders the possibility of finding any Shakspeare remains still more remote.

Some time ago Mr. James Hare published in a Birmingham paper an account of a remarkable visit he made to Shakspeare's tomb. Mr. Hare said that in 1827 he went to Stratford with a friend and "on visiting the poet's tomb found the vault adjoining it open, probably for the reception of a body." These are his words:

"We got into the adjoining vault and stood upon a board. While there we looked through an opening in the wall that separated Shakspeare's tomb from the one in which we were standing, and we could see nothing in it but a slight elevation of mouldering dust on its level floor, and the smallness of the quantity surprised me. No trace or appearance of a coffin or of undecomposed bones, and certainly no such elevation as a skull would occasion

was observed. The impression produced by what we saw was that the remains had been enclosed in an ordinary wooden coffin and simply laid on the floor of the vault, which may have been of earth, though of that we could determine nothing. If a leaden casket had been used, it would have been present in some form or other, or had an amount of earth been dug out to bury it below the surface, a depression would have been the natural consequence, and the elevation could not then be accounted for."

I would attach no undue importance to Mr. Hare's communication, which at the time of its publication attracted some attention. I merely insist that there is no good reason for thinking that the Shakspeare vault has remained unexplored during all the time it has been a center of world-wide interest. The fact that there is no authentic account of such exploration signed by suitable witnesses, favors rather than opposes the opinion advanced. Any person who should open that tomb and find it empty, and who should have the temerity to publish that most unwelcome fact to an indignant world, would find himself counted forever among the enemies of mankind. The Rev. Francis Gastrell, who cut down the Shakspeare mulberry-tree, and the classically inclined Malone, who painted the decorated bust of the poet in the chancel a snowy white, are both of them pilloried. It is hard to say what might become of the man who should break into the tomb and find it empty; for his offense the pillory,

would seem to be too mild an instrument of vengeance.

Of course there are those, and they are largely in the majority, who hold to a very different opinion. It is only fair that these should have a hearing, though, in truth, they have never been backward about helping themselves to what seems to be something more than a just share of public attention. Mr. J. Parker Norris some time ago relieved his mind in the *Manhattan Magazine*. He believes that Shakspeare was entombed in an hermetically-sealed coffin and that it is more than likely the poet's body is even now in a state of perfect preservation. These are his words:

“Shakspeare was buried under the chancel of the Church of Holy Trinity at Stratford-upon-Avon, alongside of the graves of his wife, his daughter Susanna Hall, John Hall her husband, and Thomas Nash the husband of Elizabeth, who was the daughter of John and Susanna Hall. These graves lie side by side, and stretch across the chancel of the church immediately in front of the rail separating the altar from the remainder of the chancel.

The situation of these graves shows that Shakspeare and his family were persons of importance in the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, and makes it very probable that the poet was buried in an hermetically-sealed leaden coffin. Such coffins were commonly used in those days for those whose relations could afford them. If this conjecture be true, the remains will certainly be found in a much better state of preservation than they would be in

were a mere wooden coffin alone employed, although even in the latter case, we must not despair of finding much that would be of utmost value in determining Shakspeare's personal appearance.

Not many years ago some graves of those who were buried about the same time that Shakspeare was entombed were opened at Church Lawford, in England, and the faces, figures, and even the very dresses of their occupants were found to be quite perfect. Half an hour after the admission of air they became heaps of dust. A long enough period elapsed, however, to enable a photographer to make successful pictures of them, had any suitable preparations been thought of.

Think of a photograph of Shakspeare 'in his habit as he lived.' Would not such a relic be of inestimable value to the world, and what would not be given for such a treasure?"

Does anyone in his sober senses, who has given the matter an hour's serious and intelligent consideration, believe that the body of Shakspeare could lie unexamined in a tomb where it must sooner or later disintegrate, and that it could remain in that tomb unexamined three hundred years, during most of which time the entire civilized world was so anxious to know all about the poet that an essayist could feel himself justified in exclaiming, "Think of a photograph of Shakspeare 'in his habit as he lived.' Would not such a relic be of inestimable value to the world, and what would not be given for such a treasure?"

"What would not be given?"—well, most any-

thing would be given, including permission to open the tomb and make the coveted pictures. No such price as the opening of the tomb has, according to the Stratford authorities, ever been paid, nor do we believe that the aforesaid authorities will ever incline to the payment of such a price. The reason is not far to see. Before you photograph a man, you must make certain of his presence. The positive assurance that the tomb in Holy Trinity is at the present moment the actual guardian of the poet's bones, that those bones had been seen by competent witnesses, and that accurate photographs of them had been made and could be viewed by all who were inclined to examine them, would, even were the bones in a partly disintegrated condition, increase rather than diminish the importance of Stratford in general and of Holy Trinity in particular. The entire civilized world would be interested in such an assurance. Still the vault remains, according to the custodians, unopened. Do I believe that it has never been opened? Good reader, I believe nothing of the kind. I think I see in the reluctance to open that tomb very good evidence that it has been opened, and that those who have the largest personal interest in the matter are satisfied that the public opening of what is known as the Shakspeare tomb would have a disastrous effect upon the Shakspeare-myth, and upon Stratford revenues.

No other tomb, so far as I know, has ever re-

sisted the pressure that has been brought to bear upon the vault in Holy Trinity. Men have explored the mummy-pits of Egypt, and it is believed by those who are competent to form an opinion in the matter that the veritable body of Cleopatra now rests in a glass case in the British Museum. Men have digged in the tombs of Agamemnon, Cassandra and Eurymedon, and in the very dust of Achilles and Ajax. The discovery of the relics of Theseus has been reported. The tomb of the Scipios has been opened. Even the sacred relics of the Buddha have been brought to light, and are now reverently preserved by the followers of his faith. To come down to later times, the tombs of Charles Martel, Charlemagne, Frederick II. of Germany, Queen Elizabeth, Charles I. of England, Tycho Brahe, Raphael, Emanuel Swedenborg, and George Washington have been opened. Is the tomb of the Bard-of-Avon more sacred than all these tombs? How are we to account for the fact that the vault in Stratford has resisted and still resists greater pressure than was necessary to open all these and many other tombs in every part of the world? There can be, so it seems to me, but one answer—the Shakspeare tomb has not resisted the pressure, but has been opened and thoroughly explored. Why, then, have we no authentic account of such opening? My dear reader, ask the vicar of Holy Trinity and the custodians of the tomb that question.

Mr. Norris is persuaded that the body of Shakspeare was buried in an hermetically-sealed leaden coffin. What reason has he for such a persuasion? He tells us it was customary to bury persons of distinction in such coffins when their friends were able to meet the increased expense. But there is nothing to indicate that Shakspeare's relatives would be likely to indulge the dead body in any luxury of the kind, and we have no account of any provision made by the poet himself for so expensive an interment. A leaden coffin would certainly have rendered the body reasonably safe, but the very fact that the family cut those doggerel lines over the vault to prevent desecration inclines us to believe that no one knew anything about a leaden coffin. Such a coffin would have made the disagreeable epigraphic curse wholly unnecessary.

Why should the Shakspeare family *bury* the leaden coffin? Vaults are usually supposed to do away with the necessity for earth-burial. The cases are rare in which the floor of a vault has been dug up in order to inhume a coffin of any kind. No, reader, there was neither leaden coffin nor earth-burial. If the body of Shakspeare was ever placed in that vault, it was placed there incased in a wooden coffin and that coffin rested upon the floor of the vault, which may have been of stone, cement, or common earth. There is an old tradition that cannot be traced back of 1693, that Shakspeare's wife and daughter de-

sired to be laid in the same grave with the poet, but that "not one, for fear of the curse above said, dare touch his gravestone." The tradition is nothing more than a tradition, but it shows us something of the power of superstition in an age of great ignorance, and it helps us to see how those four lines may have prevented Shakspeare's bones from being thrown into the charnel-house; but that the rude curse had any terror for enlightened antiquaries, or that it now renders the opening of the vault difficult, it would be folly to assert. Curses of the kind were not uncommon. Many tombs have been opened in the face of even more ferocious imprecations. The old Romans were in the habit of denouncing upon the stones over their dead whoever should dare to disturb the bones beneath. By the Aurelian gate was the following inscription belonging to the Pagan period:

C. TVLIVS. C. L.
 BARNAEVS
 OLLA. EJVS. SI. QVI
 OV VIOLARIT. AD
 INFEROS. NON RECIPIATVR.

C. Tullius Barnaeus. If any one violate this urn, let him not be received into the Infernal Regions (i. e., Elysium).

Maitland has recorded one to the same import among the Christian remains in the Lapidarian Gallery:

MALE. PEREAT. INSEPVLTVS
 IACEAT. NON. RESVRGAT
 CVM. IVDA. PARTEM. HABEAT
 SI QVIS. SEPVLCHRVM. HVNC
 VIOLAVERIT.

If any one violate this Sepulchre, let him perish miserably, lie unburied, and not arise, but have his lot with Judas.*

Here is a Greek inscription:

"I summon to the guardianship of this tomb the lower Gods, Pluto, Demeter, Persephone, and all the others. If any one despoils it, opens it, or in any way disturbs it, by himself or an agent, may his journey on land be obstructed, on the sea may he be tempest-tossed and thoroughly baffled and driven about in every way. May he suffer every ill, chills and fevers, remittent and intermitent, and the most repulsive skin diseases. Whatever is injurious and disturbing in life may it fall on him that dares remove anything from this tomb."

The following is from the Phœnician of Es-munazar, King of the Two Sidons: †

"I have departed hence,
 And am no more forever.
 Like the day I vanished,
 Hath my spirit faded from the world,
 And my voice
 Ceased from sounding in the ears of men.

Hush! Here sleeps a king,
 Encoffined in the tomb
 He builded with his wealth;

*Petegrew: "Collection of Epitaphs, p. 194.

†Marvin: "Flowers of Song from Many Lands," p. 119.

Bequeathing unto whomsoe'er
 Shall move his bones,
 Or dig for treasure in his mould'ring dust,
 A curse that shall continue,
 And consume his race:
 To him and his be there no rest for evermore,
 Nor fruit of any toil;
 Let him, when dead, lie rotting on the field,
 His bones the prey of jackals.

I have departed hence,
 To dwell no more with men;
 And, like the day I vanished,
 Hath my spirit faded into nothingness:
 Farewell."

What is the upshot of the whole matter? This: The body of Shakspeare, if it was ever deposited beneath the stone that does not bear the poet's name and that is defaced by four lines of consummate doggerel, was there deposited in an ordinary wooden coffin which was left resting upon the floor of the vault, and which in due time crumbled away. The last vestige of the person of Shakspeare has, I doubt not, returned to earth. There is one other possibility painful to contemplate, and which need not detain us here. Hundreds of graves in England and elsewhere have been pillaged. There have been, and there are today, many persons who would be glad to open the tomb of Shakspeare by stealth, no other way being possible. There are even those who would be glad to plunder it for gain. But no one who should succeed in entering that vault would care

to report himself, unless he had found something to justify in the eyes of the world his audacity, and it may be, sacrilege. What discovery could justify his act in the eyes of Stratford and Holy Trinity? No discovery of any kind, and certainly not the discovery of nothing at all.

It has been suggested that the word "moves" in the famous curse over what is believed to be the Shakspeare vault, should be understood as having the sense of *removes*, and if I am right in thinking that the inscription was intended only to prevent the bones from being cast into the charnel-house, then certainly no malediction, stated or implied, stands in the way of a thorough examination of the tomb and its contents, should any contents be discovered. Of course, as has been said, there is uncertainty with regard to the exact location of Shakspeare's last resting place. Less than a century ago the slab over the vault, having sunk so as to be somewhat below the level of the pavement, was removed, and another stone was substituted. Shakspeare's name was not upon the original stone, nor is it cut into the stone that replaces it, though the lines appear upon both slabs. There is no absolute certainty that the new stone was placed in exactly the position previously occupied by the old one. Still there could be little difficulty in finding the remains, supposing them to be in existence, for one way or the other, the body of Shakspeare must have been deposited near the present stone which, in all probability, covers at least a portion of the vault.

The Stratford authorities cannot plead the uselessness of an examination of the Shakspeare tomb as an excuse for their refusal to permit such examination, for the recovery of the skull would set at rest various questions that have for a long time disturbed the minds of students and critics. It would determine the value of the Bust, the Kesselstadt Death-Mask, the Droeshout engraving, the Janssen portrait on wood in the collection of the Duke of Somerset, the Chandos portrait, the Croker portrait, the Hunt picture at the Birthplace, and a number of other representations of one kind or another.

There are many and good reasons why the tomb should be opened, at least from the antiquarian's point of view, but never will the Stratford authorities give consent. It would mean, as has been shown, the collapse of a Shakspeare-myth, involving the fortunes of Holy Trinity and the prosperity and importance of Stratford-upon-Avon.

X

HOLOGRAPHS

“O most gracious and worshipful Lord God, wonderful in Thy providence, I return all possible thanks to Thee for the care Thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with signal instances of this Thy providence, and one act yesterday, when I unexpectedly met with three old MSS., for which, in a particular manner, I return my thanks, beseeching Thee to continue the same protection to me a poor helpless sinner, and that for Jesus Christ his sake.”

—*Prayer of Thomas Hearne the Antiquary.*

HOLOGRAPHS

NOTHING connected with the life of a great man is, strictly speaking, private. My humble neighbor's fireside is his own, and of it no man may despoil him; but Shakspeare has no fireside that may not be invaded. Whoever will, may enquire into the dramatist's domestic and other affairs without the remotest approach to indelicacy of any kind. The great man is something more than a man; he is so much of the world as he has enriched, and the age in which he lived lives and will always live in him. Browning's son has been censured for publishing certain letters that passed between his father and mother before their marriage; but those who censure him forget the greatness of the two poets, who, because of that greatness, belong to the entire world. A dealer may vend those letters if he will, and who will pay for them may have them with wrong to no man. A late decision of the Court of Appeal in England declares the right to publish certain letters of Charles Lamb to reside with their present possessor. By inference, at least, the decision gives the receiver of letters the right to publish such letters without the consent of the writer or of his executor or other legal representative should he be no longer living. The decision, so far as it affects the unpublished letters of men and women in no way connected with pub-

lic life, may be wrong, but it only recognizes a fact already established and acted upon, that the letters of distinguished persons belong in a certain sense to all the world, and the collector may be said to hold them in trust. When the library of the late William Andrews, who wrote so many valuable books on antiquarian subjects, was catalogued for public sale, it was found that more than half of the books to be offered by the auctioneer had been enriched by the insertion of one or more letters written by authors. The owner of a valuable letter may have a legal right to destroy it, but no man could have an ethical right to drop a letter written by Shakspeare, were he so fortunate as to possess such a treasure, into the fire, nor could he, without wronging his fellow men, deliberately destroy an epistle addressed by Abelard to Heloise or one written by either Vittoria Colonna or Michael Angelo. Private ownership can never extinguish the world's interest in its great men and in such treasures as closely connect themselves with the sons and daughters of genius. The Italian government will not permit the owner of a celebrated picture or statue to sell the work of art to one who intends to remove it from the country. Egypt has so absolutely and unconditionally forbidden the exposing of her antiquities for sale that the large and famous museums of the world find it hard to obtain even the ordinary remains of ancient times that one expects to find in extensive collections of antiquities.

I never called myself an autograph collector, but my fondness for books and my great interest in the literary life, as well as my large acquaintance with men and women who "drive the quill," have resulted in a library table drawer full of letters, documents, and mementos that have yielded a large return in the purest intellectual satisfaction. Many delightful evenings have been passed in fellowship and communion with those creased and time-worn treasures. I am sure they have not made me selfish, for I am ready at all times to unlock that treasure-house of delight for the gladness and satisfaction of others.

Here we have a letter from Joel Barlow addressed to his friend John Fellows, who was in his day and generation an author of some note, though few in these later times know very much about him. So fades the glory of this world. He was a wise man who described fame as a flower upon the bosom Death. To most of us Fellows is now little more than a name in a biographical dictionary, if indeed he is even that. Barlow was a Congregational clergyman and a chaplain in the American army. Later, when the world, if not the flesh and the devil, had compassed him about, and grasped him tight, he was admitted to the bar. Then as now the law led on to political preferment, and so it came to pass that our author became consul in Algiers. He was also minister plenipotentiary to the French Government, and in the autumn of 1812

he received an invitation to a conference with Napoleon at Wilnar in Poland. He died before the meeting with the Emperor. Our interest in Barlow centers in none of his public achievements and honors, but in his literary work. He wrote "Hasty Pudding" and "The Columbiad," both of which are conspicuous among early contributions to American literature. Few who think of him as a preacher of the Gospel and a compiler of one of our New England hymn-books know that he forsook the faith of his early days and became a warm personal friend and disciple of Thomas Paine. The following letter will show how far he wandered from the religious belief in which he was educated and which he once preached. Here, so far as I know, this letter finds itself in cold print for the first time:

Hamburg, May 23rd, 1795.

To John Fellows,
New York.

Dear Sir:

I received a few weeks ago by Capt. Jenkins your favor of the 12th March, with the bundle of pamphlets and books. This being the first copy I have seen of the New York Edition of the "Advice." I am mortified to find it so full of errors. It is enough for me to answer for my own nonsense without having an additional quantity forged by the Printers. I now send you a corrected Edition of the Four Political Pieces, which I wish you to publish in the order in which I place them, with the title I have just put to the whole. I do this because you mention your intention of publish-

ing a new edition, which I hope you have not done before this arrives as I am very anxious you should make use of this corrected edition.

You will observe that in this edition no notice is taken of First and Second parts in the "Advice," nor of the remaining three chapters which it was my intention to write, but which my other occupations have prevented me from writing. As to the title of the "Advice," I always felt it to be an unfortunate one, but it is now too late to remedy the matter. It must take its fate in the world in its present form. But you can in the advertisements mention the subjects of the different chapters.

I think it will continue to be a book of a steady, slow sale, but I never expected it to be rapid.

As to the little poem I sent to Carey, I care nothing about it. If it should come to you, you may publish it, but without the Dedication. I don't know Mr. Carey; but a man of common civility would at least have answered my letter, which he has not done.

I have seen sometime ago N. W.'s criticisms on the "Advice." It is no more than what I might expect. I have no doubt of his friendship for me. His intentions are much better than his arguments. I had seen before what he wrote on the French Revolution,—a thing he knows nothing about. He took his text, I suppose, from an English ministerial paper where a decree was made for the Convention that "Death is an Eternal Sleep"—a decree which the Convention certainly never heard of unless they may have read it in an English paper or in Mr. Webster's book. It is in this manner that the people of Europe have been perpetually misinformed with respect to the affairs of France, and it is not strange that the people of America should share in this imposition so long as you find grave historians who will sit down in their closets in New

York and give them the French Revolution from the mouths of their enemies.

I am sorry to find such a slavish spirit of aristocracy as is manifest in America. It is what I foresaw from the beginning of the Funding System, and it might have been known to be the object of its authors by those who knew the men. But I likewise see a retrograde march in this phalanx of little despots. It is impossible for them to withstand the great current of opinion that will set the other way with a vast accumulation of force as soon as the French Revolution shall be understood, and especially when a like change of government shall take place in England, which is an event as irresistible as the march of Time. We have many good things in American character, but it does not signify for us to deny that on subjects in general we are the apes of European opinions. We receive some of these opinions from France, but most of them come from England, and when good opinions shall prevail there, there will be no danger of our own.

I rejoice at the progress of good sense over the damnable imposture of Christian mummery. I had no doubt of the effect of Paine's "Age of Reason." It must be cavilled at awhile, but it must prevail. Though things as good have been often said, they never were said in as good a way. I am glad to see a translation, and so good a one, of Boulanger's "Christianisme Devoilé." It is remarkably correct and elegant. I have not had time to compare the whole of the translation with the original, but so far as I have compared it I never saw a better one. Some few mistakes indeed I have noticed which appear to be the effect of haste. I have not at this moment the translation by me, or I would point them out to you for correction in another edition. I wish Mr. Johnson would go on and give us the

next volume—the history of that famous mountebank called St. Paul. I should think these two books would give such a currency to the author in America that the translator might be encouraged to go on and complete his whole works, especially “L’Antiquite Devoilé,” and his “Oriental Despotism.” I do not know that these books have been translated, but if they have, they are probably not rendered so well as this translator would render them.

I need not request your particular attention to the press in this new edition of my works. I observe with pleasure in the “Letter to the Piedmontese” there are only two slight mistakes (page 40) and I will not swear that these were not in the copy.

You need not send me any more after you get this, as I shall, I hope, be with you before winter.

I wish you would not suffer a word of this letter to go into a newspaper.

With thanks for the agreeable presents you sent me, I salute you with fraternal affection.

JOEL BARLOW.

Apropos of Barlow’s religious defection, Dr. Moneure D. Conway told me the sad story of the spiritual unrest and final rejection of Christianity as a divinely revealed system of faith by Sarah Flower Adams. Mrs. Adams was, it will be remembered, the author of the lovely hymn, “Nearer, My God, to Thee”—a hymn that can never become obsolete. The “South Place Hymn Book” (published in 1841) was largely the work of the Rev. W. J. Fox, who was the pastor of the South Place Chapel, and his gifted parishioner, Sarah Flower Adams. The congregation wor-

shipping in the chapel was at first liberal Unitarian, but under the ministry of Mr. Fox it became rationalistic, and Dr. Conway's preaching greatly increased the liberal sentiment for which it now stands. The hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was printed first in the book above named and it is hard to believe, what is beyond all doubt true, that the beautiful hymn, a portion of which President McKinley repeated most devoutly upon his deathbed, was written by one who had abandoned belief in revealed religion.

In one's mental attitude toward Thomas Paine it is right to keep in view the fact that public opinion of the man and his work was largely formed by the avowed opponents of Paine, some of whom hesitated at nothing that could do him harm. I cannot think the author of "The Age of Reason" was all that his biographer represents him to have been, but he had his virtues, and some of his deeds were noble and worthy of remembrance. The discussion of Barlow's letter with Conway led the latter to address me the following note which I took, some time ago, from the little drawer in my library table and fastened into the second volume of Conway's "Life of Thomas Paine," where whoever purchases the book will find it when the auctioneer deals with my estate:

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your "Christ Among the Cattle." It was the much-abused "Tom Paine" who began

in this country the protest against cruelty to animals, in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, which he edited (May, 1775). In his "Age of Reason" Paine declared:

"The moral duty of man consists in imitating the moral goodness and beneficence of God in the creation towards all His creatures. Seeing, as we do, the goodness of God to all men, we have an example calling upon all men to practice the same toward each, and consequently everything of persecution and revenge between man and man, and everything of cruelty to animals, is a violation of moral duty."

This I mention simply because I think it may interest you. And for the same reason I will call your attention (though you may have seen it) to the papyrus discovered in Egypt (1904) by the Oxford explorers, Rev. Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, containing a lost saying of Jesus. The parentheses of the discoverers are conjectural and I think one of them is erroneous, but there is no doubt about the authenticity of the papyrus (much mutilated):

Jesus said, "(Ye ask who are these) that draw us (to the kingdom, if) the kingdom is in heaven? The birds of the air and all beasts that are under the earth or upon the earth, and the fishes of the sea, (these are they which draw) you, and the kingdom of heaven is within you; and whoever shall know himself shall find it."

In the course of my fifty years of ministry I have dealt much with the subject that interests you so greatly. It is complicated by the contention of the scientific defenders of vivisection that destruction of animals to obtain knowledge—food for the mind—is more moral than destruction for bodily food. And many point out that in attacking those who destroy animals for ornament we strain at the gnat while swallowing the camel of cruel hunting (of which President Roosevelt is so fond,

—just now slaughtering happy creatures of earth and air in Virginia, while sending Root here to denounce the wickedness of Hearst in his name!).

The sportsman—in all the world the chief offender—has inherited his killing propensity from his four-footed ancestors who hunt their prey, and we can hardly hope to civilize him. A more serious difficulty is our European and American inheritance of the carnivorous habit. It is, generally speaking, impossible to exist without the butcher shop. I have known two or three successful vegetarians, but most of these succumbed at their first serious illness. A lovely maiden of my London chapel died of that experiment, and another is now a skeleton doomed to die soon because, though conscious of the mistake, she *cannot* take flesh on her stomach. I sometimes fear that I was too emotional and too incautious in preaching about 'our poor relations, the animals.'

I sympathize deeply with the spirit of your impressive discourse, and especially with what you say of the destruction of bird-life for fashionable ornamentation, for that may touch the heart of woman. And I see little hope for true reformation in any direction except where the woman is hiding her leaven in the measure of our coarse masculine meal.

Cordially,

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

When one is taking interesting letters from his table-drawer and presenting them, so far as contents are concerned, to readers with whom he has no personal acquaintance and who will give for them in return nothing beyond the paltry price of the book in which they are printed, it is

surely right for him to select the letters that are to be sacrificed. I say sacrificed because never before, so far as I know, were they put into print for all the world to read and discuss. Put into print, they become in a certain sense the property of all who care to read them, and never again can the nominal owner lock them entirely up in that mysterious table-drawer where so many treasures repose. He may do what he will with paper and ink-scratches, but the thought and feeling that give value to the document are henceforth and forever public property. If then I may bring out what letters I like most to share with my readers, let me continue to press upon their attention those that interest us in the brilliant men and women who lead the hosts of dissent in religious controversy. Here is a letter from one of the most courageous of men, who was at once a profound scholar and a lover of truth, and of his race as well:

Liverpool, Oct. 25, 1845.

Rev'd and dear Sir:

I have been inexcusably long in answering your gratifying and interesting letter. To the fault of delay I will not add the offense of self-justification or fruitless apology: but, in reliance on your forbearing disposition, proceed at once to the main subject of interest between us.

In your general position, that mere textual controversy can never settle the points at issue between the Unitarians and their orthodox opponents, I certainly concur. No doubt there is a preliminary question to be set at rest, as to the degree and kind

of authority to be conceded to the Scriptures, and a controversy between two parties secretly at variance on this preliminary is an aimless battle of the blind. That the Unitarians in general *do* differ from other churches on this point, that they see a larger *human* element in the sacred Writings, that they are more prepared to acknowledge the manifest discrepancies in the historical portions, and inconclusive reasonings in the doctrinal, that, practically, their submission to Scripture is conditional on its teaching no nonsense, I am fully persuaded. And believing this to be their state of mind,—often ill-defined to themselves,—I cannot but disapprove as insincere their professions of agreement with the orthodox on everything except Interpretation, their appeal to the Scriptures under the misleading name of the Word of God, their affected horror at everyone who plainly speaks about the Bible the truths which they themselves, if they would dare to confess it, privately hold; and the various other artifices of theological convention, by which they delude themselves and hang out false colors to the world. To this moral untruthfulness and the unreality it gives to their position, much more than to their errors and unsoundness as interpreters, do I attribute the small amount of their success as a religious sect. I believe indeed, with you, that their interpretations of the writings of the Apostles John and Paul are altogether untenable, and that, so long as the people gather their theological faith without discrimination, from the Epistles and the Fourth Gospel, our doctrines cannot prevail.

But then I am unable to accept the other half of your proposition; I cannot admit that, because the Unitarians, as interpreters, are wrong, the Evangelicals are right. If the Apostle Paul could come and hear one of Hugh McNeile's sermons, I am persuaded he would be aghast with indignation, and

protest vehemently against the wretched perversion of his letters to the early churches. So long as both parties take for granted that Paul, with full knowledge of the destinies of Christianity as the religion of successive ages, wrote on the theory of human nature in its moral relations to God and laid down universal truths as to the scheme of the Divine Government from the Creation to the judgment, so long both parties must go astray. No just view can, in my opinion, be reached till it is remembered that the Apostle wrote everything from an erroneous assumption as to the approaching end of the world. This is not a slight matter which can be put aside as an incidental imperfection in his opinions. From its very nature, so grand, so transporting, it necessarily absorbed everything into it, tinged all his theory of the Past and his visions of the Future, determined his estimate of Christ's mission and gave a peculiarity of the highest importance to his sentiments in reference to the relative position of the Hebrew and the Pagan worlds. From their entirely missing his point of view, the Evangelicals appear to me to be no less completely wrong than the Unitarians in their interpretation of Paul. I do not know whether the publications connected with the Liverpool Controversy in 1839 have attracted your attention at all, but if they have, you will recognise in my present statements the opinions more fully expressed in the "Fifth and Sixth Lectures" of that Series. Though questions of interpretation shrink to a very diminished importance as soon as we cease to stake our faith upon them, a clear understanding of what the Apostle Paul really meant is more than a mere matter of curiosity. It is a vast relief to men accustomed to a Calvinistic reading of the Epistles to discover in them, without the slightest straining, a very different system of ideas, and the "Sixth Lecture" to

which I refer has, I know, among Joseph Barker's people been the means of bringing hundreds over from the ranks of orthodoxy.

Still, no satisfactory way can be made toward the pure truth and the free heart till the prevalent Bibliolatry is overthrown. And, for my own part, I have never shrunk and hope I never shall shrink from taking my little part in the iconoclastic work. At the same time, I so heartily reverence all sincere and earnest religion that the simply destructive procedure of controversy is only half welcome to me,—performed with some reluctance. I am always ready for it in self-defence, but dislike it as a measure of aggression. To draw forth the permanent elements of Christianity from the Scriptures; to impart to men such a consciousness of the adaptation of these to their nature that all doubt of their sufficiency shall become impossible; to make no disguise about the temporary and questionable character of all the rest; to attack only inordinate claims set up for it when requisite,—but for the most part to let those claims die out by forming men's spiritual and moral taste on better models and by the constant presence of higher ideas; this appears to me to be the true course for those who love Christianity for what it *is* more than they dislike its counterfeits for what they are *not*. Bigots of all classes will refuse a hearing to those who—with or without a name—boldly challenge their favorite opinions; and all other men—such at least is my cheering faith—are more readily *drawn* to noble and true ideas than *driven* from mean and false ones. What comparison, for instance, can there be between the amazing influence of Channing on the sentiments of his age and the most brilliant success that could attend on any writings that stopped with the disproof of prevalent theological errors and superstitions? I think, however, you will admit that I am not charge-

able with reserve on the question of Inspiration, and that especially in the "Second Lecture of the Liverpool Controversy" ("The Bible, what it is, and what it is not"), the very sentiments to which you attach importance are plainly advanced.

At all events, my dear Sir, I am greatly indebted to you for your valuable suggestions. Possibly if I were a man of leisure, I should put your suggestions at once into practice. But my course of labour as minister of a large congregation, as Professor in a public college, as an Editor of a Review, as, not least, father of a large family that I must educate at home, is very much marked out for me; and I must hope by faithfulness in these several callings to do incidentally some small portion of the good work which your kind opinion would assign to me by practice or precept.

Believe me Rev. and dear Sir,
Yours with true regard,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

To the Rev. Geo. Crabbe.

Not all men have Dr. Martineau's mind; few are gifted with his ability or dowered with his wealth of scholarship. Yet earnest men are found in every religious faith, and nowhere shall we look in vain for brave souls intent on knowing the truth. Here is a letter written by a man unknown to fame. I spread it before my readers not because of any interest in the writer, but because of the kindly and beautiful spirit reflected in every word, and also because it seems to me to fit into the train of thought awakened by the letters already given:

My dear Friend:

The questions contained in yours of the nineteenth and which cause you so much mental and moral unrest are, in my opinion, unanswerable from a purely scientific point of view. The question of Immortality is open upon every side to doubt and uncertainty. What Prof. Fiske has said in his "Life Everlasting" appears to me to be the most helpful and hopeful, if not absolutely the best single treatise in the direction indicated in your letter. My friend, a short time before his death, told me that he regarded the question of Immortality as one of probability only. He thought it amounted to nothing more than a great and alluring hope. The hope when entertained by noble souls is noble and to be encouraged: when held by a rude and selfish spirit it is base and of no value whatever. I share in some degree his uncertainty, though I do not always possess his calm and tender trust in the goodness of the final outcome. There are some excellent reasons for believing in the deathlessness of man's spiritual nature, and those reasons seem to me to rather gain than lose as the years go by. May it not be that the noble and divine part of our race will survive the shock of death, if, indeed, there is any shock in death? Why should the great multitude who have no worthy use for the few years they have now and here, find themselves possessors of an endless existence? Harriet Martineau, when dying, said: "I have had a noble share of life, and I do not ask for any other life." But I should say that Miss Martineau was just the kind of woman to make good use of an eternity, and I cannot but enquire, "What about the millions of men and women who have not had a noble share of life?"

I am unable to answer your questions. All you say about Jesus I both believe and feel. There

have been times in my life when the thought of him saved me from absolute despair, and, it may be, from suicide. To that extent, at least, I may speak of Jesus as my Saviour. His ideal of life is the highest of which we have any knowledge. His life as recorded in the Gospels is the sweetest, the holiest, and in every way the best this world has ever seen. There is a sense in which I worship him. His memory and recorded words I love. Perhaps I thus feel because of early religious training, for I had, as you know, a Christian father and a mother who prayed for me every day. I can never get away from the power of my mother's life of faith. It holds me fast as nothing else can. But in all this there is, I am fully aware, no satisfying and substantial foundation for religious certitude; nor is there any approach to an answer for the great question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

My dear friend, we are neither of us young, and very soon if there is any other side we shall know it; if there is not, we shall not survive to regret it. We can only conjecture with regard to eternity, but we do know something about time and the life that now is. We know that truth is better than a lie, that purity is better than lust, that kindness is better than cruelty, and so on to the end of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. What more do we require? If we are good and do good we live to a worthy end, whether there be any life beyond or not.

I do not think Col. Ingersoll can help you. I had once a long conversation with Ingersoll to no purpose whatever. He is a kind and good man, but quite too much of a party pleader and stump speaker. He treats spiritual matters just as he deals with political questions, and there all his power of helping troubled hearts and consciences ends.

No, your questions cannot be answered, but you can sit at the feet of the noblest of all our race, and receive his spirit of love and service. We can both of us follow Jesus, and that, in a poor, blind way, I am endeavoring to do. We shall make no mistake if we cast in our lot with him. There may be another life and then, again, there may be no such life—we cannot know, but we can do our duty, and there, I suppose, is the end of the whole matter.

I wish I could help you, but I cannot help myself along the line you indicate, and surely I am powerless to cast much light on the way over which we must go.

I am truly and ever your friend,

HENRY C. APPLETON.

Again I open the little drawer in my library table, and extract a letter by Theodore Parker:

Please do not show this page to anyone: it might hurt the feelings of some of the parties.

Dear Sir:

This is a list of the best lecturers in and about Boston. I put them in their order of merit, as it seems to me:

R. W. Emerson (the King of Lecturers).

Wendell Phillips (anti-slavery, humane, scholarly, eloquent, and beautiful in matter and manner).

Prof. H. D. Ropes (a scientific man, learned, exact, humorous, generous, liberal-minded. He knows everything with great power of making clear).

E. P. Whipple (literary, brilliant, witty, humorous. He is a keen man, on the fence between the "Hunkers" and the "other party").

Dr. O. W. Holmes (literary, brilliant, funny, satirical; a little malignant, poetical, nice, sharp;

born, bred, and living on the "Hunker" side of the fence).

Then there are persons like Rev. T. W. Higginson of Newburyport, Mass., Rev. Samuel Johnson of Salem, Mass., and Wm. P. Atkinson, Esq., of Brookline, Mass. There is one that I ought to mention with those on the other side of the sheet: viz.

Rev. A. L. Stone of Boston. He is the minister of a celebrated church in the city. He is orthodox, able, generous, liberal, a good scholar, and quite eloquent. I do not *know* him, but gather this from report.

I do not find anyone to deliver the lectures on Practical Mechanics. We have heard no such thing in the English language. But Prof. H. D. Ropes I think would do the thing better than any man in America, if not too busy with his "Report on the Geology of Pennsylvania." He has the knowledge, the power of presenting it, and the desire to spread the results of science before the working men to a greater degree than any other man that I know of. If you will write him a letter telling as well as may be what you wish, I think he might lecture for you.

Truly yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

S. F. Seymour, Esq.

It is interesting to know that John Fiske wished in the latter part of his life to disown his little book on "Tobacco and Alcohol" which he published in 1869 through Leypoldt and Holt. Dr. Moncure D. Conway told me that Mr. Fiske in the closing years of his life endeavored to work his way back to the Christian faith which he had repudiated. How great was his success I do not know, but certainly two steps were taken, as Mr.

Fiske supposed, in that direction,—he delivered and published his lecture on “Life Everlasting,” to which reference is made in Mr. Appleton’s letter, and he requested that among the books comprising his collected works the “Tobacco and Alcohol” should not have a place. The little book is from a scientific point of view quite orthodox, if Professor Münsterberg may be allowed to represent either science or orthodoxy. There is no reason to think that Mr. Fiske wished to unsay anything printed in “Tobacco and Alcohol,” but it does appear that under the influence of an awakened conscience he feared that the influence of his book might be found upon the side of intemperance, for its purpose was to prove that “the coming man will drink wine,” and that “it does pay to smoke.” The book was a fierce and most uncharitable onslaught upon Mr. James Parton, who had published a very commonplace and not over-interesting book called “Smoking and Drinking,” in which tobacco and alcohol are represented as being responsible for most of the wickedness and misery of our suffering world. This is the letter which Fiske wrote in 1893 to Lynds E. Jones, and which represents his final feeling with regard to the book under discussion. As the letter is brief and has, so far as I know, appeared up to the present time nowhere else, it may not be unwise to take it from the drawer for the entertainment of my readers:

Cambridge, Oct. 26, 1893.

Lynds E. Jones, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

The article in Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography," Vol. II., p. 469, was written by myself, and contains all needed facts, except as regards the list of my published works. If you give such a list at all, please *omit* "Tobacco and Alcohol"; omit the statement that I am publishing a "History of the American People"; *add* "The Critical Period of American History," Boston, 1888; "The Beginnings of New England," Boston, 1889; "The War of Independence, for Young People," Boston, 1889; "Civil Government in the United States," Boston, 1891; "The Discovery of America," 2 vols., Boston, 1892.

Yours very truly,

JOHN FISKE.

To a letter of inquiry addressed to Houghton, Mifflin & Company, a reply was returned under date of June 2d, 1905, from which the following excerpt is taken:

We wish to thank you for the information which you send regarding Fiske's "Tobacco and Alcohol." We know of this little book. Prof. Fiske made out the list of his writings which he desired to have included in the Standard Edition which we publish, and he did not desire to have the little book you refer to perpetuated for obvious reasons. It was therefore left out. Our edition is the only authorized standard edition, and as we stated before, its contents were arranged by Prof. Fiske, and it was his intention that it should be regarded as the authorized edition of his writings.

With best regards, we are

Yours very truly,

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY.

The publishers do not say just what is to be understood by those two words "obvious reason," but guided by Conway's statement the meaning can be found, I think, with no great difficulty. Yet there have been and there still may be found men of even greater learning than was the possession of Mr. Fiske, and men whose consciences are quite as sensitive as was the newly-stirred conscience of the author of "Tobacco and Alcohol" who have used and who still use both tobacco and alcohol. Professor James has represented alcoholic stimulation as standing to the poor and unlettered in the place of symphony concerts and literature, but he adds: "It is a part of the deeper mystery and tragedy of life that whiffs and gleams of something that we immediately recognize as excellent should be vouchsafed to so many of us only in the fleeting earlier phases of what in the totality is such a degrading poison." Professor Münsterberg tells us that "the masterpieces of music and poetry which are beyond the comprehension of the poor and unlettered have been the result of the use of alcohol." There is absolutely no period in history, as there is absolutely no nation upon the earth, in which we do not find evidence of this dependence upon stimulants and narcotics. It has been estimated that of alcoholic liquors there is an aggregate product every year enough, if collected into one sea, to float the united navies of the world. The estimate is, I think, to be doubted, but certainly the

amount is far beyond the thought of most of those who give the matter consideration. Coffee leaves are taken in the form of infusion by two millions of the world's inhabitants, to say nothing of the greater use of the coffee berry. Paraguay and Chinese teas are consumed by more than five hundred millions of our race. Opium is taken by about four hundred millions. Every year about 865,000,000 pounds of tobacco are consumed. To tell the truth, I cannot but feel sorry that Fiske's little book on "Tobacco and Alcohol" is not included in the final and otherwise complete set of his wonderfully interesting and valuable works.

Here is a letter from Horace Greeley that, while it has little other value, is of considerable importance as a specimen of Mr. Greeley's indifference to some of the common refinements of civilized life:

New York, Sept. 27, 1852.

Sir:

I haven't the honor of knowing you from a side of sole-leather, and cannot say that your epistolary exhibitions have begotten in me any fervent desire to make your acquaintance. I know nothing of your essay on "Democracy," and I think I never saw it, nor heard of it save in your letter.

I beseech you, if you suppose me in any manner your debtor, to collect whatever amount may be due you forthwith. Don't let it rest an hour, for though I am not one penny in your debt, I desire to have any suspicion that I might be, dispelled as

soon as possible. So bother me with no more letters (as none will be answered), but trot out your bears.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

Here is a note from Henry Ward Beecher, addressed to the Rev. John Sullivan Dwight, who was for some time a Unitarian preacher, and who later edited "Dwight's Journal of Music." Mr. Dwight was a musical critic of exceptional ability, and will be remembered as the author of a little poem, the first stanza of which runs thus:

"Sweet is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil?"

Mr. Beecher's letter has in it all the directness and wit for which the great Brooklyn preacher was so distinguished:

Brooklyn, March 23rd, 1865.

My dear Mr. Dwight:

I am very much obliged to you for your reply. It was *useful*. As to Mr. Thayer:

1st. What would he consider a good salary? Let him say plainly.

2nd. To what extent is he willing to do the musical work of our congregation? i. e., the care and training of the children, the conduct of our religious week-night meetings, and the training of our congregation in singing.

In other words, would he make an enthusiasm of our work, or would he hunger and thirst after

Philharmonic grandeur and a National Superhuman Choral Pentecostal Society for the Musical Regeneration of the World?

No man can be the *musical pastor* of a church without undertaking a good deal of work.

Is he apt and influential with men in community? Our congregation is large, and wrecks any man who has no *general* in him.

I am truly yours,

H. W. BEECHER.

P. S. Can you, by asking a question, tell me the standing of Mr. Wilder of Bangor, Me.? He will be known among musical convention men.

H. W. B.

The body of John Howard Payne, or so much of it as could be found, was in 1883 removed from the old grave in Tunis, and deposited in Oak Hill Cemetery at Georgetown. The poet of "Home, Sweet Home" died April 1st, 1852. Little of the body was found after those thirty years of burial, but the public was led to believe that the entire skeleton was obtained, and that it was brought to America. Even the bones had become fine dust. A little gilt used in the construction of the epaulets and the gilt stripes that were on the sides of the trousers, with a button or two of metal and a mere spicule of bone, were all that was found. The real grave of Payne was and still is upon the other side of the ocean, where it should have remained undesecrated.

Mr. Horace Taylor was at the time of the opening of Payne's grave the Consul at Mar-

seilles. Acting under instruction from the State Department, he forwarded the body, or so much of it as could be secured, to the United States. An article in the New York *Evening Post* of Oct. 21, 1901, describing Mr. Taylor's part in the removing of the body, did what it could to deceive the public in the matter of the exhumation. I addressed Mr. Taylor a letter on the subject, and received from him in return a letter of some interest as showing the exact condition of the remains. That letter is here given, and its lesson is, I think, this, that the graves of distinguished men should not be disturbed after time has hal-
lowed them:

Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.
October 26, 1901.

My dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter of October 23rd with reference to the disinterment of the remains of John Howard Payne as reported in an article in a late number of the New York *Evening Post*. The article in question was not altogether accurate. The correspondent told me he had written it several months ago, but it had been mislaid or for some reason not published until now. It is not, as stated, true that I was present at the time the coffin containing Payne's remains was opened, although my son was there and Mr. Reade, an official of the British Government, and they reported to me that the remains had substantially gone to dust and little of the skeleton was left. The most conspicuous features of the remains were the gold buttons and traces of the gold leaf that had ornamented the uniform in which he was buried. It

was thought desirable that such of his remains as were left should be properly encased in a suitable casket covered with lead, outside of which was put a hardwood coffin, and a strong box still outside of these. Enclosed in this way the remains were sent by me to New York, as per instructions from the State Department.

Very truly yours,

H. A. TAYLOR.

I treasure among my mementos of "the irrepressible conflict" which, when I was a youth, filled all the land with wild disorder, this half of a letter the poet Hayne addressed to some one dear to him, but to me unknown:

Can we ever forgive the infernal people who have reduced us to such wretched vassalage?

My chief delight in editing the "Southern Opinion" is to have *some* opportunity of abusing the Puritan, and, indeed, the whole Yankee Race.

I know not how long this may be permitted. Some fine morning we may all be quietly clapped in a Yankee Bastile! But what does it matter? Life is worth but little now, and I don't see that we need care very particularly about consequences.

Pray give our united love to Cousin Lucy, and kiss "Douschka" for us. Willie often speaks of his "Cousin Francis." He has grown much, and is fond of his books.

Always Faithfully,

PAUL H. HAYNE.

There certainly can be no doubt in any mind after a glance at the above fragment that the gifted poet of the Sunny South was quite unreconstructed.

The next letter is a long one, but it seems to me that its contents will justify an unabridged transcript:

My dear Mr. Wilde:

How shall I apologize to you for my long neglect to answer your kind and so highly prized letter of May 11th? Shall I tell you that this is the third attempt I have made to write to you, and that sickness (not my own) interrupted the first, that a fit of despondency or the blues broke up the second attempt, and caused me to tear in pieces the vile and unworthy answer to your beautiful letter, and, finally, my wife's confinement prevented another effort to write from being made until I could assure you of her health as well as of my own.

I can say now that we are all well and in good spirits; and in the word "all" I wish you to include another little daughter whom we intend to name "Florence," as my wife thinks it will jingle well with Powers. She appears to be a fine sample of what may be done in Tuscany, and I might fill several pages with descriptions of her various excellencies. But as I am writing to a grave philosopher, and not to his sister, I shall forbear. My wife at this moment is telling me that she will write, and that Miss Wilde shall have all about this prodigy even to the most minute description of her toe nails. This account she intends to insert in her reply to the letter she received from your sister soon after I received yours.

I received a letter full of kind expressions from Col. Preston not long ago, and I answered it immediately and assured him of his mistake in supposing I had not written to him for a whole year. It is true, however, that I did not write so often as I should have done. The truth is, I write to

him always with embarrassment, for I know not how to express the high sense I entertain of his noble conduct towards me. I fear to give utterance to my thought lest my sincerity be suspected, and then if I say too little I may appear unmindful of his goodness. I feel much more at ease while I think of doing something for him than I do while writing to him. This is all wrong, I know very well, yet I cannot help myself. I must feel so. But in future I am resolved to write to him freely. I need not say that his letter placed my mind at ease in regard to pecuniary matters.

I am now in another studio. It is near the Goldoni Theatre, and I think it the finest studio in Florence. The rooms are large and high and well lighted, so that my statue appears to much greater advantage than in the old studio. The statue is not yet finished in clay, but there remains now but little to be done, and I think I may safely say it has been much improved since you saw it. There have been no material alterations made, but instead slight changes and modifications over the whole of it so that the improvements appear as greater realities of flesh and movement of the parts. All this you perceive in a moment on looking at it. It was a nice thing to convey the statue from the old studio to the new one, and I constructed a machine for the purpose which answered perfectly. It was made on the principle of the universal joint, so that the statue hung, as it were, like a pendulum, and swayed gently in every direction according to the irregular motion of the four men who bore the whole concern on their shoulders. I believe this to have been the first instance of carrying a clay model of a standing statue the distance of half a mile without the slightest injury.

Col. Thomson informed me lately that it was possible you might not conclude to return here, he

having received a letter from which he so inferred. This information brought on another fit of the blues, for I had regarded your coming back to Florence as a thing to be counted on, and I had looked forward to the time of your return with confidence and extreme pleasure.

I have lately received a letter from the son of Mr. Van Buren in reply to one written by me to his father on the subject of the bust sent to him to the care of Messrs. Goodhue & Co. In this letter Mr. Van Buren authorizes his son to say that he had no knowledge of ever having given me an order for his bust. Judge of my surprise on reading such a statement. Fortunately Mr. Clevenger is a witness to Mr. Van Buren's acknowledgement of having given me an order, and at several different times, while he (Mr. C.) was modeling another bust of Mr. Van Buren. So I took the evidence of Mr. Clevenger in writing, and I also wrote myself a statement of the facts as they occurred, and sent all in a letter to Messrs. Goodhue & Co., with directions to publish them, and have the bust sold at public auction in New York. Mr. Van Buren's letter and my statement and Mr. Clevenger's evidence together place the character of Mr. Van Buren in rather an unfavorable light,—that is, if the words of two humble individuals like Mr. Clevenger and myself will stand against the denial of an ex-President of the United States. As you will most probably see the correspondence in some newspaper, I will not repeat it here. I merely mention that he gave me the order verbally at the time when he was about going into the presidential chair, and he received my letter, as his son states, announcing the arrival of the bust just as he was leaving it, and this may account for his forgetfulness as well as for his patronage of the fine arts. Mr. Van Buren sat, in the first instance, at my re-

quest, and it was a long time after that he ordered a marble copy of the bust. He said, "Let me pay you for it," and I took him at his word, and charged him perhaps a trifle over expenses—the charge was \$500.

Mr. Greenough has sent off the Washington, but stays here himself, which I wonder at, for I think he should be there to look to the placing of it. Col. Thomson has left here for Paris on business, and Greenough is about traveling with his wife on a tour of pleasure to Milan, Munich, etc. Gov. Everett is here, but not in the city. Clevenger and I are "cocks of the walk" among the Americans you know here. Mr. Baldwin is living at a villa outside of Florence.

Lady Bulwer and Mrs. Trollope have just left Florence for the baths of Lucca. I saw but little of them. Lady Bulwer became a great favorite with Mr. Greenough. She is a fine looking woman, as to person, with rosy cheeks and flashing eyes. She tells pretty hard things about her husband, but as I heard her say that she had been stung by a wasp one day, by a bee on the next, and last night had been bitten by a tarantula—all in Florence—I thought it not difficult for Lady Bulwer to "stretch it a little" in her stories, especially as a tarantula here happens to be toothless.

Mr. Peale has not yet sent me the rattle-snake's head, but do not give yourself any trouble about it, as I can obtain engravings which with recollections will enable me to do without it.

If there be anything in which I can serve you do let me know of it and always rely on me as one ever ready and eager to be of use to you. I have written this hastily for fear of another breaking off; and I dare not look it over for fear of being tempted to burn it, it is written so badly in all respects. I will do better in the future. My wife

joins me in best regards to your sister and to yourself.

Believe me ever truly yours,

HIRAM POWERS.

Florence, July 12th, 1841.

There is good reason for believing that Powers was mistaken in thinking that ex-President Van Buren had given him an order. Van Buren was regarded in his day as a very trickish and unreliable politician, but his private honesty was never, so far as I know, seriously challenged. We are easily deceived. It is quite possible that both Powers and his friend Clevenger were wrong, though they were sure they had heard the order given which Mr. Van Buren declared he never gave and never intended to give. I know a parallel case in which a brother and sister both profess to have witnessed an engagement which they represent another brother to have made, and which to my certain knowledge he did not make. So sure are they of what is not true that nothing short of a miracle could undeceive them. This being an age far removed from heavenly wonders, the unkind error must continue to live its own evil life to the end, and the wrong must go unrighted. I cannot believe Mr. Van Buren a miscreant, nor do I think the sculptor dishonest. I count the case to be one of misunderstanding, in which all the persons concerned were both honest and wrong.

Here is a letter from one of the witnesses ap-

pointed to view the remains of Abraham Lincoln when they were entombed for the last time, and whose duty it was to identify those remains from a personal acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln during his life. The interest that attaches to this letter for us and others grows out of associations connected with its contents, and not out of any peculiar value that belongs to the manuscript itself. In fact, the letter is type-written, the signature only being the direct work of the writer's pen, so that strictly speaking it is not a manuscript. The letter is addressed to me, and is in response to an inquiry concerning the condition of Mr. Lincoln's body when exhumed for reinterment.

Alton, Ill., Dec. 12th, 1901.

My dear Sir:

I received a letter from you some time ago regarding the condition of the body of Abraham Lincoln which was lately reinterred at Springfield, while I was acting Governor of this State. Your letter was addressed to me at Springfield, and was forwarded to me here, and mislaid until to-day, when the same was found by me. In answer to your inquiry I will say that the body was in an excellent state of preservation, and the features were recognizable by any one who had ever seen Mr. Lincoln. Even his clothing seemed to have been little affected by the length of time since his first burial. The splendid condition of the remains was a very agreeable surprise to all who saw them. I have not received your book. I am sorry that I did not reply sooner, and beg your pardon for so carelessly mislaying your letter.

Yours very truly,

JOHN J. BRENHOLT.

The body of Lincoln was thoroughly embalmed by Dr. Thomas Holmes, who lived at the time in Brooklyn, N. Y. The process, which was known to Dr. Holmes only, was unlike any employed before his time and was a secret that he guarded with great care until at last it was interred with him in his grave.

During the Civil War Dr. Holmes embalmed the bodies of a number of distinguished soldiers, and so it came to pass that President Lincoln became interested in the process and expressed a wish that after his death his own body might be embalmed by Dr. Holmes, should the Doctor be living at the time.

Dr. Holmes advertised his art, and invited the representatives of the press and a number of prominent men to examine his claims. He exhibited specimens of his work, some of which had been embalmed more than thirty years. Few took any interest in the discovery, and in disgust and disappointment Dr. Holmes resolved to take the secret with him to his grave. His last request was that when he was dead his own remains should not be embalmed, and his wish was respected.

When first entombed the remains of Lincoln were deposited in a red cedar coffin which was enclosed by a leaden coffin. Both coffins were placed in a sarcophagus. An attempt was made to steal the body, which led to a re-burial. A new grave was dug in the crypt of the magnificent monument in Oak Ridge Cemetery at Springfield, Ill.,

and on the fourteenth of April, 1887, the leaden coffin was placed in this grave, which was then filled in with six feet of concrete and covered with the sarcophagus.

On the 26th of September, 1901, the last entombment of the body of Abraham Lincoln took place, and it is thought that never again can any occasion arise for the removal of the remains, as the monument beneath which it reposes is in every way satisfactory and worthy of the memory of the great man whose sacred dust it guards.

At a conference of the Monument Commissioners which took place in the Memorial Hall connected with the Monument, the question of opening the coffin was discussed. It was necessary to view the body for the purpose of identification, so that there might be for all time a certainty in the public mind that the sacred dust was actually contained in the tomb beneath the Monument that a grateful people had reared to the memory of the illustrious dead. Everyone was excluded from the room except members of the Commission and the Lincoln Guard of Honor and the workmen who were to break open the metal casing. It was the first time since May 13th, 1887, that the remains were exposed to view. The features and hands were found, as Gov. Brenholt stated in the letter quoted, "in an excellent state of preservation." The formality of identification accomplished, the casket was resealed and the workmen bore it on their shoulders to the place prepared

for it—a bed of iron and masonry fifteen feet below the base of the shaft of the Monument.

The Lincoln Monument is of Quincy granite upon a foundation of concrete. The main platform is fifteen feet and ten inches from the ground, and is reached by four staircases, one at each corner of the balustrades. The platform is floored with Illinois limestone, and forms the foundation for the statuary, which rests upon shafts eleven feet in diameter. From the center rises the shaft twelve feet square at the base and eight at the top, ninety-eight feet and four inches from the ground. A winding staircase within conducts to the top. Just below the upper base of this shaft are shields of polished granite bearing the names of the States and joined together by bands of polished stone. Heroic groups in bronze adorn the Monument, and above them rises a bronze statue of Lincoln holding in his hands the Proclamation of Emancipation. The statue was modeled by Larkin G. Mead, and is regarded as a noble production of the best American art. At the base of the Monument are Memorial Hall, containing various relics of the President, and the crypt in which the body was at first placed and where it remained for some time.

It is difficult to determine wherein lies the peculiar charm of autograph-collecting. Perhaps the sense of personal contact with distinguished

and interesting characters and close association with deeds of historical importance may have much to do with the delight which attaches to the possession of rare and interesting letters and documents. To hold in one's own hand the identical paper that once a great poet or statesman held, and to gaze upon lines there traced by one who has, in his literary work, placed the entire civilized world under obligation to himself, is surely a great delight. There is also to be added, in many cases, actual information of importance imparted by the document, or, it may be, a confirmation of information already possessed. The letters and journals of men who have filled positions of public trust are often of the utmost value. Furthermore, there is something in the actual autograph that introduces its possessor to an inner knowledge of the writer. The kind of penmanship, the orthography and punctuation, and the grammatical construction all have much to do with our acquaintance with the author.

The hour is late. With care I fold these letters, one by one, and lay them away in the little drawer. I turn the key and leave them to silence and repose. Thus at last must come to us, human documents, the evening hour when we, creased by time and somewhat the worse for much handling, shall be consigned to darkness and oblivion. Yet when night falls upon the busy world, somewhere the sun will still continue to shine. Shall

I think so much of these letters that I guard with lock and key, and shall the Author of these "living epistles" that are "known and read of all men" care nothing for His hand-writing? It cannot be.

XI

AT LAST THE SILENT MAJORITY

“Along the gentle slope of life’s decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into the grave.”

—*Porteus.*

AT LAST THE SILENT MAJORITY

I

AT Windsor, in the merry land of England, where linger still those simple manners that keep us young long after the years have silvered the hair and furrowed the brow, there died in 1832 Thomas Pope, a shepherd who, like the Good Shepherd of whom we read in the Sacred Book, "loved the sheep." He had seen the flowers of ninety-six summers bloom and fade in the doorway that had been the delight of his early days, and in which he sat through many a twilight hour of the long evening of his well-spent life.

He commenced tending sheep when as a lad he received but two pence per day, and nothing could induce him to change his occupation. His humble station in life was lifted above the rudeness and vulgarity that so easily attach themselves to its seemingly trivial duties by the artless sincerity and sweet purity of the man. He was every day alone with the sheep many hours, and, wanting human companionship, he would seat himself upon a moss-grown boulder under a spreading elm where he could see the creatures of his charge and watch with curious attention their way of living. He came after a time to love the sheep, and he thought them better company than the men and women with whom he conversed at the village inn and with whom he worshipped in the old stone

church, where for many generations his lowly ancestors had lifted their untutored hearts to Heaven.

At last the old man came to die, and when the doctor could do no more they sent for the preacher. "Old Thomas, the Shepherd," for so they called him for miles and miles around, listened to the reading of the prayers for the sick, and added his own quiet and reverent Amen. Then he said it was his particular wish that his crook and bell might be buried with him—the crook in one hand and the bell in the other.

Early in the morning the sun looked in at the window of the low-thatched cottage, but the shepherd saw it not, for he had gone far away to abide with the countless dead that, if they be not great or wise, we soon forget. A crowd of rustic folk from far and near, and with them the lord of the Manor, followed the shepherd to his lowly grave. In the deal coffin that the village carpenter made were the crook and bell from which old Thomas would not be parted. With the funeral procession came also the meek-eyed sheep that had for so long a time followed their kindly caretaker; and their bleating mingled not irreverently with the solemn words of prayer.

The minister read the Twenty-third Psalm, in which the Lord is represented as the Shepherd of his people; and then they covered the old man with turf, and left him under the flowers and the trees that were so soon to drink up the juices of

his body, changing them into the beauty of the rose and the grateful refreshment of shade under boughs of oak and elm. More than seventy years the old man has rested in the grave they gave him that Autumn day, and now, after so long a time, by mere chance, I have come upon the story of his obscure life and well-rendered service. There is to me something very pleasant in the thought that after this life is over, another life in shrub, and bush, and tree awaits us. When the body is no longer able to entangle the forces of the universe in its wonderful web of nerves, arteries, and veins, and cannot use them to further its own ends, it is handed over to those forces to be by them resolved into its original elements. Two groups of natural substances await our coming. The first is carbonic acid, water, and ammonia; the second is mineral constituents more or less oxidized, elements of the earth's structure, lime, phosphorus, iron, sulphur, and magnesia. The first group passes into the air and becomes food for plants, while the second enters the earth and enriches it. We do not know precisely what death is, but that supreme experience, however we may view it, does not separate us from the visible universe. On the contrary, it gives us back to the earth so far as our material substance is concerned. Unconsciously we recognize our oneness with the physical universe in the emblems and designs with which we surround death. In all ages men have covered the lifeless forms of their dear ones with

the choicest flowers of field and garden. Memorial Day in our Southern States and Decoration Day at the North breathe the same spirit. By some curious association flowers soften the thought of death, and take from the grave something of its desolation. Our fathers carved upon the gravestone a grewsome skull or an unsightly skeleton, but we chisel upon the monuments that mark the graves of our loved ones, if not the sacred emblem of our faith or some blessed angel winging its way heavenward, then a rose to remind us of Heaven, or a lily, or it may be some wild flower that one sees growing by the brook or in the sun-lighted meadow—clover, daisy, or spurge. And thus it comes to pass that Nature in no small degree reconciles our love of life with our certainty of death. When we picture in our minds the end of earthly existence we frame that picture in all the rural beauty and attractiveness of our modern garden cemetery. A poet has put something of this thought and feeling into graceful lines:

“Though life speeds on to its ending,
 I am not afraid;
 To protean earth descending,
 I shall pass undismayed,
 Who count the long learning and spending
 By the dream outweighed.

Bleak winds from eternity blowing
 Pass, leaving no trace;
 The seed of an unfathomed sowing,
 I must sink to my place.
 May it be near a calm river’s flowing,
 Where grow green things apace,

Where happy lovers thereafter
 Will pause as they roam,
 And house room and sill and rafter
 Will build them a home,
 And there will be children's laughter
 In the garden abloom."

II

We like to think that the things most precious to us in this life will be in some way associated with our death and burial. We desire to rest with our kindred, surrounded by the associations and natural scenery of earlier days. Napoleon, in his will, expresses a wish that gives voice to the desire of the human heart in every age and clime. The pilgrim to sacred shrines of genius and devotion may read that wish carved upon the magnificent tomb of the Emperor, high above the door leading to the enclosure where rests the sarcophagus:

JE DÉSIRES QUE MES CENDRES
 REPOSENT
 SUR LES BORDS DE LA SEINE
 AU MILIEU DE CE PEUPLE FRANÇAIS
 QUE J'AI TANT AIMÉ

The lovely poem of Ruth, written in the very dawn of history, discloses to us the deep and abiding secret of human affection in the never-to-be-forgotten words of the gentle Moabitish woman: "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee: for whither thou

goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." When we would express our most ardent love for the land we call our own, we describe that land as the "burial-place of our fathers." Sir Walter Scott hastened home with anxious heart, for he would not die in a strange land and leave his bones to crumble in foreign earth. Washington Irving took great pleasure in his quiet and retired life on the banks of the Hudson, and he desired above all things that when death should have robbed him of his queer old seventeenth century mansion and of the beauty of river and landscape, his dust might mingle with that of his kindred in Sleepy Hollow, near the little church in which the credulous schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane, led the choir.

And as of places, so of things. The shepherd of Windsor was not unlike wiser and greater men in his wish to mingle with death the sweeter associations of life. Over the dead Raphael floated the Transfiguration which the illustrious artist painted for the cathedral of Norbonne in France, and which is now preserved among the most sacred treasures of the Vatican. On Richter's coffin they placed a copy of one of his books. The great soldier must have his sword accompany him to the grave. A western vine-grower whose vineyards made purple all the hill-side had buried with him a bottle of his choicest wine. An aged

violinist held in his unconscious grasp the musical instrument he loved so well. A clergyman had placed in his coffin a copy of the New Testament in which his mother had written her name when he was a child. In a grave near the city of Richmond there is deposited a little tin bank filled with coins of small value that were collected and prized by a child. The mother placed the treasure there because in that grave she had herself deposited a much greater treasure. All the world knows how Dante Gabriel Rossetti buried in his wife's grave the manuscript of a volume of his unpublished poems. In that volume were some of the poet's best verses. The treasure was recovered only after the pleading of some of his warmest friends.

It has always seemed strange to me that so momentous and certain an experience as death, an experience that so deeply concerns every human being, and that of necessity obtrudes itself so often upon the mind of man, should be, by almost universal consent, excluded from the subject-matter of ordinary conversation. An English sovereign threatened with relentless and severe punishment all who should in any way, in his presence, hint at the fact of mortality. By tacit agreement the very word DEATH is avoided in what we call "good society," and for it are substituted such weak and poor expressions as "passing away," "going to rest," and "falling asleep." The old Romans used to say, "He has ceased to live." Why should we go all our days in fear of

dissolution? I knew of a man who was in great distress day and night because he could not remain on earth forever. Much wiser was Walt Whitman, whose comforting and reassuring poem, "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd," will live in our literature. One drinks in peace with every word of lines like these:

"Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, ar-
riving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

.

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest wel-
come?

Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed
come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong Deliveress!

When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joy-
ously sing the dead,

Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,

Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades,

Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—adorn-
ments and feastings for thee;

And the sights of the open landscape, and the
high-spread sky, are fitting,

And life and the fields, and the huge and thought-
ful night.

The night, in silence, under many a star;
 The ocean-shore, and the husky whispering wave,
 whose voice I know;
 And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-
 veil'd Death,
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song!
 Over the rising and sinking waves—over the myr-
 riad fields, and the prairies wide;
 Over the dense-pack'd cities all, and the teeming
 wharves and ways,
 I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O
 Death!"

Is death painful? No, not in itself. The mere act of dissolution is in the very nature of the case entirely free from all distress. It must be so, for otherwise we should be always in pain, since we are always dying. The death of which we speak is molecular, but in the final analysis all death of which we have knowledge is molecular. We usually divide death into Somatic and Molecular. Somatic death effects the entire organism, while molecular effects only a limited and definite number of molecules. "The spherule of force which is the primitive basis of a cell," writes Mr. Alger in his valuable work, "A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life," "spends itself in the discharge of its work. The amount of vital action which can be performed by such living cells has a definite limit. When that limit is reached, the exhausted cell is dead. No function can be performed without the disintegration of a certain

amount of tissue. This final expenditure on the part of a cell of its force is the act of molecular death and the germinal essence of all decay. This organic law rules in every living structure, and is a necessity inherent in creation. . . . Wherever we look in the realm of physical man, from the red outline of the first Adam to the shapeless adipose of the last corpse when fate's black curtain falls on our race, we shall discern death, for death is the other side of life."

Plants and animals depend for their growth upon the subordination of their cells—these yield their little lives for the larger life of the whole. "The formation of a perfectly organized plant," says Leibnitz, "is made possible only through the continuous dying and replacement of its cells." Even so the cells which compose our structures die that we may live, and in like manner our death is necessary to the growth and development of the race. We are the separate cells that constitute the one man, Humanity. His integrity depends on our subordination. The greater that subordination, the more perfect his structure.

Molecular death, as has been said, is painless, and so it comes to pass that somatic death which is still molecular must also be without pain. It is true that persons sometimes die in a state of torture, but that torture is a phenomenon of disease or of some accident, and not of death—the distress might befall the man without death. It is a fact that death is in most cases free from all

association with both physical pain and mental distress. Sir Charles Blagden died in his chair while drinking coffee, and his departure was so calm that not a drop was spilled from the cup in his hand. Dr. Black, also, died so composedly that the milk in the spoon which he held to his lips was all preserved. Dr. Walloston watched with scientific interest the gradual failure of his own vital power. Dr. Cullen whispered in his last moments, "I wish I had the power of writing, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die." In my book on "The Last Words of Distinguished Men and Women" which was published a few years ago, I collected the dying words of many prominent persons. Very few of the persons whose last words are recorded in that book faced death with serious apprehension or experienced great pain. Dr. Adam of Edinburgh, the high-school headmaster, murmured in his delirium, "It grows dark, boys, you may go." The last words of Goethe were, "Draw back the curtains, and let in more light." The last words of Sir Walter Scott, addressed to Lockhart, were, "Be a good man, my dear."

The phrase "last agony" has helped to fasten upon the popular mind the belief that death is painful. But there is no such thing as a "last agony." Death is a normal event, and medical science has made it clear that the dying, as a rule, pass away in unconscious slumber. Dr. Osler, in his Ingersoll lecture on "Immortality," says: "I

have careful records of about five hundred death-beds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of dying. The latter alone concern us here. Ninety suffered bodily pain or distress of one sort or another." That would make not far from one-sixth of the cases observed attended with pain, but this physical distress, as Dr. Osler points out, was in no instance connected with the act of mortality. It was a concomitant of disease and would have been precisely the same had the disease ended in recovery. In most cases the immediate cause of death is the poisoning of the nerve-centres by carbonic acid. It must be remembered that carbonic acid accumulating in the blood is as truly anæsthetic in its action as are chloroform and sulphuric ether. It puts the man to sleep, but the sleep is one that knows no awakening in this life. The poets did not stray far from the truth when they described death as a sleep. Thus also our Saviour represented death. And thus as well do we, contemplating its calmness and repose, view the close of our mortal existence as a deep and dreamless slumber. Continuing his statement with regard to the five hundred death-beds that he had studied, Dr. Osler writes: "Eleven showed mental apprehension" (that was before the carbonic acid had taken effect), "two positive terror, one expressed spiritual exultation, one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no sign one way or the other; like their birth, their death was 'a sleep

and a forgetting.' The Preacher was right in this matter, for man 'hath no pre-eminence above the beast—as the one dieth, so dieth the other.'”

Nature sustains a balance between animal and vegetable life. There was a time, countless centuries ago, when that balance did not exist. In the Carboniferous Age plant-life reached a luxuriance of which we can now form but a faint idea. The air had to become respirable for man, and then the human race made its appearance. Animals inhale oxygen and nitrogen, and exhale carbonic acid, watery vapor, and a trace of animal matter in a gaseous form. Plants reverse the process, and consume carbonic acid while they yield oxygen. The growth of the flora of the Carboniferous Age was a means of purifying the atmosphere so as to fit it for the higher terrestrial life that was afterwards to possess the earth. It is by constantly breathing each other's breath that man and his neighbor, the tree, live. What, then, becomes of the first group into which we are converted by the beautiful chemistry of death? It goes into the air and fills the millions of open mouths of vegetables. The hungry plants consume the carbonic acid which would otherwise render the air irrespirable for man. The carbon, separated and assimilated, comes to form vegetable fibre. The wood that burns merrily in the fire-place, the food and wine that make man strong and healthy, the crimson foliage of Autumn, and the golden grain of harvest-time have

passed thousands of times to and from both animal and vegetable states of existence. Tree and man are closely related in the economy of nature. Life and death are never far apart.

Life evermore is fed by death,
 In earth, and sea, and sky;
 And that a rose may breathe its breath,
 Some living thing must die.

We gaze upon the statue with different emotions from those with which we look upon a corpse. One we recognize as a work of art and the other we view as a work of impassive death. The fingers that lightly glide over the smoothness of one are drawn with horror from the coldness of the other. Men who faint in the dissecting room stand or sit at ease in the sculptor's studio. A wide difference is supposed to exist between the scalpel and the chisel, but no such difference exists. Every atom of marble in the statue once, long before man trod the planet, lived and suffered, and was glad and died. Those little shining atoms of marble are the skeletons of animalculæ—millions of minute animalculæ that were fused in the heat of central fires beneath great oceans many thousands of years ago. The statue is a corpse—more, a congeries of corpses. The microscope reveals their disk-like structures; and by careful study of what they have left us we may come to some knowledge of what the life they once lived must have been like. The marbles of

Phidias and Polycletus once throbbed with life, and the old gods of Greece and Rome were not always deaf and blind.

The earth we tread is a vast cemetery. The stones under our feet are all written over with histories and marvelous tales of the dead—histories and tales no eye will ever read, and to which no ear will listen. It has been estimated by scientists that on each square rod of our earth something like 1280 human beings lie buried, each rod being scarcely sufficient for ten graves, with each grave containing 128 persons. The entire surface of our globe, then, has been dug up 128 times to bury its dead. The dead are everything, they are everywhere,—under our feet, over our heads, and on every side. They are in the solid earth on which we stand, the unfathomed oceans that surround our continents, and through the spaces of the air they ride on every wind. Not formless phantoms wrought from the texture of a dream are the unnumbered hosts that come and go through all the crowded thoroughfares of life, but real and tangible in the perfume of the rose and the whiteness of the untrodden snow, the motion of the wave and the hardness of the rock, the richness of the harvest and the primeval grandeur of the forest. In the familiar lines of an American poet:

“Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground

Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements—
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
 Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre.”

It is a popular belief that sensibility remains for a time after decapitation. It is said that Charlotte Corday's cheeks blushed at the exposure of her person; that the eyes of Madame Roland opened as if in surprise; that the lips of Phillip Egaliti curled in scorn when his head was held up to the multitude; and that the lips of Mary Stuart under similar circumstances prayed visibly. There may be some truth in the belief that sensibility remains for a time. There are certain results of scientific observation that look in that direction. Brouardel records a case witnessed by competent observers in which the heart continued to beat for one hour in a decapitated murderer, and he states it as a fact that he himself saw the heart beat for

more than twenty minutes in a decapitated dog. Since life continues in one part of the body, it may be it continues as well in other parts. Cell-life, it would seem, remains for a time, and that life is identical with the larger or somatic life. There are dead cells in the living body; and in the dead body, it is more than likely, there are living ones. These cells have different periods of birth and death. Every moment they are being formed and destroyed. The man is, physically considered, the aggregate of all the various cells that make up his body. There are no particles in the body that were there when the man was a child, and in a few years there will be no particles in the organism that are there now. No man's body is identically the same two days in succession.

Concerning the celebrated historic premonitions of death, it is well to play the skeptic. The disease of Fletcher, which caused him to send for a sculptor and order his tomb; the salutation of Wolsey, so eloquently dramatized; the whining cant of Foote, when Weston died, "Soon shall others say 'Poor Foote!'" and the last picture of Hogarth, which he entitled "The End of All Things," adding, "This is the end,"—all these and many other so-called premonitions are open to uncertainty. They are unsustained by scientific observation, and though they are interesting and in some measure astonishing, still they are far from compelling the mind's assent. Hayden, the unfor-

tunate painter who, in a fit of despondency, took his own life, has this entry in his Journal under the date of February 15th, 1815:

“About this time, I had a most singular dream. I dreamed Wilkie and I were both climbing up an immensely high wall, at the top of which were sweet creatures smiling and welcoming us. He could scarcely keep hold, it was so steep and slippery; when all of a sudden he let go, and I saw him wind and curve in the air, and I felt the horrible conviction that his body would be dashed to pieces. After a moment’s grief, I persevered and reached the top, and there found Mrs. Wilkie and his sister, lamenting his death.”

Later, Hayden added, “This is like a presentiment of his (Wilkie’s) dying first.” There are countless stories of apparitions, spectres, and ghosts appearing to men and foretelling the approach of death. Perhaps it will never be possible to fully explain these premonitions—that is to say, to explain them to the reasoning and scientific mind. Madden, in his “Shrines and Sepulchres,” says: “A great light of intelligence is going out; it flares up occasionally, fitfully perhaps, but never fails to make the darkness visible that is around it, till every sense has ceased to be perceptive and every vital organ has given over the performance of its functions.” One who has been often with the dying has witnessed time and time again what Madden describes. As the smouldering embers, fanned by a sudden breeze, start into a bright flame, so sometimes the mind glows

with unexpected and peculiar brilliancy just before it darkens forever. No doubt expectation is often responsible for premonitions, and yet there is something more in these experiences than mere expectation. Ozanam, the distinguished mathematician, had no thought or anticipation of death, and yet so strong was the presentiment when it came, and so persistent was it, that he refused to take pupils who wished to study under his direction. Mozart wrote his Requiem under the conviction that death was at hand. He had not been thinking of death, and yet the premonition came suddenly and without any expectation on his part. In many cases some degree of anticipation is present. A number of stories, some of them well authenticated, illustrate the marvellous power of imagination and expectation. In Welby's "Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity" is this account of the use made of suggestion by the profligate abbess of a convent, the Princess Gonzaga of Cleves and Guise, and the equally profligate Archbishop of Rheims. "They took it into their heads, for a jest, to visit one of the nuns by night and exhort her as a person who was visibly dying. While in the performance of their heartless scheme they whispered to each other, 'She is just departing,' and behold she did depart in earnest." Suggestion is the very life-blood of the psychological side of human existence. We are confirmed in what we are or changed for good or ill by whatever touches us. The sounds of

nature no less than the voice of man influence our thought, feeling, and conduct. There is "a tongue in the trees" for all who have ears with which to catch the marvellous harmony of the great world of natural objects that surrounds us. There are "books in running brooks" for those who can feel the subtle charm of such literature. We are moved by unseen, undreamed of influences, and even the hardest heart is as clay in the hand of the potter. Countless suggestions at every turn impress themselves upon our imagination, and later years, with riper knowledge and changed opinions, are powerless to remove them. Dr. Saleeby does not overestimate the force of suggestion in this striking paragraph which is taken from his interesting and profitable book on "Worry":

"It (suggestion) can kill outright, as in well attested cases, where, for instance, the joke has been played of blindfolding a school-boy, telling him that he is to be beheaded, and then striking his neck at word of command with a wet towel. In such circumstances a boy has been known to die instantly. It can cause unconsciousness, as when the nurse injects ten drops of a solution of common salt under the soporific name of morphia—in a few moments the patient is asleep. It can determine immunity or susceptibility to infectious disease, as when the person who fears infection is struck down, while he or she who does not fear or does not care escapes. That these things happen there is no possible doubt. That suggestion can produce or relieve pain every one knows. That it can produce sub-

cutaneous hemorrhages and severe ulcerations is proved by the cases of the 'stigmata' of St. Francis and others."

Professor Pavlov, of the Military Academy in St. Petersburg, has shown that suggestion has a powerful influence over the secretions of the lower animals. He demonstrated that the expectation of food caused an increased flow of both saliva and gastric juice in a dog upon which he operated in his laboratory.

Hypnotic sleep is one of the results of suggestion, and this sleep is in some cases sufficiently profound to enable the patient to undergo a surgical operation without an anæsthetic. Dr. Aldrich, a distinguished London surgeon, removed a woman's leg without resorting to an anæsthetic. The physicians who were present doubted the possibility of performing the operation without resorting to chloroform, but the emergency they expected did not arise. While the surgeon was at his work, the woman chatted with the nurse and drank wine. To an ordinary observer she would have appeared perfectly conscious.

Though it has been shown that death is in itself never painful, still multitudes approach it with the greatest apprehension. The fear of death, which is for the most part a fear of something beyond the grave and of which we know but little, is well-nigh universal. Man naturally dreads what he does not understand:

“The dread of something after death—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveler returns—puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.”

To this vast uncertainty with regard to the future there is added the powerful influence of early training. Those who have been educated under enlightened views of God, duty, and destiny can never know how dreadful has been the torture to which the old conceptions of life and death have subjected men. The fancied risks of another world have plunged this world into abysses of inexpressible darkness and distress. Imagination called up countless spirits of shame and despair, and over all the world inscribed the fearful line that Dante saw above the portal of Hell:

“All hope abandon ye who enter here.”

Our fathers, who were well acquainted with the Greek and Latin classics, should have profited by the wisdom of one who lived in a darker age than that in which they lived and wrought out their problems in thought and morals. Thus the old poet and philosopher Lucretius taught: “That dreadful fear of hell is to be driven out, which disturbs the life of man and renders it miserable, overcasting all things with the blackness of darkness, and leaving no pure, unalloyed pleasure.”

John Calvin was not only one of the greatest of men, but he was a man loyal to the light that

was in him. Never was one braver or more steadfast. He counted no cost, but with unshaken purpose did what he believed to be the will of God, and to him the entire Protestant church and all who enjoy free institutions are under an obligation that can never be discharged. And yet the lofty and lonely form of Calvin casts over all subsequent history a long dark shadow wherein the souls of thousands of men and women, and even little children, have experienced the bitterness of a despair no language is adequate to describe. Men were taught that, wicked by nature and wicked in every part of that nature, they were unable to do the will of God, and that still they were under obligation to obey God and to do His will. Eternal doom could be averted only by special grace. The very disability which men did not occasion, and which they lamented, was in itself sinful. Religion, especially in Scotland and New England, was an indescribable nightmare. How different was the teaching of Jesus! He casts over the world no dark shadow. From Him, as from the sun in the heavens, falls the gladness and glory of cloudless light. He taught men to say, "Our Father who art in heaven." He did not hide from men the just judgments of God, but He opened their eyes, and lo! they discovered at once that "God is love." Men of feeble faith were welcomed; not all who believe have clear and unquestioning faith. Coleridge wrote what others as well have experienced: "I should,

perhaps, be a happier, at all events a more useful man, if my mind were otherwise constituted. But so it is: and even with regard to Christianity itself, like certain plants, I creep towards the light, even though it draw me away from the more nourishing warmth. Yea, I should do so, even if the light made its way through a rent in the wall of the Temple. My prayer has always been that of Ajax, 'Give me light.' ”

The animals below man, though they fear danger, show no sign of anxiety with regard to the future. They do not fear death. So far as we know, they neither understand nor think of the end of their individuality. Dr. Grenfell, in his little book, "Adrift on an Ice-pan," tells his readers how he had to stab several of his dogs in order to preserve his own life, and he remarks:

“The other dogs licked their coats and endeavored to get dry, but they apparently took no notice of the fate of their comrades, — but I was very careful to prevent the dying dogs from crying out, as the noise of fighting would probably have been followed by the rest attacking the down dog, and that was too close to me on the narrow ice-pan to be pleasant. . . . In fact, the other dogs after a time tried to satisfy their hunger by gnawing at the dead bodies of their brothers.”

Man in a savage state has little fear of death. He fears sorcery and diabolism for the reason that these have power, in his opinion, to so influence his life on earth as to make it both brief and

unfortunate. Only when the unknown seizes upon the imagination and demands an explanation, because the brain of man has in the process of development reached a larger growth, does the fear of death become oppressive. The fear is largely selfish, and from it escape is possible through either religious or altruistic channels: the former leads to an alliance with what we dread, and the latter conducts the mind away from the thought of self.

The "lighting up before death" to which reference has been made, and which is often noticed in persons who have remained, sometimes for weeks, in a semi-conscious or wholly unconscious condition, is not infrequently attributed to psychological causes, when in reality it is due to the presence of venous blood in the brain, caused by the non-arterialization of the blood. Thus the mind often dwells on visions of coming glory or shame, and contemplates heaven or hell. Shakespeare makes Queen Catherine, in "Henry VIII.," say: "Saw you not even now a blessed troop invite me to banquet, whose bright faces cast a thousand beams upon me like the sun; they promised me eternal happiness, and brought me garlands, my Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear." Charles IX. lived over again the fearful tragedy of Saint Bartholomew's eve, and in an agony of soul cried out: "Nurse, nurse, what murder! what blood!" The distinguished Confederate general, "Stonewall" Jackson, started up

from a deep sleep, exclaiming, "Let us go over the river, and sit under the refreshing shadow of the trees." For hours before his death his mind was occupied with the thought of trees and of the beauty of nature. Thurlow Weed, an American journalist of distinction, thought during his last hours that he was conversing with President Lincoln and General Scott.

A number of experiments of various kinds have been conducted by psychologists and others with the hope of finding out the character of the sensations—if there are any—which accompany the approach and experience of death. Preaching at Saint Pancras Parish Church some time ago, the Bishop of London—who had recently undergone a slight operation—stated to his hearers his belief that the anæsthetic which was given him at the time disclosed to him something of the mystery of death. He said: "At an operation, when you receive whatever it is that makes you for the time being insensible, you seem to be carried for the moment out of the body—the body is for the time dead. Your spirit, your mind, is perfectly active. I doubt not it is the experience of many others that you seem to be swept swiftly under the stars toward your God. When you are out of the body, or seem to be, if only for a few moments, you realize what death will be." But the Bishop assumed what remains to be proved,—that there are any sensations connected with death. Oliver Wendell Holmes thought that chloroform had

done for him precisely what the Bishop of London thought it had accomplished in his case. Dr. Holmes has recorded that when the anæsthetic was taking effect he experienced a strange thrill which seemed to take possession of his entire body. Like Hamlet he said to himself, "Quick, my tablets: let me write it down!" But on recovering his senses he found that the marvellous disclosure with regard to death which he was so anxious to set down was all summed up in these words, "A strong smell of turpentine pervades the whole." The disclosures of anæsthetics are very much like those of Spiritualism, brilliant and hope-inspiring while the intoxication lasts, but inexpressibly foolish and even silly when once the mind has regained control of its faculties. Professor William James says, in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," "Nitrous oxide and ether, especially nitrous oxide, when sufficiently diluted with air, stimulate the mystical consciousness in an extraordinary degree. Depth beyond depth of truth seems revealed to the inhaler. This truth fades out, however, or escapes at the moment of coming to; and if any words remain over in which it seemed to clothe itself, they prove to be the veriest nonsense. Nevertheless, the sense of a profound meaning having been there persists; and I know more than one person who is persuaded that in the nitrous oxide trance we have a genuine metaphysical revelation."

The "sense of a profound meaning" certainly

remained in the case of the Bishop of London. But I think we may all of us be quite sure that for the scientific mind no help in understanding death will ever come from drugs or chemicals of any kind.

The same phenomena mark the rise and decline of life. The circulation of the blood first announces existence, and ceases last. The right auricle pulsates first, and does not cease until death supervenes. The mind loses the faculty of association; judgment gives place to recollection; and the senses vanish in succession. The ruling passion is often, though concealed from childhood, revealed in the hour of death; and the thoughts of boyhood bound into the sunset of declining age.

III

It is sometimes said that it can be of little consequence to a man what disposition the living make of his body when once the breath of life has departed from him. But history and common experience show us that nothing of the kind can be true. Though we may, when dead, have no consciousness of our condition nor of any posthumous honors paid us, still while we live it gives us pleasure to think that we shall when dead be remembered with regard and buried amid sacred and beautiful associations. The desire for imperishable fame that nerves the soldier and inspires the poet is an illustration of man's concern

for himself and that little handful of dust he calls his body, when the dream of life is ended. How anxious were the Egyptians with regard to the preservation of their mummies; how desirous were the Greeks to be entombed where the living could not forget them; and how careful are we to prepare places of repose where at last we may mingle our dust with that of loved ones in a common earth. And how many and strange are the special directions that have been given with regard to the burials and tombs of distinguished men. Walther von der Vogelweide requested that he might rest where a leafy tree cast its refreshing shadow; and it was his special wish that the birds might be fed every day from the stone over his grave. Four holes in that stone were to hold the yellow corn for the heavenly choir of "feathered minnesingers." Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, just before his death asked to be buried where the birds could sing to him. John Howard, the philanthropist, wished above all things that a sun-dial might mark his grave. Humphry Repton, whose "Landscape Gardening and Landscape Architecture" will always delight the thoughtful reader, was anxious that his last resting place should be "a garden of roses." Over his grave beside the Church of Aylesham, in Norfolk, England, a wild rose-bush fills the summer air with fragrance. John Zisca had a grim delight in believing that from his skin was to be made a drum, at sound of which his enemies would fly in terror.

Jeremy Bentham left directions that his skeleton should be clothed in the garments he wore when living, and that, seated in a chair, staff in hand, he should be preserved in the museum of a medical college. There are also many instances of this thoughtfulness with regard to the last resting place in the literature of ancient Greece and Rome. Very beautiful are the lines of Leonidas in which Clitagoras asks that when he is dead the sheep may bleat above him, and the shepherd pipe from the rock as they gaze in quiet gladness along the valley, and the countryman in spring pluck a meadow flower and lay it on his grave. There is a lovely Greek poem that bids the mountain-brooks and cool upland pastures tell the bees, when they go forth anew on their flowery way, that their old keeper fell asleep on a Winter night and will not come back with Spring. A Greek epitaph invites the wayfarer to "sit beneath the poplars when weary, and draw water from the spring; and ever remember the fountain was made by Simus as a memorial of his dead child." Another Greek epitaph reads: "Dear Earth, take old Amyntichus to thy bosom, remembering his many labors on thee; for ever he planted in thee the olive-stock, and often made thee fair with vine-cuttings, and filled thee with herbs and plenteous fruits: do thou in return lie softly over his grey temples and flower into tresses of Spring-herbage." How delightful the prayer of an old Greek: "May flowers grow

thick on thy newly-built tomb, not the dry bramble, nor the evil weed, but violets and marjoram and wet narcissus. Around thee may all be roses.”

Perhaps one of the greatest benefits derived from the thought of our common mortality is the liberation from fear which it confers upon minds that have long felt the oppressive weight of dark and distressing apprehension. Hundreds and thousands of our race are rendered miserable all their days by the lonely shadow of death. The Anglo-Saxon especially, who views the world through serious eyes and is never long separated from his conscience, is a victim of the tormenting dread of dissolution. This distressing alarm, which has in so many cases deprived life of all its sweetness, may be overcome and even entirely dispelled by a calm and reasonable consideration of death. It has seemed to many thoughtful persons that Walt Whitman has accomplished for himself and his readers something of the kind in that wonderful invocation to Death from which extracts have been already selected for the readers of this paper, and which is, as John Burroughs has pointed out, the climax of the superb poem written to commemorate the death of President Lincoln, “When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom’d.”

Cardinal Manning has this to say about the well-nigh universal dread of death: “So long as God intends a man to live He wisely infuses into

his soul a certain natural dread and horror of death, in order that he may be induced to take ordinary care of himself and to guard against danger and needless risks. But when God intends a man to die there is no longer any object for such fear. It can serve no further purpose. What is the result? Well, I take it, God simply withdraws it." It is true that men who are long at the gate of death lose much of that dread of dissolution which renders so many lives wretched. Sometimes this deliverance is called "Dying Grace," and sometimes it is called by another name; but still the victory is to the man who accustoms himself to frequent and natural views of death.

In all ages and in every country men have entertained a reverence for the dead, and yet the opening of tombs has continued. In some cases the impelling motive was desire for knowledge, in others it was hatred of the dead, and in still others it was a desire to honor those who had made themselves a name in the world's regard.

However unattractive may be the twisted sack of bones that now represent the once beautiful queen of ancient Egypt, of whom "legends of passion were writ in pain," and whose name will be ever associated with that of the Roman Antony in song and story, the mummy of Seti I. (1327-1275 B. C.), which was found in the tomb of Her-Hor and may be seen in the Soane Museum, is certainly pleasing to look upon. It

helps us to believe what history records of him, that he was a strong and noble ruler who covered the shores of the Nile with beautiful shrines and temples, and who did much to develop artistic and literary excellence in the aspiration and attainment of his people. Dr. Ward, in an instructive book on "The Sacred Beetle," writes: "The only royal mummy that is pleasing to look upon is that of Seti I. His features are calm, dignified, and noble. His arms crossed on his breast give him the appearance of one who sleeps." The monarch's sarcophagus, which is one of the finest and most costly yet discovered, is carved out of one block of transparent alabaster and is elaborately ornamented in every part with the most graceful and artistic figures.

The wooden coffins of the Egyptians are not all of them alike in either shape or decoration. The earliest are rectangular and devoid of embellishment, and have only a very short inscription carved upon the lid and in some cases cut into the sides. The lid was ornamented with human faces constructed of bits of wood fastened to the coffin by pegs. Later gaudy colors made their appearance. Elaborate and extended inscriptions, sometimes conveying an entire chapter from the "Book of the Dead," took the place of the quiet and simpler inscriptions that prevailed in earlier times. In the XIXth Dynasty coffins began to conform in shape to that of the mummy, and a well-modeled face, having eyes

let into some harder material and wooden hands crossed over the breast, came to be a common kind of decoration. In this Dynasty the custom began to prevail of encasing the dead in three, and even five coffins, all of which were carefully and elaborately painted. Religious scenes, and pictures taken from the life of the dead man, came to be regarded as necessary; and these were painted, often at great cost, not only upon the lids but upon the sides of the coffins.

After the decoration was completed all the coffins were coated with a thick yellow varnish. The art of coffin-making continued to develop up to the XXVIth Dynasty, after which period a degeneration commenced which soon resulted in a general disregard for those sacred associations which in all lands gather about the tombs of the dead. But in all the deterioration that came to the undertaker's art in ancient Egypt there never arrived a period when the cheap, machine-manufactured casket of the present day would have been tolerated. There is now a feeling everywhere prevalent that it is a waste of money to decorate a coffin that must be covered over with earth or consumed in the flames of a crematorium. The Egyptians embalmed their dead, and the coffins were deposited in large tombs beautifully decorated. We wish to have our dead return to the earth so soon as possible, but the Egyptian, moved by his religious belief, sought to preserve the body which he had carefully embalmed so

that it might not decay. With all our thought of the resurrection, and with all the tender endearments of modern civilized life, we treat our dead with little respect. We see them encased in cheap, unadorned boxes often covered with black broadcloth to conceal the poverty of the material out of which the box is constructed. We see those boxes lowered into deep pits which, after they have received their sacred treasures, are swiftly and unceremoniously filled with loose earth and stones. The beauty of our modern garden-cemetery only renders more appalling to the thoughtful mind the revolting corruption that beneath carved marble and fragrant flowers awaits our abandoned dead. Cremation is a great improvement upon earth-burial. The urn is better than the coffin. But the modern rude casket is inexcusable when we remember the artistically constructed and elegantly adorned coffin of the Egyptian of three and four thousand years ago.

The robbing of graves is not a new thing. Against it the kings of old Egypt sought to defend themselves. Abundant evidence is furnished by the condition of some of the coffins when discovered, and in not a few cases by the misplacement or entire absence of the mummy, that the ancient tenants of the tomb had been, in a number of instances, disturbed in their long rest many centuries ago by grave-robbers.

It is an interesting fact, and one that has occasioned much discussion, that while there remain to this day hundreds of elaborate and costly

tombs, many of them retaining much of their original beauty, there are hardly any ruins of Egyptian dwellings. There may be found along the shores of the Nile great temples that preserve in stone the architectural conceptions of early centuries, but nothing of importance remains of the humbler structures once associated with the domestic life of the Egyptian people. The mystery remains such no longer when once the pages of Diodorus are turned. "The Egyptians," he tells us, "call their houses hostelries, on account of the short time during which they inhabit them, but the tombs they call eternal dwelling-places." Their houses they builded of perishable material, but their temples and tombs they cut out of solid rock. The men who dwelt upon the shores of the sacred Nile in the early dawn of our human history believed that after the lapse of many centuries they should return to reinhabit their earthly frames. To preserve the dead body from decay that it might be in condition for occupancy when again claimed by the immortal soul was the absorbing desire of all classes and conditions of men. The years of life on earth were few, and for their every purpose a frail and inexpensive structure was good enough, but for the vast period of time during which the tomb must furnish enduring shelter all the arts of the embalmer were called for. Through circling ages that no human intellect could measure those tombs were

to be trusted to preserve the sacred inclosures committed to their care.

The general structure of all Egyptian tombs was the same. Each consisted of three parts—a chamber or series of chambers forming what we should in these days call a chapel; a passage or shaft leading from the outer chamber to the sepulchral chamber; and the sepulchral chamber itself where were deposited the mummies. Men were more desirous of owning a tomb than of possessing a home, and whatever money a man had to spare he invested in a depository for his own body and for those of the members of his family. The tombs of the wealthy were elaborately decorated with sacred scenes representing, in most cases, the occupations of their owners. In a little secret depository in the wall were placed the Ka statues; the depository connected with the chamber of the mummies by a small aperture through which the smoke of incense could penetrate to the statues. When the tomb was cut out of solid rock, the inner chamber where the dead were placed was reached by a deep shaft (the deepest of which we have knowledge is that in the tomb of Bakt III. at Beni Hasan; it is over 105 feet deep) which, after the body had been deposited, was filled with rubble that the place of sepulture might be concealed.

Every effort was made to outwit the grave-robber. Valuable mummies were taken from cavern to cavern in order to preserve them from

sacrilege. Strange were some of the experiences that befell a number, and it may be all, of the distinguished refugees who were sheltered in the cavern of Her-Hor. Inscriptions have been found upon many of the mummy-cases and bandages that reveal the fact that the mummies were periodically examined by official Inspectors of Tombs, who renewed the wrappings when necessary and repaired the coffins. These Inspectors had full control and care of the illustrious dead, and could remove them, in case of necessity, to other tombs, and do whatever was required for their safe preservation. Inscriptions found upon the mummy-cases of Seti I. and Rameses II., and upon those of other Egyptian monarchs, made in marking-ink, tell how the priests and Inspectors had from time to time examined and repaired the casements and coffins and had re-decorated the hands and faces of the dead.

In the Sixteenth Century another enemy of the mummy appeared in the apothecary, who maintained that the substance of the mummy was, in one form or another, valuable as a medicine. French physicians used it in the treatment of nearly every disease with which our human race is afflicted. Francis I. carried with him wherever he went a mixture of pulverized mummy and rhu-barb, which he believed to be a sovereign cure for all the accidents, disorders, and dangers of life. Lord Bacon also held human flesh in an embalmed condition to be of great use in staunching the

flow of blood. Boyle recommended it as better than all other medicines for the healing of cuts, bruises, and open sores. Lemery believed it to be capable of resisting gangrene. Shirley, the dramatist, alludes to the medicinal use of mummy in "The Bird Cage"—a composition of some merit, but with which few in these days have any acquaintance:

"Make mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries."

In such great esteem was the *véritable mummie d'Egypte* held that the avaricious tore open whatever tombs could be found along the Nile, and soon an enormous trade in mummy was created. The dead were consumed by the living. The gross superstition which made such a species of cannibalism possible has not yet wholly disappeared. The Arabs still believe that mummy-powder is better than all other medicines for bruises, and their *mantey*, which is a disgusting mixture of mummy and butter, may be had from some of the apothecaries of Cairo.

There is still a commercial value for mummy which when powdered makes one of the best of all the colors used by artists. Every dealer in oil paints sells ground mummy which, when mixed with poppy oil, gives us the beautiful tint of brown that artists use with such effect in painting the wavy hair with glints of gold that give glory to faces of lovely women. Mummy is a

costly pigment, but no artist can do without it, and those who supply the material, as well as those who use it, look with anxiety and disquietude to a time certainly approaching when the dead will cease their ministry of art and beauty to the living, and it will be no longer possible to buy mummy and grind it into the coloring matter which the old masters loved, and which a modern art-critic tells us turns to pure gold in the sunlight. It is certainly a pleasant thought that art thus gives beauty again to those whom death has despoiled.

Perhaps there is not, after all, so much sacrilege in the opening and even in the despoiling of historic tombs as some have imagined. There are no ties of personal relationship, and in most cases even the civilization itself with which the occupant of the tomb was acquainted has perished. What feeling of delicacy or sense of propriety could suffer from the investigation of an ancient mummy-pit or a tomb like that of Alexander the Great?

IV

The tomb of Achilles has been clearly identified from ancient and reliable authorities. Pliny and Quintus Scamander indicate its locality, and Homeric references confirm their statements. The tomb was opened in 1786 by order of Choiseul-Gouffier, who was at that time

French Ambassador at Constantinople. Dr. Henry Schliemann says:

“A shaft was sunk from the top, and the virgin soil was reached at a depth of twenty-nine feet. The upper part of the conical tumulus was found to consist of well-beaten clay to the depth of six feet; then followed a compact layer of stones and clay, two feet deep; a third stratum consisted of earth mixed with sand; a fourth of very fine sand. In the center was found a small cavity, four feet in length and breadth, formed of masonry and covered with a flat stone, which had broken under the weight pressing upon it. In the cavity were found charcoal, ashes impregnated with fat, fragments of pottery exactly similar to the Etruscan, several bones, easy to distinguish among which was a tibia, and the fragment of a skull; also fragments of an iron sword; and a bronze figure seated on a chariot with horses. Several of the clay vases were much burnt and vitrified, whereas all the vessels were unhurt.”

Such is Dr. Schliemann's description given by him in “Die Ehene von Troja, nach dem Grafen Choiseul-Gouffier,” but he does not wish his readers to understand that he expresses any confidence in the excavation. He adds: “No one of experience or worthy of confidence was present at the excavation, and scholars seem to have distrusted the account from the first” (Ilios, p. 65). Dr. Schliemann desired to explore the tomb, but as the owner of the land, who was a Turk, asked in advance for permission to sink a shaft the unreasonable sum of £500, the work was not under-

taken. The articles found in the tomb, and reported as above, may have been placed in the cavity to excite interest and secure to the owner of the land a considerable sum from scholars who would be anxious to push investigations. That is a difficulty all explorers of ancient tombs have to encounter. In Egypt the word of no native is to be believed. All along the Nile modern antiquities and newly manufactured mummies are offered at every kind of price. And not infrequently veritable mummies of the greatest antiquity are discovered by the natives and are by them concealed until such time as they can safely dispose of them at exorbitant figures. Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who will be remembered with gratitude by all Egyptologists and archæologists, describes in an article called "Lying in State in Cairo," which she contributed to *Harper's Magazine*, the discovery and arrest of a famous Arab guide and dealer who was in possession of a royal tomb, and who had also a hiding-place where were found piled up thirty-six mummies of kings, queens, princes and high-priests.

Of the tomb of Achilles Plutarch has this to say: "Alexander passed the Hellespont and came to Troy, where he sacrificed to Pallas and made a libation to the heroes; he also poured oil upon the tomb of Achilles, and, according to the accustomed manner, he with his friends ran about it naked and placed a crown upon it, pronouncing of Achilles that he was a most happy and fortun-

ate person; for that while he lived he had so good a friend as Patroclus, and when dead, that he had so famous a publisher as Homer." He was even more fortunate, for after a life of hardship and adventure it was his privilege to die for the beautiful Polyxena, daughter of Priam, for whose sake he went unarmed to the temple of Apollo, where Paris slew him. And so alike in life and death he was a hero, celebrated in lofty song and in the noblest story.

V

The Tumulus of In Zepeh on the shore of the Hellespont is supposed to be the tomb of Ajax. Pausanias relates a legend current in his day that the side of the tumulus looking toward the shore was washed away by the action of the waves, so that the tomb could be entered without difficulty. The remains, it is asserted, were found, and were of gigantic proportion. The curious story is confirmed by Philostratus, who adds that Ajax must have been, from the bones that were discovered, a man eleven cubits long. The tomb is said to have been erected by Hadrian, who was at the time a visitor to Troy. Hadrian kissed the bones and gave them funeral honors. Strabo also identified the spot as the tomb of Ajax. Dr. Schliemann explored the tumulus and found nothing but pebbles and a few large bones which Professor Rudolf Virchow of Berlin identified as horse bones.

VI

Plutarch has an account of the finding of the bones of Theseus. How much of the narrative is of historical value, and how much is due to the primitive imagination, it is impossible to say:

“Lycomedes, either jealous of the glory of so great a man, or to gratify Menestheus, having led him up to the highest cliff of the island, on pretence of showing him from thence the lands that he desired, threw him headlong down from the rock, and killed him. Others say he fell down of himself by a slip of his foot, as he was walking there, according to his custom, after supper. At that time there was no notice taken, nor were any concerned for his death, but Menestheus quietly possessed the Kingdom of Athens. His sons were brought up in a private condition, and accompanied Elephenor to the Trojan war, but after the decease of Menestheus in that expedition returned to Athens and recovered the government. But in succeeding ages, besides several other circumstances that moved the Athenians to honor Theseus as a demigod, in the battle which was fought at Marathon against the Medes many of the soldiers believed they saw an apparition of Theseus in arms, rushing on at the head of them against the barbarians. And after the Median war, Phædo being archer of Athens, the Athenians, consulting the oracle at Delphi, were commanded to gather together the bones of Theseus, and, laying them in some honorable place, keep them as sacred in the city. But it was very difficult to recover these relics, or as much as to find out the place where they lay, on account of the inhospitable and savage temper of the barbarous peo-

ple that inhabited the island. Nevertheless, afterwards, when Cimon took the island (as is related in his Life), and had a great ambition to find out the place where Theseus was buried, he by chance spied an eagle upon a rising ground pecking with her beak and tearing up the earth with her talons, when on the sudden impulse it came into his mind, as it were by some divine inspiration, to dig there and search for the bones of Theseus. There was found in that place a coffin of a man of more than ordinary size, and a brazen spear-head and a sword lying by it, all which he took aboard his galley and brought with him to Athens. Upon which the Athenians, greatly delighted, went out to meet and receive the relics, with splendid processions and with sacrifices, as if it were Theseus himself returning alive to the city. He lies interred in the middle of the city, near the present gymnasium. His tomb is a sanctuary and refuge for slaves, and all those of mean condition that fly from the persecution of men in power, in memory that Theseus while he lived was an assister and protector of the distressed, and never refused the petitions of the afflicted that fled to him."

VII

The sepulchre of the great Cyrus, King of Persia, was violated in the days of Alexander the Great, in such a manner that his bones were displaced and thrown out; and the urn of gold that was fixed in his coffin, when it could not be wholly pulled away, was broken off by parcels. When Alexander was informed of the sacrilege he caused the magi who were intrusted with the care and keeping of the tomb to be exposed to

tortures, in order to extort from them thereby a confession, and so find out who were the robbers. The magi, however, denied that they had any knowledge of the matter, and it was never known who despoiled the resting place of Cyrus. Plutarch declares that Polymachus, a noble Pellean, was the guilty one.

Alexander died in Babylon, and there was some suspicion of poison. Great as he was, still his corpse had to wait the convenience of his mutinous officers, who allowed the body to remain unburied seven days in the heat of Mesopotamia, at the end of which time the embalmers did their work. Still it was two years before the remains of one who had conquered the world and filled all lands with the glory of his achievements could receive funeral honors. Ptolemeus received the body at Memphis, and later it found repose in the city of Alexandria. But even here the vicissitudes of life pursued the dead, and Alexander's tomb was opened that the body might be shown to Augustus Cæsar after his victory over Antonius and Cleopatra. The body was in a glass coffin when Augustus saw it, but the royal curiosity was not satisfied, and Dion Cassius tells us that Alexander was removed from his coffin that the later monarch might pass his hand over the face of the dead. When the body was exposed to the fresh air from which it had been long protected, the nose crumbled into dust. Diodorus Siculus tells us that Alexander's first coffin was

of beaten gold, hammered to the shape of the body; it was partly filled with aromatic spices.

The tomb of Virgil is over the entrance to the old Grotto of Posilipo at Naples. The tomb-chamber is a little over sixteen feet square, with three windows and a vaulted roof. There are in the walls ten niches for cinerary urns; in the center there is a rimmed depression much larger than any of the ten, and in this it is supposed the ashes of Virgil were deposited.

Travelers who visited the tomb in 1326 have left it upon record that the poet's ashes reposed upon nine marble pillars, but nothing is now found to suggest that such supports ever existed. What has become of the urn? No one knows. There is an old story that may be true for anything we know to the contrary, in which Robert of Anjou is reported as concealing it in the Castle Nouvo, where it may still hold inviolate the precious dust that was once the great and beautiful Virgil. Some say it came into the possession of a distinguished ecclesiastic who died at Genoa.

Virgil died at Brundisium, September 22, B. C. 19. In accordance with an expressed wish, the urn containing his ashes was entombed upon his Posilipo estate near the villa of Cicero. Virgil's Posilipo property passed into the hands of Silius Italicus, as did also at a later day the villa of Cicero, the ruins of which extend down the road connecting Naples with Pozzuoli (Puteoli

of Acts XXVIII). The estate fell into good hands so far as the memory of Virgil was concerned, for Pliny tells us that Silius celebrated the anniversary of Virgil's birth with more solemnity than he observed in honoring his own birthday; especially at Naples, where he used to approach the tomb with as much veneration as if it had been a temple (Lib. III. Ep. 7). Martial has two epigrams upon the care Silius bestowed upon the tomb of Virgil.

A curious legend makes the Apostle Paul visit the last resting place of Virgil, there to weep that so noble a bard should perish without the knowledge of the Gospel. At Mantua, on St. Paul's Day, a hymn that commemorates the touching scene is still sung. Perhaps the Apostle's was a mistaken sorrow, and it may be he and the great Latin poet are now together in that blessed world for which we all hope. God was as merciful in the old Roman days as he is now. Virgil was temperate in his habits, pure-minded and chaste in an age of profligacy. He was kind, unselfish, and loyal to his friends. Perhaps the entire Roman world was not so bad as Juvenal has painted it in his wonderful Satires. Its life and literature were not wholly evil. Some of the best books our world has ever known came from the old Latin writers. In the funeral services of the Romans, and in the way in which they remembered the dead, there was always manifest a deep and tender domestic feeling. No doubt there

were in Rome, even in its most degenerate days, loving hearts and pure souls that preserved upon the altar of piety the clear flame of spiritual aspiration. Thus believed Hamilton Aide, who tells us in a beautiful poem how a voice from an old Roman tomb uttered such words as these:

“Oblivion quickly gathers round our lives:
 The spade may strike some urn that tells of
 Fame,
 But of the struggle of that life survives
 Naught save an empty name!

Our Race is passed away. At dead of night
 The Master called us; and we did his will.
 Ye, who through widening avenues of light
 Are gathering knowledge still,

Who, to the Poet's accumulated wealth,
 Add, day by day, fresh stores that inward roll,
 The large experience that bringeth health
 And wisdom to the soul,

Learn yet one thing: He who is wise alone
 Leadeth in every age His children home;
 And He, beholding, something found to love,
 Even in Pagan Rome.”

It may be interesting in this connection to call to mind the customs and forms observed by the Romans in the inurning of the ashes of the dead, and in the depositing of the urn in the columbarium. The nearest relative fired the funeral pile with averted face. When the flames had done their work and the wood and flesh were re-

duced to ashes, the glowing embers were sprinkled with wine and milk. The bones, and in some cases the ashes, whether of the pyre or of the body, were carefully gathered and placed with fragrant spices in an urn, sometimes of great cost and beauty. Before this, however, the bones and ashes were folded in a linen cloth where they were left a short time that they might become perfectly dry. The urn was sprinkled with old wine and new milk, after which it was ready for deposit in the columbarium, which had been rendered fragrant by the sprinkling of perfumes and the burning of incense. By the side of the urn in the columbarium or tomb were deposited lamps and lachrymatoria, so called, which were in reality phials containing perfumes, and not tear-bottles. Then came the tender and last farewell to the dead. All present were sprinkled with lustral water, and the *ilicit*, or word of dismissal, was spoken.

Nine days after the funeral there were observed the *novendialia* or *feriae novendiales*, with sacrifices and a funeral repast to which guests were sometimes invited. These repasts were usually quiet and simple, but there are on record instances of great prodigality, as that of Q. Maximus, who, after the death of Africanus, invited the entire Roman people to partake of his hospitality. On the anniversaries of the birth and death of a dear friend, beautiful wreaths and flowers were deposited upon the tomb or taken into the colum-

barium and placed upon the urn; and every year in the month of February was celebrated a day, sacred to the memory of the dead.

Many centuries ago, musing by the tomb of Virgil, a Latin poet wrote these lines:

“Lo! idly wandering on the sea-beat strand
Where the famed Siren on Ausonia’s land
First moored her bark, I strike the sounding
string;

At Virgil’s honored tomb I sit and sing;
Warmed by the hallowed spot, my muse takes fire,
And sweeps with bolder hand my humble lyre.
These strains, Marcellus, on the Chalcian shores
I penned, where great Vesuvius smokes and roars,
And from his crater ruddy flames expires,
With fury scarce surpassed by Ætna’s fires.”

Petrarch, it is said, planted a bay-tree by the tomb of Virgil to replace one that was originally there, but that perished when Dante died in 1290. It was at the tomb of Virgil that Boccaccio renounced the career of a merchant and dedicated his life to the cultivation of poetry and to the study of literature.

The Augustan Mausoleum at Rome was broken into by Gothic soldiers who hoped to find in it great treasure, at the time of the sack of the Imperial City in the year 406. It is said that there had long been prophetic warnings that the tomb would be violated and its dead cast forth to be trodden under foot of the living. Suetonius and Dion record portents that filled the mind with fear and occasioned anxiety in the

hearts of men. The first ashes deposited in the Augustan Mausoleum were those of Marcellus, son of Octavia, Augustus' sister, by her first husband, Claudius Marcellus. This young man, the Emperor's nephew, was his destined heir, and his death at the age of twenty-two, B. C. 22, was the cause of wide-spread sorrow. Twelve years before Christ the ashes of Agrippa, and one year later the remains of Octavia, were placed in the Mausoleum. After the deposit of the ashes of Nerva in the year 96 A. D. the tomb was permanently closed. The Gothic soldiery destroyed the contents of the Augustan Mausoleum and scattered the bones of the dead. The ashes of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, escaped, however, and the urn which contained them was discovered in modern times; but what has now become of it no one knows.

The opening of the tomb of the Scipios, on the Appian Way, Rome, in 1780, created great excitement. The most highly cultivated men of Italy were profoundly interested in the excavation, and Verri produced upon that occasion his "Notti Romane," which is justly ranked among the classic productions of modern Italian literature. A sarcophagus was found containing the skeleton of L. Cornelius Scipio Barbatus, Consul 297; and near the sarcophagus was a bust supposed to be that of the poet Ennius, the friend of Scipio Africanus. There is every reason to believe the bust is really that of Ennius, as it is

known that he requested to be buried in the tomb of the Scipios, and it was generally believed at the time that his request had been complied with. Both sarcophagus and bust were removed to the Vatican by Pius VII. The skeleton of Scipio Barbatus is described as having been perfect in every way and white as snow. It was removed by a Venetian senator, who constructed for it a tomb and a monument at his villa near Padua.

VIII

The fear of being buried alive has occasioned in many minds the greatest anxiety and distress. So apprehensive have men been, that some have had recourse to strange and even repulsive measures in their effort to render premature interment impossible. Harriet Martineau bequeathed her physician ten pounds on condition that he amputate her head before burial. This somewhat startling method of making it certain that every vestige of life had disappeared was later so changed as to secure to the doctor his ten pounds for the severance of the jugular vein only. She wanted her brain given to Dr. Atkinson, of Upper Gloucester Place, London, for scientific observation. When Miss Martineau made her home in London the only authorized supply of "subjects" for dissection was from the gallows, and as a natural result there followed the "Burke and Hare" murders and persistent "body-snatching." With the passing of the Warburton Bill

the difficulty in a measure disappeared, and, yielding to the solicitation of her friends, Miss Martineau changed her will, but to the last she insisted upon the severance of the jugular vein. Frances Power Cobbe had the same fear of premature burial, and insisted upon the same safeguard. Edmond Yates left money to his physician with the understanding that the same operation was to be performed upon his body so soon as life was extinct. Hans Christian Andersen entertained a like fear and provided a like remedy. Bishop Berkeley and Daniel O'Connell left special directions providing against premature burial. Berkeley directed in his will that his body should be kept above ground more than five days, and until it became "offensive by the cadaverous smell." He also directed that during the time it was awaiting burial it should remain unwashed, undisturbed, and covered by the same bed clothes in the same bed.

I think this fear of being buried alive is one of the commonest of fears. Wilkie Collins was all his days in bondage to it; he kept upon his table a letter addressed to any person who should find him in an unconscious state, asking for the most careful medical examination. I knew of a man who requested that there might be placed in his coffin a loaded revolver so that in case of premature burial he might have at hand the means of ending life at once. A medical man requested that there might be deposited in his coffin a bottle

of chloroform. Of course the embalmer's fluid, the chief constituent of which is arsenic, would ensure death even were the previous withdrawal of the blood from its natural channels incompetent to bring about that result. In these days of embalming there is little reason for fearing premature interment. But once, no doubt, the danger was great, and in the past dreadful accidents happened. In tropical lands, where burial takes place at once and embalming is rarely resorted to, there is still great danger. In the case of an epidemic of such an infectious disease as cholera or yellow-fever, or after a battle where little care is taken to separate the wounded from the dead, it is quite possible to bury the living with the lifeless. Great caution should be observed in cases of suspended animation, and it is well to allow the body to remain unburied, where there is any doubt, until there are signs of decomposition. Indian fakirs who submit to burial under certain restrictions and safeguards for a monetary consideration have the appearance of being dead though all the vital functions are unimpaired. We find something of the same kind in the sleep of hibernating animals. Bears pass several months in a state of completely suspended animation. Some animals, after the winter sleep begins, may be frozen and yet retain life. There is no sign or group of signs that can positively assure us that death has taken place short of actual putrefaction.

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